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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Importance of Education
Let the Mind Develop
Dual Nature of Mankind
Diamonds in Garbage Heap
Success in Business
Literary Merchandise
Alaskan Boundary Decision
Cawdor Castle, Scotland—illustrated

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Armed Hosts of Civilization
Going Back to the Land
Collective Cruelty
Science of Medicine
Product of His Times

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

R. Machell, Artist
Filipino Love of Music
A Guercino Head (illustration)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Lifting of Another Veil
Browning's "Abt Vogler" (verse)
Madame Le Plongeon—illustrated
Madame Curie
The Lewis Palimpsest

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

California Coast Islands
Mystic Architecture
Cave in Providence Mountains
Irish Arrow-Heads—illustrated
Pygmies of Africa

Page 9—NATURE

Needs of Begonias—illustrated
Skeletons of Cacti—
illustrated
Leaf Protects Itself—illustrated

Pages 10 & 11—U. S. B. ORGANIZATION

Mrs. Tingley's Address
Lotus Buds at Loma-Land
Everyone for His Gain
Leaving Loma-Land (illustration)
Monster Meteor Found

Page 12—FICTION

"Except Ye Become as Little Children"

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Limitless Possibilities in Heredity
Bed of Atlantic Ocean—illustrated
A Musical Heart
Radium & Its Heat Force

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Cuban Railway Station (illustration)
Broad-Minded Reformer
Welfare of Railway Employees
Europe's Drink Traffic
To Purchase Iceland
"The Star Spangled Banner"
A Point Loma Headland (illustration)
Labor Problems in New South Wales
Chicago's Death Rate
Russia's Navy
Physical Unfitness for Army

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Legend of the Linden
"Lady Washington" (illustration)
Why Gossip Is Wrong
The Little Elf (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

The Task (verse)
Giordano Bruno
Long Sermons
Abstention from Worship
Stevenson's Epitaph
Religious Liberty
Students' Column
Civilization

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

A Chinese Criticism
Arbitration Treaties
Drunkenness in Fiction

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

The Great Importance of Education

THE true lover of humanity can today set no nobler task before him than to arouse the community in which he lives to a fuller conception of education, to a greater grasp of the potentialities which should be unfolded in the school instead of being narrowed and confined. It is in the school that the nation of the future is being born, the nation which cries aloud to us for a chance to live, for the right to inherit the earth and to fill it with human power and with human light. There are fortunately many signs that we are awaking to this most emergent duty and that we are seeking to bring a new life unto our children and to bring it more abundantly.

But how much there is to be done, how great is the incubus which we have yet to throw off. Mankind is essentially conservative, glorifying tradition, bestowing an undeserved halo upon prejudice and custom. Only by individual and independent effort can we throw off the national lethargy, the effort which cares not whether it be supported or unsupported, the effort which is the natural and irresistible expansion of the mind in its search for the truth which saves.

Let the Child Mind Develop

That mental expansion which for the adult too often comes stiffly and unwillingly is a necessary part of the child life. The love of motion is the main-spring of the child nature. The movements of the body are but the outside picture of the movements of the mind which unceasingly reaches out for knowledge and for acquisition. The child mind needs no teaching as the word is customarily used. It needs but permission to know; it needs only that we place within its reach the objects of knowledge; that we unfetter the mental limbs that they may run the race for which they are so eager. And every child will run that race in its own way according to the God-given stamp which has been placed upon it. Try to make it run in some other way and we shall so cripple it that it will never run at all, but only stumble lamely. It asks of us that we clear the course, that we indicate the goal. To that goal it will surely go in obedience to laws which were not taught in the schools of our youth, but which we must now recognize and learn if we are to save alive the soul of the nation.

The obstacles which we are to remove from the mind of the child are within itself and not outside. Education must ever remain the failure

The Dual Nature of Mankind

which it has been until we intelligently and practically perceive the dual nature with which we have to deal. Even "the wayfaring man, though a fool," knows of that dual nature in himself, of the contending forces which urge respectively to the right and to the wrong. So many of us have acquired the habit of yielding that we no longer recognize that in the child there is no such habit until we allow it to be slowly formed, that the child nature can so easily be regulated that the dominance can so easily be given to the pure and the good. Let us not suppose that the sign marks of the pure and the good are necessarily an obedience to rules and the due subjection to parent and teacher. Many a "model child" at school and at home has become a scourge in the world, and many a troublesome child has grown into the warrior and reformer. Many a childish reputation for good behavior has no other basis than cowardice and a clever self-interest, as many a reputation for ill conduct is born of a physical nature calamitously unexercised, cramped, misdirected and misunderstood.

Youth Holds the Gold of Life & Fate

The child whose mind is to flow outward and onward like a river is the child who has been taught to recognize his Higher Nature, and to appeal to it for guidance. Then the mind is truly unchained, then the human flower will grow, not because we are pulling it and goading it, but because the sun is in the sky and because the winds of heaven are its comrades and its guides. The child is already infinitely wise and infinitely rich, but our education drives it backward and makes it poor. Its hands are filled with the gold of life and by our pernicious alchemy we transmute it into lead. We rob it of its imagination and we give it "facts," which tomorrow will disprove. We take from it the memory of heavenly things and in their place we give to it the superstitions which we ourselves do not dare to face and to defy. We drive it forth from the garden of Eden and we set up the sword of fear to bar those portals evermore. Such indictment as this is brought against civilization by the child accuser, and there can be no other plea than that of guilty. Let that plea be at least accompanied by the promise of amendment, and let us make haste to be in earnest.

True Genius When the Soul Is Free

In the day that is to be there shall be miracles done in the land, the miracles of genius. Is not genius always a miracle, inasmuch as it flashes into the world and laughs aloud at all human laws and at the manner in which, with such solemn faces, we have tabulated and arranged the universe? Genius is the blaze of the unchained mind which has made stepping-stones of its dead selves, and so has reached up to the central sun-fire of the soul, clothing itself in flame. Genius is the intellect which has unveiled the heavenly secrets which it

knew long since, when the world was fresh and fair and young, and which for awhile were buried beneath the debris which education can remove. Genius is the entrance into the heritage of the past, it is the memory of the soul once more given to man, it is the fire-flash from the holy electric founts too long kept apart, it is the robe of flame, the rightful garment of the mind.

Shall we not allow our children to run this goodly race? Shall we commit their ways unto the Law? Shall we help, or shall we forever hinder?

STUDENT

Diamonds in the Garbage Heap.

THERE are some persons who eke out a not unprecarious livelihood by raking over the garbage heaps and exploring the sewers of great cities. Sometimes they find jewels, diamonds and the like, and always they discover objects which have been designedly thrown away as useless, but of which they know the adaptability, in which they see some unexpected value.

Would that we could apply some process of similarly intelligent selection to the human garbage heaps which, to our shame, grow larger and larger. Would that we knew some way to clarify our vision so that we might the more readily detect the jewel beneath its grimy covering, the more readily perceive the divine use to which we might put this soiled wreckage which is so tumultuously hurled upon our shores by an ocean of life which grows more cruel and more turbulent day by day.

Let us sort the heap for a moment, and we will select for our purpose the police court of a neighboring city. Seven children, little children, are the offenders before the awful form of outraged civilization. It may be that in that other greater court of an unseen justice, the positions will be reversed. Civilization will stand in the dock and these seven children will be found among the witnesses for the prosecution.

First of all come two little boys who are accused of petty theft. The defense is very slight, consciousness of guilt being also very slight. One of these desperate criminals possesses a mother, who is in court. He is decidedly unwilling to go home with his mother, but consents to accompany his grandmother, although he does not wish to stay even with her all the time as it was "so awfully lonely." His companion in guilt is thirteen years of age, but looks only ten. Some years ago his mother died and his father was injured. As the latter was quite indifferent to his children the loss was more apparent than real. This particular child had been adopted by a lady, who was in court, and who told the judge,

There is one thing that makes me feel certain there is good in the boy, and that is his wonderful kindness to children. My own little boy thinks there is no one like him, and it is the same with all children.

We also would express the belief that "there is good in the boy," much good. How long it will remain under the process of legal reformation remains to be seen.

And now come two little fellows under a charge of vagrancy. What is vagrancy? These two little boys had walked from Omaha earning their living from day to day honorably, and as best they could. There was no charge whatever against them except that they had a "mania for traveling." The same "mania" under any other conditions might bring glory to themselves and to their country. The remaining cases were those of young girls, against whom nothing whatever was alleged, except that they were unmanageable and had repeatedly left home to enter situations. *All of these children had one point in common: they were determined not to go home.*

The authorities of the United States are grievously perplexed, the Constitution seems to lack something which it should contain. A world in arms would find the American nation tranquil, resourceful and prepared, but the forces of law and order, the judicial system of this country, are disorganized and routed in the presence of a few little children, who have decided they will not go home. Doubtless they have their reasons.

These few cases are illustrations of what goes on in many other great cities. We do not know what the end of them will be, although we know what the end ought to be. One thing only we will say. As loyal Americans we trust that good care will be taken of the boy who is so kind to other children, and also of the two little fellows who have a "mania for traveling," and earning their living honestly. Here, at any rate, are diamonds in the garbage heap. America will want those boys, presently.

STUDENT

Success in Business

"A SUCCESSFUL business man!" what a full, rich flavor there is in that phrase. It stirs our respect in a moment—a respect not unmixed with a lurking sense of our own inferiority. But ought we not to know the man, to enquire into the reason of his success, before the phrase should be allowed to awaken any such feelings?

Suppose the success was achieved by a day-long and year-long concentration on business, as the one thing in life before all others to be done? Suppose the man has neglected the intellectual part of his nature, done nothing with the artistic, given never a thought to the spiritual, how then? May not his "success" be quite easily a disgrace to him, and that, notwithstanding that he has never harbored a single impulse to dishonesty? He may truly be said to have prostituted or submerged his fuller human nature.

We live in an age when business is for the majority a necessary and proper field of action. And the urgency of self-support may often really demand a full absorption in it. But it will do no harm if we withhold our contribution of respect for success till we know the price paid, till we know whether the impulse to scheme, to amass, to outwit, far outran any possible necessity, and was gratified at the expense of nearly all the other and higher impulses that arise in our complex nature. X.

Literary Merchandise

A NEW ENGLAND newspaper has come into possession of a trade circular of a very remarkable nature. It seems that there is a firm in Ohio which undertakes to supply literary matter of all kinds at regular prices, such matter to be used as the original composition of the purchasers. Sermons vary in price from 50 cents up to \$25, while high class political speeches may be purchased for \$30. The circular guarantees "original work" in all cases except the very cheap sermons, which, however, are probably dear at any price. We wonder if any of these machine made sermons are on the subject of the public apathy toward religion. We rather suspect that they are, and that by some mischance a number of duplicate copies have been turned out.

It is fairly certain that merchandise of this kind is not produced without a market to receive it, and that market is probably more extensive than is usually supposed. Judging from the nature of a large number of the sermons which are weekly inflicted upon the congregations of the country we should suppose that the firm in question and other firms of a like nature are doing a large trade, and chiefly in the 50 cent variety. S.

The Alaskan Boundary Decision

SPEAKING of the Alaskan boundary decision reached by the Anglo-Canadian-American board, and the honor it reflects upon both disputants, the *Philadelphia Press* says:

It has (hitherto) been the unspoken, but none the less accepted, view of all international arbitrations that no man could be expected to decide against the claim of his own country. In a century of such tribunals no arbitrator ever has.

We hope that a new and nobler standard of international honor may soon be everywhere raised. And we believe that the keynote struck by England and America will be heard no less clearly in any matter that may arise between the governments of France and England. The arbitration treaty just concluded between these two nations provides for the reference of disputed matters to an impartial tribunal at The Hague. If the Anglo-American precedent counts for anything, France and England will go one better than their treaty and the "impartial tribunal" will neither consist of outsiders nor meet at The Hague, but of Frenchmen and Englishmen meeting in London or Paris.

STUDENT

Cawdor Castle, Scotland

THE illustration on the cover page of the *NEW CENTURY PATH* this week represents Cawdor Castle, Nairn, Scotland, immortalized by Shakespeare as the scene of the murder of King Duncan by Macbeth. The castle is situated five miles south of Nairn amid scenery noted as much for its beauty as for its associations. The vicinity contains many objects of archeological interest, Roman coins having frequently been found. There are also many prehistoric stone circles and rocking stones.

STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Armed Hosts of Civilization

IN Russia every man between the ages of 21 and 43 belongs to the standing army, which upon a "peace" footing, numbers 1,100,000 men. This is, of course, roughly representative of a very large part of the world which we are pleased to call civilized. The day will come when we shall look back upon the war preparations of this age in very much the same way that we now look upon cannibalism and human sacrifices. What should we say of a civilized community in which every man had to spend the greater part of his time in standing motionless as an armed guard over his property? We should say that such a community ought to be surrounded with a wall and placed under medical supervision. But the same form of insanity which we should thus condemn in a small community we exalt into the greatest of virtues when we find it in a nation, and the victims of such insanity as this are clothed in gorgeous uniforms and allowed to believe, in fact, taught to believe, that they constitute the living heart of the nation. And the ludicrous part of the thing is that the vast majority of these decorated and uniformed victims of militarism are those who have the smallest share in the national property which they are called upon to defend. It is a strange problem in collective psychology, but it is one which the world has to solve sooner or later.

STUDENT

Men Are Going Back to the Land

THE idea expressed in the phrase, "Back to the land," appears to be happily gaining ground. Several experiments on this line are under way. One of the most recent of these is in the beautiful English county of Surrey. The directors of the experiment have bought an estate of about 400 acres. This they sell in small portions to selected persons who intend to work the land themselves. The terms of sale are easy, ten per cent down of the cost price, and the rest in half yearly instalments over ten or fifteen years. The soil is rich and watered by a stream. People who avail themselves of such a chance to escape city life tend, of course, as much to better their health as to reduce their anxieties. But city dwellers fear lest in transferring themselves to the country they should get out of touch with the current of modern life, and lack society. That much of modern life which is valuable and which cannot be as well touched in the country as in the city, would appear to consist of music and the drama, and surely nine-tenths of the latter is quite worthless. Books, news, journals—these are to be had in the country.

There is the post, the telegraph, often the telephone. On the whole, we should say that getting out of the "civilization" of the cities would usually be the path towards getting into the true civilization of mind and soul.

STUDENT

Collective & Individual Cruelty

A CHICAGO Judge has expressed the opinion that the punishment of flogging ought to be administered to a certain man who was brought before him charged with cruelty to a child. Flogging is of course a detestable punishment degrading alike to every one concerned. In this instance we have, however, every sympathy with the judge's indignation, although we should be sorry to see the establishment of a precedent for corporal punishment.

There are, however, always two sides to every question and it is perhaps hardly to be wondered at if a few individuals here and there suppose themselves at liberty to do upon a small scale what is done by some of our mills and factories upon a large scale. There is no radical difference between the infliction of sudden and sharp torture upon a child, and slowly torturing that child into idiocy, disease and premature death. The law provides for one however and not, unfortunately, in all cases for the other. That is the fault of the law and of public indifference, both of which must be changed. In the meantime we hope that the law, such as it is, will be relentlessly invoked to punish the human fiends whose outrages upon defenceless children are a reproach to our religion and to our civilization.

STUDENT

The Modern Science of Medicine

DISCORDANT notes are becoming more and more audible in the complacent chorus of modern medical science. There is a process known as whistling to keep one's courage up, and we are reminded of this when we read of the triumphant march of Twentieth century medicine and the confident assurances that the armies of disease and death are already in full rout before the victorious anti-toxin. Facts are endowed with a stubborn determination to be recognized, and they are quite willing to wait until the shouts of self-advertisement have died away from sheer exhaustion. Fortunate it is that the medical profession possesses a larger proportion perhaps than any other body of men who combine a high intelligence with humane and disinterested motives, and it is to such as these that the public will ultimately accord the respect and the attention which they deserve.

Dr. Robert Jones has been speaking to the British Medical Association on the subject of insanity, and his statements have attracted almost as general an attention in America as they have in England. Dr. Jones has nothing to advertise, not even himself. He has no pills against the earthquake and no wares for the market. He says that there are more varieties of insanity than there were a century ago, that they are more severe, more chronic, more difficult to cure. He admits the enormous advance of preventive medicine, the increasing purity of food, air and water, the better care of infants. These things are facts. It is also a fact that the physique of the people steadily and obstinately deteriorates and that insanity is rampant. He deals not only with insanity but also with cancer. During the five years from 1861 to 1865, the annual death rate from cancer was 367.8 per 1,000,000 persons. In the five years from 1886 to 1890, it had increased to 599.7.

These figures will take a great deal of explaining away and they are not congruous with the placid assurances with which the air is full. What are we to do? Must we look for more anti-toxin, more serums, more inoculations, immolate fresh armies of animals in the slaughter houses of vivisection? Science has had its carnival these many years. It has had its notable triumphs; also, it would seem, its failures. The march away from materialism has brought us within sight of the remedies which we need. We have only to raise our eyes and to recognize that no man can do anything for us, but that we can do everything for ourselves. We do not need pure air and pure food half as much as we need pure thinking, and by pure thought we mean the thought that produces tranquillity. We are not afraid to advocate antiquated theories. We are not afraid to remind ourselves of the sorrows which await the people who forget God, and in saying this we are guilty of no cant expression. We mean that there is an all-pervading Law of which the recognition produces peace, and that he who learns how to perform duty and to rely upon that Law is hedged around with a protection against which nothing can prevail. We are reminded of the cry of the street patrol in medieval London, "Unless the Lord this city keep, the watchmen watch in vain." We have asked too much of the watchmen of science and they have promised more than they can give. It is of small value to strengthen the fortress of the body if within that body there are the ravening and devouring wolves of greed and dread and hate. I.

A Youthful Product of His Times

A LITTLE boy of 13, just arrested in the streets of Los Angeles, is surely a product peculiar to our own times. He has already been arrested several times, and is charged with being drunk on the night of the last occasion. On his person were a murderous looking set of brass knuckles and some loaded dice. His language was of the vilest sort, and on his release he proposes to murder his captor.

He is only a product of the times: of the dime blood-curdler, the prize-fight, the police columns of the dailies. These things are written on his face, engraved on his nervous system.

How soon shall we take hold of questions such as this and solve a problem which is now a peril to our national life? X.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

R. Machell, a Loma-land Artist

VISITORS to Loma-land, impressed with the scenic decorations which are being carried into execution in the Homestead Rotunda, make many inquiries as to the artist. They are being done by R. Machell, whose mystical paintings are already familiar, by means of photographs, to many students. From H. P. Blavatsky's old home at 19 Avenue Road, London, he came here some four years ago and has opened a studio permanently. He finds it impossible to overstate his admiration for this place, which truly does contain all that would inspire and delight the artist soul.

Mr. Machell is a Londoner. After some years of art study in England he went to Paris, where for four or five years he studied at Julian's, winning a number of medals and also exhibiting yearly in the Salon. Then he returned to England, and for some years painted chiefly portraits. He became a member of H. P. Blavatsky's London Lodge, when it was first formed, and it was shortly after that that he began the series of mystical paintings which have made his name so well known. All were the result of his Theosophical studies and in all he has expressed, in rare symbolism and still rarer color, some of the great truths of the soul and the soul's destiny, of which H. P. Blavatsky was the first Great Teacher in this cycle.

It was Machell who decorated the hall at 19 Avenue Road, when it was first opened by H. P. Blavatsky. Many years later, when Katherine Tingley took possession of the place, she invited Mr. Machell to occupy one of its rooms as a studio. Here, in an atmosphere which was pure and in the truest sense classic, within the vine-bowered old home and adjacent to the exquisite garden, some of the artist's best work was done.

Mr. Machell's keen sense of the fitness of things has made him unwilling to place his pictures into the usual style of frame. Most of his frames, therefore, he has carved himself, tinting or gilding the wood as best fitted the whole picture's harmony, the entire frame carrying out, as far as genius can accomplish, the conception of the picture itself. Some of the effects thus obtained are truly marvelous in their harmony of contour, color and design. It is a step toward that unity which is the aim of true art as it is and ever must be the aim of the true life. Mr. Machell has written more or less during the last twenty years, most of his articles dealing with Theosophical subjects. He has entered into the student life under Katherine Tingley in a spirit full of enthusiasm and glowing with high purpose, and it is his belief that Point Loma is destined to be, ere long, the art center of the world. STUDENT

DONIZETTI once wrote to his brother-in-law with regard to a piano he was about to send him—Donizetti's own instrument:

Do not sell it—no, at any price. It holds my whole artistic life from 1822. I hear whisper from it Anne Boleyn, Maria Stuart, Lucia, Belisar, Marino, Falerio, Kenilworth and all the others. Let it live as long as I live! It was my friend in the time of my hope, in the happiness of my marriage—in solitude. It was the witness of my joys, my tears, my ecstasy. It shared my confidences and my toil. With it dwelt my genius. Every part of it is alive with my life. It has been to me a companion—may it be such to thy daughter with its dowry of a thousand thoughts.

The Filipino Love of Music

THE Filipinos are an intensely musical people, and this taste is displayed in all sorts of ways, but mostly in their funerals and home entertainments, which are continuous performances and in which all sorts of instruments are drawn upon, and in their theatres, which are even more numerous than their cockpits. The music in the homes and the theatres of the Filipino people is one of the most hopeful elements in their character as well as the most refining and elevating. No people can be entirely depraved in whom the love of music is a passion. In the homes of the natives of Manila and in the provinces of Luzon, and I visited most of those provinces, the number of organs, pianos, guitars and zithers was a source of constant surprise and pleasure. . . . He

must be a very poor Filipino, indeed, who cannot have a brass band follow his remains to their last resting place. . . . Few Americans, however, attend the native theatres or the native churches, where the music is the best. . . . I have seen a little Filipino cantatrice, by an impassioned recital of an incident in the tragic history of her race, create a storm of applause which rose and fell like the lashed waves of an ocean, yielding its violence to calm gradually and reluctantly.

The Filipino voice, like the Filipino people, is very small and thin. What it lacks in force, however, it makes up in shrillness, and can easily be heard in the vast, flat, bamboo theatre, the roof of which is seldom more than ten feet high in the center. And the little actors are as lively as crickets, often awkward to the point of ludicrousness, which the indulgent audience blindly ignores while responding generously to all that pleases it. The critical sense seems completely subordinated to the abounding desire to be instructed and amused.

The civil authorities appreciate the Filipino intense love of music and seek to supply the demand for it in all reasonable ways. Wherever there is a military band, therefore, concerts are given regularly in the public square, and in Manila and the other provinces of Luzon I have seen the

whole population turn out to attend these concerts. In many places where there is no military band the natives have got together a band of their own.—*New York Evening Post*

PROPORTION is at the base of all manifestation; and proportion in form is the base of the material universe. Therefore Plato said correctly, that God geometrizes. But why stop at this assertion? May it not, with equal correctness, be said that God ciphers—numerical relationship being even more basic than form? And why not continue and say that God sings—proportioned tone, color and motion being likewise sufficiently fundamental to be considered divine attributes?

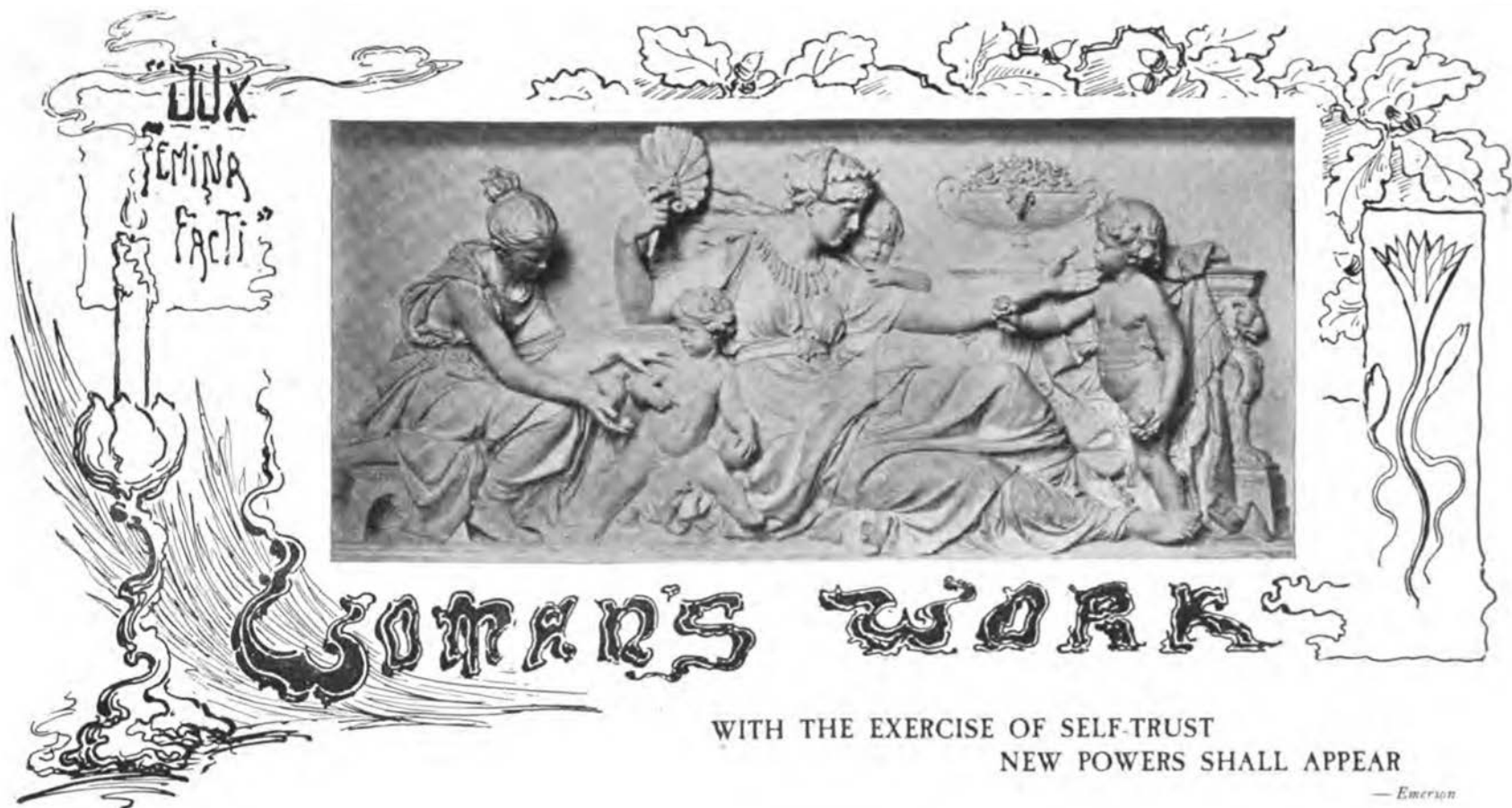
The Cabalists picture creation as beginning with *Sephira*. How strangely like the modern word *cipher* used above! And how curious it is—or something else—that the cipher should be the 0, the emblem of infinity, with neither beginning nor end, and alike in all its parts.

From the study of acoustics we have reawakened to something of the marvelous manner in which harmonious and melodious tones are related. Why then should it seem odd that Pythagoras made the study of music compulsory with his pupils?

H. T. P.



FROM A DRAWING BY GUERCINO
(Academy of Fine Arts, Venice)



TO few, either among men or women, is it given to become twice

famous during the narrow span of a single life. Mrs. Watts-Hughes is one of the few, at one time widely known as a singer, now, by her discoveries in the realm of acoustics, attracting the attention of the entire scientific world. By no means the first to investigate in this field, she is yet the first in modern times to make a distinct advance beyond the results gained by Chladni more than a century ago.

The latter, in his efforts to translate sound values into visible forms, succeeded partially only. He used a violin bow in securing sound-figures, the latter being formed—though not perfectly—by sand on steel plates. Mrs. Watts-Hughes, after experimenting with this and other more or less imperfect apparati, finally constructed the *eidophone*, the simplest possible contrivance, consisting of a tube, a receiver and a flexible membrane.

Various membranes, among them gold-beater skin, were tried, and while the results obtained were more satisfactory than those of Chladni, Mrs. Watts-Hughes continued to experiment until she hit upon india-rubber as an almost perfect means to the end she sought. With characteristic modesty she has said:

If others had not confined their attention to gold-beater skin, parchment and other membranes, they would probably have anticipated my discovery.

For use in producing the voice-forms themselves, Mrs. Watts-Hughes has used besides sand, various dry powders, microscopic seeds and lycopodium. In searching for some method by which the intensity as well as the pitch of voice sounds could be measured, she early saw that this must have relation to the weight of the substances which were to be influenced by the vibrations. It was not until after two years of constant experimenting that she was able to sing out the perfect sound-figures of

✻ The Lifting of Another Veil ✻

FRAGMENT FROM BROWNING'S "ABT VOGLER"

ALL through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,
All through music and me! For think, had I painted the whole,
Why there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth:
Had I written same, made verse—still, effect proceeds from cause.
Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled.

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is naught;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said,
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:
And there! Ye have heard and seen! Consider and how the head!

Therefore, to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

the two diatonic scales from the lower E flat of the contralto to C sharp in alt. With this step—which made possible the translation of simple melodies from sound into form—a new step was taken and a new door opened. The next experiments were made with liquids and semi-liquids, and Mrs. Watts-Hughes found herself confronted with a quite different set of problems, to the solution of which her former discoveries afforded no clue. With water and color-pastes she obtained new wonders and even more remarkable results. Regarding this set of experiments she is reported to have recently said:

Perfect control over the voice is essential, and the petals are gradually coaxed out by alternating *crescendo* with *diminuendo*. I place a small quantity of color on the center of the disc, and this I surround with water. Then, as I sing, I see the pansy-petals of color move out into the water, without in any way mixing with it. I can, in fact, sing them in and out of the surrounding water, *which remains clear*. That, I think, gives a clue to the working of nature in plants.

One day, after looking at some of my results, a friend exclaimed, "Then God sings the flowers!" And, do you know, I think that is true. Again and again, when I am working, my thoughts turn involuntarily to the book of *Genesis*. God separated the waters from the earth! How easy that is to understand in the light of our new knowledge.

I once made a careful search through the Bible to see how often the "Voice of God" is mentioned. How often, think you? Four hundred and forty-six times! He exercises His power through His voice. No, today we little realize the power of the voice—the potency of sound.

Exquisite, simple, symmetrical in outline, pure, delicate as snowflakes, often as beautiful in their outline as a forest flower, these sound-figures give one a hint—more than a hint—of how the universe came to be, number, color, sound, form, and behind them God, life's Music-Master—God the Geometer.

STUDENT

Madame Le Plongeon

AMONG those who have, through archeological research, contributed most to our knowledge of prehistoric peoples are Dr. and Madame Le Plongeon. When the former began his researches among the ruins of the Yucatan Peninsula practically nothing was known of the ancient Mayas. One of the most remarkable races of antiquity, Dr. Le Plongeon has proven their intimate relation with the old Egyptians by not one or two evidences, but many. It was he who first succeeded in translating the hieroglyphics found upon the ruins and in the manuscripts of Uxmal. In all his work Dr. Le Plongeon has been ably assisted by his wife, and the book just published by her, *Queen Moo's Talisman*, has found its way, by courtesy of the authoress, to the editor's table. It gives us a romantic glimpse into the probabilities of these old days. At one time, during their researches, Dr. Le Plongeon discovered in the midst of an almost impenetrable forest, in the great square of the City Chichen, two ancient tombs. The hieroglyphics being translated, it was discovered that one tomb had been erected to the memory of Coh, a Maya ruler, by his wife, Queen Moo. Within it was found a white urn, containing what proved to be the remains of human flesh together with a talisman of rare green jade. Upon this Madame Le Plongeon built her romance, an exquisite tale of Queen Moo's devotion to her husband, of her sorrow at his death, of her placing within his tomb a white urn containing his heart and her own precious talisman. An interesting touch is given by the account, at the poem's beginning, of the earthquake which swept across the great island which once lay in the midst of the Atlantic and of its final submergence, one of the Mayan traditions.

Dr. Le Plongeon's life-work has doubtless been rendered doubly valuable by the devotion and assistance of his wife. Were true comradeships between husband and wife the rule instead of the exception, the world would be the richer, not only intellectually, but spiritually. The path of the pioneer on any line is a difficult path, lined with discouragements and filled with obstacles. Madame Le Plongeon is an example among women for her courage, ability and devotion to the ideal which is one with that of her famous husband.

Madame Curie

TO those who associate the great discoveries of the age with immense laboratories and gray-bearded scientists, it is something of a surprise to learn of the simplicity of the life of Mme. Curie, the discoverer of polonium. Just outside of Paris, in an unpretentious little cottage, live M. and Mme. Curie and their little daughter. Together they have experimented, he giving what time could be spared from his lectures and she from her housekeeping, for those who have visited their home say that Mme. Curie is a model housewife in every respect.

It was more than a hundred years ago that, in the mineral pitchblende of Bohemia, uranium was discovered. It was on this pitchblende that Mme. Curie made her experiments, separating it into its various chemical components. At last she began a series of experiments on the slag of pitchblende after the uranium salts had been extracted. The result was the discovery of the wonderful new element which, in honor of her native land, Poland, she named polonium.

There are those who declare, like Sir William Crookes, that Twentieth century scientists may reach a point where matter is resolvable into pure energy. Whether that be prophecy or mere speculation, Mme. Curie's discovery appears to be a step in that direction.

E. W.

The Lewis Palimpsest

WHAT is known among scholars as the "Lewis palimpsest" was discovered by the two sisters upon whom the University of Heidelberg recently conferred degrees—Mrs. Margaret Gibson and Mrs. Agnes Lewis, of Cambridge, England. It is a Syriac version of the four gospels, pronounced to be the oldest manuscript of the gospels yet discovered.

To find this precious bit of parchment these sisters made a caravan trip into the heart of the Arabian desert, and they discovered it in a Greek monastery which was probably standing when the Christian era began. Today it is a strange and lonesome old ruin, built on the side of Mount Sinai, and eighty miles distant from the nearest building.

Both Mrs. Lewis (from whom the famous palimpsest received its name) and her sister have a thorough knowledge of Syriac. Without it they would have achieved failure in their undertaking, not success.

"St. Catherine's Convent," as it is called, is a vast rock-bound pile, surrounded by an outer wall which was built when the place was fortified by Justinian, and the monastery itself is a labyrinthine conglomeration of stone buildings. It is today inhabited by a community of Greek monks who spend most of their time in raising vegetables, and who were as amused as they were mystified by the zeal with which the two archeologists pored over their old manuscripts. Possessing but little education, able to read and write modern Greek, of course, but ignorant of the ancient languages, they had not the slightest idea of the value of these old parchments to modern research. They would not, however, sell the palimpsest, so a careful photographic copy was made of every page of the precious vellum, both sisters being expert photographers. In this palimpsest ("twice written") the sisters discovered below the outer and most plainly evident writing, the faint traceries which betrayed an earlier record and this proved to be the four gospels, laboriously set down in Syriac, not later than one hundred and fifty years after the crucifixion. When the photographs were published they attracted the attention of the leading philologists and Biblical critics of the world.

Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, on the occasion of a later trip to the monastery, discovered a number of valuable Arabic manuscripts, among them one called the "Palestinian-Syriac Gospels," a very ancient lectionary. Many years ago these sisters

together explored remote byways of Greece and Palestine. Their father was an antiquarian and both married men who not only are scholars, but who are examples of justice as well, for they encourage in every way the archeological investigations of their wives. Seldom indeed has fate conspired with heredity to work such kindness.

STUDENT

IT is interesting to record that Dr. Hilprecht, the archeologist, who is the translator of the Nippur tablets which are now in the University of Pennsylvania, has declared himself in favor of this line of work for young women. Never was archeological research more active than at the present day and there is great need of trained translators both in this country and in Europe. Particularly is this true of the Babylonian and Egyptian hieroglyphics. A number of the women students at Harvard and Cornell have already begun to train themselves for this work.

Miss Murray, who is assistant to W. M. Flinders-Petrie, the Egyptologist, was at one time practically alone in the field. Believing, however, that it offered to women unusual opportunities, she established a school of correspondence and is now teaching the science.



MADAME LE PLONGEON

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

California Coast Islands Giving Up Their Secrets

A BODY of working men who make a living by archeological research of their own conducting is surely a sign of the times. Why the "man in the street" is so interested in archeology, he would probably find it difficult to say. It partially awakes a sleeping something deep in his consciousness, of whose significance he is hardly aware. The body of men of whom we speak consists of grave searchers, but as the graves are prehistoric there is no protesting necessary. Their work is confined to a few islands from 50 to 100 miles west of the Californian coast, mainly Santa Catalina and San Nicolas. These islands are filled with remains of prehistoric Indian residence, going back to the stone age; towns, villages, kitchen middens, and graveyards, showing (by their many layers of bones) at least centuries of use.

The deepest layers of some of these graves showed that the occupants were not civilized enough to have used anything metallic. Nearer the surface metal appears and signs of the effects of contact with Spanish traders and priests. It was fortunately the custom to bury the dead with all their possessions. Accordingly there are beads, carved shells, pestles and mortars, axes, earrings, pearl jewelry, and carved amulets.

Some of this "jewelry" is in cases, doubtless the property of the dusky women of the race, made of large shells placed together and apparently hinged. On the owner's death the junction was entirely sealed with asphaltum and the case buried with her. Bones are also in immense quantity.

It may be that at a depth considerably below any of these remains much more important finds are waiting, for these islands, like California itself, were part of the sunken continent of Lemuria. What civilizations, what rises and falls of the ever-restless waves and tides of human life that may have witnessed, science has yet to begin to learn.

Mystic Architecture—Ancient Buildings and Numbers

IN *C. R. Acad. Inscript.* Mr. J. Oppert publishes a very interesting paper on some arithmetical inscriptions discovered at Sippara, and which throw some light upon ancient architecture. Upon one of these tablets the problem is presented of the making of a building of which the surface shall be equal to the square of the sacred numbers 653 and to be composed of four squares and a rectangle. The number 653, known as the cycle of the phenix, is made by the addition of a sothiacal period of 292 lustra and a lunar period of 361 lustra. The application of these cyclic numbers to architecture was supposed to guarantee to the building a corresponding length of life. A curious Biblical parallel is pointed out by the author. The period from the deluge to the birth of Abraham is 292 years, and from the birth of Abraham to the end of Genesis is 361 years or the numbers of the sothiacal and lunar periods, forming the total of 653 years. The chronology of Genesis is therefore based upon the cycle of the phenix. Many other interesting calculations could certainly be made.

STUDENT

A Remarkable Cave in the Providence Mountains

MR. GEORGE L. BERG has found a remarkable cave in the heart of the Providence Mountains, California. Great peaks guard its entrance, and hooks and ropes are required for the descent to it. Mr. Berg thus describes his visit:

We wound our way through one of the several corridors, a distance of hundreds of feet, coming on a main hall or grotto. The floor was rough, and sharp-edged crystals of lime ground beneath our feet and cut our shoes. The roof soon disappeared from view and the walls, too, but they reappeared again further down, to the width and height of an ordinary door, bringing us out on what appeared to be a small balcony. Our dim lights seemed like a mockery in the gloom that hung

about us like a pall. By and by we found a winding stairway that took us down to the floor of the great grotto. No cathedral ever had richer carvings or more beautifully-tinted walls than this dark cave. Strange serpentine forms of petrified snakes and lizards of divers kinds, were encrusted in the walls of what resembled beds of delicately-tinted moss. Rich mosaics of design and pattern as regular as if fashioned by man after some geometrical plan, covered walls and pillars. Above us hung great stalactites of snowy whiteness, resembling huge circles. At the narrow entrance to the south grotto is a huge human face outlined on the wall.

The white limestone gives way to blackened walls, and the passage has the appearance of having been used as the flue of a great furnace. Masses of rock of different kinds appear fused as by heat. A faint smell of sulphur was noticeable.

One may hope the investigation will not end there. We want to hear about the furnace, what it was used for, and what traces were about it of the people who used it. X.

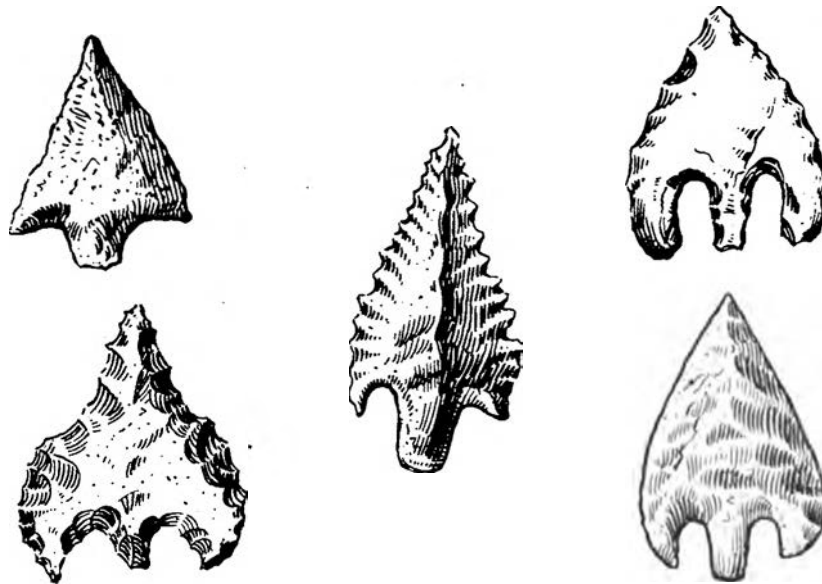
The Pygmies of Central Africa

A CURIOUSLY interesting little people are the pygmies of Central Africa, the race of which Herodotus tells us and which we have believed to be

a fable. These little people live in a village called Ndombe. They number about 5000 and inhabit huts like beehives with an entrance at the bottom. Curiously enough their king is not a dwarf but a giant, measuring six feet, six inches in height and with a proportionate breadth.

The pygmies live entirely by hunting, for which they use a bow and poisoned arrows. Mr. Samuel Verner, who probably knows more about them than any one else, speaks of their surprising skill with their weapons, having seen one shoot a running rat at a distance of twenty yards. They are so strong and active that fifty miles is an average day's march for them and their senses are so keen that they can compete with their own dogs. As to the origin of these extraordinary people, Mr. Verner confesses himself to be puzzled. There are no traces of any previous inhabitants and there seems to be little doubt that they have maintained themselves in their present condition for at least five thousand years. Their average height is less than fifty-two inches. S.

A CURIOUS skull was unearthed recently on Basket Mountain of the Blue Mountain Range in Washington. Evidently prehistoric, archeologists agree that it most nearly approaches the description of the skull of the *pithecanthropus*, or ape-man. It is ten inches wide, teeth projecting but parallel, the frontal bone slanting considerably.



SPECIMENS OF IRISH ARROW-HEADS

A RROW-HEADS have been found as numerous in Ireland as in any part of the world. The number now known to exist in collections is about ten thousand and an equal number have probably been taken out of the country. Arrow-heads differ very much in size and design according to the period at which they were made. In Wakeman's *Irish Antiquities* we find a great deal of interesting information on this head. He tells us that they vary in length from one to four inches and may be divided into the leaf shaped, the triangular and the stemmed. Those represented in our illustration are of the stemmed variety.

There are only two instances upon record of complete arrows having been found in Ireland. This of course is due to the perishable nature of the wood. One such arrow was discovered in the Ballykellan Bog in King's county. The flint head seems to have been fastened into the split shaft by some kind of cement and the wood was then bound with sinew. The tools used in making the arrow-heads have sometimes been found. They are blunt edged pieces of flint with a ridge on one or both sides. We are informed in the work to which we have referred that "the method was by pressure, and the finest flaking can thus be executed. Though this can be imitated with some practice, yet the best work on the faces of arrow- and spear-heads baffles imitation, showing the perfection of workmanship to which primitive man reached."

Nature

Studies

Begonias Need More Than Soil & Water

THE *Rex Begonia*, though known by hearsay to most people who have experimented with the so-called house-plant, has been successfully cultivated by comparatively few, and yet most handbooks describe it as of easy culture. To those who have failed in their attempts to grow this most beautiful house decoration the following experience is related as throwing a possible light on the cause of the failure, if such has occurred, in spite of the due provision of the requirements in the way of soil, water, light, etc. When the writer first was inoculated with the begonia fever he had it in the most virulent form, and visited his plants morning and evening, calling them all by name, watching and encouraging every new leaf as it pushed its velvet way from the parent stem, giving to all something more than a mechanical service, treating each as a sentient being.

The result was a general excellence that amazed even professional florists. The next year, inflated by the success of the previous season, and thinking that the requirements for begonia growth were an open book, the same attention was given minus the personal love, for it may be so described, and the result was almost complete failure. Who shall say that it may be truthfully said of a plant (of some species in particular) that as "a man cannot live by bread alone," so a plant cannot live to its perfection by soil and water alone. R.

WE hear that a species of *Mimosa* (the order to which the sensitive plant belongs) has been discovered in South America, whose achievements put those of the latter into an insignificant position. The sensitive plant merely droops when the bases of its leaves or petioles are touched. But the new plant is said to simulate being dead. Not only the leaves but the whole stem drops, collapses entirely and its green fades out. The apparently dead plant remains in this miserable condition till it judges that its intending consumer has been thoroughly taken in and has gone. Then it picks itself up and resumes its normal condition. X.

THY younger brothers, the beasts, to whom Zeus gave not judgment, expect justice from thee, and by that only canst thou win their trust. The essence of justice is surety; be thou, therefore, of an even mind, for an unjust beating, or an unearned reward destroys much faith.

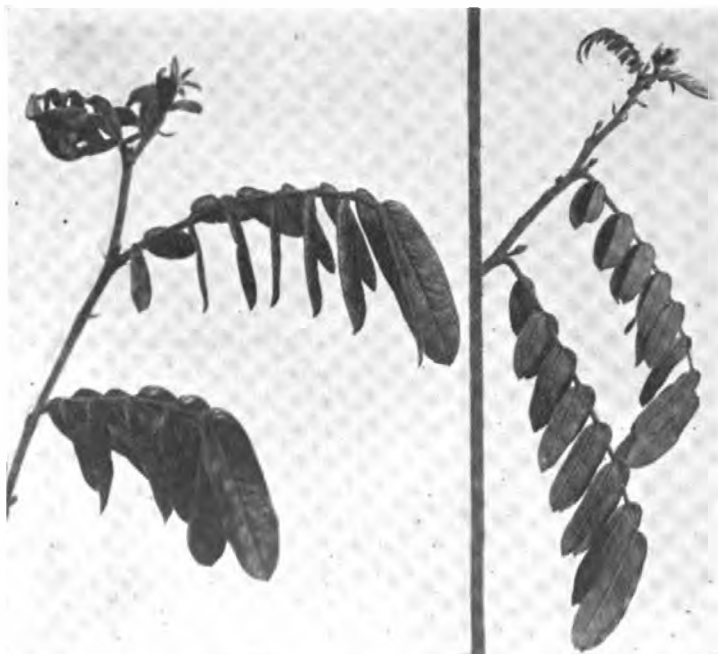
—Chiron the Centaur



A LOMA-LAND REX BEGONIA



CACTUS SKELETONS



SPRIGS OF THE INTELLIGENT SHRUB LEGUMINOSA

Some Inside Information About Cacti

TO the curio hunter the most interesting part of the large cacti of the south is the interior framework which remains after the spines and the pulp have been removed. The illustration shows parts of this inside frame, from the tall post-like *chollas* cactus and from the broad, stemless prickly pear. The round, lattice-like stem is very tough and strong when properly cured and makes up nicely into many articles of use and beautiful oddity. It is a creamy white in color when freshly polished and combines very prettily with some of the rich red or brown woods native to this region.

The specimen in the picture is a small one, but some are found three or four inches in diameter, while the larger varieties of the same species are frequently two or three feet through and fifty or sixty feet tall.

The flat, lace-like frame is part of the skeleton of a prickly pear leaf. The fiber is white and very tough, though it readily peels off in thin sheets of filmy lace. It is used in many sorts of fancy work with excellent results. This plant sometimes grows twenty or thirty feet high, each leaf supporting the next and branching freely until it makes a perfectly impenetrable thicket. The rabbits and squirrels are very fond of it, however, and patiently nibble away the spines to reach the juicy, pulpy leaf.

The fruit is the famous prickly pear, which is about the size of a hen's egg, a reddish purple in color and of a pleasant subacid flavor. It is much relished by many, but is liable to produce very undesirable conditions of the nerves. The flowers are two or three inches across, of a golden yellow color, very beautiful, but without much odor. G. W.

A Leaf That Protects Itself

THIS *Leguminosa*, which is one of the shrub forms of the family, has leaves which are bright glossy green above and white-woolly underneath. Evidently it regards those glossy surfaces as vulnerable because when it is on short rations of water it turns the leaflets over and lowers them so that each comes face to face with the one opposite, with the woolly surfaces outward, thus affording each other a mutual protection. When water is again supplied the leaflets reopen to the original position. Such arrangements very strongly tend to confirm our belief that plant-growth is guided by some definite form of conscious intelligence. G. W.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE announcement that Mrs. Tingley would speak at Isis Theatre last Sunday night crowded the building to its utmost capacity. Even the topmost gallery was well filled with an intelligent audience, which was prepared to appreciate to the utmost an address which added to the speaker's reputation as much as it unquestionably added to the knowledge of very many who were present. Mrs. Tingley presented a fascinating if an obscure subject with an admirable lucidity which left nothing to be desired, and she must certainly have succeeded in arousing a widespread desire to know something more of ancient Egypt, and to apply that knowledge to the world in which we live, and to our private and domestic lives.

The evening was rendered doubly enjoyable by the presence upon the stage of a considerable number of the child-singers from the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma. Those who heard these children in the early days may well have believed then that their performances could hardly have been improved. That they have improved the Sunday night audience is a witness, and their singing is alike a proof of the excellence of Mrs. Tingley's method and of the ability with which Mr. Neresheimer helps to put that method into execution. The Point Loma musicians, juvenile and adult alike, are a success.

To give a digest of Mrs. Tingley's speech would be to spoil it, and to attempt to make satisfactory extracts would be equally futile. From beginning to end there was a sequence so close and an argument so connected that only the whole address in extenso would suffice to convey an idea of the ground which was covered, or of the lessons which were conveyed. Mrs. Tingley began by saying that her object in being present that night, her object in all the activities which she conducts, was to let the sunlight into the lives of human beings that they may thus come into touch with all that is true, with all that is noble and divine. It is this intention, which hardly needed a declaration, which distinguished Mrs. Tingley's handling of her subject from those other disquisitions on Egyptian life with which modern discoveries have made us more or less familiar.

The speaker had obviously an intense interest in her subject and an intense sympathy with it, and by means of that sympathy she was able to bind together the past and the present and to make of the former a still living fact in the world of today. The address was notable, not so much for the information which it contained, although that was profuse and varied, as for the stimulus to study which it provided—a study which would result in breaking the mental fetters of prejudice and superstition and letting into the lives of men a flood of light which antiquity had in no way robbed of its brilliance.

The mere perusal of a handbook upon ancient Egypt and the ready absorption of a modern writer's conclusions was not Mrs. Tingley's idea of study. From very few authors was the personal equation wholly absent, a personal equation all too often made up of religious superstition and prejudice. The study must be undertaken, as she herself had undertaken it, with sympathy, with a recognition of the vastness and power of the civilization with which it deals, and with a knowledge of the relatively meager sources of our own information. The student must try to read between the lines and when he heard, for example, that the ancient Egyptians were animal worshipers because of some misunderstood inscriptions, let him ask himself what sort of a record of the present day will be written by the historians of three thousand years hence? Will the historians of that period recognize

KATHERINE TINGLEY AT ISIS THEATRE

Interesting and Significant
Address by the Theosophic
Leader on Ancient Egypt

Reprinted from San Diego News

and describe the true life of a liberty-loving people, the best and real traits of the nations of today; or will they not rather give prominence to the noisy crudities and absurdities of the age, to the foolish isms which force themselves into undeserved notice?

Mrs. Tingley held that the past, not of Egypt alone but of other nations, con-

tained mighty truths which remain hidden only through our lack of research and of sympathy, and which would as surely exalt the civilization of today as they exalted those other civilizations which have had their day and done their work. The sympathy which she asked for the study of ancient Egypt was a patriotic, no less than a humanitarian duty. When she was in India she had said to the savants of that country that ancient as was undoubtedly their civilization and their wisdom, it was not the most ancient of which the world had records. The civilization of Egypt was more ancient still and behind the civilization of Egypt came that of prehistoric America. Such a statement was not so startling today as it would have been a few years ago. Month by month new discoveries are throwing light upon the early glories of America and before many years were past the truth of her contention would be established by the researches of American archeologists.

There were those who brought against the early Egyptians the charge not only that they worshiped animals but that they were polytheists. As evidence of the religion of the educated Egyptian, Mrs. Tingley read briefly from a number of tablets which had been discovered in which many references to the one God were made and in terms which showed the exalted conception of the Deity which was entertained. These quotations were certainly of a most lofty nature and were abundant evidence of the religious culture and the broad and practical piety which must have existed. Still other quotations were furnished which showed the extent to which religious feeling was incorporated into the daily life of the people producing an active benevolence which must have given a tender charm to ancient life.

We wish that we could reproduce these quotations, many of them of a memorial nature in which, for example, it was claimed for the deceased that he had been a father to the orphan, had faithfully cared for the widow in his domain, himself laboring at the cultivation of the soil in order that the bereaved might not suffer material want. That a philanthropy so pure and so exalted should have existed long before the birth of Christianity was probably a surprise to many, but that it did so exist and that it was of a nature unsurpassable in unselfish beauty was abundantly demonstrated and went far to prove Mrs. Tingley's contention that whatever is best in human thought and human religion is not the birth of any one age nor the peculiar teaching of any one reformer, but has been handed on from civilization to civilization.

As we have said, the peculiar charm of this address was not so much its marked authority and erudition as the effort of the speaker to apply all that was best in ancient history to the practical thought and the practical problems of the day. She wished to make "a rift in the clouds," not by nebulous incitements to a sentimental fraternity, but by actually showing that Brotherhood is indeed the law of life, and that it can exalt the nations of today as surely and as certainly as it exalted and purified the nations of antiquity. The address was a long one, but it was not long enough to exhaust the patience nor to tax the attention of the immense audience which was so manifestly delighted with the ethical and intellectual treat which was afforded to them.

THE *Los Angeles Herald* supplement of Sunday, October 25th contains the following article on "The Lotus Buds of Loma-Land." The description is made more vivid by a number of very excellent photographs:

Considering the hot time the juvenile court is continually having with its obstreperous youngsters, considering the lack of training displayed in even an average home family of children, it would seem that a careful examination of the much-maligned Lotus Home, or Raja Yoga School, at Point Loma, might be salutary and useful. The late rumpus over the detention of the Cuban children at Ellis Island, has brought Mrs. Tingley and her work more before the public than ever and given rise to a wild variety of false ideas.

Mothers and guardians may radically disagree as to the proper education of children; the outsider is apt to listen unheedingly to their bickering and look at the results. Then let us, in watching these immaculate bright-faced children of the

✻ The LOTUS BUDS AT LOMA-LAND ✻

From the *Los Angeles Herald*

Lotus Home, admit that, however far-fetched the ethical outlook of the Point Loma Homestead adults may seem to the

outsider, the results in the children bid fair to be not only permanent but far-reaching.

There is that perfect background that first holds us, the setting in which these children live. From the quiet-colored town across the bay, with the blue water intervening and the distance wrapping all in a purple haze, the glinting white of the group of buildings on that ocean-fronted strip of land, Point Loma, appears to be an assemblage of Greek temples. We forget modernity. At a nearer view the outlook is no less beautiful, though the Hellenic ideal is dissipated. The pillared, porticoed, gray-stuccoed buildings, with their symbolically-colored shining domes and beauty of surrounding greenery and bloom, are conceived on an unusual plan, fantastically ornamental, smacking of Egypt and her lotus flowers, yet imprinted with a classicism that one is at a loss to account for. The eternal fitness of beauty

does not depend on architectural dogma. Over all sweeps the great, pure exhilarating breath of the Pacific, and the sound of her waters, the green and purple and blue of her long swells, are forever in the eyes and ears of these little children, gathered together from such widely different homes.

Thus, face to face with an outlook of unusual magnificence, trained into paths so pleasant that they have forgotten the training and accepted both work and play as life and enjoyment, these children are living their even lives and preparing to carry on the work by them but begun. Mrs. Tingley admits the vanity of expecting a hard-headed mercantile world to accept her ideals; but she expects these children and the children that follow them to announce in themselves the beauty of their lives of control.

In the life of the average child the school routine is the major part of its life. These children receive exactly two hours instruction a day — omitting the work in music and dramatic expression. And not only are the little ones far ahead of the average public school child, but they display a precision of speech, an appreciation of their work that is remarkable and charming. They have early learned to concentrate — that is the secret of what seems at first hearing mere precociousness. The schoolroom itself is a place beautiful enough for ideal childhood; the purple dome above sheds a soft, pale-violet glow over the great room of little workers. The walls are draped with cream hangings, embroidered at the deep hem in tortuous yellows and purples. The furniture is severe and, except for blooming flowers, the room is unornamented.

These children range in age from baby toddlers to children of 14 or 15. The little ones' schoolroom, where tots from 2 to 6 are taught, is separated from the large main schoolroom. These demure, fresh-faced mites, gravely displaying to the privileged visitor their first laborious attempts at grown-up sewing, are very captivating. The musical and dramatic training of the school is what Mrs. Tingley lays stress upon. "Children," she says, "make their own atmosphere; musical and dramatic expression are natural to them. The influence, especially of music, on these little lives is absolutely remarkable. It brings out other latent genius. We have had poor sulky little mites here, too timid to think, incapable of anything, until music awoke the dormant soul. All the children," she went on, "are taught two instruments, the piano and one other that they have the privilege of choosing, as soon as they are able. All of them read music as they read print, simply because they have been taught it with their letters.

"The absorbing interest they take in their little musical and dramatic performances would convince any one of their spontaneous enjoyment. The little colonial play that they gave sometime ago was entered into with especial abandon. It was as full of Indians and soldiers and colonial figures as a historical novel, with George Washington as the star part. The children helped in the costumes, in everything, in short. The play itself is the work of the little ones."

The life of the children outside the schoolroom is as carefully supervised as that within. They are taught from the outset the care of their own belongings and surroundings, and have charmingly come to consider what the average, petulant child considers "work," as a matter of course in an unusually pleasant scheme of things.

These ideas have been carefully fostered. The children are divided into groups of eight or ten, the boys and girls in separate groups, with an older child at the head of each group. Each little body of children lives in a tiny porticoed cottage fronting the palpitating blue and surrounded by a bright little flower garden, over which the little inmates have entire charge. The quaintly comfortable appearance of the long row of little cottages, occasional toy-littered porches, occasional laughing children, is a pleasant picture to remember.

The well-lit, airy interior of these dwellings, tended exclusively by the children themselves, excepting the baby home, is very pleasing. Here they work their little wills, decorate in greenery and pictures to suit their fancies and play their little plays undisturbed. The long room that flanks the big, happy-looking sitting-room, is the dormitory, a tidy row of blue denim-covered cots, each with a chest to match, fills it; the walls are a succession of muslin-curtained windows, open to the clean sweep of the sweet sea air. The great immaculate lavatory is below stairs in the well-finished basement. Each child takes care of its own little toilet belongings, fastened to the wall in a neat case, each with the owner's name, and the basins and tubs are as immaculate as if they were brand new. Such punctiliousness on the part of children strikes the observer as a little awful in its perfection; he thinks of his own Johnnies and Mabels with a sigh.

A system of rewards, so necessary, it would seem, in child-life, prevails here to a modified extent. The children who most readily adapt themselves to this charming scheme, who have shown their appreciation of beauty, have been allowed to erect, separated from the other children's houses, a mimic little temple delight, a beautiful little house with a miniature conservatory attached, the whole furnished with a childish extravagance of greenery and bric-a-brac that bewilders one. This is the playground of the goodest children — though they all seem too good to be true — the goal toward which all these little Lotus Buds, as they are prettily called, strive.

Not one useless thing has been taught these children. Their very play is toward an end. From the first they are expected to mend their own little garments, care for their own little persons, take care of their own little houses and gardens and so help carry on the great aims of the Homestead. And they do all because it has been shown them that it is best and right and eternally fit. There is an unquestioning and beautiful serenity in their young eyes, a happy lilt in their voices, that should go far to settle the sentimental doubts of all who see them. If Mrs. Tingley is not looked up to in the future as one who has settled many of the doubts connected with child training, it will not be because the Lotus home is at fault.

It is a large school and presents continually new problems. Each child must be separately considered. Many are foreign, some with an heredity behind them that must be overcome. Yet Mrs. Tingley admits with some puzzlement that these little Cubans show an even more precocious desire to learn than the American children. This is especially so in music. A few of these dark-skinned, pathetic-eyed little ones possess voices of a strange, high, weird sweetness that is really startling.

In this great work, against many odds, Mrs. Tingley does not ask for partisans. She is placidly willing to let time fight her battle for her — sure of victory in the end.

Everyone for His Gain

THE good housewife buys not more bread when she has a dozen loaves already in her store-room. Why do we, then, ask for more knowledge when that which is already in our possession is still unapplied? To draw conclusions from any meeting at which talks are given or papers are read, we evidently know what is right and what is not. We know the needs in our natures, we know what we lack, we should know how to set about to fill that need, to meet that want. There is small excuse for us if we do not do this, for we are not preaching salvation for a salary, neither are we supposed to be listening to the sermons of another and applying all its lessons to our neighbor.

All Christendom has been petitioning for twenty centuries for forgiveness of sins; but if the time had been spent in making practical the simple injunction, "Love one another," and "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," there would, by this time, be very few sins to be forgiven.

Isaiah described the condition of most of humanity when he said, "Yea, they are all greedy dogs, which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand; they all look to their own way, every one for his gain from his own quarter."

CHARLOTTE HARDINGE



ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE CUBAN PARTY LEAVING LOMA-LAND

Monster Meteor Found

THE San Francisco Examiner says that the largest meteor which has ever been found in the United States, and which has laid hidden for centuries, has been discovered near Oregon City, Ore., by William Dale, has just come to light. The matter has been kept a secret for nearly a year. The meteor is of great value, as it weighs between 20,000 and 40,000 pounds (ten or twenty tons), and is composed of iron and nickel. It is one of the largest specimens of metallic meteors that has ever been discovered

in the world. F. W. Crosby, collector of geological specimens for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, who examined the mass of metal, says:

"The mass is composed entirely of iron and nickel, probably nine or ten parts being iron. The specimen was pitted with holes, as it came through the air in a molten state. This is an invariable indication of a metallic meteorite. From appearances the meteor may have been buried in the hillside where it was discovered for many centuries. At any rate, its rusted condition is unmistakable proof that it was buried in the ground for many years."

The meteor measures approximately 9½ feet long at the base, 6½ feet wide and 7¼ feet thick. It resists the action of any but the best steel saws.

✻ "Except Ye Become as Little Children" ✻

BEAUTIFUL feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro,
Down lowliest ways---if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few can guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well won,
Beautiful rest with work well done.



“HAPPY little sunbeams” came ringing out through the bright morning air, sung by half a hundred little children’s voices. Mrs. Harding pulled down her window violently as frowning darkly she muttered: “Now that school’s started, I s’pose I’ll be pestered to death with the noise of those brats.”

“Oh,” cried Mrs. Perry, throwing wider her window, and looking out eagerly, “now I’ll be able to see the dear little things every day and hear all their songs. The words are so good and sweet, and their voices are lovely.”

Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Harding were neighbors; very near neighbors, too, for they both lived in the same house. A very snug and pleasant little house it was, just large enough for each old lady to have her cunning little kitchen and dining-room and a nice large bedroom. Then, besides, there was such a cosy, comfortable sitting-room with big, sunny windows and an open grate, a bathroom and a spare chamber; and these were for the common use of both.

The two old ladies were cousins and had been in close relationship all their lives. Mrs. Perry owned the house with its roomy yard, and Mrs. Harding’s son paid a liberal rent for the rooms occupied by his mother. His business was in a distant city and he loved to think that his mother was safe and happy with the dear old kinswoman who loved everybody.

Their circumstances were in many points alike; both were long past middle life and were cumbered with not a few infirmities. Both had to live alone, the one because her children had all gone before, the other because her one son could not be near her. Both had enough to live comfortably, but little to spare. In many points they were unlike. Mrs. Perry was cheerful and contented, while Mrs. Harding gave way to discontent and gloom. She brooded over and often spoke of her pains and misfortunes, while the former always declared that things might be, in every way, much worse. That which Mrs. Harding grumbled over as an added source of trouble the other smilingly welcomed as a new interest and pleasure. Mrs. Harding’s temper was uncertain and at times she was apt to construe an innocent proffer of kindness into officious meddling, or the omission of it into an intentional slight.

Mrs. Perry was so filled with good-will and the desire to help others that she never thought of any one wishing to offend or give her pain, and if any one did she immediately began looking for excuses for them, and generally found a sufficient number. The one cloud in her sunshine was that she could not, try as she would, avoid offending Mrs. Harding. Though she knew not how, she invariably knew when she had offended by her cousin addressing her as “Mrs. Perry,” though the two had been “Jane” and “Abby” to each other ever since they could talk.

Their bedrooms both looked across a narrow strip of garden to a little hall in which a new school had just been opened. On the first morning the singing had been greeted by the old ladies in the manner and with the exclamations above recorded. Both of them entered the sitting-room at the same moment, and Mrs. Perry cried:

“Oh, Abby, wasn’t the singing of the children delightful?”

“Good morning, Mrs. Perry,” returned Mrs. Harding, frigidly, and immediately passed into her own kitchen.

“Oh, dear! Abby is displeased again,” thought her cousin, “and I do wonder what it can be about. I can’t think of a thing I’ve done.”

A cloud rested on her face for a moment, and then she bustled about, setting her rooms to rights, sweeping off the steps, tying up some vines and gathering fresh flowers, while Mrs. Harding sat apart in her own room.

The old ladies soon learned at what hours the children were engaged in singing, and Mrs. Perry at those times went into her bedroom and threw up the window, or went into the garden and crept up to the fence to hear more clearly; but Mrs. Harding went into her kitchen on the other side of the house and closed the door.

One day the little tots came trooping out while Mrs. Perry still stood by the fence, her hands full of great purple and white and yellow chrysanthemums and asters.

“Oh, oh,” they cried, smiling up into the sweet old eyes, filled with a peace and

joy as simple and childlike as their own, “the lovely flowers! They’re so boo’ful; please, lady, let us smell ’em.”

“That you shall, you little dears; but they don’t smell as sweet as some flowers do, though they are so pretty. Wouldn’t you each like one?”

A score of little hands were stretched out eagerly, and every one filled. After this had happened several times the teacher came out one day to speak to Mrs. Perry and apologize for the children troubling her.

“Oh, it’s no trouble at all,” she declared, “but such a pleasure to me. I feel that I owe them so much for their singing, which I do so thoroughly enjoy. I have so many flowers, do let me give them to the dear little ones; and I’d so like to give them some of my figs and grapes.”

After that a large bouquet went into the schoolroom every day, and frequently a basket of luscious fruit.

“I don’t see how you can be so foolish, Mrs. Perry,” remonstrated Mrs. Harding, “giving away your flowers and fruit to those young ones. It’s ridiculous.”

“But I’ve nothing else to give them, Cousin Abby; and they’ve given me so much pleasure; I love to hear them sing.”

“Love to listen to their noise; indeed, I wish they had never come near us.”

“How strange Abby is,” mused Mrs. Perry. “I do wish she was a little like me. But no, I oughtn’t to wish that; for she was always much more pious than I. O dear! it’s so hard to please people—some people, I mean. She reads such good, improving books—I suppose it is foolish for me to be so taken up with the children and their singing; but I do love them, and it seems to do me more good to hear them than to listen to Abby and the minister’s talk of the atonement and original sin. Of course, if I was as good as Abby, I’d rather hear him read and pray than to listen to the dear little children; but I don’t.”

Matters went on in this way for several months; then Mrs. Harding met with an accident. She slipped on the garden path and sprained her ankle. She was confined to her room for three weeks and Mrs. Perry waited on her with the most tender assiduity.

“Oh!” she groaned, “if I were only where I could not hear those children!” She said this every morning for the first week, and when her cousin returned from listening and carrying them flowers she would address her icily as Mrs. Perry.

Then the complaint ceased, and at the end of the second week she asked her cousin to open her window, remarking that she could not smother for the want of fresh air, even if those children did sing.

At the end of the third week she hobbled to the window and opened it herself; and one morning when Mrs. Perry came in she found her cousin listening, leaning back in the big chair with her eyes closed and tears on her cheeks.

A few days after, as they sat in their pleasant sitting-room, Mrs. Harding said: “Jane, I have been wrong about the little children, I’m glad they are near us now. I know Jesus said, ‘Except ye become as little children,’ but I don’t think I ever understood what it meant. I’m going to try to be more like them; and then I’ll be more company for you, for you love children so.”

“O Abby, I’m so glad you like them now; but you’ve always been a more religious woman than I have. The ministers never care to converse with me as they do with you; and I never have read the books that you know all about.”

“That’s nothing, your kind of religion has made people happy and mine hasn’t. I am going to see if I can’t be more like you.”

After this Mrs. Harding listened every day to the happy songs of the children and watched their bright, merry faces while at play. One day she said to her cousin, whom she always addressed now as “Jane”:

“Why couldn’t we give the children a picnic in our yard under the trees? I think they would enjoy it, don’t you?”

“Why, surely. The pears and guavas are ripe and we can give them a real treat. You know, Abby, what lovely ginger cake you make, and you can bake a lot. I’ll make buns and cookies, and we can have chocolate and lemonade. Shall we speak to the teacher about it? they are all poor children, you know, and I don’t suppose they’ve ever had many good things.”

A few days after this conversation, the school was gathered in the yard of the two old ladies; and such a happy time it was. There were all kinds of games, and two swings had been put up; and few of the little ones had ever had such a meal before. They sang several of their Lotus songs before they left, and as the two old ladies stood at the gate watching them march down the street, the song they all loved, “Happy little sunbeams,” came floating back on the soft evening air.

The face of Mrs. Harding was almost as cheerful as that of her cousin.

“O Jane,” she said, “what a nice time it was! don’t you think they all enjoyed it very much?”

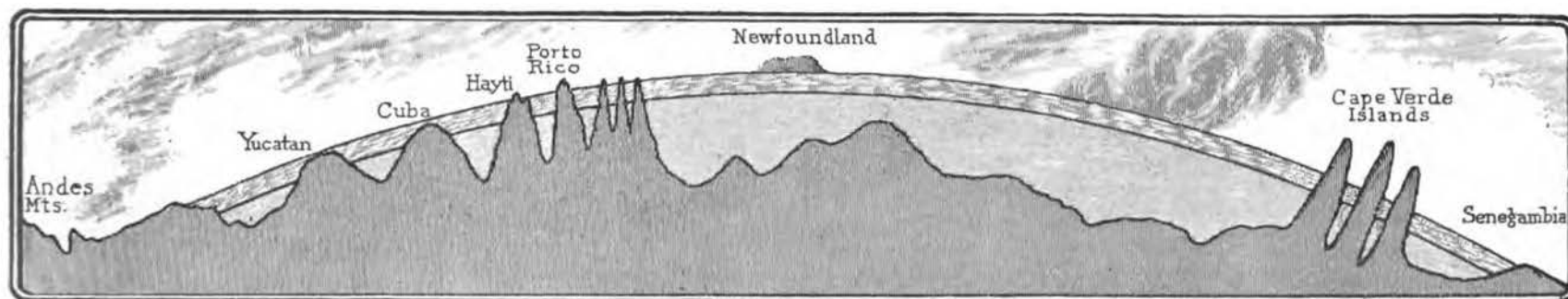
“Yes, indeed, and so did we, Abby. How fond they all seemed of you. Children are such dear little things.”

“Yes,” assented Mrs. Harding, and as they walked back to the house she whispered softly:

“Except ye become as little children.”

O. P. Q.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science



The Almost Limitless Possibilities in Our Heredity

THAT was a charming experiment in heredity made forty years ago in the gardens of his monastery by the Austrian monk Mendel. He was working on plant life; but there is something of an application to human life, too, in his discovery.

He found that if a pea with *yellow* seed-leaves was crossed with one of *green* seed-leaves, the young plants resulting all followed the *yellow* type. But the green lay latent within them, and in a very exact proportion. For if two of such plants with latent green were crossed together, the result was always a proportion of *one* green plant to *three* yellow seed-leaves.

The same thing obtains with at any rate some animals. Certain experiments now going on at Harvard University show this very interestingly. There is a curious little mouse hailing from Japan whose great amusement it is to spin round and round as fast as he can, first in one direction and then in the other. He has never explained exactly why he does this, that is his personal affair. But the offspring of one of these and an ordinary mouse, are ordinary. It never occurs to them to spin. They have, however, a *leaning* toward spinning somewhere in their make-up. For *one out of four* of the offspring of two of these latent spinners spin like their grandparents—the same proportion as the green-leaved peas.

The problem of human heredity is of course far subtler than in the case of plant or animal. The parent mouse has nothing to say about the conduct of his offspring; he neither represses nor punishes. He has no strong conscious standard of the proper behavior fitting in a mouse. But the human parent has. And in the case of man there is moreover a vast weight of consciously made public opinion ingrained in every cell and fiber of us all from the first moment.

It is reasonable to suppose that if you could get the idea that it was a good thing to spin, into the mind of a mouse in whom the spinning tendency was latent, he would learn the spinning trick far more easily than would a mouse of perfectly staid and normal heredity of habit. And this would doubtless be true however far back his stream of heredity had been touched by a mouse of the spinning habit.

Carry the idea into human life. Four generations ago—120 years—64 ancestors contributed to the physical make-up of each of us. Eight generations ago—240 years—each of us had 1024 contributors. Surely there is enough material in all that number to furnish us with a latent streak of almost every possible potency now workable in normal human life. In other words, though the physical instrument on which we play through life, may be limited by its heredity, we have never even begun to touch those limits. There are a thousand strings on which we have never played. We can think of this in training the children; knowing that the child's soul is cooperating; and knowing that from the *right* training almost any results are possible.

STUDENT

IT SEEMS that a heart which has actually stopped beating for sixteen minutes can be induced to take up its work again, by means of massage directly applied through an incision in the chest wall. Dr. Kemp, the inventor of the method, thinks that several hundred human lives could be saved annually, specially from drowning and anesthetics. The manipulations are made in imitation of the heart beat.

The interrupted current has, of course, long been used in such cases, but not, we think, in imitation of the heart—that is to say, a double pulse transmitted through the organ about once a second. Contraction would certainly follow so long as the heart muscle had not entered upon its own actual death. M. D.

The Bed of the Atlantic Ocean—from West to East

THE accompanying cut is an approximate illustration of the bed of the Atlantic, the lower arc representing the sea level. A chart of this nature is necessarily somewhat conjectural, although its main features are based upon the very careful soundings which have been made from time to time. The science of oceanography is still in its infancy, but enough has been done to show that the bed of the ocean possesses all the physical features of the land and has its vast valleys and its mighty mountain chains, of which the summits constitute islands. In other instances the mountain peaks are barely submerged, a hidden and treacherous danger to navigation.

A Heart That Emits Two Clear Musical Notes

PROFESSOR REITTER of Vienna has produced before the Medical Society of that city, a young woman whose heart emits two sweet, clear musical notes. This phenomenon began when she was very young, increased during the next year or two, and can now be heard throughout the room. Two qualities of tone—only audible through a stethoscope—are generated in the heart. One is a dull tone made by the contracting muscular walls; the other a sharp tone emitted by the tense closure of the valves. The deep note of contracting muscular fiber has no audible overtones; they may exist, but are damped at once below the threshold of audibility. It is conceivable that they might become audible to us under conditions we do not now know, residing in the fiber. It seems quite possible that certain beautiful qualities of voice possessed by some few people, may be added by the muscles exceptionally yielding a mass of overtones in consequence of their perfect health, tension, limpidity of their fluids and of the blood, or what not. To much finer ears than ours, too, the tense valves must yield musical notes much higher than that of the muscles.

M. D.

Radium and Its Heat Force—Lord Kelvin's Theory

THE source of the heat emitted by radium is still a matter of some considerable discussion. According to the New York *Sun* Lord Kelvin believes firmly that the energy is supplied from without, and that etherial waves may perhaps feed it, as it were, while it surrenders the heat again to surrounding matter. M. Curie, the discoverer of radium, calculates that the heat emission is at the rate of about ninety centigrade calories per gramme per hour, and Lord Kelvin therefore points out that if such an emission of heat were to go on for 10,000 hours, there would be enough given off to raise the temperature of 900,000 grammes of water by 1° centigrade. That this should come from the store of energy emitted by one gramme of radium in 10,000 hours, seems impossible to Lord Kelvin. He illustrated his meaning in the following manner:

Suppose a piece of white and a piece of black cloth, hermetically sealed in similar glass cases, were submerged in similar glass vessels of water and exposed to the sun. The water in the vessel containing the black cloth would be kept very sensibly warmer than that containing the white cloth.

Here the thermal energy was communicated to the black cloth by waves of sunlight and was given out as thermometric heat to the water in the glass around it.

Thus, through the water there was actually an energy traveling inward in virtue of the waves of light, and outward through the same space in virtue of thermal conduction.

Here and There Throughout the World



RAILWAY STATION, CIEGO DE AVILA, CUBA

☞ Purchase Iceland from Denmark

THE New York *Independent* contains an article urging the United States to acquire by purchase from Denmark the island of Iceland, which, it seems, is a highly desirable country, with great resources still undeveloped. Its people are "a sober, industrious, hard working, God-fearing race," and they have, moreover, an ancient literature which ought to be more fully made known. Nor must it be forgotten that the original discoverers of America set sail from Iceland. It might, however, transpire that Denmark would be unwilling to sell.

"The Star Spangled Banner" in the Navy

THE United States Navy Department has issued an order which virtually establishes "The Star Spangled Banner" as the National Anthem. The regulations on American warships have for many years required that every man shall stand at attention when this air is played, unless his duties at the moment prevent his doing so. The new order, however, enacts that precisely the same respect shall be paid to the national anthems of all other countries when their official representatives are present.



A HEADLAND ON THE POINT LOMA BEACH

☞ A Broad-Minded Chinese Reformer

WHEN the lapse of time has brought events into a truer perspective the world will recognize the greatness of the Chinese reformer Kang-Yon-Wei. This venerable man is now living in exile at Tokio, having been banished from his own country for his advocacy of reforms, many of which are an advance of both American and European ideals. The pamphlet which he has recently published upon human life and conduct is in every way a remarkable production and the breadth of his teaching may be estimated from the fact that he advocates the equality of the sexes and the employment of women in the high affairs of state.

Welfare of Paris Railway Employees

THE Metropolitan Railway of Paris is showing an enlightened interest in the well-being of its employes which might be imitated with advantage elsewhere. Its latest move is the establishment of a vast *salle de conferences* which has been placed at the disposal of the staff for scientific discussions, lectures, etc., and the audiences of engine drivers and porters are certainly showing no lack of appreciation of the advantages offered to them. A sense of responsibility for the well-being of employes is an encouraging sign of progress and a proof of the abounding vitality of the French nation.

Growth of Anglo-American Alliance

THE eminent historian, W. H. Lecky, has lately contributed an interesting article to a French review on the Anglo-American Alliance. He believes that England has more in common with America than with any European power in spite of the points of friction which are rapidly diminishing in number. All future disputes between the two countries, Mr. Lecky believes, will be settled by arbitration, and although there may never be an actual alliance the two countries will grow closer to one another through an ever-increasing community of sympathy, principles and ideals.

Europe Regulates the Drink Traffic

MANY of the European governments have stringent laws which have been called into existence by the increase in the alcohol habit. In Switzerland the drink trade is a government monopoly and a portion of the proceeds are devoted to the support of hospitals. In Austria and Norway drunkards are sent to reformatories after a certain number of convictions, and the German government requires that all liquor sellers shall also provide tea, coffee and the like. It is also a punishable offence to give credit. Belgium and Holland are about to adopt restrictive measures.

Labor Problems in New South Wales

NEW SOUTH WALES seems to be in a fair way to the solution of its labor problems. The attorney-general has issued a report of the working of the Arbitration Act from which it seems that disputes have been amicably settled which affected 1,000 employers and 36,000 work people.

The Death Rate in the City of Chicago

CHICAGO is presenting a curious population problem, of which the explanation is somewhat obscure. The *Health Department Bulletin* for the week ending August 22, for example, shows that 483 deaths occurred, of which 291 were males and 192 females, which is a 50 per cent excess of males. In 1901 this excess was over 23 per cent; in 1902 it was over 29 per cent; during the first six months of this year it was 37, and now 50 per cent.

Russia's Navy Has Doubled in 10 Years

THE increase of modern armaments is perhaps nowhere better illustrated than in the case of Russia. During the past ten years she has doubled her navy, and by the end of 1906 she will possess twenty-five first-class battle-ships and fourteen large cruisers, exclusive of all ships more than twenty-five years old. The number of her blue jackets has also been doubled within the same period and now stands at 62,000.

Humanitarianism of the Jains in India

THE Jains of India have set us an object lesson in humanitarianism which we should do well to imitate. It has been decided at a meeting of this important body to discontinue the use of feathers for head-dresses and also of tortoise shell, on account of the cruelties with which they are associated. The Jains might perhaps send missionaries to the western world. They would probably find a foe worthy of their steel in the obstinate and determined cruelty which is so remorselessly advocated by fashion.

Physical Unfitness for British Army

SIR WILLIAM ANSON has recently introduced the subject of physical deterioration into the British Parliament. He asserted that sixty thousand children now attending school are in a condition of physical unfitness, while the director of the Army Medical Service reports that every third man who wishes to enlist in the army has to be rejected. As a result of these disclosures the government has appointed a royal commission to investigate the matter and to report with a view to remedial steps.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Legend of the Linden

DEAR CHILDREN: There is a quaint legend which relates how sad the linden tree once was because it was so plain, and how at last it became beautiful. Shall I tell it to you, as my old grandmother used to tell it to me? Once upon a time the linden was just an ordinary tree, in fact, not so beautiful as ordinary trees, and no one took the least account of it. Even the bees and birds passed it by and its heart was very, very sad, though no one knew just why, excepting the night wind. But the night wind was compassionate and told the Nature-Fairies and the Nature-Fairies were compassionate and said, "Let us make the linden beautiful."

So that very night they came. First of all they pulled all the leaves this way and that until they became, somehow, much larger and far more exquisite in form. Then they took their wee and wonderful paint brushes and painted the leaves, just a tender, warm green on the side which smiled at the sky and welcomed the raindrops, and a delicate silver underneath. Now, the paints that Nature-Fairies use, as all children know, are far better in every way than the ordinary kind that we buy at the stores; for one thing, they cannot be faded by the sun nor washed away even by the heaviest rains—in fact, the sun and rain only make them brighter. And when the leaves were all painted then the Nature-Fairies kissed the boughs and everywhere a kiss rested there came a little sweet-scented blossom, so fragrant that the birds and bees all came flying to the linden.

Oh, how happy the linden was, and how grateful! From its blossoms thousands of bees sipped honey, and in its branches ever so many birds built their nests. And one of these birds told the linden one day a great secret, for the tree had asked the night wind, and even the fairies themselves, how it came about that it should have been made so fragrant and beautiful; but the fairies only smiled and the night wind didn't know. However, one bird knew, and this is what it sang:

The Nature-Fairies made you beautiful because you were good when no one noticed you.

And that is why the linden is today the most beautiful and most fragrant of all forest trees—at least the bees and birds tell me so. And they ought to know.

COUSIN LOUISE

DEAR CHILDREN: Let me tell you a true story of a lion who must have known something about brotherhood. Some years ago, in a southern city, a cruel keeper had a bear placed in the cage of a big African lion. He believed the bear would be torn to pieces and he wanted to see the cruel sight. The lion was old and cross, so savage, in fact, that no one went very near him, and not even the keeper dared to go inside his cage. But to the keeper's amazement, the lion walked up to the trembling bear and put his paw on its head, as if he were trying to make friends. A little later, when the keeper brought food he shared it with the bear.



"LADY WASHINGTON"

One of the character studies in the Historical Drama given by children of the Raja Yoga School on July 5, 1903, at Isis Theatre, San Diego

THE LITTLE ELF

AN elf lived in a buttercup
And waking after dawn,
He donned his golden spectacles,
And stepp'd out on the lawn.
"Dear me," said he,
"I scarce can see,
The sunbeams shine so crookedly!"

He met a merry bumblebee
Within the clover gay,
Who buzzed "Good morning" in his ear,
"It is a pleasant day."
"Don't speak to me,
Sir Bumblebee,
Until you trim your wings," said he.

He saw an airy dragon-fly
Float o'er the meadow trail;
"Pray stop, Sir Dragon-fly," he cried,
"So upside down you sail!
The sight will make
My poor head ache
Fly straight or rest within the brake."

An owl so wise upon the tree
Blinked his great staring eye,
"To folks in crooked spectacles
The whole world looks awry,
To-whit! To-whoel
To-whoool!" said he,
"And some such folks I've lived to see."

Why Gossip Is Wrong

Extracts from Essays by Pupils of the San Diego Lotus Group

IF we questioned one whose principal conversation had been gossip, as to what she had been talking about or had learned, she would be rather astonished at the question and perhaps would not be able to answer it. People should not criticize their neighbors. If we were to try to sift down what gossip really is, I am quite sure we would find that it consists of unkind words without deep meaning. Gossip does not benefit the soul, it only hinders it from progressing, and people don't realize how much trouble and ill feeling it produces. When people gossip they are wasting precious time which could be one hundred per cent better spent in reading some good book or doing some kind deed. If people would speak only the words that are absolutely necessary there would be more happiness and no gossip at all.

L. W.

GOSSIP and the truth are like oil and water, very difficult to mix. Many women object to having their sons smoke but think it is all right to have their daughters gossip. But gossip is the greater evil of the two. One poisons only the body, while the other poisons the mind. A sharp tongue may wound as deeply as a dagger even though we do not realize it.

F. G.

GOSSIP is often talked over back fences, by women who think they are taking a rest from housework. The topic of these conversations is generally other people's faults, never their own, or else other people's business, while their own goes to the winds. Gossips almost always judge others by themselves. Schoolgirls, while they are walking home from school, are apt to gossip. If this talking of other people's faults could be turned to some good and made helpful, the world would be better.

Gossiping does the people who gossip great harm as well as those about whom they gossip. The unkind thoughts which lie behind the gossip influence the one found fault with and cause unhappiness.

M. R.

GOSSIP is a bad habit. Tell-tales have it and also other people who like to waste their time in idle talk. Think how much misery gossip has caused, and think how much better the world would be without it. Some of the great wars that have happened, when we trace them back to the first little things that caused them, we find were caused by gossip.

P. K.

GOSSIP is one of the worst stumbling-blocks in the world. It often leads to the destruction of the happiness of good people. Gossip is telling tales and saying unkind things—in other words, it is idle talk. People who are really industrious never have time to gossip. They are too busy with what they are doing to meddle with other people's affairs. When we say unkind things we are gossiping. We find this idle talk everywhere, in the home, in school and on the streets. We hear children three and four years of age gossiping. People say that just these little children talking about their playmates is not gossiping, because they do not know it is wrong. But every child knows when it is doing wrong, if it lets the heart guide. By gossiping we often lose friends.

If people would only remember the golden rule and practise it, there would not be so much gossiping. Let us commence now while we are young to never gossip. Why wait until we are grown up? It will be all the harder then to stop.

R. P.

Students'



Path

THE TASK

by SUSIE M. BEST

"SOME mighty task," I said, "I'd do for thee—
Some deed heroic, that the world may know,
Some sacrifice to stir the stagnant times."
And lo! the Lord made plain His will to me;
For in my heart I heard this answer grow,
Clear as the echo of the vesper chimes:
"Wouldst thou best serve me? This is my command:
Do thou the duty nearest to thy hand."—*Selected*

Giordano Bruno

THE criticisms of the *Life of Giordano Bruno*, by J. Lewis McIntyre, are unanimous in their praise of a very excellent piece of work, but they are by no means unanimous in their estimate of the astounding figure whose life that work commemorates.

In a newspaper, which is otherwise remarkable for its broad and progressive thought, we see that Bruno is described as a scholar and philosopher, and yet as something of the charlatan and poseur. We are told that his was a life "to inspire pity rather than enthusiasm, for the *defraque* Dominican monk, with his insatiable greed for learning, his colossal egoism and light-hearted skepticism, hardly evokes our esteem." There is much more of the same kind, not worth reproduction, but affording further evidence of our contention that the evil of newspaper critiques is very considerable, as being the *media* for an authoritative dissemination of opinions which claim to share the impartiality of an editorial chair but which are actually tinged, often indeed vividly colored, by theological animus of a very marked kind.

It is no part of our mission to defend Giordano Bruno. Time and history have alike combined to do this for us and it has been successfully done in spite of a time-spirit which hates enthusiasm and looks askance at all whole-hearted determination which has other object than self-gain. The world of Bruno's day hated him, and feared him, and murdered him because he proclaimed the liberty of conscience. The world of today is suspicious of him because he did it with enthusiasm.

We can well understand that the reactionary forces of today hate the memory of Bruno. They affect to despise him, but the sentiment is not of contempt but of a chilling fear. Bruno was not the only work fashioned in nature's hero factory, and there may be others who will throw themselves with a like determination against the recrudescence of the abuses which he helped to overthrow.

The verdict of mankind has already been passed upon the character and work of Bruno, and it is not likely to be reversed at the bidding of a few superior persons to whom all enthusiasm is an offense. The heroic figure of the Italian martyr will remain as an inspiration to the free and as a menace to mental despotism.

STUDENT

Long Sermons

A UNITARIAN minister has been making some pertinent comments upon the recent religious census which has been taken in London. He believes that laxity of attendance is partly due to the length of the sermon. Now that, of course, depends upon the kind of sermon. Some sermons become too lengthy almost at the moment of their start, and there are some preachers who leave us with a desire to hear more. The secret of good preaching is an overmastering desire to benefit the hearer. Intellect and eloquence are admirable additions to this, but they can never be efficient substitutes.

It was once remarked of a celebrated statesman, that he would go far in the world because he believed every word he said. We do not sufficiently realize that sincerity is a most captivating and persuasive power, and that

it creates an eloquence of its own which comes in no other way. The number of ministers who are conscious of insincerity is, of course, very small, but there are very many who allow themselves to become preaching automata and who would certainly reject their own doctrines if they permitted themselves to think about them.

The preacher ought to be very near to the needs of his hearers. He ought, in imagination, to experience their doubts, their trials and their sorrows, and so set himself with intelligence to minister to them. Sincerity, imagination and sympathy are the remedies for empty churches and also for the social maladies which grow every day more menacing. X.

Abstention from Worship

A WELL-KNOWN preacher has lately addressed himself to the subject of "Abstention from Public Worship," his text being:

I was glad when they said unto me we will go into the house of the Lord.

As usual he attributes the abstention which he deplores to every cause except the right one. No question arises in his mind as to whether the average church is truly the House of the Lord, and we can well imagine that the priests in the Temple at Jerusalem might have been preaching from this very text when Christ entered with the scourge of small cords and drove from the sacred precincts those who had turned the place of prayer into a den of thieves.

Frankly, we do not believe in the public apathy towards religion, of which we have heard so much and so often. So far from there being a public apathy we believe there is a public heart hunger for some teaching that will show the meaning of life and the golden promises which are hid beneath its sorrows and its pains. Let the object of the churches be to give and not to get, and they will find no lack of recipients. Many churches have reached this point, to their honor be it said, and it is not from them that emanate the laments for dwindling congregations, and the placing upon the shoulders of others the blame which should be placed elsewhere.

STUDENT

Inscription Upon the Grave of Robert Louis Stevenson

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I lay me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me,
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Religious Liberty

THE religious controversy in England has produced a reminder of the expressed opinion of the Duke of Kent, the father of the late Queen Victoria, upon the subject of toleration. At a banquet given in 1819 the Duke replied to the toast of "the junior members of the Royal Family," and said:

I am a friend of civil and religious liberty all the world over. I am an enemy to all religious tests. I am a supporter of a general system of education. All men are my brethren; and I hold that power is delegated only for the benefit of the people. These are the principles of myself and of my beloved brother, the Duke of Sussex. They are not popular principles just now; that is, they do not conduct to place or office.

These opinions are not popular yet, nor do they now conduct to place or office. They are nevertheless the opinions which will yet rule the world, and they will one day be the only passport to the confidence of mankind.

STUDENT

IT is not only the Star of Empire that moves westward, but the Star of Commerce. No longer are New England and the Middle States of America the chief seats of her manufacturing industries. The center of these has long been wending westward, and is now in the State of Ohio. In iron and steel manufactures Ohio comes first, as also in some others. In other manufactures Illinois is first; in others Wisconsin, Texas, Minnesota, Missouri, Colorado and California, each in its specialty.

This steady march is very curious and interesting. Will California ultimately lead in all of them—she has every climate? Was it this same west-wending current whose advance thrills struck Japan and brought her of a sudden into the Nineteenth century?

STUDENT

THE ACCEPTED TIME

TOMORROW is full of bright promise,
It leads to the happy way;
But, just as a matter of fact, friends,
What of the harvest today?

The fields will be white with their harvest
Tomorrow, I hear you say;
Ye dreamers, when will ye awaken?
Tomorrow is far away!

Be your dreams as fond as another's---
Dreams dazzle the darksome way---
But, dreaming of blossoms tomorrow,
Gather ye roses today!—*Selected*

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

What constitutes a Theosophist?

Answer

(2) Many are there in the world who have set up a standard of right living for themselves, who by their consistent following out of this may seem to be faultless, and yet they may fail of being Theosophists, may in fact, be narrow-minded and negative, and not helpful factors in the great onward sweep of human life. For a moral life, spent perhaps in charitable deeds, may be lived from an egotistical, selfish point of view, not from a sense of man's responsibility and unity. Very often arrogance and a strong feeling of separateness characterize much that is done in the way of charity, reform and so-called education.

But a Theosophist is one who acts from the spirit of true brotherliness. Befogged though it may have become, some trace of the lost knowledge of the "oneness of things" lingers in him, and this light in the heart leads him through many paths to the truth, and to greater and greater opportunities for unselfish work for humanity. It is this spirit that has supported the courage and faith of the martyrs and the great thinkers and reformers of all ages. It is an armor which if kept in constant use makes one a touchstone, a something positive and pure, that brings more light to life, and makes plain the dark and evil, even to the eyes that would fain not see.

Two of the characteristics of a Theosophist are the defense of the right and the protest against the wrong. In the moral life these are great forces in clearing the way for the revelation of the true. Sooner or later the Theosophist, the unselfish worker, he whose heart speaks, "can aught be saved and hear the whole world cry?" will be found in the ranks of those who consciously and under guidance of the Light of the world work to bring to all men the life of brotherhood. M. M. T.

(3) As life is many-sided, and at different points of evolution at different periods, we see life accentuated in action, sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another direction. So it would seem to me that in defining "What constitutes a Theosophist" we can only do so in very general terms; that is, only stating the foundation on which the life must be built, for as soon as we begin to specialize in any one direction, there is a tendency for dogma to creep in with its insidious work which would wreck the whole structure.

The Theosophist must naturally have high ideals, and these must be put into action, for unless they are put into everyday practise the idealistic person is merely a looker-on over a fence which he himself has built, and he cannot enter the wide field of a true life until this separation is broken down, and then the opening of the mind's eye to the necessity of practical work changes the whole view of life as to what we are here for and whither we are bound.

I believe that there are those in every line of life who are Theosophists and that there are many more becoming Theosophists. Some of these people are so conscious of it that it is filling them with a joy that makes life worth living even in these troublous times, and there are also those who are unconscious of it, yet the animating purpose that urges them on in the life they are leading is sometimes very wonderful. Often the environment of these people is something tragical, yet they go on with a

heroism unflinching, facing all before them, feeling that "whatever is right" in the sense it would not be theirs to do and dare if it did not belong to them, putting all obstacles under foot, actually adding a dignity to their labors and laying up uncounted treasure in heaven.

I have always felt that to the extent we can bend our lives to make them conform to the action of the Great Law, which is premised on the Eternal Truth of all things, do we make ourselves True Theosophists, as the Great Law makes for the good of all, and that would make a real Brotherhood—the goal toward which our faces are turned. G. A.

Civilization

TIME was—it was, in fact, till about yesterday—when the harassed business man could get on board a steamer and in mid-Atlantic, inaccessible to letter or telegram, forget in quitois his troubles, his deals, the bulls and bears. But no more. Marconi reported, when he landed at New York from the *Lucania*, that the ship had never been out of wireless telegraphic touch with England or America.

Wireless telegraphy is in its infancy. We can readily imagine its maturity. In a phrase, and hardly putting the case extremely, every place in hourly touch of every other. No place in any civilized country where you can be with people—or in an atmosphere—not a-pulse with the fever of the market-place. No village, mountain-buried, where, resting a summer week, you can be secure against knowledge—printed and spoken—of the last murder, prize-fight, maneuvers of war or diplomacy, deal in the market or giant trust. Every event echoed and shouted into every nook of civilization.

And that is civilization. Not invention or anything else; but units passing nerve-knit into an organism; everything in life thrown together in one boiling cauldron; no spots of peace. All must weary together of the riot; all together take action for the betterment of conditions; all together feel the appeal from the one soul beyond yet within.

So the things are what they must be ere they can better. We ought to keep our knowledge apace with all that men do and talk of, ill or good, lovely and unlovely—which in no wise involves *sharing* in the evil and the unlovely. We must stop the wish to get apart even for a moment, selfishly, from the whirl of the world. It is only by the full cognizance of it—compelled or voluntary—of those who, in their timidity and selfishness, will not face and know all that is going on, all the squalor, degradation, misery, wild confusion, vile and ignoble aims and pursuits, horrible amusements, that the evils of human life have any chance of being wiped out.

For those who would stand aloof are the very ones needed to help generate the force of deliverance. The desire to stand aloof is the mark of their appreciation of the horrors. When their barriers have been broken down, they will perceive that their desire can only be operative at all by being made operative for the whole. And at last it will translate itself into compassion, and they will work. It is no part of the exacting scheme of nature that any of her units, as such or in their groups, should shut themselves apart physically or mentally, and spend their days in the culture of fine emotions and delicate shades of feeling. The luxuries of religious and mystical sentimentality, even elevated into "science," are not religion and do not make manly men nor womanly women. And it is only such men and women that nature will at last permit; only such that can survive. To them only will she give her crown, her divinest and noblest light of feeling, earned by work, sustained by work, their inspiration to more work.

It is only when the devotees of the various cults and exclusive refinements have recognized that they cannot stand apart from the whole, that they will lend their energies, wealth, culture, whatever they have, to the one worthy task of raising the world. Then, touched with the spirit of Universal Brotherhood, they will find ready to their hand the instruments by which their compassion may find outlet. STUDENT

BOBBIE had been forbidden to play with the water in the bathroom, but one day the temptation proved too strong, and he turned on the faucet. Nurse, coming to the door a little later, beheld the rapidly filling tub, beside which knelt a small boy who, with clasped hands and a terrified voice was saying: "Oh, Lord, if you know how, please turn off this water; but if you can't, please send somebody that can." *New York Commercial Advertiser*

A VERY remarkable book has made its appearance and a special American

edition has already been issued. It is entitled, *Letters of a Chinese Official*, and purports to be the work of a Chinese now resident in England. We have seldom seen as trenchant an indictment of the spirit of modern civilization, which appears constitutionally incapable either of understanding or of sympathizing with any system which is unlike its own.

The author of this work does not apologize for being a Chinese. He does not look upon the place of his birth as being an unavoidable misfortune. Indeed he says, "I have yet seen nothing which could make me regret that I was born a citizen of the East."

His explanation of the position of the Chinese Government is very important. It is indeed essential to the comprehension of the problem which European greed is forcing to the surface. The Chinese Government, it seems, does not represent the nation, nor is it intended to do so. The Chinese are governed by their own consent and only by their consent. He says:

Government with us is based on the consent of the people to a degree which you of the West can hardly understand, much less imitate. What you have striven so vainly to accomplish by an increasingly elaborate machinery, happens among us by the mere force of facts. Our fundamental institutions are no arbitrary inventions of power; they are the form which the people have given to their life.

Neither the acts nor the omissions of the authorities at Peking have any real or permanent effect on the life of our masses, except so far as they register the movements of popular sentiment and demand. Otherwise, as you foreigners know to your cost, they remain a dead letter. The Government may make conventions and treaties, but it cannot put them into effect, except in so far as they are endorsed by public opinion. The passive resistance of so vast a people, rooted in a tradition so immemorial, will defeat in the future, as it has done in the past, the attempts of the Western Powers to impose their will on the nation through the agency of the Government. No force will ever suffice to stir that huge inertia.

It is, however, on the question of civilization that our author is most eloquent. So far from admitting that Chinese civilization has been surpassed, he holds that it is still in the forefront of the world, and that other nations are not undeserving of the epithet "barbarian," which is so often applied to them in the Celestial Empire. For his contention, expressed always with courtesy, he has much to say, and he says it in a way which compels both attention and sympathy:

We measure the degree of civilization not by accumulation of the means of living but by the character and value of the life lived. Where there are no humane and stable relations, no reverence for the past, no respect even for the present, but only a cupidinous ravishment of the future—then we think there is no true society.

The Chinese have both the instinct and the opportunity to appreciate the gifts of Nature, to cultivate manners and to enter into humane and disinterested relations with their fellows. The result is a type which we cannot but regard as superior, both morally and esthetically, to the great bulk of your own citizens in Europe. And while we recognize the greatness of your practical and scientific achievements, yet we find it impossible unreservedly to admire a civilization which has produced manners so coarse, morals so low and an appearance so unlovely as those with which we are constantly confronted in your great cities. Admitting that we are

Arbitration Treaties

BARON D'ESTOURNELLES is doing a work for international peace which may for a long time be unrecognized and which may even, for a season, appear to be unfruitful, but which is none the less solid and real. He announces that the Anglo-French Arbitration Treaty is but the preliminary to many others, and that France is entering into similar agreements with Italy, Holland, Sweden and Norway. The treaty with Italy will possibly be concluded before the visit of President Loubet to Rome. The Baron makes a reference to the United States which ought to be an encouragement to redoubled efforts on the part of those who are advocating international arbitration. He says:

The United States helped the cause of peace by submitting the first case to the Hague tribunal, and I believe American statesmen would do well to come into a closer contact with Europe. On this ground I have been invited to visit America next year. I shall go to the St. Louis fair and deliver a series of lectures on the subject. My main object will be to obtain the formation in America of a group of congressmen favorable to arbitration, who will afterwards visit France and help the great movement for the world-wide adoption of arbitration between nations.

A Chinese Criticism

not what you call a progressive people, we yet perceive that progress may be bought too dear. We prefer

our own moral to your material advantages, and we are determined to cling to the institutions, which, we believe, insure us the former, even at the risk of excluding ourselves from the latter.

Turning to religion he is no less unsparing, and it would certainly be hard to answer his indictment by any other plea than guilty:

Whether your religion be better than ours I do not at present dispute; but it is certain that it has less influence on your society. You profess Christianity, but your civilization has never been Christian; whereas, ours is Confucian through and through.

Trained—he says of the European—in the tenets of a religion in which he does not believe—for he sees it flatly contradicted in every relation of life—he dimly feels that it is prudent to conceal under a mask of piety the atheism he is hardly intelligent enough to avow. His religion is conventional; and, what is more important, his morals are as conventional as his creed. Charity, chastity, abnegation, contempt of the world and its prizes—these are the words on which he has been fed from his childhood upward. And words they have remained, for neither has he anywhere seen them practised by others nor has it occurred to him to practise them himself. Their influence, while it is strong enough to make him a chronic hypocrite, is not so strong as to show him the hypocrite he is. Deprived on the one hand of the support of a true ethical standard, embodied in the life of the society of which he is a member, he is duped, on the other, by lip worship of an impotent ideal. Abandoned thus to his instinct, he is content to do as others do and, ignoring the things of the spirit, to devote himself to material ends. He becomes a mere tool; and of such your society is composed. By your works you may be known.

What fills me with amazement, and even, if I may be frank, with horror, is the fact that the nations of Europe should attempt to justify their acts from the standpoint of the Gospel of Christ, and that there should be found among them a Christian potentate who, in sending forth his soldiers on an errand of revenge, should urge them, in the name of Him who bade us to turn the other cheek, not merely to attack, not merely to kill, but to kill without quarter! What further proof is needed of the truth of my general proposition that the religion you profess, whatever effect it may have on individual lives, has little or none on public policy? It may inspire here and there some retired saint; it has never inspired those who control the State.

Of the ultimate result of the Western irruption into China, the author of this remarkable book makes a prediction which has some similarity to a threat, and a threat not entirely unjustified:

And, irony of ironies!—it is the nations of Christendom who have come to us to teach us by sword and fire that Right in this world is powerless unless it is supported by Might! Oh, do not doubt that we shall learn the lesson! And woe to Europe when we have acquired it! You are arming a nation of four hundred millions! a nation which, until you came, had no better wish than to live at peace with themselves and all the world. In the name of Christ you have sounded the call to arms! In the name of Confucius we respond!

The civilizations which are now engaged in beleaguering the frontier of China are not likely to profit by information, by advice or by threats. Even though one rose from the dead they would neither listen nor learn. Nevertheless it is sometimes profitable to see ourselves as others see us, however uninviting the sight may be.

STUDENT

Drunkenness in Fiction

DR. G. H. R. DABBS, in the *British Journal of Inebriety*, deals very forcibly with the subject of drunkenness in fiction and the drama. He says:

I was once speaking to a man who held the record of police convictions for drunkenness. He was a gentleman born and had been a great athlete. I met him in a prolonged parenthesis of sobriety, and I believe his brain-cells were at the time he conversed with me fairly free from alcoholic soakage. He said, "Depend upon it, the habit that society has of treating drunkenness as a comic incident, has something to say in the matter of how the drunkard is led to regard it." I have often thought over this phrase, and not always with absolute equanimity. I took up an old volume of an illustrated comic paper, the other day, and I found allusion after allusion to drunkenness, and always from the laughable side.

Dr. Dabbs speaks a lamentable truth and we cannot expect an increase in self-restraint so long as its entire absence is so constantly viewed from a supposed ludicrous aspect which it does not possess. No form of so-called comic writing is so degraded as that which exhibits drunkenness as a subject for mirth, and which therefore gives to it a practical applause.

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World's Headquarters UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, POINT LOMA, California Meteorological Table for the week ending November the 8th, 1903

NOV	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
2	29.830	69	53	58	58	.00	NE	7
3	29.850	68	55	56	56	.00	N	4
4	29.936	64	55	58	58	.00	NW	11
5	29.874	64	57	60	60	.00	NE	3
6	29.751	66	55	57	57	.00	calm	calm
7	29.772	62	55	59	58	.00	SE	5
8	29.828	64	55	58	57	.00	E	gentle

Hours of Sunshine in October 176½, average daily 5.68
Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

His Idea of Prayer

Harold, the five-year old son of the Presbyterian minister of Dayton, Kentucky, was being prepared for bed. He had spent a very active day at coasting, and was weary and very sleepy.

"Now, Harold, kneel down by mama and say your little prayer."

"But, mama"—half asleep, with his head on her shoulder.

"Be mama's good boy, now," coaxingly. "Thank God for all His goodness to you."

But Harold was asleep.

His mama gently aroused him. "Harold, don't be naughty. Be a good boy, now, and thank Jesus for the nice home you have, the warm clothing and fire to keep you warm, and a mama and papa to love you. Think of the poor little boys who are hungry and cold tonight, no mama to love them, no warm bed to go to, and"

"But, mama," interrupted the sleepy boy, roused to a protest, "I think them the fellers that ort to do the prayin'."—Lippincott's

Out of Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought. Great havoc makes he among our originalities. We have reached the mountain from which all these drift boulders were detached. The Bible of the learned for twenty-two centuries, every brisk young man who says fine things to each reluctant generation is some reader of Plato, translating into the vernacular his good things.—Emerson

If there be no reasons to suppose that we have existed before that period at which our existence apparently commences, then there are no grounds for supposing that we shall continue to exist after our existence has apparently ceased.—Shelley

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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

The Power of Beneficence
After a Battle
The Future
Vivisection and Disease
Religious Labels

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Confiscation in Religion's Name
Broken Homes and Lives
Awful Increase of Insanity
Corrupt Officials
Literature and Crime

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

'Twixt Priest and Profligate—illustrated
Sidney Lanier
The Artist's Secret

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Women of Puritan England
Liberty (verse)
Another Word
Women of the West
Anne Hutchinson
Puritan Courage
A Puritan Type (illustration)
Rebecca Morfe

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Egyptian Research
Stones, Jewels, etc. in Antiquity
Stone Circle at Ballynoe (illustration)

Page 9—NATURE

Plants Have Two Natures
A Green-Clad Hunter
Nature's Fixed Rules
A Dainty Little visitor
New Forest, Eng. (illustration)
Quaint Ideas About Roses

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Wavertree Lotus Group
Responsibility
Loma-Land Climate—illustrated
Mind Courage

Page 12—FICTION

How Deacon Gifford Learned
Toleration

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Hygienic, Physical and Moral
Great Sun-Spots—illustrated
Radium and Life-Principle

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Sitka, Alaska (illustration)
Admiral Cotton in England
Ex-Convicts in France
May Be Snakes in Ireland
Important Mineral Discovery
in Berlin
Takou Glacier, Alaska (illustration)
Cruelty to Congo Natives
Japan Will Exhibit at St.
Louis
Peace Movement and France
Relief for Scandinavians

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

The New Thanksgiving
Massasoit and the Pilgrims,
Tableau by Raja Yoga Chil-
dren (illustration)
My Triumph (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Deathless (verse)
Larger View of History
Athletics—Good and Bad
Aladdin (verse)
Students' Column
Mr. Watson's Poems
Confucian Analects

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

"To Live Fully"
An Indian on Canoes—
illustrated
Mohammedanism

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Beneficence Carries Its Own Power

WOULD that it were possible to call into positive and combatant action all men of good will who are scattered throughout the world, and to awake them to a recognition of the power which awaits their claim. We psychologize ourselves into impotence by giving a wholly false value to physical isolation or to material weakness; we wait always for events to give to our beneficence the power which it is at no time lacking.

It is primarily by our thoughts that we make ourselves felt far more than by our visible deeds. It is that subtle force called character which gives to us a redemptive power, which forces attention and obedience from

reluctant humanity, and character is the building of which our thoughts are the stones. By our thoughts we make ourselves felt, and our words and acts are ballasted and freighted by the thoughts which called them forth. By thought the smallest act acquires commanding majesty, and by thought the expression of a wish may become a divine command. Let us no longer measure by events either our successes or our opportunities. Progress along the path of endeavor is not the less certain because there are no milestones, nor is it the less sure if the inscriptions are illegible. The thought and the intention are the true events. Let us not stand still and mourn for their visible expression.

■ The Power That Nature Lends ■

Power is not actually derived from any of the things which are today in vogue to that end in the world. The only power is that internal energy and light which are borrowed from nature, who gives her force according to her own rules and laws, and by which any man who will comply with them may be raised up to the very pinnacle of greatness. Nature cares nothing for the transitory and imitation forces which we acquire without her conscious aid. By application we may obtain wealth, by study we may acquire learning, or eloquence, or literary expression, but the world is full of those who have these things abundantly, but who are not thereby great, who cannot thereby win the hearts of men nor summon forth their discipleship. The world tolerates them for awhile, and the world forgets them, because they are not great, and their seeming to be so is but for a moment.

Nature has her own sublime consciousness, which moves onward to a goal. She thinks great silent thoughts of what shall be, and from the immensities of her imagination all future things are born. There is no man too poor, nor too unlearned, nor too obscure to attune his mind to the world-mind, to make himself transparent to the light which shineth in darkness, and so to stand forth greatly as an expression of the flame which never fades nor flickers.

■ The Holy Grail Is Still Unfound ■

It is alone such as these who understand the promises with which all Scriptures are filled, the divine promises which are a stumbling block and a perplexity only to those who do not know how to ask for their fulfillment. We become polarized to the world's ways and to the world's thought, and it is so hard to realize that even in a moment we may merge ourselves into the ocean of force which is above us and beneath us, the force which cares so tenderly for every blade of grass, the force which wrecks an universe and builds it again triumphantly in the profundities of space. The Holy Grail remains unfound, not because it is so far off but because it is so near. We are encompassed with power and with beauty, and our eyes are dimmed with needless straining into the distance. The Holy Wisdom of the Ages walks as a suppliant through the world asking but for recognition through her lowly attire, and offering her benediction to whoever will receive it. Naught knows she of wealth nor human honors, and her eyes do not discern the glory of the kings nor the tatter of the beggars. As of old time, even from the beginning of the world, she holds within her hands the Pearl of Great Price, and whosoever will may take it. STUDENT

After a Battle

A CERTAIN amount of encouragement, an increased belief in human progress, may sometimes be obtained from a glance at the recent past. Of this we are reminded by a book of reminiscences which has lately appeared, having for its subject the battles of a hundred years ago. There can be no doubt that there is today a more humane care of the wounded, a more real effort to mitigate some of the after horrors of a great struggle. The better nature seems to reassert itself more quickly than heretofore, and this is a phenomenon to which full weight should be given. The author speaks of riding over the field the day after the battle and finding the heaps of mangled dead and wounded entirely uncared for. The practise of indiscriminate attention to friend and foe alike was not then in vogue, for we are told that the enemies wounded were left largely to chance, and "it was only on the fourth day after the battle that the last were got in." Great numbers died "who would have lived could they have received care and surgical attention."

The plight of a wounded man abandoned upon a battle-field is almost too dreadful for contemplation, and it speaks something for human progress that such things can hardly now occur, and never through indifference.

What the Future May Hold for Us

JULIAN HAWTHORNE has been looking into the future, and what his prophet eye has beheld he records in *The Booklovers' Magazine*.

We believe we see the same things, but we think they lie a little further down the avenue of time than they perhaps appear to Mr. Hawthorne. Science, he thinks, is helplessly moving toward metaphysics, even toward the spiritual. For matter, which used to be made up of material atoms, now has to consent to be made up of *force* atoms, since the modern conception of an atom is a center of force. As "the distinction between force and spirit is less than that between force and matter," matter is in no small danger of being counted spirit, or at best, as being "run" by spirit.

Then the connection between vitality and will and consciousness, on the one side, and between life and electricity on the other, and the dependence of material phenomena upon electricity, suggest that we may be nearing "a condition where the mind or will of man should act directly upon matter." One might add that the condition already shows itself in full prevalence whenever we intentionally move an arm, close an eyelid, or emit a thought.

In the matter of flying machines, Mr. Hawthorne very rationally counsels us to go to the birds for exemplars, and consider that "there is nothing in the muscular system of a sea-gull which can explain its remaining for hours and perhaps for days on the wing." He suggests electricity in some form, and the possibility of the truth of this suggestion, coupled with the other consideration of the relation of life and electricity, leads to the question: "Why should not man walk on air, or cleave it with the speed of an arrow, without any material machinery whatever?"

Again, the telegraph and telephone may one day become obsolete because the secret of transmission of thought from brain to brain will have its thinning veil entirely torn. The mystery of radium opens to Mr. Hawthorne, as to all of us, a large realm of speculation. There is the question of the transmutation of the elements into each other, as the alchemists claimed to do. For if the radiations of radium are ultimate matter, given off at one pole, so to speak, whilst at the other pole is the point where ultimate matter is condensing to make the radium, why should we not seize these radiations and make them condense into something else, say gold? But again, radium may be one of the channels through which divine energy is rushing into the phenomenal world from a limitless fount, and the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy may be a mere figment of our minds.

And the Creator, consequently, would be relieved from the present charge of having set a machine going in the beginning which has been running ever since without his interference . . . and He would be shown in a state of constant and infinite activity.

It may be so; and anyhow, the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy has never been proved, and cannot be. Every act of will may not only use forces already in the body, but may add to them; may, in fact, be actually creative. But the most remarkable suggestion arises from the recently discovered fact that certain musical tones paralyze mosquitoes.

All animals, and even all material objects, are probably responsive to certain musical sounds. If this be so, nothing but a series of carefully conducted experiments lies between us and the discovery of the "key-note" of any given thing or creature. . . . It may be that life and death (within limits) lie between the extremes of the musical scale. . . . Vibrations which cannot affect the tympanum consciously may prove far more effective, through the brain, than any so-called sounds.

If we put ourselves back in science about fifty years, project a line on to 1903, and then carry it with the same velocity to 1953 and 2003, we may not find Mr. Hawthorne talking so extravagantly after all.

OBSERVER

Doune Castle, Perthshire, Scotland

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week gives a good view of Doune Castle, Perthshire, Scotland, which is one of the oldest architectural relics of antiquity in which that country is so rich. Its age is uncertain but it was rebuilt by Murdoch, Duke of Albany. Among other ancient Perthshire castles may be mentioned Blair Castle, stormed by Oliver Cromwell and occupied by Claverhouse, and Castle Dhu, the great Campbell fortress.

Vivisection and Disease

STEPHEN COLERIDGE, of the English Anti-Vivisection Society, is one of those fighters who are certain to succeed. His determination is united with an extraordinary knowledge of the subject, and although he is appealing to a public conscience already stupefied by cruelty, we may rest assured that all such efforts are cumulative, their force being surely stored until it can be liberated.

In the hospitable and sympathetic columns of the *Daily News*, Mr. Coleridge furnishes the world with some figures to prove "that when the attention of the vivisectors is devoted to any particular disease the death rate responds to their interference with a marked rise." Mr. Coleridge deals with a number of diseases, and of these we may select two as best illustrating his contention. He says:

The discovery of glycogen, which was to pave the way to a total cessation of diabetes, has been followed by a rise in the death rate from that disease, culminating in 1901 in the highest ever recorded; and the concentrated attention which the vivisectors have recently devoted to cancer, entailing the artificially produced misery of innumerable animals, finds its sinister reflection in the following words: The deaths referred to cancer or malignant disease in the year 1901, numbered 27,487, and were more than the corrected average number recorded in the preceding ten years by 2,784.

His conclusions on the subject of hydrophobia are no less remarkable:

Thousands of pounds have been given to Pasteur Institutes in Italy and France, countless multitudes of miserable dogs have endured the extremest suffering in those institutes at the hands of the well-paid officials, with the inevitable result that the death rate for hydrophobia in both those countries has gone up and up.

Mr. Coleridge is well justified in pointing out that as sick people evidently derive no benefit from the trade in vivisection procured serums, and as it is equally evident that the wretched animal victims have nothing to gain, the profits, such as they are, must accrue to the profession and the vendors only.

With the motives of vivisection we have nothing whatever to do except to tax our credulity by ascribing to them all the virtue possible. Their intentions may be admirable or they may be very much the reverse, but the hard fact remains that vivisection has not lessened the sum of human suffering, and that it is a menace to the health and to the moral sanity of the community.

Mr. Coleridge says truly that the world is indolent and credulous. Indolence and credulity have to be paid for, and they are now exacting their full toll of human sorrow. The toll will continue to increase until we have learned to practise the righteousness which sets at defiance all disease and banishes all pain.

STUDENT

Religious Labels

THE Rev. T. Rhondtha Williams has been visiting America and has met with a particularly kindly reception in Boston. He read a paper before the Ministers' Union on "Theological Thought in the Churches and Their Relation to the Masses," and his main advocacy was for an increased fearlessness on the part of ministers and for a greater explicitness of utterance. Teaching, he said, must be squared with facts and there should be no more of the "terrorism of labels."

This of course is good, but how is it to be done, so long as preaching remains at its present low level as one of the various ways of "getting a living." Far be it from us to say anything that is offensive; indeed, we know well that we are but voicing the irritation which is felt by many able and sincere ministers at the shackles which the present system imposes upon them. By that system the pulpit tends in many cases to the level of the shop which must supply what its customers demand, or cease to do business. So long as the minister depends upon his congregation for the bread that he eats, so long there must be an undue deference to the prejudices of that congregation, so long must the minister adapt his teachings to the particular "label" which has been asked for. Even from the worldly point of view we believe that this deference is carried much further than it need be and that every congregation contains enough of the true religious element to support sincerity even when that sincerity seems to wound. We are, however, dealing with human nature and so long as we import the commercial factors of competition, and supply and demand into our religious life so long must we expect those factors to bear their usual fruit.

STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Confiscation in the Name of Religion

DR. TOYOKICHI IYENAGA has been lecturing in Chicago on the subject of missionaries to China. Dr. Iyenaga is a broad-minded and tolerant man and he handled his subject from the standpoint of common sense and not of religious bitterness. He believes that missionary efforts in China will be a failure and that there can be no lasting peace in the country "until the Powers cease to use religion as a pretext for confiscation." The Chinese mind is naturally a little puzzled at a faith which seems to have no influence upon conduct and at moral precepts which are not acted upon. Dr. Iyenaga says that there is no animosity in China against either the missionaries or Christianity itself. It is the methods which are employed which arouse the hostility of which we have seen so many deplorable evidences. It is possible to inculcate the beauties of Christianity without at the same time throwing ridicule upon the sacred writings of the people. "What," he asks, "would the Christians of America say if a man should come here and ridicule the Bible? I don't believe the stranger would be received with open arms." If Dr. Iyenaga has lived here long he knows exactly what the Christians of America would say. He probably knows very well that even among those who hold the Bible in equal reverence a mere difference of opinion as to obscure and unimportant interpretations will produce religious feuds which only the presence of the police can keep in check. And yet we are amazed and indignant when other nations resent the behavior of foreigners who hold up the national religion to contempt, and ridicule beliefs and customs of the most ancient and sacred nature.

Dr. Iyenaga furthermore asks very pertinently, "What do the Chinese masses care about the sufferings and persecutions of the ancient Jews?" That such subjects, interesting and important as they may be, should be identified with Christianity and should be presented as an integral part of the religion of Jesus is a melancholy commentary, not in any way upon the good faith of the majority of missionaries, but upon their good sense and upon their comprehension of their opportunities. Those opportunities are very great, but they are woefully neglected, and failure is the inevitable result.

STUDENT

Broken Homes and Broken Lives

THE Illinois State Reformatory seems to possess a superintendent whose intelligence is likely to carry him a long way in the mission which he has undertaken. He has lately delivered a lecture on "The Training of a Boy," and we would commend his ideas to some worthy people who by the inscrutable will of Providence have been placed in positions of authority and whose views of reformatory work are bounded by hard punishments on the one side and religious dogmas on the other. Here are some all too short extracts from the superintendent's speech:

The key-note of reformatory training is education, not only the acquisition of knowledge, but the training of the heart and brain, eye and hand, the development of all the elements of right living.

Punishment has no place in the Pontiac system except as a means to the end.

Nearly half the inmates committed crimes when homeless. Nearly half these had no homes. A great number ran away from home and became vagrants. More than half of the whole number had lost either father or mother.

Broken homes and broken lives are intimately associated. If a boy has wholesome home surroundings he will not reach the reform school.

Most of the boys sent to Pontiac have served sentences in some other institution. The worst possible thing to do with a boy is to put him in jail. The ordinary jail lacks every agency to make him better, but has many to make him worse. Shut up in the companionship of men experienced in all manner of wickedness, the boy's imprisonment may well mark the turning point of his life and determine his career as a criminal.

The home life here receives its due position as the cause and the preventive of juvenile crime. When this is better recognized the problem will be approached with a greater sympathy, but until then there will necessarily be many would-be reformers who are quite unable to understand that under certain circumstances the boy can no more help being a criminal than the reformers themselves can help being stupid. Y.

The Awful Increase of Insanity

IN Louisiana the insanity problem has reached an acute stage and with the end in sight. The Superintendent of the State Insane Asylum informs us that insanity is increasing *five times faster than the population*. In 1896 there were 850 insane persons in the asylum. There are now 1550, an increase of 80 per cent in seven years. During that time the population has grown 15 per cent. Several hundred lunatics are now confined in prisons and gaols, awaiting the completion of the new asylum, which will be instantly crowded. The Superintendent attributes this state of affairs to consanguineous marriages and to the use of cocaine.

A simple sum in arithmetic will show us how many years it will take to place the lunatic population of Louisiana in the majority. The problem is, of course, not peculiar to Louisiana. A visitor from another planet would probably conclude that lunatics are already in the majority when he recognized the complacent apathy with which such appalling statistics are everywhere received. Nor do the asylum statistics in any way represent the total problem. For every lunatic who is safely confined in an asylum there are many others who ought to be there. We meet such people every day.

The Superintendent expresses a mere truism when he says that legislatures throughout the country are not showing sufficient courage in attacking the insanity problem, and that they are too much afraid of public opinion and prejudice. The public opinion and prejudice which resist necessary remedial measures are themselves forms of insanity. X.

Corrupt Immigration Officials

THE supervision of immigrants is not so simple a matter as it might appear. Mr. and Mrs. Brandenburg have recently traveled to Italy and back in order to study the working of the regulations, and from their report it seems that it is possible to purchase fumigation certificates before embarkation. Speaking of his experiences at Naples Mr. Brandenburg says:

One of our party was approached by a man who said that for \$5 he would fix it so that the party and their hand baggage, which numbered eighteen pieces, would not have to be examined and fumigated. After dickering with the man we made a deal for \$2.

With the assistance of eight companions he huddled us together in plain sight of the police station and fixed the labels to our baggage for the benefit of the authorities at Ellis Island. The baggage passed through to the steamer without trouble. It then went to United States Vice-Consul St. Leger and I told him what had taken place. Three of the men were arrested. Seals and United States consular tags were found on them.

It remains to be explained how these certificates thus came to be placed upon the market, and to this the immigration authorities will doubtless give their attention.

STUDENT

Sensational Literature and Crime

A YOUNG girl, seventeen years of age, has been charged with stealing various articles of jewelry and clothing. Evidence of a hitherto irreproachable character was tendered with the explanation that her behavior had been caused by cheap, sensational literature and theatre plays of a similar nature. It is not easy to see how the law can interfere with sensational literature, and in any case the tendency is already too great to appeal to the law to make good our neglect of the elementary duties of life. The responsibility of this poor girl is certainly largely shared by those whose duty it was to give her a principle in life, a moral standard to which, at the age of seventeen years, she would turn as naturally as flowers to the sun.

In this instance the neglect of parents or guardians has taken the form of crime. How many other girls are there who, under the same treatment, have steered clear of actual crime but who have become worthless wives and worthless mothers, nuisances to themselves and to their community.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

'Twixt Priest and Profligate

THE struggle of the soul, pilloried between life's conflicting forces, has been the theme of artist, poet and musician ever since pictures have been painted or lyrics sung or symphonies written.

Some have found its solution, traversing all the soul's long weary path to the light and the golden portals. Shakespeare found it in his *Tempest*, Dante in the *Paradiso*, Beethoven in the *Ninth Symphony*.

Others state the problem, push forward to partial solution and then leave the soul to its battle—its apparent defeat—and the spectator with the question "Wherefore?" upon his lips. Ibsen does this in his dramas—most of them; this too, is the story told by Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*. Few artists complete the cycle and picture the soul as freed.

In his symbolic painting, Machell takes up the same theme, the woman-soul crucified in life yet freed in death. On one side is the cathedral, on the other, the castle, where revelry is the order of night and day. On one side stands a chill, black-robed figure, calling the soul to the life which the church offers, a life of fruitless renunciation and betrayed ideals. On the other is the bejeweled figure of a woman of the world, calling to the dance, with humanity's old shibboleth on her lips, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." But it is only the body which lies prostrate; the soul is freed and stands erect, "guiding the life toward its greatness"—in its hands the sceptre of power and the sword of truth, behind it the image of the living Christ.



'TWIXT PRIEST AND PROFLIGATE
Symbolic painting by R. MACHELL

A Choice Spirit in American Literature, Lanier

SIDNEY LANIER was one of the choicest spirits in American literature. Whether he speak in prose or in verse, he cannot soon be forgotten. Born and reared in the South, he belongs alike to the whole country. Two in every way magnificent volumes, *Shakespeare and His Forerunners*, remind one at once of how much we owe to him and how great was the loss in his early death.

Some of the books which have the very least suffusion of literary spirit, are books professedly on literature. Very different is the case with Lanier. Whether writing about literary history or literary criticism, he is still profoundly and keenly full of the literary instinct and poetic imagination. These two volumes contain two series of lectures delivered by the author in Baltimore during the winter of 1879-80; one in Johns Hopkins University, the other to a class of ladies at Peabody Institute. The aim has been to show what Shakespeare owed to his time, and what we owe to him. Inexplicable as his marvelous genius was, he did not drop down into the heart of Elizabethan England straight from the sky. He grew, and he grew by that he fed on. . . It is for the true poet-critic like Lanier to give us to see and catch the very heart of things. One is impressed with the fact that in his case both the poet and the critic were greatly indebted to his noble gifts for music.—*Exchange*

THEN called the artists' God from in the sky:
"This time shall show by dream and mystery
The heart of all his matter to thine eye.
So, study stars by looking down in streams,
Interpret that which is by that which seems,
And tell thy dreams in words which are but dreams."

—SIDNEY LANIER, *Psalms of the West*

was an old, old wound, that must have been there all his life, for the edges were old and hardened. But Death, who seals all things, had drawn the edges together and closed it up. And they buried him. And still the people went about saying, "Where did he find his color?" And it came to pass that after awhile the artist was forgotten, but the work lived.—*Olive Shreiner*

The Artist's Secret

THERE was an artist once and he painted a picture. Other artists had colors richer and rarer, and painted more notable pictures. He painted his with one color; there was a wonderful red glow on it; and the people went up and down, saying, "We like the picture, we like the glow."

The other artists came and said, "Where does he get his color from?" They asked him and he smiled and said, "I cannot tell you;" and he worked on with his head bent low. And one went to the far East and bought costly pigments and made a rare color and painted, but after a time the picture faded.

Another read in the old books and made a color rich and rare, but when he had put it on the picture it was dead. But the artist painted on.

Always the work got redder and redder and the artist grew whiter and whiter. At last one day they found him dead before his picture, and they took him up to bury him. The other men looked about in all the pots and crucibles, but they found nothing they had not. And when they undressed him to put his grave-clothes on him, they found above his left breast the mark of a wound. It

DR. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH has been lecturing in New York upon the subject of Ancient and Modern Music, and he made no effort to conceal his opinion that the world has not musically progressed during the last few centuries. In order to emphasize his opinions he produced examples of very many ancient musical instruments and performed upon them in order to illustrate his contention. He is satisfied that no progress has been made since the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, but only change, and the change has been mainly in an increase of noise. The old requirement, he said, was quality but the modern requirement is quantity.

Like most enthusiasts, Dr. Dolmetsch goes perhaps a little too far. Inasmuch, however, as true music is the expression of the spiritual aspirations of its age it must be conceded that with the waning of high ideals, music must at best become imitative with the addition of mental vulgarisms such as the love of display and of approbation. In the new light that is dawning over the world—the light of a true philosophy of life—one reads the assurance that the retrogression of which Dr. Dolmetsch complains is but a passing phase. Unless all signs fail the music of the future—yes, even of the near future—will translate to us all that was best in the harmonies of the ancients, adding a something greater that ancient music itself did not possess. C.



F E A R N O T T H E N E W G E N E R A L I Z A T I O N

—Emerson

AS Thanksgiving time each year approaches, one's thoughts go back, in-

voluntarily, to the old Puritan days and to those ancestors of ours to whom we owe this new-old anniversary. History says little of the part taken by the women of those days, yet one can read between the lines and find there a record as inspiring as it is pathetic. Can we measure the heroism of those English wives and mothers who crossed the sea to build homes upon the shores of a wilderness? Great must have been their faith, serene must have been their love, for the pioneer heart must beat steady or failure will mark the dial instead of success. Picture to yourselves the courage of those women, toiling with their husbands in the building of homes, the tilling of hardly cleared fields, bearing and rearing children so bravely, that every hour of suffering became transformed into an hour of opportunity. Then go back in thought to their simple home life, with its poetry, perhaps, but with its hardships as well, the life bounded, for women at least, by prayer-book and spinning-wheel.

There was a strength in the women of those days which it is a good thing to feel in one's blood. It is a splendid heredity. Where there was one who, like the beautiful Lady Arbela, pined away from homesickness and finally died of sheer grief for her lost England, there were a dozen who resolutely kept the past at their back and worked with eyes on the duty before them and with faces to the future.

Women were persecuted in those times, as they are today, persecuted by those who professed to be followers of Christ, driven from their homes by those who stood sponsor for the Christian religion, imprisoned, even hanged. Why? Well, it was partly because they were women and chiefly because, being women, they dared to think!

In the hearts of the very people to whom we owe our custom of Thanksgiving, with all the joys that belong to it and all the memories that cluster about it as fragrance about a rose, there lay dormant the spirit of persecution. At the first opportunity it burst forth, a very flame. When the clergy of Boston convened a synod—which was an assembly of all the ministers in Massachusetts—for the express purpose of condemning Anne Hutchinson for daring to bring to the people a more reverent interpretation of the gospel than was brought by the ministers themselves, that was the beginning; when they finally drove her from her home into the wilderness, that was the next step, but not the end. It was all quite just, for of the exactly eighty-two erroneous religious opinions which the ministers found to be diffused among the people, Mrs. Hutchinson had been responsible for quite a number! Henry Vane, the splendid young governor, was her friend, *but he was powerless to aid her against the ministers.* So she was sacrificed. But Anne Hutchinson's work remains, her courage could not be banished from the thought world, her endurance made the path easier for all women, for all time.

Then, too, there were others; for the women of those days were not, without exception, content to expend their lives, to the last fair inch, upon the soap-kettle and the spinning-wheel. Mary Dyer was publicly hanged—because she was a Quaker. That was her only crime. Ann

The Women of Puritan England

Fisher and Jane Austin, for the same crime, had their trunks burned, their Bibles

seized and were themselves imprisoned. Even the governor's wife, beautiful, benevolent, was accused of being a witch. These are the pictures that come to our minds, though we might, for comfort's sake, prefer to forget them—when the Thanksgiving days return and we once again step backward into the life of old England. It is a sad picture and a harsh record, but the women of the present day will do well to read it when they drop into the fatal habit of self-pity. Not that the conditions which today surround the pioneer women are any easier than they were three or four centuries ago—if anything, they are harder. There are no paths to be cut through a wilderness of elm and oak, but there are paths to be cut through the more terrifying wilderness of our social customs. They do not, even the ministers do not, drive women from their homes, nor are women who dare to think contrary to inherited and established dogmas burned or imprisoned. But

be sure that that is only because weapons and means more torturesome are easily at hand—among them the pen of libel and the tongue of slander.

Yet, in spite of this, life today holds great opportunities for the woman who dares to think. Never before was the world so hungry for a little of the true light. Never before were people—everywhere—so eager to find a better interpretation of old truths. There is persecution, of course, but over and under and about it all is a great joy, for everywhere, on all sides, are waiting hearts.

Let us, as women, rejoice at this time and, reading in the Puritan past its deeper meaning, find in our hearts new occasion for thankfulness. Let us step upward into a deeper gratitude to that Law which has placed us here—or there—as justice has decided. Let us get out of our old state of passive endurance—for that is responsible for two-thirds of our troubles—and into a new state of active acquiescence, accepting the events of life, not only with equanimity but with gratitude.

Let us not forget that we are Souls and that the Soul is forever an Alchemist, capable of transmuting into the pure gold of opportunity every one of life's dull hardships, every one of life's leaden disappointments. Let us dare to think and, thinking; live.

We may not be able to do this at once, for the fears and the timidity which we have inherited from all the past, are hard to overcome in an instant. *But we can have the courage to try.*

STUDENT

LIBERTY

by EDITH M. THOMAS

HOW winneth Liberty? By sword and brand,
Or by the souls of those who strive and die?
Where dwelleth Liberty? Where lies the land
Most open to the favors of her eye?
Hath she her seat in empires, deserts wide,
Or most in little freeholds doth she bide?

What is the range that Nature gives her own?
With frost or fire she stays their flying feet,
And holdeth each within its native zone;
The pine its love, the palm, shall never meet;
Nowhere do roses bloom from beds of ice,
Nowhere in valleys laughs the edelweiss.

The races of the sea shall never fare
Beyond the moist and sounding element,
Nor any pinion, fledge and schooled in air,
On venturous errand through the waves be sent;
The cygnet to his nest of river flag,
The eagle to his eyrie on the crag.

Dwells Freedom with the spheric multitude
The vistas of the nightly sky reveal?
Each planet keeps the track it hath pursued
And shall pursue while ages turn and wheel:
Uncentered roves the guideless zroilite,
And drives to ruin down the steep of night.

With law dwells liberty; law maketh free;
Fly law, and dost thou forge thyself a chain.
Still wouldst thou pass the limits set for thee,
Still wouldst thou grasp strange honors and domain?
Behold, his liberty exceedeth thine
Who freely breathes in bounds where thou wouldst pine!

AMONG the exhibits being specially prepared for the St. Louis Exposition is a collection of thousands of photographs of men and women of Revolutionary and Colonial fame. They will be placed in Independence Hall, each accompanied by a brief biographical sketch, and will be later placed in the Congressional Library at Washington. The task of preparing this has been entrusted to Miss Marion H. Brazier of Boston. Miss Brazier is connected with the *Army and Navy Journal*, and recently was in Maine, witnessing the maneuvers of the army and navy, near Portland, as special correspondent.

Another Word

IN this age of highly evolved intellect and splendid achievement on material lines we, as women, are compelled to admit that modern life is often unbearably common-place. Why is this the case?

The foundation of society is the home. If general conditions show disharmony and division of interest, something is wrong at the basis, something is awry in the home-life. The woman who looks at the world as it is cannot fail to realize that a disintegrating force has been at work in her dominion.

Because the best in woman's nature has lain dormant for centuries, under a weight of ignorance and prejudice, her ideal of home-life has degenerated. Too many women have grown so accustomed to indulging the selfish desires of the members of their household, that they have grown to consider it their first duty to see that these selfish, even coarse, desires are gratified. And to just that degree the sweetness of soul-life is shut out of such homes.

But the awakened woman, through the power of the imagination, will create a more lofty ideal for her home-life. By determined effort she will fashion a new structure—a temple of purity dedicated to the service of the soul.

Knowledge of the possibilities of the imagination would enable mothers to better understand their children, and to assist rather than hinder the unfolding of the little lives. Children use this faculty naturally, and childhood is passed in quite a different world from that of later years when the soul has been shut out, by false education, from the beautiful realm where there was freedom and joy and light. The pictures of this realm are living realities but, when the faculty to create them is neglected or untrained, or trained wrongly, its power is lessened or entirely perverted. S.

Women in the West

IN the West woman has possessed more fully the dignity which equal share in responsibility as well as in success brings. Here she has helped to govern State and county, here more frequently than elsewhere she has been in office and been the responsible servant of the public, taking her part in the growth and improvement of the commonwealth, and bearing the burden and heat of the day with the same determination to do her duty and accomplish her allotted task as any other faithful laborer in the vineyard. The sense of obligation, the devotion to one's work, the enthusiastic belief in a future, this high ethical force which neither clamors nor commands, but follows us like a quiet whisper wherever we are and spurs us on, has prevailed in women's public service everywhere, and not least in the West. Their work is probably less known, but in no way less excellent and effective than that of their men coworkers.

Says an exchange: Having been from the first a real coworker in the labors of turning the wilderness into dwellings for a nation, the American woman has been fully as much a participant as the man in the growth of the national life on a sound and liberal basis. No nation need fear less to entrust its women with problems of far-reaching character than the American, in whose history women have long played the part of builders with wisdom, strength of purpose and political foresight.

IN a Washington paper, on Tuesday, March 5, 1889, appeared a notice advertising for sale at auction the grave of Mary, the mother of Washington. Ere many days passed, the Mary Washington Memorial Association was formed, and the grave, with adjacent land, was purchased, a fund being established for its perpetual care.

Anne Hutchinson

MOST prominent among those heretical characters at Boston who were said to be "as bad as Roger Williams or worse" was Mrs.

Anne Hutchinson, a woman of great gifts, who had come over in the ship with Sir Henry Vane. Moved by the spirit within her, she claimed the privilege of speaking at the weekly meetings. This was refused by the elders. "Women have no business at these assemblies, and most of them need their tongues bridled at times like common scolds," said they. Hereupon Anne Hutchinson became the champion of her sex and denounced the ministers for defrauding women of the benefits of the gospel. She called them Pharisees and was in turn declared by them to

be unfit for the society of Christians. She, with a large number of friends, was banished from Massachusetts—*sent forth to live or die as best they might*. The exiles made their way first to the home of Roger Williams. Miantonomah, chief of the Narragansetts, made them a gift of the beautiful island called Rhode Island, where in March, 1641, they founded a little republic of their own.—*Columbus and Columbia*



A PURITAN TYPE

With Puritan Courage

THERE is always a way where there is a good strong will. We are all familiar with the struggles of some of our great men and women to gain an education. The experience of a bright Maine girl is unique, at least. One summer she worked in an improvised kitchen making jellies, pickles and preserves. She picked the fruit and berries herself, and when autumn came she had enough money to keep her in an art school in New York during the winter.

The next summer she started a truck-garden, but, as it did not pay as well as she expected, the third summer found her casting about for something new. As it happened, there were near her home, which was on the coast, a number of small islands

on which were summer cottages. The one convenience lacking was a private ferry and, as a man in the neighborhood owned one, she rented it of him.

All that summer she ran the boat, a demure but brave little skipper in her short-skirted gown and sailor hat. Many tourists patronized her boat, knowing the object she had in view in running it, and in the autumn she again had a snug sum of money. At last she is established permanently in New York in her chosen work which is decorative design.

Rebecca Motte

THE Charleston, S. C., Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has adopted the name of Rebecca Motte,

a Revolutionary heroine of that State, who made untold sacrifices to aid the cause of American Independence. She was a woman of wealth, and at one time her magnificent home was seized and occupied by the British. Seeing that the American soldiers were unable to dislodge them, she suggested that the building be destroyed, and herself conveyed to the American officers the fire arrows to be used in its destruction. The British, however, at that juncture evacuated and the home was saved. M.

PRINCESS THERESA of Honolulu, has recently taken a radical stand, declaring that the native home-rule party has nominated men who are unfit for office and that she does not intend to support them. Princess Theresa is a woman of remarkable ability and energy and is said to be a born leader. She is a direct descendant of the great King Hamehameha who conquered the Hawaiian Islands one by one and united them under an absolute monarchy.

HUMANITY calls for aid. Who has the strength, the will to go forward? To these I call and upon them is already the flush and the light of the victory beyond conception. KATHERINE TINGLEY

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

The University of California and Egyptian Research

TO the University of California belongs the credit for discovering the important fact that the mummified bodies of crocodiles were frequently used for the preservation of papyri. The mummy was, of course, a sacred animal in the land of Khem, not for the fanciful reasons usually ascribed, but because it was accustomed to rise from the waters at sunrise, basking in the warmth, and with the lower part of its body immersed in the mud of the Nile. The crocodile was thus typical of man's higher or spiritual, and lower or material nature. The discovery of these strange receptacles for manuscripts was made by three Oxford scholars who have been conducting excavations in the interest of the Californian University. They have embodied the result of their labors in a book entitled *Tebtunis Papyri*, and the record is certainly both interesting and important.

The discovery was, of course, made "accidentally" by a careless workman who broke the body of a mummified crocodile with his spade and found that the interior cavity was filled with papyri. Sometimes the papyrus was wrapped around the body between the cloths. Sometimes it was simply inserted into the mouth.

The documents dealt with in *Tebtunis Papyri* are of the most varied description. Fragments of literature, private letters, tax bills, surveys, royal commands, all unite to throw fresh light upon the public and private life of this great vanished civilization. Here, for instance, is a proclamation which doubtless caused joy to the heart of many a captive:

King Ptolemy and Queen Cleopatra, the sister, and Queen Cleopatra, the wife, proclaim an amnesty to all their subjects for errors, crimes, accusations, condemnations and charges of all kinds up to the 9th of Pharmuthi of the fifty-second year, except persons guilty of murder or sacrilege.

That human nature was very much the same then as it is now is shown by a complaint addressed by Menches to Ptolemaus, to the effect that a certain individual for his own private purposes, had carried away the earth from a dyke, and that the dyke was therefore in danger.

Here, too, is another literal translation from the papyrus replete with human interest:

To Menches, komogrammateus of Kerkeosirus, from Harmiusis, son of Sarapion, cultivator of Crown land and inhabitant of same village. On the 8th of Mesore of the fourth year, my house was invaded by Pyrrichus, son of Dionysius, a catœcic cavalry soldier, and Heracleus, son of Pisodippus, inhabitant of the said village, with many other arms and swords.

They effected a forcible entrance, and after bursting open the lock of my mother's apartment, carried off the articles mentioned below, though there was no dispute whatever between me and them.

I therefore present this complaint to you in order that you may subscribe to my statements and further forward a copy of this petition to the proper officials, so that I may recover my property and the accused may receive the punishment which they deserve. Farewell.

A woman's robe worth 1 talent, 4000 drachmae. A woman's sleeved tunic worth 4000 drachmae. A jar containing 1600 drachmae of copper.

STUDENT

OFFICIAL arrangements have just been made for a search in the archives of Spain and Mexico for any records and notes relating to the early history of the Philippine Islands. The Spaniards must have found and recorded much in the way of tradition and even archaic remains not now existing. Since the Spanish landing there has been plenty of time for the disappearance of much native legend and legendary oral history. And the invaders of that time would not have been too particular to preserve the ruins that may then have remained.

Ruins in Mexico to Be Further Explored

THE latest archeological discoveries in Mexico are receiving some of the attention which their importance merits. The federal government has instructed Mr. Rodriguez to visit the ruins and to make a report upon them, and Dr. Nicolas Leon will accompany him. Dr. Leon says that these ruins are the most ancient which have yet been found in Mexico. The following statement from him, which appears in the *New York Sun*, will give some idea of their scope and interest:

In a range of small hills that extends from north to south from the high neighboring mountains we found a very numerous series of pyramidal constructions guarded by elaborate trenches and connected, for purposes of communication, by wide avenues, which were set off at intervals by sloping acclivities, platforms and staircases. All the pyramids were found to be quadrangular and to have been built with especial reference to the cardinal points. Those important monuments were constructed entirely of rocks and sandstone cut and laid in juxtaposition. The surface dressing of the pyramids is small stones worked into cubical forms of very ornamental appearance and laid close together.

As a rule, every four of the pyramids surround a court. All of them are so grouped that each and every one of them guards the entrance to the courts. But if in any case the entrances are not protected, great walls with bases much wider than their summits reinforce the pyramids. These walls are of such sizes that their summits are really streets. They are well paved with flat stones and have platforms, staircases and sloping acclivities like the avenues.

We found also many sculptured scenes in bas-relief of prehistoric times. Figures of human beings and animals in stone and iron were quite numerous. Domestic utensils of stone painted rose color were scattered over the ground. Stone knives and arrow-heads of the obsidian epoch were encountered in great abundance. Leagues of the mountainous country are covered with ruins.

Stones, Jewels, Colors and Scents in Antiquity

AT the recent gathering of the British Association, an interesting paper on *Jewelry* was read in the Anthropological Section by Professor Ridgeway. He pointed out that jewelry was primarily worn for magical reasons, and that esthetic considerations came much later. Jewels were regarded either as protecting the wearer from injurious occult influences, or as attracting favorable ones.

Each planet and each zodiacal sign once had its precious stone; and each planet its metal. Probably before the use either of stones or precious metals for esthetic reasons, there was also a use of them in various forms and combinations to indicate the exact standing of the wearer in religious and social rank. Some of these symbolic forms may be found among the remains of nearly all prehistoric civilizations, and their use in that way has survived in fraternal orders to our own times.

It is probable that colors and scents were also employed for defined reasons of like character, and

in various rituals, religious and fraternal, this use of color still remains.

One wonders whether recent and future researches into the psychology of color, and into the various "rays" emitted by natural objects may not show a certain scientific basis for these prehistoric origins of custom.

All strongly aromatic bodies containing members of the camphor group are antiseptic, and it is more than possible that this fact may have been more or less crudely known from the earliest times. K.

SOME important archeological discoveries have been made in France, in the Vendee, by Drs. Lacouloumiere and Baudion. They relate chiefly to the period of Roman occupation and consist of tombs, treasures, pottery, leather clothing and a number of agricultural implements. At Salvatolle, in the same neighborhood, still more ancient finds have been made, antedating the Roman period.



THE GREAT STONE CIRCLE AT BALLYNOE, IRELAND



Plants, Like Men, Have Higher and Lower Natures.

EVERYONE at all acquainted with plants knows that those which we call "vines" differ very much in the strength of their climbing instincts. Some, like the myrtle, much prefer not to climb at all, but rather to run along the ground and take root every few feet. Others, like the chilicothe or wild cucumber, stand up alone as long as possible and then grow straight away from the main root, never taking root anywhere else, but going to the very top of everything in the way. Still others are so determined to climb that though they have no grasping tendrils they resort to many different expedients, some of them almost intelligent, to hold themselves up wherever an opportunity offers. Considering these facts in connection with the now acknowledged duality of plant nature leads unavoidably to the conclusion that we may expect to find definite characters among them. Gardeners have always known that every individual plant has peculiarities of growth and habit which distinguish it from others of the same sort, but have scarcely dared to say so in the face of materialistic science. But now that science itself acknowledges that plants have overshadowing or indwelling animal natures, as men have Divine natures, the expression "training a plant" will have a fuller and more apt meaning. Perhaps if this line of thought is followed with the object of finding likenesses rather than differences it will prove the unbroken line of life from clods to gods, and possibly may open fields of knowledge not at present even suspected. Life can be viewed mechanically; every living or "dead" object is a complex machine; but—what guides it? Y.

A Little Green-clad Hunter

THERE is a little green humming bird which constantly patrols the vines and shrubs in this end of the garden. Many times a day he makes the rounds, carefully searching each blossom for insects. By watching him one may learn something of the habits of the flies and other insects he searches for. One of the stations on his route is a large lattice, covered with an evergreen morning-glory which is always in bloom. In the morning the little fellow looks in the wide end of each flower, but towards evening he inspects the base of the flower where it joins the sepals. An investigation revealed a slit cut in each near the base of the petal on the lower side. Probably he thrusts his slender, agile tongue through this to sweep it around inside the flower in search for something to eat. Whether it is a different sort of insect at this time of day, or some peculiarity of the same sort we do not know. He is a beautiful little fellow, and by concealing one's self behind the lattice it is possible to see him at a distance of only two or three feet. He knows we are there, but doesn't mind so long as we are not too plainly visible. His home is not far away, but we cannot find it; very likely he prefers that we don't. Just at present the garden plants are nearly his only hunting ground, but in a short time the rains will bring out the wild flowers and then he will flit far and wide and will often be met busy among the bushes. STUDENT

Nature Has Many Fixed Rules—Why?

WHILE observing some of the snail shells which strew the shores and hills of Loma-land so plentifully, the question obtrudes itself why they are all right-handed spirals; that is, why they twist in the same direction as an ordinary screw? Now, flounders and flat fish generally, which live with one side down and both the eyes on the upper side, are about equally divided between the left-sided and right-sided, and one might quite reasonably expect that spiral shells would also be indiscriminately random in this respect, but they are not so. Not one of all the many varieties has a left-hand spiral. Nature seems unable to "evolve" across this apparently trivial interval. Even an individual shell with a left-handed twist is so rare as to be very valuable for museum collections. Nature seems to have unalterably selected the right side to incline towards, and again comes the inevitable question, Why?

There certainly must be a web of causes underlying our inert, mechanical world of Effects. Science has laboriously collected a vast amount of data about the effects, but the causes are still vaguely classed as "Laws of Nature." Why? NATURE-LOVER



GLIMPSE OF THE NEW FOREST HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND

A Dainty Little Visitor

A FEW days ago a new arrival added itself to our family. It is a beautiful bright yellow bird about half the size of a canary, who introduced itself as a golden wren. It was very friendly from the first, and gave a standing order for flies three times a day, which it catches for itself, and only asks not to be bothered while busy. Just at present it is a few feet away diligently hunting the honey-suckle vine for gnats. We have warned it not to trust too implicitly to the kindly attentions of the cats, because we know that, while their hearts are full of Brotherhood,

the temptation may prove too strong, although so small a bird would scarcely be a mouthful. It must have been very kindly treated by some one or it would not be so fearless in a strange place. We hope that it will bring friends and start a colony, because all the pretty songsters are welcome in Loma-land. STUDENT

Some Quaint Old English Ideas About Roses

FOLK-LORE furnishes us with many curious ideas about flowers and modern medicine owes no small part of its knowledge to sources which are now called superstitious. Roses have figured largely in the folk-lore of many nations and of many periods. Camden, in 1603, speaks of some old English ideas about roses, of which we shall find the parallel in many other places. He says:

There is a classical custom observed time out of mind at Oakley, in Surrey, of planting rose trees on the graves, especially of the young men and maidens, so that the churchyard is full of them. It is the more remarkable since it was anciently used both among the Greeks and Romans, who were so very religious about it that we find it often annexed as a codicil to their wills—as appears by an old inscription at Ravenna—by which they ordered roses to be yearly strewed and planted on their graves. Old Anacreon, speaking of it, says that it doth protect the dead.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE Isis Theatre was well filled on Sunday evening. A paper by Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt entitled "An Appeal to Parents," had been announced, and Dr. Van Pelt's intimate connection with the Raja Yoga School and her competency to deal with any educational question sufficed to draw a large audience of persons interested in the well-being of children. As usual, the Point Loma musicians and several of the children themselves produced some very admirable music, instrumental and vocal.

Dr. Van Pelt believed that the annals of today would be marked with gold letters by future recorders as the period when the Raja Yoga system of education was introduced to the world. It was a system which would produce a new kind of man and woman. After an experience in many parts of the world she had never known children learn with such avidity or with such an absence of friction. Her appeal to parents was not in aid of any particular school or institution, but that they might themselves awaken to the realities which the system represents, that they might the better help their children to be strong and happy and pure and clean. The great advantages of the Raja Yoga system could not be dealt with within the short compass of a paper, although some essential points might be indicated. It was preeminently based upon Brotherhood, and as such it aimed at the root of all human difficulties. Let them compare a civilization founded upon brotherhood with the disconnected life which we now see around us. Let them imagine every member of the community trying to build up a beautiful and perfect social system, so that even the most humble could be in touch with all that was high and so be filled with the richness and sweetness of life. What a heaven on earth that would be! And it was attainable if humanity would arise to its opportunities. So many people were in the habit of decrying high ideals on the ground that the human heart could not be changed.

The human heart could be changed and the Raja Yoga system could do it. If only a few would begin an example would be set and the work would proceed apace. Half the world would probably already profess to believe in Brotherhood, but how

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

An Interesting Address by Dr.
Gertrude Van Pelt and Songs
by the Raja Yoga Children

Reprinted from the San Diego News

does that belief show itself in human life? By a gigantic system of competition; and so it followed that our conception of Brotherhood must be wrong. Pretty sentiments did not constitute brotherhood, nor flattery, nor moral soothing syrup. These things could not bridge the chasm of separateness between man and man. Nor was Brotherhood the mere

supplying the needs of another, nor what is commonly known as doing good, nor even advocating and working for reform, beautiful as these things were. By Raja Yoga we could learn what is the real thing, deeper, more interior and eternal in its nature. Brotherhood might for the moment cause happiness or unhappiness, pleasure or pain; it might produce friends or foes. These things were all incidentals, but behind them was the real thing, a fact in nature, a part of the life of every soul. True Brotherhood was the perception of a common inner life with a common purpose. The part of ourselves which was merely human was saturated with the idea of separateness. It was woven into every cell of the body, every fiber of the mind. Our whole civilization was built up upon intense individualism. To very many it was unthinkable otherwise. Even our very charities were often but an apology to ourselves for being what we are. There must be a magic change in the heart, an entirely new conception of life in order to bring about new sets of conditions. Such a task was great, but it was by no means hopeless. It would not even be difficult if entered upon with enthusiasm. The Raja Yoga system was capable of this and would accomplish it. Those who had come under its influence would enter life with a grander, a diviner conception than had ever been dreamed of.

And so she would appeal to mothers and fathers to look for the soul in their children and to be satisfied with nothing else. To brush away the foolish little vanities which obstruct the soul and to stop when they were tempted to smooth over and cover up the weak spots in their children. Let them not lend their influence to the making of moral cripples, but let them think how humanity was suffering for the need of true and strong men and women who love their neighbors as themselves and who have gained the power to serve them royally.

Christmas Gifts---A Suggestion

CHRISTMAS is preeminently the time for the giving of gifts, of which the selection is usually a task demanding much anxious care and much lost time.

The essentials of a worthy gift are value and permanence, and in the search for these qualities works of literary and lasting worth naturally take a foremost place. A good book is an unfading treasure, a storehouse of which the contents become more valuable with time, an instrument for the increase of intellect and for the making of character, a link between the giver and the receiver which grows stronger day by day. A year's subscription to the NEW CENTURY PATH is surely a Christmas present worth giving and worth receiving, a weekly reminder of the good will which called it forth. Subscriptions sent in now will be in good time to enable us to deliver the first number at Christmas.

The Lotus Group at Wavertree, England

Work progresses splendidly and both interest and attendance increase as the weeks go by. Recently, in connection with the Everton Lotus Group, we had a picnic at Wallasey Sandhills. There were, besides teachers and children, a number of visitors, who joined in our songs and games with most sympathetic enjoyment.

The Everton Group on that occasion gave the little drama, *The One Law*. The nature surroundings made the whole thing beautiful and, as we listened to the sweet strains of "The Angels," the children's voices echoed with a sweetness that suggested fairyland rather than earth. Not a single jar or misadventure spoiled the outing. During the last month we have been journeying with the "Pilgrim" through the vegetable kingdom, reading in connection with our study, Hans Christian Anderson's *Dream of the Old Oak*, the "Story of a Tree," from the *International Theosophist*, and the *Coming of the King*. We have recently learned the "Tree Song," and also the "Fairies," a song that is a great favorite with the children of the London Raja Yoga School. Each Sunday, as well, there is read some appropriate selection from the NEW CENTURY PATH.

Last Tuesday we started a painting class for the children, and their interest is only equalled by their delight. With songs and the reading of a letter written by one of the Raja Yoga children and published in the NEW CENTURY PATH, the evening closed. Faithfully,

KATE LITTLEWOOD, *Superintendent*
Member of Everton Lodge No. 4, England

Responsibility---A Lodge Paper

RESPONSIBILITY seems to be the bearing in our minds of the sense that we are answerable for something, and that we shall be to blame if that undertaking is not successfully attained. Distinctly if we have responsibility given us it is taken for granted that we can make the necessary effort and use the necessary powers. The said powers may be lying asleep and unused, but to begin and use them is the way to wake them up, and herein will lie our blame if we fail.

Meditating upon what those powers are that make a man able to take up responsibility, at first I thought it was the power of the mind to grasp the object as a whole and keep it before the consciousness, directing and controlling the performance. But the mind works very slowly without the will urging it on. Then it seemed to me that if the will, above all the selfless, spiritual will, were involved it would soon call the mind to action and that it was the most important power. What will bring about this will, this supreme determination for the achievement of some object entirely outside of any low motive or self-interest? Is it not the heart? And here I seemed to have got to the central power that must be in action. We must care for the object and then our share of the responsibility will be rightly performed.

This power of taking up responsibilities, then, is something very important and marks a very important stage in man's development. Only those with some depth of character will do it, for it means the using of the powers of the Heart, Will and Mind impersonally. Here is nature's essential inner distinction between the master-man and the one who works under direction of another. The latter is concerned only to perform certain allotted tasks, or to put in so many hours of steady work a day, but responsibility demands of a man that he works from a different center. His spring of action must be from these inner powers, and the deeper a man's nature is stirred to take part the more satisfactory will the work be.

What a different type of work comes from these two classes of men! Take the man who works with a true sense of responsibility. He will be caring and thinking of every detail, yet the actual doing of the work does not seem to him as labor, it is almost lost sight of as he works from these inner powers. First his heart has been touched and he cares for the object so that he lovingly wakes his will to determine that it shall be done. Then he broods over it in his mind, imagining and picturing the undertaking already accomplished; until before he knows it all his faculties are quivering with the stored up energy the mind has sent to them for the

doing of the work. The man is drawn out of himself in his interest and care for the achievement of that for which he is responsible. As the picture lives in his mind the methods of work and lines of procedure grow up naturally round it. And when it comes to the doing of any manual work he hardly knows he is working, for his hands and feet instinctively and rapidly move to carry out his ideas. The mind is commanding the man. His faculties are urged to action with that great force of the heart that has taken up responsibility worthily.

We are sometimes surprised at the quickness with which a piece of work has been done. It seemed like magic, we say. Was it not because of the unusual alertness of the thought that conceived it?

We need not be worried or restless with responsibility if we are only concerned to bestir ourselves in the right way, with no self-interest whatever, no desire to shine in the performance or gain any position for ourselves.

If we cannot do as well as we should like and the limit of our capabilities keeps coming between us, I think we shall best serve the work by putting all such thought on one side and not wasting our energy on them, but forgetting ourselves in the doing the best we can.

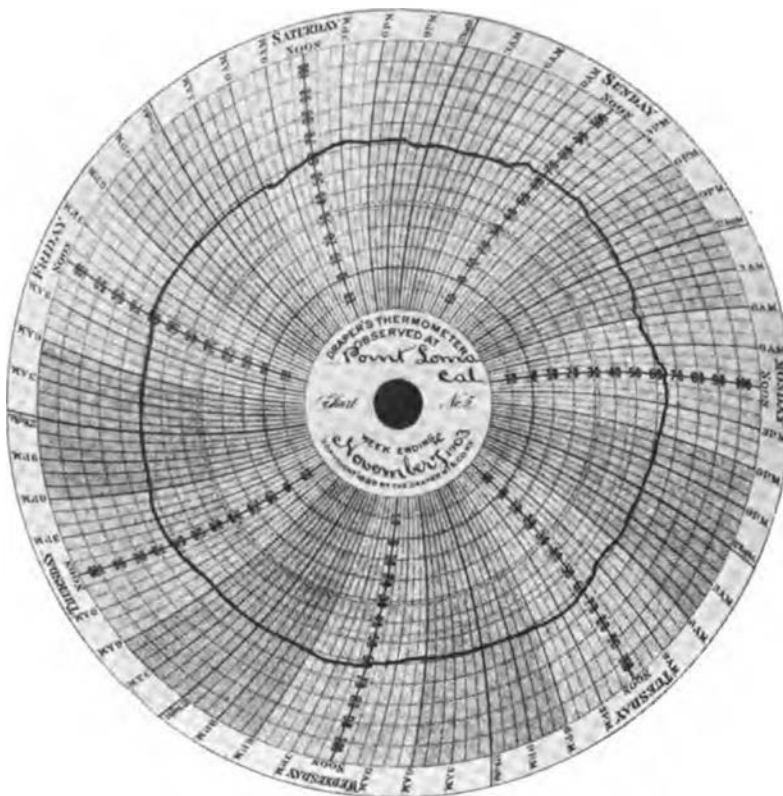
STUDENT

Equable Climate of Loma-Land

THE even temperature of Loma-Land has often been noted in these pages, and in the accompanying chart, consisting of the continuous record of the thermometer for the week ending November 7th, we present a striking

proof of the truth of our oft-repeated assertions. At no time was it hotter than 66°, nor did it ever grow colder than 56°, giving a range of variation of only ten degrees. It will be noticed how gradually the changes occurred. About sunrise the curve begins to mount and then continues nearly on a level until sunset, when the radiation of the heat acquired during the hours of sunshine brings on a steady decline during the night. This same instrument exposed in other and less favored regions would produce a "curve" resembling the teeth of a saw, or a range of mountain peaks, caused by the rapid fluctuations of heat and cold, but the mildness and constancy of our weather conditions are very strikingly indicated in the chart here presented. The instrument hangs on the north wall of the Homestead, where it is protected from direct sunshine.

STUDENT



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF LOMA-LAND TEMPERATURE CHART

Mind

MAN'S complex nature is the exact expression of his dual mind, the lower mind that would ever dominate, the higher Manas that bridges to the spiritual. His will vacillates between the two—impelled by the will of his master, Desire. And the bridge is a very frail structure, for man seldom crosses to his Real Self.

In truth, in the world today, mentality develops at the risk of closing the gates of the soul. It is an abnormal type that present educational systems are fostering, a sort of an intellectual intemperance. Of what real value to the evolution of the eternal I could be the ordinary college course? How could it profit one to spend years developing brain power when man cannot properly use what he has? Such an education does not produce a strong body to do for others. It adds nothing to mind contentment. It but crowds the spiritual farther and farther out.

Mind, overgrown with intellect, burdened with unassimilated learning, has no room nor opportunity for originality to assert herself. All the attributes of mind are poised into false positions. Will started wrong becomes a wall of obstinacy; memory cannot choose her cargo but goes freighted with useless matter; intellect overfeeds till a giant ambition grows up, eventually obscuring those glints of light from over the way.

Else why are so many of our so-called intellectual men the materialists? How else can we account for the unnatural conditions, of unrest and inharmony that appeal to us on every hand?

This must man learn—life, not books. Life—living—not past and gone. And the world is beginning to know that there is a philosophy which gives immediate answer to all of this. Just realizing that there are *master minds*, minds so clear from dross that they are able to accomplish through the heart what the intellect has never done—the seemingly impossible—that the many may also know.

Minds so accurately balanced that the lower is merged in the higher; wills so just that memory and desire are willing agents, intellects so pure that intuition dwells therein, passing down to us the knowledge that man is a trinity, that mind is not a pack-horse but the messenger of the soul, not to be stunted by overwork, nor gluttoned by indulgence. That memory shall store away only the wholesome and useful. Then shall will, unfalteringly as a task master, hold the nature in its place till desire, transmuted, has crossed the bridge and the seventh faculty can awake, for mind has found her balance, is ever on guard lest the enemy break in, has become the faithful medium between man and his God, and the trinity is complete.

STUDENT

Courage

TRUE courage arises from the warrior quality of the soul, and all of us possess it in a greater or less degree. It seems clear that what humanity needs at the present time, is courage, that it may free itself from its weaknesses and master its selfishness. For humanity is so deeply engrossed with personal and selfish affairs, that its individual units care neither for the living nor the dead, further than to the extent that they may serve personal ends.

To live as we know and feel we should live requires a superb courage in itself. Few of us are courageous enough to face ourselves as we really are, and to have our faults and weaknesses pointed out to us, even by those who may understand them and therefore be able to give us real help in overcoming them.

It is impossible for the element of fear to find a homing place in the courageous soul. Courage born of pure motive and expressing itself in right action, is eternally superior to that recklessness sometimes miscalled courage, and which usually takes rise in the wrong side of human life.

The larger proportion of humanity has come to regard life as a very serious problem. Why? Because with eyes heavily overshadowed with ignorance, the transitory and empty side of it only is seen. And although in our hearts we know and feel life is a great joy and a sacred privilege, we do not possess the courage to cast aside lack of faith in our divinity, timidity, and the cravings of the body.

To Theosophists, as students of the better and higher life, a courageous attitude, tempered with discrimination, is at all times of the greatest importance.

This not only promises success for all right undertakings, but it prepares the way for a fuller expression of our highest attributes. It helps us, also, to deal more honestly with ourselves, with the conditions of our environment, and with our fellow beings. Is it not true that we often find each other doing and saying things which call for immediate action, unpleasant though it may be?

Yet we lack the courage to speak or act. And why? We love praise better than right action for its own sake.

If our position is that of exemplars of the better life, then we have a great duty to perform, in public and in private, regardless of praise, criticism or public opinion. If we have not the courage to act, then we are forced to admit that the soul is not equal to all demands. Our moral cowardice crushes the very qualities which make character strong and self-reliant. We need have little fear of mistakes in judgment if our hearts are honest and motives are right, and if we permit the exercise of a little discrimination and common sense.

STUDENT

Man's Dependence on Artificial Light

THE following account of what happened in the fourteen-story Memorial Building, Chicago, shows how helpless is civilized man in the dark:

"The trouble occurred about dusk in the afternoon. The numerous offices, banks, salesrooms, studios and elevators were crowded with the throngs which had business there, when suddenly every electric light in the building was extinguished. The dynamo had broken down. There was black, total darkness everywhere.

"In the jewelry salesrooms, before the visitors and customers were aware of what happened, they found themselves locked in as a precaution against theft. The same thing happened in the safety deposit vaults in the basement. Surgeons who were operating on patients on the top floor of the building had to suspend their critical work at the risk of their patients' lives."—*Rochester Democrat*

How Elder Gifford Learned Toleration

WHAT is the cheer of the passing year ---
 What word to the lives of men?
 The same old burdens for hearts to bear
 Over and over again.
 The same old burdens in paths we've trod
 But love to lighten them all --- thank God!

What is the cheer of the passing year? ---
 A little of joy, and then
 The sigh, the sorrow, the falling tear,
 Over and over again.
 And roses will bloom from the thorny sod,
 And the dark will lead to the light of God.

— Frank L. Stanton



ELDER GIFFORD pushed back his chair and rose angrily from the supper table. His wife sat opposite, pale and trembling, while their son stood beside her.

"Don't father," she pleaded. "Robert means well, and we must be patient with him."

"I have been patient—too patient," rejoined the Elder. "There is a time when patience ceases to be a virtue, and that time has come now. I tell you now, Robert, once for all, this folly has got to cease. I've waited for you to come to your senses long enough. You've got to stop going to these silly Theosophical meetings and reading books that deny God and Christ, and would overturn the church to revive Pagan rites and worship. All my life I've looked forward to seeing my son in the pulpit, and you shan't disappoint me now. This is my last word."

"Stop, father," said Robert, as Mr. Gifford was turning away; "I am sorry to disappoint you, but you will never see me in a pulpit."

"And why not sir, after all the money I have spent on your education?"

"Because, father, I cannot accept the church creed and so many of its teachings—and especially its practises—are in direct opposition to the teachings of Christ."

"And where did you learn all this, young man? from your precious meetings and Pagan literature? This is what this accursed new teaching is doing for our young people, is it?"

"No, father, I have learned that this new teaching, as you and others call it, is not new, but old as the race, far older than the teaching of Jesus, but identical with it; for there is but one Truth, and that was taught by Jesus and all other true Teachers."

"Then why are you railing against the teaching of Christ and His church, and going outside of them to find the same truth?"

"I am not railing against anything, but I do say the church does not preach nor live up to the true teaching of Christ. I couldn't do it if I entered the church."

"So the church your ancestors have worshiped in for so many generations is not good enough for you! Is that it?"

"I believe, father, that the church, awful as it is today, is not the best place in which to live a truly Christ life, or do the best work for Humanity."

"More of your heathen doctrines."

"Need we look further than the church itself to see this?" replied Robert. "Any one who will read the Scriptures—mistranslated and wrested from their true meaning as they have been—must see at once how little the church is in accord with them. Besides a study of the history of the church shows how century after century it has gone farther and farther from the teachings of Christ and dropped, one after another, His most essential doctrines."

"Stop!" cried Mr. Gifford. "Such false and blasphemous words shall not be uttered in my house. Go your way to ruin if you will, I am done with you until you renounce such shameful opinions, and return to the duty and obedience due to a parent!"

"O, Robert!" cried Mrs. Gifford when her husband had left the room, "you have offended your father beyond hope of forgiveness."

"I'm sorry, mother, but how can I give up my honest convictions? You wouldn't respect me if I did. Half of those in the church do not believe what they pretend to and the other half don't believe what they really think they do. If they would only read the Scriptures carefully and study the history of the church and the works of the early Christian writers they would find that they could not believe what they have always supposed they did; and also that they do believe the most essential things taught in Theosophy."

So Robert went away and the days were sad and lonely to his mother. If Mr. Gifford missed the presence of their only surviving child he made no sign. Mrs. Gifford had always been a gentle, patient wife and seldom thought of disputing the stern, imperious will of her husband.

Her heart ached for her boy. Her first and her last waking thought was of him. Where was he and how did he fare? A few letters had reached her; but the last one had disappeared from her table before she had time to reply to it and she could

not remember the address. She had carefully gathered all Robert's belongings into his own room and here she spent many hours of each day. In a little bookcase were his school-books, and in lovingly dusting and arranging them she came across several of the books his father had so bitterly denounced.

First she glanced over them; then she read them, and finally she studied them with an intensity of interest which she had never been able to bestow upon any theological volume.

Three years had gone by and Mrs. Gifford had obeyed her husband's command in never uttering, in his hearing, the name of their son. Then she was stricken with sudden illness, pneumonia of the most violent type. From the first it was evident that the disease would be fatal. Then Mr. Gifford was aroused from his bitter, selfish brooding over his own wrongs and disappointments. He had loved his wife; he never realized how well until he saw her so rapidly slipping away from him.

Only three days and it was over. She was gone and he was indeed alone. She had asked for Robert; but even had there been time none knew where to send for him.

"James," she whispered painfully an hour before she breathed her last; "James, you were wrong and too hard with our boy. I have read his books and I believe as he did. The church has not told us all the truth. There is more—much more—in the Wisdom Religion. Read for yourself and see."

The months following his wife's death were heavy with unavailing sorrow and regret. He recalled her long years of unselfish devotion to his comfort and interests and the little gratitude or appreciation which he had ever manifested. He had been content to receive it all as his right without any return in kind; and his will had been the law in all things from which there was no appeal.

It was the first time in his life that Mr. Gifford had looked himself squarely in the face, and he was forced to admit that he had been narrow, selfish and intolerant; nay, more, he had been cruel and unjust. He had claimed the right to direct and control the mind, conscience, soul, of both wife and son. In his anger and wounded self-love he had separated the mother from her boy; and only now he began to realize something of what she had suffered, of how her step had grown feeble and her hair white.

He was the possessor of ample means, yet he had sent his only son out, unprovided for, to earn a living as best he could, because of a difference of opinion. Now he was left alone in his great house with his fields and gardens. Sometimes he would shut himself up for days in his study, and again he would wander restlessly about through the silent, deserted apartments. At such times his wife's last words were ever in his mind: "You were wrong. Read for yourself and see."

One day he opened the door of his son's room and entered. It was the first time since he had driven him from his home. There were the books Robert and his mother had read and had found wholesome, pure and true; the books which he had condemned unread, and knew nothing of excepting the denunciations of those equally ignorant. He carried them back to his study determined to find out for himself what they contained.

A few months later, in a distant city, Mr. Gifford sat among the audience at a Universal Brotherhood meeting. One speaker followed another with addresses, brief, pithy, pointed. Then Robert Gifford came forward and told in simple, moving terms of the work in the slums; of the miserable men and women who had been shown something to hope and strive for; of the little children gathered into schools and homes. In concluding, he said:

"What we must try to provide—what we most need is a pleasant country home for the sick and weakly ones."

"They shall have it," whispered Mr. Gifford, with bowed head.

Next day he sought the places where the children, gathered from the worst portions of the city, were being taught the great Law of Universal Brotherhood, while at the same time their poor little bodies were clothed and nourished. He noted the hollow, eager eyes and the pale, pinched faces; also the earnest endeavors to put into practise the teaching they had received by showing love and kindness toward one another.

In the evening there was a meeting for the older people and again Mr. Gifford sat in an obscure corner and took a lesson from the faces about him; wan and careworn women, men imbruted, sullen, despairing; ill clad, hungry of body and soul. Yet, in most faces, there was already something like a glimmer of hope and a desire to push on to better things.

After the meeting was over the father sought his son and the night was spent in a heart-to-heart talk which brought them so close in the desire to help humanity that they could never more be separated.

Larger and better rooms were provided in the city. The great house and beautiful grounds in the country were no longer empty and silent, for weary, overworked mothers found rest there, and pale, sickly children there grew strong and rosy, while among them all Mr. Gifford learned to talk and laugh and sing. In making others happy happiness came to him and he grew young again. O. P. Q.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Hygiene, Physical and Moral—The Bugbear of Microbes

SANITATION and antiseptics seem to be one of the most characteristic features of these times. They correspond, in our civilization, to the propitiatory ceremonies and purificatory rites observed by other races.

The spirit of modern science does not foster a belief in evil spirits or any of the malign influences of unseen beings which have such terrors for other races. But in place of all this we have our science of microbes and infection, of sterilizing and disinfection.

Is not our belief perhaps the very same as the more ancient belief in evil spirits, only clad in a materialistic garb and expressed in terms of scientific knowledge? When we search for the cause of an epidemic, we find a microbe, because we use as our instrument of research a microscope. This microbe is the physical expression of the destructive influence that causes the epidemic. Other peoples, having no science like ours nor any microscopes, would describe the facts in another way, speak of evil spirits, and use exorcisms instead of antiseptics.

But our science of germs is daily adding new terrors to life. We read, for instance, that some one has been pointing out "several possible sources of infection with cancer."

One suggested source is the blowing into paper bags to open them for the reception of provisions. Statistics as to the number of grocers and grocer's wives who have died of cancer are given. Another source is the bite of fleas which have previously bitten cancerous people.

Several reflections are suggested by these remarks. One is that a healthy body is equipped by nature with an armory (or medicine-chest) against all minor assaults on the citadel of life; and that the delicacy and impurity of blood engendered by wrong modes of living deprive us of this natural immunity. Thus one man goes about ready to catch death from the first barber's razor or tainted mosquito, and another goes unscathed through hospital wards.

Since sanitation has been improved the length of life has increased, so careful insurance statistics assure us. But we doubt if the standard of health has improved. Moreover, we doubt if the discoveries in sanitation can keep pace with the growth of disease and infirmity fostered by our artificial city life.

Another point is that this elaborate precaution in external details is so utterly out of proportion with the heedlessness and neglect that marks our dealings with the inner and more essential circumstances of life. Physical hygiene has altogether outstripped moral hygiene. The causes generated by self-indulgence, vice, passions, and all the wrong habits of thought and action are so numerous, so powerful, so continuous, in comparison with the puny precautions taken in the hope of escaping effects.

So long as these causes exist in such power and profusion in our midst, the attempts at hygiene, however excellent, are but as the laborious pumping at a ship with a bad leak. The most frantic efforts, continued unremittingly, may just serve to keep the vessel afloat. But the size of the leak grows.

The mind and body react on each other, a wrong mind producing a wrong body, and a wrong body a wrong mind; but the mind is the first sinner and stands superior to the body in power and capability. There will be no general condition of health in our civilization until the moral standards are elevated and the tone purified.

STUDENT

The Maximum Period of the Great Sun-spots

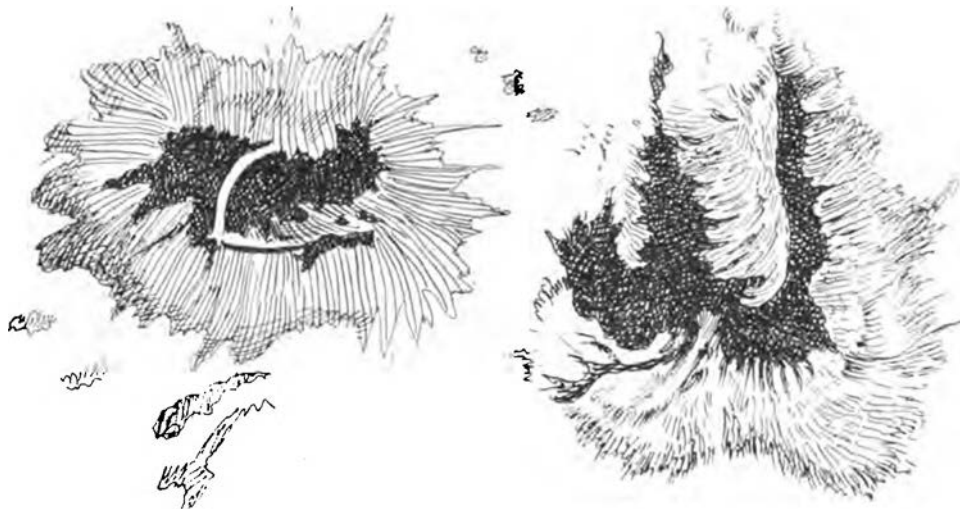
A GAIN these tremendous outbursts of solar energy are creating widespread interest. We are now at the maximum period of the cycle of sun-spots, and in consequence auroral displays and considerable electrical disturbances upon our earth are prevalent. The maxima occur at intervals of about eleven years, and this eleven year period curiously coincides with the time taken by Jupiter to travel round the sun. Probably it is not an accidental coincidence. The sun being the heart of the solar system, this regular pulsation or systole and diastole of the great life-giver bears a striking resemblance to the throbbing of the human heart with its opening to receive the impure blood and its closing to send out the oxygenated blood into the circulation.

Some of the recent sun-spots have been enormous in area, many of them measuring over 160,000 miles in diameter. So vast are they that it would take twenty worlds the size of the earth to make a bridge across some of these vast abysses.

The spots appear very dark but that is the effect of contrast, for, in reality, they are brighter far than our strongest artificial lights, such as the calcium light or the glow of molten steel.

By protecting the eye with a carefully smoked piece of glass the existence of the largest sun spots may be made out, but they may easily be seen with the smallest optical aid. In any case great care should be

taken not to expose the eye to the direct rays of the sun without protection, or the effect is likely to be disastrous to the eyesight. M.



SOME GREAT SUN-SPOTS, SHOWING DARK CENTERS AND FORMATION OF BRIDGES

Radium and the Universal Life-Principle

MATERIALISTIC science regards bodies, both animal and mineral, as creators of the life energies which they manifest. But the fact is the reverse. As W. Q. Judge has written:

Life is not the result of the operation of the organs, nor is it gone when the body dissolves. It is a universally pervasive principle. It is the ocean in which the earth floats; it permeates the globe and every being and object on it.

Thus material substances are centers for the manifestation of the universal life-principle—transformers, as it were, of this energy into various modifications. Radium illustrates this view admirably, and is exceedingly difficult to explain under any of the materialistic notions. Says *Engineering*:

An atom of radium can constantly produce an emanation that is something like a gas, which escapes and carries with it wonderful properties; but the atom, the thing which cannot be divided, remains and retains its weight. The emanation is truly wonderful. It is self-luminous; it is condensed by extreme cold and vaporizes again; it can be watched as it oozes through stop-cocks or hurries through tubes, but in amount it is so small that it has not yet been weighed. Sir William Ramsay has treated it with a chemical cruelty that would well-nigh have annihilated the most refractory or permanent known element; but this evanescent emanation comes out of the ordeal undimmed and undiminished. Not content with manufacturing so remarkable a substance, the radium atom sends out three kinds of rays, one kind being much the same as Röntgen rays, but wholly different in ionizing power, according to the experiments of Strutt. Each of these consist of particles which are shot out, but they have different penetrative power; they are differently deflected by magnets and also by electricity, and the quantity of electricity in relation to the weight, is different; and yet the atom, the same atom, remains unchanged and unchangeable. Not only this, but radium or its emanations or its rays must gradually create other bodies different from radium; and thus, so we are told, one at least of those new gases, which but yesterday was discovered, has its origin.

Here and There Throughout the World



A VIEW OF SITKA, ALASKA



TAKOU GLACIER, ALASKA

Admiral Cotton at Portsmouth, Eng. THE English papers contain many complimentary references to Admiral Cotton who was in command of the American squadron at Portsmouth. The Admiral is described as not only a fine sailor but as a diplomatist and an orator of no mean order. When the German Emperor was on board the *Kearsage*, Admiral Cotton distinguished himself by his graceful sayings and his reception of the Prince of Wales was tactful in the extreme. At the dinner given by the Mayor of Portsmouth the Admiral, replying to the toast of the American Navy, extended a greeting to his hearers as friends and brothers in whose veins flowed the same blood. He referred to himself and his comrades as naval ambassadors bringing a message of peace and love from the President and the people of the United States to the English sovereigns and to the English people. It is occasions such as this and men such as this that draw tighter the threads of human fraternity. Admiral Cotton takes a large and creditable view of his position and if all public men felt a like responsibility and demonstrated it by their tact and graceful geniality the international world would be more at ease than it is.

A Chance for Ex-Convicts in France OF ALL the great French criminal judges none is better known than Louis André, and certainly we should have to look far before finding one whose vast experience has been utilized in a nobler manner. M. André has devoted all his fortune to the purchase of lands near Chartres, and upon these lands he is creating large settlements where ex-convicts can make a fresh start in life and learn an occupation by which they can once more make themselves honorable members of society. The skill and ingenuity so often displayed and misused by criminals is a loss to the nation and it might be an asset of national wealth.

There May Be Snakes in Ireland IT SEEMS that there are snakes in Ireland, and we must therefore assume that St. Patrick's injunction was never made absolute or that it has grown weak with age. A number of snakes were discovered some few years ago at Douglas near Cork. We are not informed as to the variety but they were probably of the beautiful and harmless kind sometimes found in England. It will be necessary to revise the Encyclopedia article upon Snakes in Ireland which consisted of the words, "there are no snakes in Ireland."

Important Mineral Discovery in Berlin IT IS announced from Berlin that a new compound of aluminium has been discovered which seems to have great possibilities of usefulness. It is known by the name of meteorite. It is as light as aluminium itself, and is unaffected by chemical influences. It is also very pliable so that it can be readily used for pipes, horseshoes, etc. Its cost is about the same as brass.

Cruelty to Natives in the Congo THE frightful disclosures which have been made in reference to the ill treatment of the natives in the Congo Free State are likely to result in an official inquiry, and indeed the whole matter may be brought before The Hague tribunal, as King Leopold naturally holds that the inquiry should include the adjacent territories held by other powers. Some writers have believed that the moral nature of the white man deteriorates when brought into contact with the natives of tropical countries, and that this is due to causes not entirely under his control. In other words, they hold that he becomes hysterical and irresponsible and those who are most familiar with the conditions are inclined to look favorably upon such a theory. It is, at any rate, a charitable explanation of many acts of which the normal white man ought to be incapable, and of which most savages are incapable.

Japan Will Exhibit at St. Louis JAPAN means to make a notable showing at the St. Louis Exhibition. Mr. and Mrs. Goodman King have just returned from their visit to Japan, Mr. King having been appointed as special commissioner to that country with a view to arousing interest in the forthcoming centennial. He reports that the government has entered enthusiastically into the matter and has made a very large appropriation in order that Japan may be well and worthily represented. International exhibitions have not done all that was expected of them in the way of international amity. None the less they have been a factor in the better knowledge which makes for peace and at the present time we cannot afford to lose any influence which may advance fraternity of nations.

France and the Peace Movement FRANCE has certainly assumed the leadership of the International Peace movement. The congress which has just been held in Rouen and Havre was attended by over four hundred delegates and was inaugurated with the direct approval of President Loubet and the French government. There are always prophets of evil who are ready to predict the failure of every movement for the well-being of men, and the efforts for international peace have not been spared. These congresses cannot, however, be failures. The fact that they have been held is itself a success, and however the present political turmoil may result a page has been turned and a victory has been registered.

Chicago's Relief to Scandinavia's Need THE Chicago *Scandinavian* prints a summary of the fund given by its readers for the famine sufferers of Finland, Sweden and Norway. The total is \$38,129.26—certainly a generous response from the Scandinavians of America to the cry of distress from their motherlands. Thus suffering plays its part in calling forth a sympathy which will remain when the suffering has passed.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day.

How are you going to spend it—just the way some people do, by eating as much as you possibly can, and then feeling uncomfortable for two or three days afterward? Nonsense! I hope not.

I've been thinking about the first Thanksgiving Day lately—the very first one that ever was. It was held by the Pilgrims, you remember, less than four hundred years ago, on the bleak, snow-covered coast of New England. One might wonder what they had to be thankful for, with only little log houses to live in, with often not enough to eat and with so much sickness among them that before they had been in old Plymouth a year more than half their number had died. In England they would have escaped all these privations and lived in comfortable homes, and yet they left England, glad to get away from the persecution of the church, glad to come even to a wilderness for the sake of freedom. All they asked was that they might be free to live and act as their own hearts taught them to do. Now, if they felt thankful, how do you suppose you and I ought to feel, for we have all the freedom that they won for us, and many, many comforts besides, and many opportunities and privileges that these brave Pilgrims never even dreamed of.

And what a splendid true note they struck for Universal Brotherhood! Many histories do not tell about one fact—which was a fact, nevertheless—that the very first Thanksgiving dinner that ever was eaten was shared by the Pilgrims with their guests, the great Indian chief, Massasoit, and ninety of his warriors. The Pilgrims had reason to be grateful, for the Indians—the friendly tribes—had given them corn to plant and had taught them how to raise it and convert it into food. Without this help

it is quite possible that the Pilgrims could not have survived the first year on that cold and desolate shore. And then, too, what an inspiration it is to think of that great Peace Treaty Massasoit so sacredly kept! It was broken later, but by white men.

Do you know, boys and girls, I don't believe the Pilgrims and their Indian comrades loaded their Thanksgiving tables that first day, just to show how much was to be eaten. No, they heaped up the fruits and cereals rather to show how much they had to be thankful for. The selfish way in which so many people today spend Thanksgiving all came later. You see, people forget, and then they become ungrateful and selfish. And one thing that Raja Yoga boys and girls have to do is to teach people how to remember.

Why not each one be a Raja Yoga this Thanksgiving? That means first of all to be a Warrior. It means to know what is right and true

The New Thanksgiving

and defend it, and teach others how sensible and how beautiful Truth is so that they will want to defend it too. The real truth is that people are mistaken when they think a big dinner, with a nap in the afternoon, is all they need to make them happy on Thanksgiving Day. It never *does* make people happy—often it gives them a headache—and why do people keep it up? They wouldn't if they knew about Raja Yoga.

Let's have a new kind of Thanksgiving Day this year, the kind that will show that we really are Warriors, and that we *do* know what gratitude is. In the first place, let's not sleep late in the morning—no, let's get up half an hour earlier than usual instead, and take the birdies out a nice breakfast. And then, suppose you surprise mama and papa with a song. You've no idea what a beautiful golden pathway that song will make right into their hearts, and you've no idea of the beautiful thought-fairies that are always waiting to get into people's hearts on just the little golden pathway that music makes. Try it—it will make the whole day different.

Then see if you can't get mama to make it a whole rest-day instead of a work-day. You can easily take most of the steps for her and you can convince her, I am sure, that it isn't necessary to have so *many* things to eat, just because the neighbors do. Isn't a bouquet of ferns and golden rod, or a great mass of frost-painted sumac, ten times prettier than a pumpkin-pie—and don't the flowers really make you happier, (something

like songs, aren't they?)—and no possible chance of their giving you a headache the next day. And wouldn't a fringe of soft trailing forest vines make the table look prettier—and make every one happier, too—than a lot of heavy rich pudding that nobody needs?

And in thinking over things you are grateful for, don't forget that each one of you is a real Warrior and that fighting for the right is the most glorious thing in the world. And don't forget that we should be grateful even for the struggles against our own lower natures—they try our mettle and they wake us up.

The true Warrior is just as grateful for the battle as he is for the victory, because the true Warrior knows that it is his duty not only to defend the right but to protest against the wrong—against all that is ungrateful and selfish and unbrotherly.

And then, too, don't forget the songs. Make the Thanksgiving Day a day of music as well as of happiness and love.

What do you say to this, boys and girls? Who will be the little pioneers—the Raja Yoga Pilgrims of the New Thanksgiving Day?

UNCLE FRED



RAJA YOGA CHILDREN REPRESENTING THE VISIT OF THE INDIAN CHIEF MASSASOIT TO THE PILGRIMS ON THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

Lines from Whittier's Famous Poem "My Triumph"

THE autumn-time has come;
On woods that dream of bloom,
And over purpling vines,
The low sun fainter shines.

And present gratitude
Insures the future's good,
And for the things I see
I trust the things to be.

Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,
Pure, generous, brave and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold!

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

Students'



Path

DEATHLESS

by H. C. WARNACK in *Los Angeles Herald*

YOU will not die and I will not die---
That is but sunset there in the sky---
The light returns to us by and by,
For life goes on forever.

You will not die and I will not die---
Was that a tear? Did I hear you sigh?
Come, why is God's rainbow in the sky,
If life is not forever?

You will not die and I will not die---
This body may swoon and in dust lie,
But afraid of the sunset? Nay, not I,
While life goes on forever.

A Larger View of History

WE have already commented upon the history of France of which M. Gustave Hervé is the author. A recent writer in the *London News* says of M. Hervé:

He begins by placing France in her natural place in the West Europe system, and then brings out her connecting link with the rest of the world in ancient and modern times. The author shows the genesis of these connections. Thus, the valleys of the Euphrates, the Tigris and the Nile contributed to Egyptian, Phœnician, Jewish, Greek and Roman evolution, and indirectly to that of the West. Then comes a succession of strongly and vividly sketched periods of Western evolution from the Celtic or Gallic period to the present day. The kings are relegated to a tabular chronology filling a short chapter, and successive movements or periods of evolution take their place. Thus we have the Druidical time, the Roman and the Frankish Conquests, feudalism, the adoption in the Thirteenth century of the Civil Law, the Reformation, the uprise of the printing press, of the bourgeoisie, of the Bourbon monarchy, and the Revolution and the present day Republicanism which take their places.

The author says in his preface that history has, so far, been the most immoral and perverting branch of literature. It exalts greed and wholesale murder when greedy and murderous lusts are satisfied in the names of nations. Fraud is taken as evidence of clever diplomacy. What is counted immoral down low is held admirable in courts and on thrones. The memories of pupils are stuffed with names and dates of secondary or less importance, and the forward movement of the nation is hidden by the prominence given to kings and the pageantry with which they surrounded themselves.

Further, we are glad to learn that the author is "distinctly hostile to the kind of patriotism that has been inculcated in schools within the last twenty years, and which has been held up to admiration as civic and moral." Nations are kept in a state of perfectly artificial and unnecessary jealousy and suspicion with regard to each other by the false patriotism taught in some histories. This, acting on the minds of people at the most plastic age, becomes ingrained in the character in after life with all the fixity of a conviction; for how many of our firmest convictions spring from nothing but a prejudice implanted in days that have utterly vanished from the memory!

When people of different nationalities actually meet, all this professional patriotism is forgotten and they consort amicably together like the perfectly ordinary men and women they are. But there are even loftier (and truer) views of history than that of depicting the life of the people as it appears from an ordinary view-point. History considered from the view-point of a historian who believed in the divinity of man, in rebirth, and in all those grander views as to human life and destiny revealed to us by Theosophical teachings, would be very different from history as viewed by a writer of limited and materialistic ideas. All the discrepancies and inconsistencies would vanish before the clue that such belief and knowl-

edge affords. William Q. Judge, in *The Ocean of Theosophy*, discusses the question as to what part the Helpers of Humanity have played in history, and, quoting from the words of a great Teacher, he says:

How do you know they have made no such mark? . . . How could your world collect proofs of the doings of men who have sedulously kept closed every possible door of approach by which the inquisitive could spy upon them? The precise condition of their success was that they should never be surprised or obstructed. . . . All that those outside their circle could perceive was the results, the causes of which were masked from view.

Various historians, he continues, have had to invent various theories to account for these results, such as the interposition of gods, special providences, and fate. The ordinary historian could describe the rise and growth of a great movement or ideal, and the appearance of a great leader, but without any satisfactory explanation of the cause.

Think, for example, what a stupendous issue hung in the balance when Elizabethan England turned back from Europe and from the New World the terrible black power of persecution and bigotry and enslavement of the human mind and will; and when the sturdy people of the Netherlands, under the indomitable William the Silent, waged a forty years war against the same power and won a freedom which we today inherit!

Events which seem unimportant and disconnected from each other are seen to be vital parts of a great drama of liberation. If space permitted we could plead for liberation from the tiny, puny, outlook upon the human drama which conventional historians give us. What are a few centuries of local history in comparison with the history of those mighty civilizations of an immense past whose records have been forgotten or ignored, or (as has often happened) wilfully destroyed? And what the plans and schemes of a brief modern period in comparison with the eternal purposes of the human Soul?

STUDENT

Athletics---Good and Bad

WE have more than once called attention to the extraordinary confusion in the minds of most people between large muscles and large health. One often sees a young man who would succumb to a touch of pneumonia in forty-eight hours, rolling up for the admiration of his friends a most superb biceps.

The single point to be kept in mind in the matter of athletic exercises is that they shall enable us to do perfectly those things which fall to us in the path of our daily life. But muscular development beyond the requirement of daily life may easily be a nuisance.

Where is the line to be drawn? Well, every joint should be perfectly free in all its movements. Exercises to this end are good; but there is no need to swing 5-pound clubs or dumb-bells. Every muscle should be tightly strung and ready in an instant to clasp its work. Again, exercises and skin-friction are good; but there is no need to grow the muscles by artificial pullings and liftings, to a degree that can never be wanted in daily life. One's daily tasks will of themselves require that the muscles shall become adequate in size. It is perfection and ease in that which they already do, that we want.

Full, deep, breathing, from the bases of the lungs upward, is wanted; but there is no need to acquire the chest capacity of a diver. These overdeveloped lungs and muscles may easily give much trouble one day. They cannot always be in this artificial use and then they will give somewhat the same trouble as would a man's horse to which he had been wont to give much exercise and could now suddenly do so no more.

Develop muscles therefore mainly in quality rather than quantity. Free all joints in all movements. Learn to stand perfectly upright. Learn to breathe fully, and get enough lung and heart power and capacity to permit quick strong walking for an indefinite time. Athletics to this point are nothing but desirable.

PHYSICIAN

TWO PERSONS labored to a vain and studied to an unprofitable end; he who hoarded wealth and did not spend it, and he who acquired science and did not practise it. However much thou art read in theory, if thou hast no practise thou art ignorant. He is neither a sage philosopher nor an acute divine, but a beast of burden with a load of books. A kingdom is embellished by the wise, and religion rendered illustrious by the pious. Kings stand more in need of the company of the intelligent than the intelligent do of the society of kings.—*The Gulistan*

ALADDIN

by LOWELL

WHEN I was a beggar boy,
 And lived in a cellar damp,
 I had not a friend or a toy,
 But I had Aladdin's lamp;
 When I could not sleep for cold,
 I had fire enough in my brain,
 And builded with roofs of gold,
 My beautiful castles in Spain.
 Since then I have toiled day and night,
 I have money and power and good store,
 But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
 For the one that is mine no more.
 Take, Fortune, whatever you choose—
 You gave, and may snatch again;
 I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
 For I own no more castles in Spain.

Question

Why is Theosophy better than any other religion?

Answer

(1) For the simple reason that a whole is better than a part, and that pure gold is better than alloy. It is in no wise at variance with any other religion as at first taught, though it is a more full and comprehensive statement of truth than has been given at any previous time.

One of the missions of Theosophy is to show the absurdity of the idea that there can be in reality many religions. Sometimes the truth has been emphasized in one way, sometimes in another, but no one expression of truth, or, as it is called, no one religion, can ever detract from the light of another, but must of necessity add to it. Every message which has ever been given to men supplements and illumines every other.

When Theosophy came, the various religions had in men's minds grown further and further apart. There was little thought of uniting them. And what was more sad, every religion was in the process of burying itself under a brush-heap of man-made theories. The time had come when it was necessary to clear these away and rescue religion and amalgamate religions. Theosophy never has had the idea of wiping out or supplanting any religion, but of clarifying it and so making it, not only shine more brightly in itself, but also, by throwing on it the light of all the other religions, multiplying its brilliancy a thousand fold.

Another mission of Theosophy is to extend the scope of religious influence. Through this very illumination I have been speaking of, it is causing to be made plain the absurdity of reserving one day a week for religious forms, under the delusion that that is religion, while the rest of life is regarded as something different and separate. It is changing the whole color of life by awakening a conception of its purpose, and when it has accomplished its mission, and cleared away the rubbish which is no integral part of any religion, each will step forward and say of Theosophy "That is myself."

G. V. P.

(2) The question is such as would arise in the mind of one to whom some particular creed appeals, and where form of belief is considered to be the essential thing.

Theosophy is not a creed or form of belief which must be accepted by those who would join the ranks of Theosophists; if it were, it would mean that one more sect had been added to the world's already large supply—another line of cleavage instead of a unification—and as such, would, like all other forms of belief, resolve itself into nothing more than an expression of opinion. Nevertheless it is boldly stated that Theosophy is the accumulated knowledge of the ages, and as such must be tried and proven. It is also the essential basis of every form of religion; a basis, however, which has become so encrusted with dogma and doctrine as to be hidden from all but those who really seek to know the truth which underlies them.

If we assume the questioner to be a truth-seeker, he, by the very nature of his search admits the existence of the truth, which, in other words, means the knowledge of all things. As he seeks, he finds portions of it here and there, in religion, in poetry, in literature, in the lives and sayings of noble men and women—truths which stand the test of the needs of his own spiritual nature and his life's experience; and to him, that which

he has found to be true is no longer a matter of belief, it is knowledge.

In like manner Theosophy is claimed, by its custodians and students, to be the truth as a whole; that it stands every test which may be put upon it, whether spiritual, mental, moral or physical; that it is logical, consistent, practical and soul-satisfying; that it solves the mysteries of life, consciousness and death; explains the nature of man and the universe; restores to mankind its birthright of divinity, and shows man's possibilities as a consciously active, immortal part of the great scheme of universal progress. It further shows the universe to be guided by divine law, law which ever tends to restore disturbed equilibrium, and which is the law of unerring justice and divine compassion.

All this is claimed for it by those who have tested it in their own lives and experience, and in the lives of men and nations. Yet they do not offer it as a form of belief, nor do they wish it to be accepted upon their statement nor upon the statement of any being whatever; to them it is an established fact which only needs verification at the hands of the one who would know it.

R. C.

(3) Religion has to do with the deepest, strongest feelings of the human heart, those with relation to the universe, to God and to the duty of man. The best and most inspiring religion must be the truth concerning these matters. Nothing else will satisfy forever the yearnings of the human being who is himself a mirror in little of the great whole, and the object of whose existence is to consciously work in harmony with the universe, under the laws governing its life and his. That religion which is the truth about God, the universe, man, his destiny and duty, that religion through which is revealed the law of life, is the best. All other religions fall short in that they give only a part of the truth, and that part in so veiled and obscure a way that they do not persist in appealing to the hearts of men. From time to time a well-spring from the source is needed to reveal the spirit of all the religions known to man. This source is divine wisdom—Theosophy—which cannot in justice be compared to other religions because it underlies them all. Through Theosophy alone can be obtained absolute knowledge of what the universe is, how it was formed, man's place therein, and the grandeur and responsibility of the human part in the life drama of the whole.

M. M. T.

Mr. Watson's Poems

MR. WILLIAM WATSON has issued something of a counterblast to the numerous poems of recent years which have done so much to intensify war feeling and to inflame human passion. Mr. Watson's poems are unfailingly beautiful because they seem to spring from a deep religious sentiment, a religious sentiment that wishes well to the world. Here are a few stanzas which deserve to live "till the war drums throb no longer, and the battle flags are furled:"

Here, while the tide of conquest rolls
 Against the distant golden shore,
 The starved and stunted human souls
 Are with us more and more.

Vain is your Science, vain your Art,
 Your triumphs and your glories vain,
 To feed the hunger of their heart
 And famine of their brain.

Your savage deserts howling near,
 Your wastes of ignorance, vice and shame,—
 Is there no room for victories here,
 No field for deeds of fame?

Arise and conquer while ye can
 The foe that in your midst resides,
 And build within the mind of Man
 The Empire that abides.

Confucian Analects

CHUNG-KUNG asked about perfect virtue.

The master said: "It is, when you go abroad, to behave to every one as if you were receiving a great guest; to employ the people as if you were assisting at a great sacrifice; not to do to others as you would not wish done to yourself; to have no murmuring against you in the country, and none in the family."

Chung-Kung said: "Though I am deficient in intelligence and vigor, I will make it my business to practise this lesson."—Page 63, Part I, Chapter 11

"To Live Fully"

A CALIFORNIA paper, which prints at the foot of one of its columns a little quoted sermon every day, the other morning had this:

The thought of getting safely out of the world has no part in the life of an enlightened man. To live fully while he is here is his problem.

Very good; but what is "to live fully"? One wants to know whose mouth utters those sentences, for similar ones have often been used to apply to lives of calculated sensuality. To "live fully" at any particular moment is to have the intensest consciousness of life. And there are ways of having this which are drafts upon the capital of life. Every form of sensualism is such a draft. The young man's process of "sowing his wild oats" is a succession of these drafts. And the result is likely to be a sterile, senile and semi-conscious old age. A man cannot kill his life, but he can nearly kill his consciousness of it. He can also increase his consciousness of it in such ways as are additions to capital instead of drafts upon it. The problem then is how to spend life so that the consciousness of life broadens on into old age, up to death, and through it.

We want plenty of time in which to do this, so health should be preserved and cared for. And the pleasure got out of "sowing wild oats" can be got by doing things that increase health instead of injuring it—sports and recreations that add to vitality. These have no reaction, and consciousness is clearer for them the next day. As fast as you get energy make more with it. The principle applies to reading. We can read a newspaper so as to increase mental vitality or squander it. One column has an account of a murder. Why read it? We get a set of mental pictures that will assuredly come again when we do not want them—in fever or old age. And they are pictures that have in them something of the quality of jar or shock; they actually take from vitality. In another column is an account of a discovery in science; and in another is recorded some change in the great international relations that are slowly making and unmaking empires. Both are tonic to the mind, widen thought, give mental vitality. Both are prophylactics against senility.

The same rule applies all along. Shall you go to see a prize-fight or to a symphony performance?

The rule is to be worked in doing of duties. Done perfunctorily, they are exhausting vitality in every direction. Done because they are duty, done with the feeling of oneself as *commander* of unwilling mind and body, they become tonic. They may exhaust the body and mind; they may even be almost killing; but done in that spirit they are actually adding to the vitality of that part of the nature which death cannot touch.

It applies to the field of life into which the conceptions of duty do not so much enter, the hours of spare time. What is to be done with these? We owe a debt to bodily health that should be paid. We owe one to our own higher nature, partly to be discharged by proper reading, thought, music and activities called spiritual. But there should be activities in which humanity is concerned, the advocacy of some great cause, the service of the state or the city, done in the largest, least local and most unselfish spirit. All these things greatly feed the inner vitality. They will build up that sort of consciousness which old age and death cannot touch.

Whoever has seen many deaths will have seen something of the working of the inner consciousness. The body may be semi-conscious, dazed and muttering. The patient knows nothing of what is going on in the room. If he is spoken to he returns with effort, unwillingly. He is in an inner world which death is not touching. His foothold and freedom and action there must now be in accordance with the use he has made of life, with his conservation of his spiritual, inner vitality during life. Has he followed that guide, nourished his deeper nature, fastened his attention upon the great currents that run in human life, and ever expanded himself by unselfish work; or has he lived a little personal, local, pleasure-seeking life that had no points of contact with anything high and permanent?

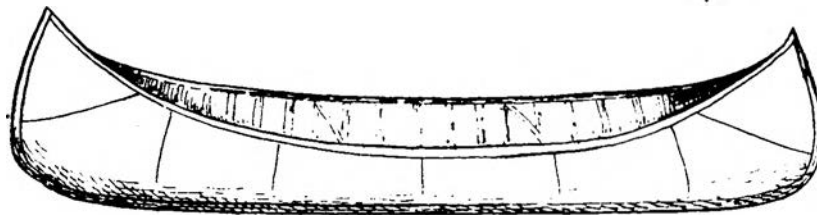
At every moment, we are offered the choice between the more enduring and the greater, to which to attach our minds—or the transient, and the little; which shall it be?

K.

An Indian Writes About Canoes

THIS sort of boat, which is said by many books to be especially the one used by Indians, is the most beautiful shape of all boats. The ribs are made of fine cedar, which is strong and light, and over the frame of ribs is sewed with roots many large sheets of birch-bark, and the seams are made tight with much pitch and balsam gum. These things are told in the *Song of Hiawatha*, how he built a very fine canoe. When one is floating empty, it seems to not sink in at all, because it is so light that a canoe in which five men can ride does not weigh any more than half as much as one man. The smooth bottom makes it very easy to tip over when empty, and for one man to manage it then is very hard to do, may be as hard as to ride on a bicycle, may be more so. Like all the sorts of Indians' boats it is made to go by a paddle, the man sitting in the stern, or if there are two men one of them sits in each end, but they both paddle on the left side most of the time, steering the canoe by twisting the blade of the paddle as it strikes or leaves the water. Indians never use oars as white men do, because they are too clumsy and one

cannot see to know what is before him or where he is going. The canoe is to be best used in narrow, crooked little rivers where the banks are bushy and there would be no room for oars such as white men use. It is in those parts of America toward the sunrise that the canoe is much used, because there are so many small streams



THE BIRCH-BARK CANOE

and lakes. Such a light boat is easy to carry from a lake into another one and in many places this is often done. Such a place where boats and their loads are carried, is called a portage, and the trails at those places are very wide and deeply trodden.

There are many lakes west of the Great Lakes, where the great ices left many hills, and there the canoe is also used. In the State of Minnesota, where the falls of Minnehaha are, one-fifteenth part of the surface is water. But further toward the sunset there are no lakes and the streams are too large and swift for canoes, so those Indians use different sorts of boats which they call one sort "bullboat" and another sort "dugout," but they are very much more clumsy than a canoe, which is very beautiful and light.

HY-AS LE-LOÓ EÉ-NA

Mohammedanism

A REPRESENTATIVE of the *Daily News* has interviewed a Mohammedan professor on the subject of his religion, and the result is not altogether without its lesson. The professor spoke as an avowed and unashamed adherent to his own faith, as every man should do, and sincerity is always pleasant to witness. He says:

There is one thing in Mohammedanism which you don't find in other religions. It is a reality; it is a motive power. With you Christians religion is merely a name. I have not met one in a hundred who really believes what he says! But we really believe in our religion, and act up to it. Every Mohammedan prays five times a day. Whether it be in a railway train or on shipboard, he is not ashamed of his God. I think one of the reasons why *Christian ministers are so against us is because we are so earnest in our religion that they have little success with us.*

Recent events have furnished more than one illustration of the intensity of belief which characterizes the Mohammedan. Those who were in Pekin during the recent fighting are not likely to forget the spectacle of a Mohammedan regiment offering up prayers at the appointed hour while exposed to a hot fire. A hardly less striking scene was witnessed in London, where a large body of Mohammedan soldiers betook themselves quietly to their devotions in the presence of a vast crowd of sight-seers. The London crowd was astonished and a little awed at such a proceeding on the part of these fierce warriors, and the warriors themselves were astonished that the simple duties of religion should excite comment from any one. It may be that London received a lesson that day in Christianity, which was more efficacious than many sermons, and that the Indian soldiers taught a lesson in sincerity, without which no faith can have any weight whatever in the world.

STUDENT

SKEPTICS are generally ready to believe anything, provided it is only sufficiently improbable; it is at matters of fact that such people stumble.—*Von Knebel*

The Raja Yoga Edition

THE Special Raja Yoga Edition of THE NEW CENTURY contains 122 beautiful half-tone illustrations of school-life, home-life, and out-door-life among the pupils of the Raja Yoga School at Loma-land. It is the most richly illustrated edition of a weekly journal ever published. By letterpress as well as by its matchless collection of beautiful pictures it faithfully depicts every phase of life in the Raja Yoga School.

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NOV	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
9	29.826	66	50	58	56	.00	calm	calm
10	29.774	68	51	58	56	.00	SE	gentle
11	29.842	66	51	58	56	.00	NE	5
12	29.762	66	52	56	55	.00	E	5
13	29.800	66	53	59	58	.00	E	3
14	29.930	66	57	59	59	.00	E	4
15	29.946	65	53	56	56	.00	E	7

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

The Religion of Reason

To love justice, to long for the right, to have mercy, to pity the suffering, to assist the weak, to forget wrongs and remember benefits; to love the truth, to be sincere, to utter honest words, to love liberty and wage relentless war against slavery in all its forms, to love wife and child and friend, to make a happy home, to love the beautiful in art, in nature; to cultivate the mind, to be familiar with mighty thoughts that genius has expressed, the noble deeds of all the world; to cultivate courage and cheerfulness, to make others happy, to fill life with a splendor of generous acts, the warmth of loving words; to discard error, to destroy prejudice, to receive new truths with gladness; to cultivate hope, to see the calm beyond the storm and dawn beyond the night, to do the best that can be done and then be resigned—this is the religion of reason, the creed of science. This satisfies the brain and heart.—*Ingersoll*

Quite Remarkable

An excited orator, discussing at some length on what he considered to be the principles of his opponents, finally wound up with this astounding and sweeping assertion: "Believe me, friends," said he, "if it were possible to place these men on an uninhabited island, where human foot had never trod, it wouldn't be five minutes before they had their hands in the pockets of the naked savages."

At a dinner party the Archbishop of Canterbury was much more bored than edified by a young lady who told him a long story of her aunt's escape from a railway accident. "Owing to a block at the corner of Park Lane, my lord, she just missed the train at Victoria which was wrecked at Croydon. Wasn't it providential?" "Can't say," snapped the Primate in his grating voice, "didn't know your aunt."

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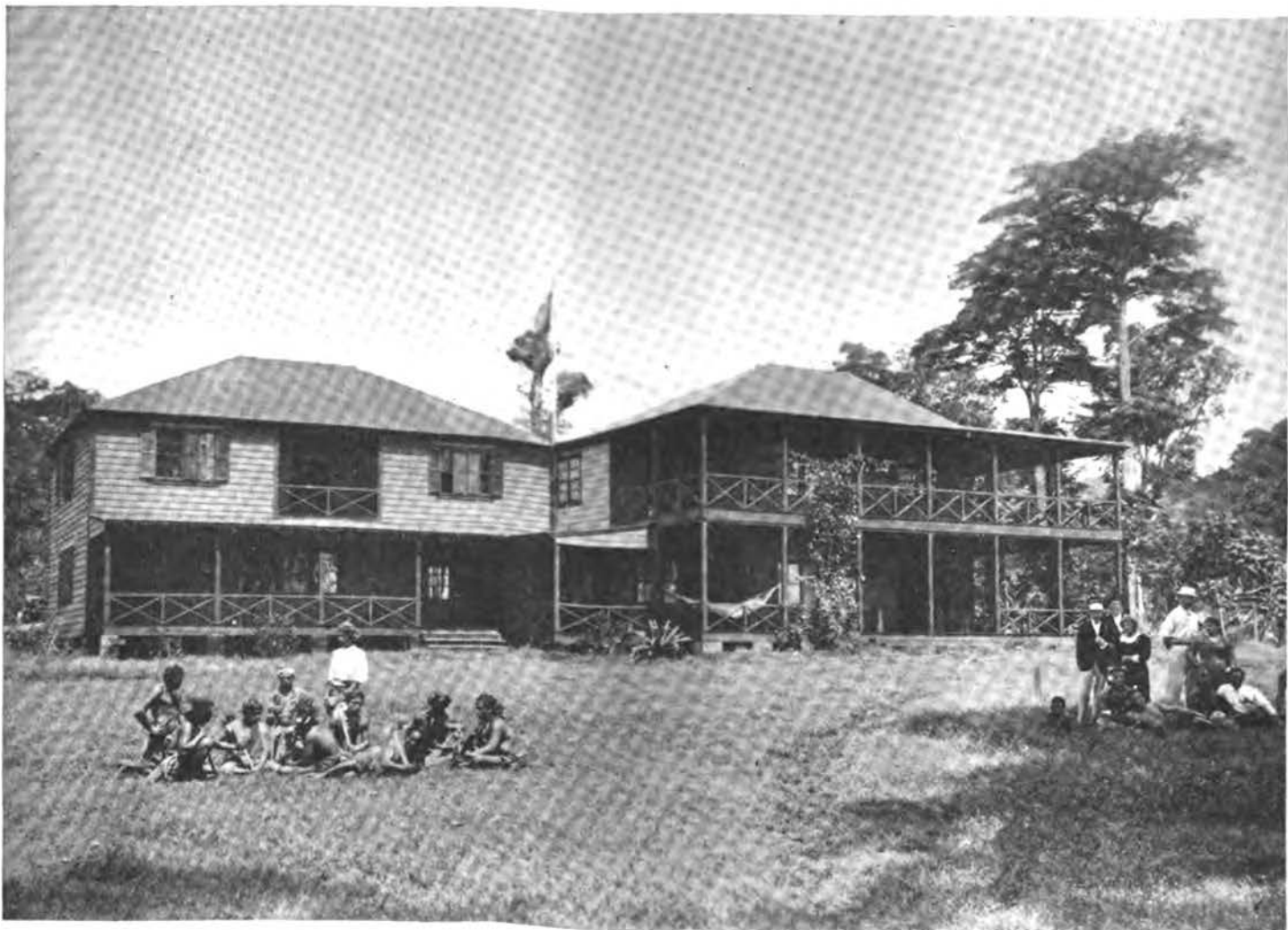
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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Have We a Worthy Ideal?
Brotherhood the Only Civilization
A New Baptist Church
Truth, Light and Liberation
Story of Columbus
Right Use of Medicine
Where Stevenson Lived—illustrated

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

The Law of Suicide
Christianity and Drunkenness
Unightly Buildings
Increase of Temperance in
the Navy
Indictment of Social System
Cause of Much Skepticism

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Robert Schumann—illustrated

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Madame Schumann—illustrated
A Woman Honored
Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch
—illustrated
From Browning's "Saul" (verse)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

A Prehistoric Fireplace
Assyrian Armchair—illustrated
Discoveries in Egypt
Trouble Rebuilding Campanile
Bell of Chumascach—illustrated

Page 9—NATURE

The Fig Tree
—illustrated
Bouquet for Breakfast
Mystery of a Chirrup

Pages 10 & 11—U. S. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Going Out of Crusaders
Homer as an Historian
Roots of Speech
Hackneyed Quotations
Revival in Georgia

Page 12—FICTION

Good Work Is the True
Prayer

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Ancient Use of Magnet
Scientific Study
Source of Pain
Arguments of Vivisectionists
Theories of Martinique Disaster

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Melrose Abbey—illustrated
Finland's Wrongs
Statue to Poland's Hero
Dreyfus' Counsel at St. Louis
Italy's Rulers in France
To Guard Royal Family
Cruisers to East Africa
No More Chaplains in Navy
Cuba's Sleeping-Car System
Willamette River, Ore. (illustration)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Are Flowers Warriors?
The Old Tree
What Boys Need
A Raja Yoga Student (illustration)
Way to Dreamland (verse)
The Throstle's Nest

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Homely Counsel (verse)
Back to Christ
Corporal Punishment
A Material Hell
Sovereign Poet (verse)
Heaven on Earth
Students' Column

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

At the Piano (verse)
Where Shall Indians Find Refuge?
Basis of Empire
Monument to Servetus

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Have We a Worthy Ideal?

AT a time when advanced civilization is the boast of a large part of the world, it may not be unbecoming to inquire if we have even partially attained to a worthy ideal, if we indeed possess any worthy ideal at all. Some of the best minds of the day are beginning to ask themselves whether civilization as we know it is an advance or a retrogression, whether it does not entail a misery altogether incommensurate with its benefits, whether an external evolution can be anything else but a calamity, unless it be accompanied by an internal or ethical unfolding.

Civilization is defined by Emerson as the result of highly complex or-

ganization. May we not somewhat expand this definition by saying that true civilization is the *harmonious* result of highly complex organization? Because it is a complex organization, because it is so intricate a machine, a true civilization needs a peculiarly fine adjustment of its parts, of its human units. That fine adjustment, that admirable lubrication which no constitution nor legal supervision can give to it, is the finer moral sense without which civilization is a failure. The civilization of today is largely a failure because it possesses intricacy without moral adjustment, because it possesses complexity without fraternity.

Brotherhood the Only Civilization

Humanity is indeed at the parting of the ways. There are divine laws which we cannot abolish by our denials or repeal by our revolts. By these laws we have arisen from barbarism, and by those same laws we must return to barbarism, unless by fraternity we can make our civilization permanent. Every nation has its patriots whose sentiments are too often heard rather than felt, but how many are there in the world who recognize that the highest patriotism, indeed the only patriotism, is to lead the brotherly life without which no nation can endure?

Let us read history more and try to understand it better. Let us recognize how often the divine law has raised nations to the very pinnacles of civilization, only to hurl them down again into the dark valleys because they could not breathe the pure air upon the mountain top, because they remembered not God nor loved their fellow men. Civilization brings obligations which must be fulfilled, and these obligations are not nebulous fancies nor theologic whims. They reverberate through the hearts of men with a thus saith the Lord, and the only alternative to obedience is national death. There is, perhaps, no acre of ground within the world which has not witnessed the plowing in of civilizations which have failed, the civilizations which have been weighed in the balance and

Search the Records of the Mighty Past

found wanting at the eternal judgment beam of justice. They have failed in spite of a material grandeur greater than we know today, in spite of their science and their art and their armies which shook the earth. Their mighty records are around us and their works, which seem to defy the very hand of time itself, were the evidences against them, the proof of the greatness of the opportunities which were theirs and which they lost.

If one today were to arise from the dead, even the greatest of the mighty ones, and were to walk through our civilization he would have no new message to give to the world, no new revelation of the mysteries of God. Such an one would say to the fevered masses of men, the nations of the world, choose now this day whom ye will serve, the eternal law of brotherhood, mighty to save and to destroy, or the self-love, which is already a blight within your hearts, and which must at the end be a desolation and the maker of waste places upon the earth. STUDENT

A New Baptist Church

THE Baptist denomination of one of our western cities is to build a new church. It will be a "great office block and a house of worship combined," and it will probably cost nearly a million dollars. It seems that it is possible to worship both God and mammon in spite of high authority to the contrary, but the candor with which the combination is announced is refreshing and surprising.

The main feature of the "great office block and house of worship combined" will be the baptismal pool, which will, we assume, be attached to the latter half of the combination. It will be a scenic reproduction of the River Jordan, and the convert will be led to the water by elders in Biblical costume, who will repeat passages from the Scriptures. The scene will be "as realistic as possible, without being spectacular"; smart, but not gaudy. In addition to the "house of worship" and the offices, the building will contain stores, cafes and roof gardens. It will, in fact, be a bond of union between heaven and earth, and, as a going concern, it will pay 6 per cent on the capital outlay.

The study of the human mind is as bewildering as it is fascinating. A belief in high motive is a part of our philosophy, and we must therefore accept the existence of an order of mind which believes that it is rendering a service to religion by such frivolous prodigality as this. But we do not understand it. STUDENT

"**T**RUTH, Light and Liberation for Discouraged Humanity!" Perhaps no thought is

commoner in men's minds than this. It is probable that no words appeal more to men than these; but how? Many think that the thoughts therein expressed are the fruit of unwholesome nocturnal lucubrations; that Humanity is by no means discouraged, and they indicate, with perhaps a pardonable pride, the really extraordinary achievements along material lines of our later Aryan peoples.

Many, on the other hand, take another view of men and their works, and deplore these very achievements, demonstrating with labored argument, supported by innumerable individual "proofs," the complete rottenness of our civilization.

In point of fact, however, what are "Truth, Light and Liberation?" Are these subject to definition? Are they to be found and applied to the social evils of the day? If they be but a vain figment of man's imagination it is a sad irony on the lessons the ages have left us. It was the Prussian philosopher Kant, who said that the only thing which to him proved indubitably the existence of the human soul, was the dwelling in man of the moral sense, that power to distinguish between what is right and what is not right. Light and Liberation are the children of Truth, which is the essence of Law, and in proportion as man strives to inform the soul within him with the reality of it, do his fellows realize what Light and Liberation are. For these last are of such peculiar kind that it is by reflection we see them, not directly. An honest man is not merely "God's noblest work," but he is his fellows' savior.

The Humanity of the day is discouraged without knowing it, and in that fact may not its greatest danger lie? The man in the street pursues his daily duties, or his wrong, in a very indefinite sort of way. He feels that something is not as it should be, but seeing no way to remedy the trouble he feels, but does not recognize, he allows himself in the main to fall into a state of moral languor. Take an example from the nation, which perhaps more than any other, in later times, has espoused the cause of human advancement and well-being.

The modern Frenchman is surrounded with an atmosphere in which the spirit of the Revolution is yet alive. He sees written and smeared on nearly every public building in the country, three words, which some few score of years ago ran from mouth to mouth and aroused all France from end to end: "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!" Liberty, Equality, Fraternity! "Oh, Liberty! How many crimes are committed in thy name!" Yet this Frenchman, taken as from a class, is really the type of the modern cynic. Those who know, say that at no time has France been in so critical a condition as now, as regards its vitality as a people. Religious feeling has become partially extinct, or is but the handmaid of a ruthless fanaticism. Brittany may exemplify the latter, Paris the former. France today is expectant of something, it knows not yet what, and the French people are drifting with the tide most hopelessly. This country sees and feels one thing, however, that its government is striving mightily to stem the tide of national decay, and that its task is not an easy one.

The minds of men today are in an inchoate state; prophets in Israel are many, and, in the conflicting opinions of the time, one is obsessed

Truth Light and Liberation

with a sense of moral incertitude as to what ought to be done, and what should be left undone. Governments pro-

tect the powerful; the doors of the churches are closing to the masses; anarchy, with its brilliantly false and illusive ideals, is misleading many; and deceit, subterfuge and menace, with the "mailed fist" form the diplomacy of the age, by which we settle questions both among ourselves and with those weaker than we.

Are not these signs of a discouragement? Are they significant of peoples confident in themselves, in destiny, and in right as might? What, indeed, must be the aftermath of it all? Has our civilization led us to nothing better than moral decrepitude and spiritual weakness? It is no wonder that men turn with relief to the traditions of a time when peace and concord reigned over all the earth; when men were of one speech, one family and one universal natural religion; when divine knowledge was had not by revelation, but by direct inspiration, and by walking with the gods? Paris has today twenty thousand fervent Buddhists; Europe and America own untold thousands of men who are seeking light and spiritual and intellectual liberation wherever it may be found; untold thousands, again, seek it no more, but, in complete mental misery, enter by their own will the valleys of despair.

From the land shadowed with wings, from the mystic past of an unknown race, come to us moderns rays of no uncertain quality. Before the days when Manu Vina left the plains of Punjab with his thinned host, to settle in the valley of the Nile, to build up the civilization of which our knowledge is yet but incipient, Egypt, a puissant and matured colony from the lands in the west, lived a national life of which greatness was the lesser part. Arts, sciences and literature flourished, under the direct guidance of the Kings Initiate of that far-away day, and beauty, peace and strength were studied and particularized in the life of the people. From archaic Egypt spread to Europe, to certain parts of Asia, and elsewhere, everything that is beautiful and useful, which through the marching ages have come down to us. It is probable that wars in those times were wars of civilization, not of conquest; for Egyptian civilization had then that innate and peculiar power in itself which was welcomed by all peoples not savage, as an uplifting and refining force.

Initiates were sent as messengers and instructors to the four quarters of the globe, and carried with them the learning and mystery-knowledge of the sacred colleges. Have thoughtful men never asked themselves seriously why it is that a similarity of religious and philosophic thought, so great as to amount to almost oneness in primaries, should be now found in all countries of the earth, and why this similarity should be most observable in places the most distant one from the other?

Hence the question: will not our present chaotic civilization one day unify these scattered elements of one common truth, one common tongue and one common thought; will they not be gathered together to form an Universal Religion of humanity, wherefrom shall flee incertitude and despair? That it will come, that it cannot fail to come, is the firm belief and hope of many.

In that day, there will be no discouraged humanity, for truth, light and liberation shall reign in the hearts of mankind. STUDENT

The Story of Columbus

MR. HENRY VIGNAUD, Secretary to the American Embassy at Paris, has long been known for his researches into the history of the discovery of America. Mr. Vignaud believes that in a short time he will be able to prove conclusively that Columbus was not an Italian but a Greek, and that he was associated with the Columbi, or Greek rovers, who fought a battle with the merchant navy of Venice off Cadiz, toward the end of the Fifteenth century.

These statements have attracted much attention in Paris, and a number of French investigators are preparing to make a minute examination of the Greek archives, which have never yet been fully explored. The story that Columbus was the son of a Genoa wool-comber has been entirely disproved, and may be left out of account, but with the true story of his birth and parentage Mr. Henry Vignaud hopes soon to be able to furnish us. STUDENT

The Right Use of Medicine

THE selfish and groveling ideals that have such large sway must inevitably lead to disease and poverty and violence, however much these effects may be staved off for a time. The proper use of medicine is for people who are striving to reform and elevate their whole nature and who thereby earn and deserve the assistance of medical science. On all others the arts of medicine are wasted, because they are all the while undoing with their minds what is done by the medicine.

Where Stevenson Lived

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week represents the home of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, Vailima, Samoa, and is of special interest, as including, in the foreground, the figure of the great writer himself, whose death the world is likely long to lament.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Law of the Increase of Suicide

IT is not easy to understand the laws which govern the prevalence of suicide in particular localities. Why, for instance, should Lisbon and Madrid have the lowest suicide rate of any large European city and why should Dresden have the highest? Lisbon and Madrid have only two and three suicides annually per one hundred thousand of population, while the rate for Dresden is fifty-one per one hundred thousand.

The suicide rate in American cities still compares favorably with that of most European cities. London has a suicide rate of twenty-three per hundred thousand while the New York rate is twenty-two. The New York suicide rate has, however, increased from fourteen to twenty-two within the last ten years, which is a frightfully rapid advance.

It is almost entirely in the large cities that this increase is to be noted. Thus the suicide rate for Paris is forty-two while for the whole of France it is only twenty-two and a half. This is, of course, in no way surprising when we consider the circumstances and conditions of life in big cities. It is in cities that the struggle for life is most severe and that the separation from nature is most complete, and it is in cities that the mind-destroying influence of hypnotism and drug-taking are most rampant. It is easy to see that we are approaching a point where the problem of suicide will become one of national preservation. As we have previously pointed out, the number of those who actually take their own lives is but a small part of the mischief. The real tragedy is the far greater number who are brought within the sphere of despair which sometimes culminates in self-destruction.

STUDENT

Christianity and Drunkenness

A LADY who is well known for her strenuous efforts to promote the cause of temperance in India, writes a remarkable letter to a contemporary. It consists of a few lines only but it constitutes an indictment which will probably be unnoticed because it is unanswerable. She says that the drink habit which has been introduced among the three hundred millions in India proves an "appalling hindrance" to the spread of religion. The natives consider that "Christian" and "drunkard" are synonymous terms, and she states that a gentleman walking through the streets of a great Indian city overheard two little native children at play. One of them said, "Let's play at being Christians." Curious to see what form this play would take, the gentleman watched. The children "reeled to and fro, fell down, etc., imitating the drunkard."

The heart of the lady who indicts this letter is in the right place. The more the pity that she allows herself to be creed psychologized into calling India "the land of idolatry." But perhaps she means the idolatry of alcohol, the western Juggernaut, whose cult has been introduced by western civilization into lands which never knew it, and which has been a greater blight upon human hopes and aspirations than Kali of the "heathen."

Unightly Buildings & the Law

EUROPE is not yet so effete that she has no lessons to teach, even to the newest of new worlds. Paris, for example, allows no new buildings to be erected until the plans have first been submitted to an official architect, whose duty it is to say whether the building in question will detract from the beauty of the neighborhood. If it will so detract, then it is an offense against the higher usefulness and must not be tolerated. This is one of the points from which we may learn a lesson not only of beauty, but of human freedom. The man who erects an unsightly edifice is infringing upon the natural rights and liberty of his neighbor to nearly as great an extent as the man who possesses a disorderly back yard. They are both of them public nuisances and should be dealt with. We suppress unhealthy odors, or profess to do so, and why should we not also suppress unseemly sights? Why should the nostrils be protected by law and not the eyes? When we recognize the larger liberty we shall do as Paris does, and we shall refuse to allow individuals to inflict their uglinesses upon an unwilling community.

X.

Increase of Temperance in the Navy

ADMIRAL COTTON, of the *Kearsage*, who created for himself a permanent esteem and affection during his recent short visit to English waters, has written to an English correspondent on the subject of the personnel of the American navy. Among much that is of interest, he says:

The qualifications for men who enlist in our service today are high, physically, mentally and morally. We aim to secure men of good average ability, but many have excellent abilities; and no one of known bad character, especially as to the intemperate use of spirits, is enlisted; but if occasionally such succeed in getting by the recruiting officer, and if afterwards they show no sign of reform or improvement, they are discharged as incorrigible and undesirable.

To the men serving in our navy today the spirits ration is a dim tradition; they do not expect it, the temptation to tipple is not placed in their way, and those who have not already, before enlistment, formed the habit of drinking, do not have the opportunity to acquire it on board our ships of war. The abolition of spirits from our navy was a distinct advance in the right direction, and there is no doubt that we are reaping the benefit of it today. I can conceive of no conditions under which the reestablishment of the spirits ration in our service could be advocated; and I speak from personal knowledge and experience, as my period of service covers both its use and its non-use.

Much has been done in recent years to mitigate the horrors of warfare and Geneva conventions and the like deserve the gratitude of mankind. It has, however, yet to be realized that the individual characters of soldiers and sailors, is a great factor in aggravating or minimizing the miseries of warfare. To raise the ethical standard of navy and army is a work worthy of all recognition and aid.

STUDENT

Indictment of the Social System

FOR a compressed indictment of a social system we commend to our readers a four-lined paragraph in an English contemporary. From this paragraph it appears that an inquest has recently been held on the body of a woman, aged 62 years. This woman began to be a criminal at the age of 12, and from that time until the day of her death she spent her whole life in prison with the exception of eight years.

Only these bare facts are recorded, but they are enough. All the learning, the resources and the power of civilization were inadequate to deal with this one woman except by an almost constant imprisonment, and it is hard to imagine any worse use to which a human being could be put. What was the cost to the community of this one criminal, the cost in hard cash, which is the only argument we seem able to understand? It may be that there is another law in nature than the human law and another code than that of our courts of justice, and that before that other tribunal this wrecked life may speak with a terrible eloquence of accusation. X.

The Cause of Much Skepticism

THE problem of Sunday-school teaching is receiving some little of the attention which it deserves. There can be little doubt that much of the skepticism of the present generation is due to the religious teaching which it received in its youth, a religious teaching which is still being imparted in too many directions.

The authorities of our Sunday-schools make a very general mistake in failing to recognize that the children whose minds are now so passive to their instruction will one day bring all the critical faculties of adult minds to bear upon those teachings. A Sunday-school scholar once defined faith as the power to believe what you know is not true. So strong is the imagination of some children, that they really acquire this faculty of believing what they know is untrue, or they are psychologized into its semblance, but it is a power which rarely accompanies them into life. The critical faculties become intellectualized and then there is a vague sense of contemptuous indignation at the fairy tale follies which were given to them as sacred truth. Some minds are strong enough to break their way into the light, but the greater number simply exclude religion from their lives as something associated with narrow superstition and the credulity of mistaught childhood.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Robert Schumann

A rosy light is dawning in the sky; whence it cometh I know not; but in any case, O, youth, make for the light.—ROBERT SCHUMANN

"If everybody read Jean Paul," Schumann once wrote, "they would be better natured, but they would be unhappier; he has often brought me to the verge of desperation, still the rainbow of peace bends serenely above all the tears and the soul is wonderfully lifted up and tenderly glorified."

The child who pored over the works of Jean Paul, fascinated, when he could hardly read their meandering words and their still more meandering sentences; the child who loved Bach and who, when picking out his music on the old clavier, could not keep back the tears—is it strange that such a child should compose music at the age of seven, and should more than realize every prophetic dream?

The ordinary details given in the stereotyped biography are of slight interest compared with that subtler and but seldom read glyph which the soul writes upon the personal life. Whether Schumann studied music in Leipzig or Patagonia is of less value to those who love humanity than the facts that betray his real relationship with his fellow men. The fact that he studied in Heidelberg University is of some importance, to be sure, but of greater importance is the fact that his student life was pure, an example in unselfishness and self-control. The students' club seemed to him coarse and shallow, so he resigned, and his innate purity shielded him from the moral degradation that is so frequently concomitant with student life in Germany. Had this not been the case would the beautiful comradeship that later crowned his life, been even a possibility? Never! What insight do we gain from the simple fact about this law-student, as he then called himself, studying law, his compeers tell us, by practising the piano seven hours a day!

A well-defined human interest was characteristic of Schumann. When but a lad, he aroused a few student friends to protest against the existing state of music.

Weber, Beethoven and Schubert had died, and Mendelssohn was but beginning to be known. The public loudly applauded what was bad and unmusical. The musical criticism of the day was nicknamed by Schumann *bonig-pinselei*—"smearing with honey!" The result of this student protest was a publication *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. Under various pen-names Schumann became a contributor, and for some years edited the publication, heart and soul working together to lift the musical thought of his day, and the pent-up poetry of his soul poured itself out in these essays and critiques, as later, in musical composition. Says his biographer, "His soul was entirely too noble and his ideal aims too high to have any purpose in view but the advancement of art." In 1836 Schumann wrote to Moscheles:

If you only knew how I feel, as though I had reached but the lowest bough of the tree of heaven, and could hear overhead, in hours of sacred loneliness, songs, some of which I may yet reveal to those I love!

The words were prophetic. Four years later he became the husband of Clara Wieck and, as impelled by the soul itself, he suddenly threw himself into vocal composition, a new and untried field. Critics agree



ROBERT SCHUMANN

that that year was the most remarkable of Schumann's musical life. He wrote more than one hundred songs, perfecting the form of the song with pianoforte accompaniment. The twelve songs from Rückert's *Liebesfrühling* (op. 37), were written by Clara and Robert Schumann together. Then, his heart having expressed itself in this rare outflowing of joy and long pent-up love, he went back to instrumental composition:

When we look through the words of his songs, it is clear that here more than anywhere, love was the prompter, love that had endured so long a struggle and had at last attained the goal of its desires.

Whether this be true, the fact remains that Schumann's work blossomed into an unforeseen richness and recorded a mighty advance after his marriage, which was so ideally blessed.

It was Schumann who, in his writings, first proclaimed Brahms as the one whose vocation it would be "to utter the highest ideal expression of our time"—Brahms, then young, poor and wholly unknown.

For nine years he had been wholly absorbed in musical composition and during that period had written nothing. As incapable of jealousy as he was of selfishness, Schumann could not remain silent while such a musician as

Brahms was unrecognized. In an article published in the *Zeitschrift* he speaks of Brahms not as

A youth or beginner, but welcomes him into the circle of masters as a fully equipped combatant. When before or since did an artist find such words of praise for one of his fellows? It is as though, having already given so many noble proofs of sympathetic appreciation, Schumann could not leave the world without once more, after his long silence, indelibly stamping the image of his pure, lofty and unenvious artist-nature on the hearts of his fellow-men.

A. V.

THE voice carries with it the synthetic expression of the singer's entire being as it stands, the result of his own past. Consequently, the more one has suffered or enjoyed the better will one be able to give rise to similar impressions in others. You remember Shelley's words, "They learn in suffering what they teach in song," a one-sided expression of a great truth. If a man has had a wide experience in suffering it is stored up within him, and unconsciously to himself, both in speaking and in singing, he expresses his unwritten past and so evokes a corresponding sentiment in those present who have also suffered. A superficial or unformed character will unmistakably reveal itself in this way. Good music always brings us in closer touch with the ideal.

E. A. NERESHEIMER

AND what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?

Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear,
The rest may reason and welcome. 'Tis we musicians know.

—Browning

TO MAKE a home out of a household, given the raw materials—to wit: wife, children, a friend or two, and a home—two other things are necessary. These are a good fire and good music. And inasmuch as we can do without the fire for half the year, I may say music is the one essential. Late explorers say they have found some natives that have no God; but I have not read of any that had no music. Music means harmony, harmony means love, love means—God!—*Sidney Lanier*

How music, that stirs all one's devout emotions, blends everything into harmony, makes one feel part of one whole which one loves all alike, losing the sense of a separate self.—*George Eliot*



MUSIC IS LOVE IN SEARCH OF A WORD

— Sidney Lanier

DOMESTIC unhappiness has so often characterized the lives of those who have done

most in art and music that it is refreshing to find Clara Schumann's life an exception.

The greatest woman pianist of her day, and a composer of note, Clara Schumann will never be forgotten, yet to those who love the human, the most beautiful phase of her life was her simple and yet perfect comradeship with her husband, Robert Schumann.

Clara Schumann's father was a teacher of music, the noted Herr Wieck, and from him Clara received her training. At nine she made her debut in concert and at eleven gave at the *Gewandhaus* a concert in which she played one of her own compositions. Her career was remarkable and when Schumann, then a shy young lad, his genius undiscovered even by himself, asked Herr Wieck for permission to marry his daughter, this gifted girl who was decorated with medals from a dozen Courts, it was not strange that Wieck refused. To see her settle into the traces as does the ordinary German *hausfrau* was not to be thought of. But Clara and young Schumann loved each other devotedly and after four years of constant struggle on the part of both, all obstacles were surmounted and the marriage took place. Robert Schumann, instead of taking the traditional attitude of German husbands, encouraged his wife in her musical work in every possible way. Musically she stepped into a greater life, and so did he. Year after year she visited the principal cities of Europe, appearing in concert, and her work as a composer was even and excellent if not great.

And what was her husband's reward? Clara Schumann gave her husband's compositions an interpretation so perfect and sympathetic that she everywhere attracted attention, causing public recognition to come to him far earlier than would have otherwise been the case. It was she who first brought his compositions to the notice of the public. It was upon themes of her composition that some of his best works were based. Musically their lives were interblended. And when his health failed, his wife became his nurse and devoted companion.

Neither cared for personal display, musically or otherwise. Both were pure and honest by nature, Madame Schumann, however, being devoid of that extreme sensitiveness and shyness that characterized her husband. Both were strongly domestic in their tastes and were never happier than when in their own home among their children, and each life was richer musically, because of the simple and just comradeship upon which their marriage was based. Says one writer, of Robert Schumann:

He created and wrote for his wife, and in accordance with her temperament; while she looked upon it as her highest privilege to give to the world the most perfect interpretation of his works. The deep joy of his married life produced the direct result of a mighty advance in his artistic progress and his most beautiful works in the larger forms date almost exclusively from that time.

Madame Schumann's repertoire was enormous, ranging from Scarlatti and Bach to Chopin and Brahms. Mendelssohn was her own and her husband's close friend and his music she played with rare feeling. It is believed by some critics, however, that she was greatest in the performance of her husband's compositions. This is not improbable, for though

Madame Schumann

the heart touch was in all she did, she must have been peculiarly sympathetic in interpreting the work of one with

whose life her own was bound by so many ties. Said Taylor:

Madame Schumann's playing evinces great warmth of feeling and a poet's appreciation of absolute beauty, so that nothing ever sounds harsh or ugly in her hands. This is no doubt partly due to the peculiarly beautiful quality of the tone she produces, which is rich and vigorous without the slightest harshness and is obtained, even in the loudest passages, by pressure with the fingers rather than by percussion.

Madame Schumann is to the piano what Joachim is to the violin, the greatest of modern interpreters of purely classical music.

When one sees the wrecked home-lives of so many of our greatest virtuosi and composers the picture of the home life of Clara and Robert Schumann stands out in bold relief. It is worthy of being better known.

Because of their comradeship which was so pure, so unselfish and so just, each was able to do far more than would have been possible otherwise. For true comradeship is an actual creative force on the higher planes of thought and of aspiration. It is not a mere sum in addition, *i. e.*, the ability of one comrade plus the ability of the other. By no means.

It must be written in terms of the ability of one comrade reinforced by all that is best in the other, plus the ability of the other, reinforced by all that is best in the one. And if each grows in beauty and strength of character as the years pass, what will be the resultant? Not even the soul itself could measure or set bounds to it.

JULIA HECHT

IN the "heart touch" is the saving quality that will redeem humanity and bring about Universal Brotherhood.

KATHERINE TINGLEY



CLARA SCHUMANN

This story is told in an Edinburgh paper, as illustrating "a characteristic trait" in the West of Scotland farmer. A dairy farmer who had lost his wife, called to see a Glasgow Bailie on a matter of business.

The Bailie expressed his sympathy with him, and the farmer replied: "Ay, Bailie, the loss of a wife's a sad thing, especially about a place whaur there's sae mony beasts as I hae. But to tell you truth, she was a wee thing licht for my wark onywee."

A Woman Honored

ONE of the diplomas awarded by the international judges at the Paris Exposition of 1900 read "à Monsieur Katherine Evans von Klenner." Evidently the judges did not believe that a woman had carried off such an honor—and an American woman, too—but such was the case. It was the first time that a vocal teacher had been so recognized.

Mme. von Klenner is a woman not only of unusual genius, but of the highest education. A university graduate, music was but part of a course of study which went deeply into psy-

chology, chemistry, astronomy, physics, Latin, Greek, French, Italian and German. But, devoted before all else to her music, Mme. von Klenner finally went to Europe and studied under Mme. Viardot, the daughter of Garcia. She is today a remarkable exponent of the Viardot-Garcia method, of which it is unnecessary to speak, so well is it known.

We are generally too low in our aims, more anxious for safety than sanctity, for place than purity.—George Eliot

Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch

THE following is a reprint of an article upon Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch which appeared in the *Universal Brotherhood Magazine* of May, 1898. Lady Malcolm is not likely to be forgotten, but it may be of interest to recall that she was at that time the only International Representative of the Society named as such by W. Q. Judge and the work she did in that capacity was invaluable to the cause to a greater extent than many are perhaps aware:

You can visit Poltalloch—Lord Malcolm's estate—by journeying to the west of Scotland, a land of mist and heather, of lonely hillside tarn and mountain torrent. The family homestead is a fine old place—a kind of feudal castle where the Malcolms for generations back have lived and died.

That home has been bereft of the sweet presence known as Lady Malcolm, but in many an humble heart she lives—a bright and lasting memory. Lady Malcolm possessed many of the peculiar qualities of the Gael—that mysterious race whose last heritage seems to be a perception of life's infinite pathos, ever lit by the Beauty of the world. We can see her as a child playing on the dimpled beach, pausing to hear what the ocean murmurs to the fairy of the shell, or running races with the wild sea horses who lash their white tails in fury against the resisting rocks. We can see her, when little more than a child, entering Lord Malcolm's ancient home as its youthful mistress, a bride of twenty summers. In imagination we can fill in the future of Lady Malcolm's life story—but this is neither a time or place for such a portrayal; we can best recall the happy memory of a strong, unselfish soul who "did what she could" for the Cause of Brotherhood.

Time, thought and money—all that she had and was, were gladly given to the work. W. Q. Judge has written, "To fail would be nothing, to stop working for humanity would be awful," and so thought Lady Malcolm when the doctors had whispered "We can do nothing more for her," whilst the nurse wet her parched lips with the drink she could not take.

Propped up in bed, her fragile hand scarce able to hold the pen, she wrote letters full of suggestions and plans for the work—cheery letters—no weeping, or saying of farewells—rather a call to arms than a bugle note of retreat. Not till death quietly took hold of that hand, did it relinquish its noble work. Let us look long and earnestly at Lady Malcolm's strong, sweet face; her eyes look to us like one of her own mountain tarns, in whose dark liquid depths the blue of heaven is reflected. At times a light, not born of sea or land, shone rapturously, then passed, leaving them as before, dark and inscrutable, yet withal tenderly compassionate; she was graceful as a fawn, stately and dignified, with that old-world air so seldom seen of late. "A lady every bit of her," simple and unaffected, homely of speech and manner, she won the entire confidence of all who met her.

Lady Malcolm was one of H. P. Blavatsky's pupils at Avenue Road, in London, faithful to her as to her successor—W. Q. Judge. The "Great Sister" has been kept busy since the Theosophical Society was founded. "The useless chaff it drives from out the grain, the refuse from the wheat!" Such a process took place in 1895 at the Convention of the "European Section." Lady Malcolm, although at that time an invalid, attended the Convention, and with many others testified for Brotherhood by withdrawing from that scene of intolerance; it was she who invited all who had thus left, to her house in Cumberland Place, where a new Society was organized which elected W. Q. Judge President for life—thus showing to all the world that Brotherhood was not only a theory but a fact to stand by.

This is now a matter of history, as is also her warm-hearted reception of the Crusaders, who visited London whilst on their tour round the world.

During this time Lady Malcolm threw open her house to receptions, dinners for the press men and social gatherings, joining in all, with an enthusiasm born of loyal zeal for the Cause of Truth and Brotherhood; during these memorable ten days, one of her carriages was set apart for Mrs. Tingley's use. A bond of deep sympathy existed between her and our dear Leader, which needed only the quickening of her presence to fan into an abiding faith and trust. As a proof of this Lady Malcolm bequeathed a considerable sum to the S. R. L. M. A., which she felt was a beacon-light towards which all discouraged souls might look for comfort.

And now let us consider Lady Malcolm's life work, what she accomplished, single-handed and isolated, for the Cause of Brotherhood. Neither an eloquent speaker nor a literary genius—just a quiet unselfish worker, whose heart was a well-spring of Compassion. A mind attuned to the harmonies underlying life's discords—a voice speaking of what it knew in the language of the heart. Such was Lady Malcolm, and through all she said and wrote ran a vein of sparkling humor which brightened the dullest fact, making the darkest outlook seem like a game of hide and seek. She wrote on an average five long letters a day. To use her own words, she wrote "As a soul, a heart, never as a person." North, south, east and west flew these white birds, bearing messages of loving counsel, of hope and abiding faith in the Soul of things. She always strove to awaken in each soul she wrote to a belief in their own divinity, in their own inherent power to conquer and subdue.

I will quote a few sentences from the *Irish Theosophist* of November, 1896, in which Lady Malcolm gives a few "Hints on Theosophical Correspondence:"

"Let your correspondents know that their confidences will be respected. Ever appeal to their better nature; approve, more than blame. Tact and tenderness are necessary; realize to yourself your correspondent's hopes, fears, environment, daily life, before you sit down to write."

Thus she wrote, and thus daily fresh channels were found through which the life-giving currents flowed. To those who were beyond the reach of her pen, she sent books, the writings of those who, having passed through the struggle, turn back to extend a helping hand to those who need it. Such books are earth's priceless treasures. So this wise soul bought countless books and scattered them broadcast through the land—books suited to all ages and conditions. Parcels of these were sent to Lodges and Centers throughout Great Britain, to public libraries and reading-rooms, not to speak of those "isolated members" who were all of them known to and helped by Lady Malcolm.

In the *Theosophical News* of November 23, 1896, we read the following statement:

"The Theosophical Society has lost the visible presence of one of its very best and most devoted workers. Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch died on Monday, October 12th, at 1 A. M., quietly and painlessly, after a three-months illness of terrible pain, borne without murmur or complaint." Shall we mourn for her who has gone? Nay, rather should we rejoice that "the pilgrim" is at rest if only for a little.

This age—this epoch in life's history, needs strong souls—demands them, whether they be powers of good or evil. The host of heaven and hell, of light and darkness confront each other as the iron gates of the Nineteenth century close. Let us raise a song of victory, a full harmonious note of peace and good-will.

A MOVEMENT is on foot which has for its object the opening of the French Academy to women. Among the eminent women who are deemed worthy a place beside the Immortals have been mentioned Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, the Countess Martel, who writes under the pen name of "Gyp," another who is known as "Daniel Lesneur," and Mme. Severine, editor of *La Fronde*.



LADY MALCOLM OF POLTALLOCH

FROM BROWNING'S "SAUL"

COULD I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich.

To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which.

I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!

Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!

So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—

And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no breath. Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!

As thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being beloved! He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.

'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! My flesh, that I seek

In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be A face like thy face that receives thee; a Man like to me. Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever; a Hand like this hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Prehistoric Fireplace in Lost Dog Canyon

SEVENTY miles north of the Nebraska line is a cañon rejoicing in the name of Lost Dog. Down this cañon run various little creeks, discharging into the White River. As the cañon approaches that river it broadens, becoming almost circular. The water is consequently shallow. It has eaten a number of channels for itself, and between these it has left various mounds still standing. The bases of these are, however, partially eaten through, and they are therefore mushroom-shaped in appearance. This action is very slow, and residents say that in fifty years they hardly see any change. The top of the mounds represent what was the original level of the cañon's floor. Evidently it required many, many, centuries to eat away the floor to its present level and leave the somewhat harder mounds standing.

Well buried in the side of one of these, several feet from the top, a fireplace has been found. How old is it? In the first place it is covered by a few inches of black soil.

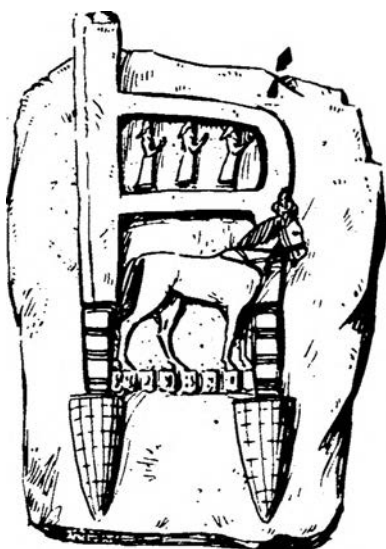
On this is another layer, full of periwinkles, showing that water once stood there. On this are several distinct strata of clay. Therefore, since the fireplace was in use, all these layers have been deposited one after another. And then came the river erosion which has left it all exposed in section. The estimates of the age of the fireplace vary between twenty thousand and fifty thousand years. Our vista backwards of the prehistoric habitation of America is extending rather rapidly. In the middle of the Sixteenth century, Vasquez de Coronado, invading Mexico, heard of a tradition that somewhere far north on the continent was a kingdom of vast wealth, where dishes of gold were on the tables of the nobles, and where the monarchs and their aristocracy sailed the rivers in gold-canopied canoes with twice a score of rowers.

Coronado did not find this pleasing state of things. He only came upon some tribes of Indians, though he journeyed as far as Nebraska. According to the view of ethnology given by Theosophy, that tradition was correct, and the remains of that civilization are yet to be found.

The Indians of the fireplace, of Coronado, and of today, represent the trough between two wave crests of civilization. The second crest is what our own civilization will be when its present baser features shall have disappeared. The value of such finds as that of the fireplace will become more obvious when we begin to see that the line running backwards from them runs also upwards.

STUDENT

THE Egyptian Department of the British Museum has just received an ostrich egg which has been unearthed from the sands of Egypt, and which possesses the curious feature of having been pierced for the purpose of suspension. This remarkably preserved, perhaps prehistoric, egg bears also unmistakable traces of hieroglyphic writing and was doubtless used either as an ornament in the same way as ostrich eggs are used today or as a religious symbol. The latter purpose would seem the most probable, in view of the almost universal use of this symbol.



ASSYRIAN ARMCHAIR OR THRONE

The great excavator of ancient Ninevah, Dr. Layard, found on some of the tablets he unearthed on the site of that famous city "representations of chairs supported by animals and by human figures, sometimes prisoners, like the Caryatidæ of the Greeks. In this they resembled the armchairs of Egypt, but appear to have been more massive."



THE BELL OF CHUMASCACH

The bell of Chumascach, found in County Armagh, Ireland. This bell of cast bronze is 12 inches in height and 8 inches across the mouth and the translation of the Irish inscription which it bears is, "Pray for Chumascach, son of Ailello." As an illustration of retrogression, instead of advance, in mechanical arts, some of the ancient Irish bells are remarkable. Mr. John Cooke, the Irish Archeologist remarks, "considering . . . the skill that had been attained in metal work in Pagan days, it is strange that the earliest examples in Christian times were of a very rude kind."

Professor Petrie's Discoveries in Egypt

PROF. FLINDERS PETRIE has enriched the world by his discovery of a statuette of King Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid at Ghizeh, which is not only the largest building in the world but which seems likely to be also the most permanent. The statuette is of ivory and was found upon the site of the ancient Temple of Abydos.

Other discoveries of Professor Petrie are likely to carry bewilderment to the minds of those who have been accustomed to describe the attainments of ancient Egypt as the lisping of an infant humanity. These discoveries date from about 5000 years before Christ and consist of exquisite pottery and carvings, comparable in every way to the very finest work of Greece and Italy. Models of a camel's head and of a bear show these animals to have been known in Egypt long before the date usually ascribed. Specimens of iron also prove that this metal was in use at least as early as the Sixth Dynasty. X.

Italy's Trouble in Rebuilding the Campanile

A LITTLE trouble seems to have arisen in connection with the rebuilding of the campanile at Venice. Political intrigues have interfered and brought the work to a standstill. Signor Boni, to whom the work was entrusted, has now resigned and no one else seems willing to face the difficulties. Signor Boni contended that the remaining base of the tower should be removed down to the pile heads, as the stones composing it were so rounded and damaged that it was impossible to use them for rebuilding. This the authorities have forbidden and Signor Boni has therefore withdrawn and all work has ceased. The excavations which have been already done have brought some curious things to light. A thick foundation wall has been found some little distance below the surface and this has been identified as a part of the hospital built by Doge Orseleo in 976. At a greater depth a still more ancient and interesting discovery was made. The workmen found the stakes and wattlework which belonged to a canal built by the first lagoon inhabitants before the invasion of the Huns caused the migration of the people of the mainland.

The wattlework bears the same artistic designs as those which were subsequently used for vases and carving in the Eighth and Ninth centuries. These curiosities are being carefully preserved in the ducal palace and will be examined and studied very carefully. In the meantime we hope that the restoration of the campanile will not be indefinitely delayed.

STUDENT

A REMARKABLE book has just been issued by Gen. Di Cesnola. Limited as the edition will be to two hundred copies, it will probably be little known outside the great libraries and museums of Europe and America. When General Di Cesnola was the United States

Consul he turned his attention to archeological research in Cyprus. Through his explorations many sites were explored and hundreds of the most exquisite examples of ancient Cypriote art and craftsmanship were brought to New York and placed in the Metropolitan museum. It is to a minute and detailed description of these that the book is devoted.

Nature

Studies

The Dooryard Orchard—the Fig Tree from the Orient

THE Eastern phrase, to sit under one's own fig tree, has much the same meaning that the fireside gathering has to the northern mind; it means home. The tree is of widespread growth, with a thick foliage giving a cool and comfortable shade, while the fragrance of the leaves and the abundance of the fruit complete its list of merits. The picture shows the shape of the leaves and growth of the fruit better than description could. The fig is an anomaly in fruits; it has no blossom, or rather it is itself a blossom folded into itself. When immature it is green and hard, having a thick, white juice, which will take the skin off the lips and tongue like an acid, but as it ripens it softens and the juice becomes thin, clear and sweet. Then it is the joy of the birds, which keep the tree relieved of all ripe fruit unless it is guarded.

There are many different sorts, some remaining green in color even when ripe, with a bright red interior; others become a beautiful purple.

The Smyrna figs are of the green skinned sort, and owing to a peculiar habit of growth require the presence of wild or capri fig trees in the vicinity to give the Smyrna its delicate flavor, which the others cannot attain by any means. So closely was this secret guarded by the Syrians that it cost the United States government many years of experiment at a cost of many hundreds of thousands of dollars to discover it.

But now that it is known, Smyrna figs equal to the best are raised in California, the branch shown in the accompanying illustration being from the Point Loma Homestead orchard. Unfortunately figs are so perishable that they cannot be shipped far fresh, and the dried ones have a very different flavor. Delicious as the fresh fig is, nearly every one dislikes it at first and has to learn the taste for it.

THE Romans were well known as lovers of roses, using them at their banquets, funerals and triumphal processions. The modern student is often perplexed to find the same symbol used for life, for victory, and death. This refers doubtless to the mystical death of the passions and is derived from the ancient mysteries, where physical death is sometimes intentionally confused with the spiritual life. STUDENT

THE *Scientific American* tells of a spider which captures moths, etc., by throwing at them a sticky ball of gum with a line attached.

The gum spreads and sticks when it strikes and the spider hauls in the game. We never saw a spider do that, but we have one here that uses a net, both for self-defense and to capture prey. When anything approaches he throws out several inches of line, which is deftly caught by the hind legs and kept separate in parallel lines across them, they being held nearly half an inch apart. This is his weapon, and his manner of attack is to hold the legs aloft and if possible bring them, with their cross-lines, down over the victim or intruder. If the stratagem is successful the captive is rapidly wound up and attended to. STUDENT

Leigh Hunt's Breakfast Bouquet—The Nature Touch

LEIGH HUNT always used to declare that no breakfast table was complete without flowers, and rather than go without, he would gather a few heads of clover from the nearest grass-plot, or pick a sprig or two of grass from between the railings of a public garden. A single head of pink clover may give color to the whole day's thinking, and a blade of grass may serve as a mental tonic for our duties of the day. What is the subtle magic of the nature touch? Partly perhaps because a single blossom puts us into touch with the whole green and growing world of which it forms an integral part. It does in a sense bring into our room the waving forests, the prairies aglow with flowers, the fragrant orange groves of California and the gardens where the roses grow.

The flowers do not preach any particular virtue that I know of, nor do they, like Moses, tabulate sins to be avoided, but they shed an influence, they exercise a charm and in the atmosphere they bring with them, our grosser thoughts are starved and have no place.

It is hopeless as well as useless to try to put their message into words for another's ear; they have a special and a private message for each, a secret that cannot be communicated.

Why not put Leigh Hunt's method to the test and give the flowers a "hearing"? STUDENT



A BRANCH FROM A LOMA-LAND FIG TREE

The Mystery of a Chirrup

AS the night air thrills, and, as it were, sparkles with the musical chirrup of innumerable crickets, one falls into a curious speculation.

If the voice of a man were to his mass as is the noisemaking machine of a cricket to his mass, what could he not do? Islands and even continents would shake! Darwin says:

The stridulation produced by some of the locustidae, is so loud that it can be heard at night at the distance of a mile.

A well-known writer on sound calculates that the chirrup of one such insect

Excites, according to the condition of the atmosphere, sonorous tremors in no less than from five to ten million tons of matter. And yet the insect that accomplishes this extraordinary work does not weigh more than a quarter of a pennyweight.

Rightly does he call it one of "those innumerable mysteries of the natural order which hitherto have baffled all attempts at their solution."

Now, sound waves are propagated in all directions from the sounding body. Therefore, as these "five to ten million tons of matter" (Zahm) are set a-thrill, a part of that thrill consists in a lift of them through the space of a vibration against gravity, and a certain amount of molecular separation against cohesion, as well as lateral movement against inertia. And it is done by one insect! If we think it out, we shall perceive that radium is not the only miracle-worker in the universe.

We live in present touch of the vibrations set going by every word ever spoken by man, every sound uttered by beast and insect, or made by tree or stone. The universe is never precisely the same after a single tick of a clock. H.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

A GOOD audience was present at the Isis Theatre on Sunday evening to hear the two addresses which had been announced and which were as usual accompanied by some very excellent musical selections. Miss Bonn's address was entitled "The Choice of the Ways," and she said, in part, as follows: "We have all heard that 'There is no Royal Road to Learning.' Most of us have probably found by this time that it is true, and also that there is no royal road to anything worth having—the roads that seems royal to 'the lame and the lazy,' lead down hill to the swamps and pitfalls; they are smooth and slippery and very hard to climb up again.

"In every walk of life—in literature, music, art, science and business—success comes only through earnest and indefatigable effort—the all unestimated pains that go to make success the world may see."

"Look through the annals of time at the lives of those illustrious ones who, in one way or another have saved their race, have elevated human thought and feeling, have achieved something for which men called them great. We read of poets and musicians starving in garrets, of scientists and inventors undismayed by lack of means to carry on their work, of explorers and discoverers suffering privations, exposure and death, of patriots often misunderstood, laying down their lives for their country, of great teachers being persecuted and defamed—toiling, suffering, sacrificing, enduring, striving, daring and aspiring on that road which is a royal road, because the real pangs of men trend thereon.

"There is another road through life—it is called the easier way. It is the way of self-indulgence and mediocrity, of the comfortable millions who jog through life in a state of animal well-being, saving themselves trouble or fatigue or hard work—you know the kind, you see them all around you; they are what Browning calls

Finished and finite clods,
Untroubled by a spark.

"That is a splendid description, for the divine spark in us does trouble, and sting, and urge, and goad, until it arouses us to seek the higher path of growth and effort. And Longfellow says:

Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

Going out of the Crusaders

LOMA HOMESTEAD was the scene of a general social gathering of students on the evening of Nov. 21, in honor of the going away of the three International Crusaders. When it was announced that Mrs. Tingley had appointed Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt and Professor de Purucker to accompany her on what will doubtless be the greatest Crusade ever yet undertaken, there was general rejoicing among the Students.

The gathering of Saturday evening was but one of many evidences that the Crusaders were to go forth a thousand fold strengthened, because of the loyalty, courage and devotion of those who remain at their posts of duty in Loma-land.

The great Homestead Rotunda was decorated with flowers and greenery, the stairway being hidden behind a mass of palms and eucalyptus. Roses and flowering shrubs lent color and fragrance to the scene, and the soft music of the student orchestra made the whole complete. The scene was characteristic and usual, but an added dignity and heart touch was apparent, because of the interblending in all hearts of sadness and of joy over the Leader's departure—sadness that we must miss her for a little time, joy that she is going out unto humanity with her message of wisdom and hope and love.

The program was opened by the Egyptian dance, with garlands, cymbals and the stately majestic Egyptian music. Then the Raja Yoga children gave their "Rainbow Play," the streamers of rainbow tints, with the flowers and rainbow costumes giving a pretty note of color to the scene. Encircling them stood the tiniest tots, wee "Lotus Buds" holding the great white cable-tow. These represented the young Republic of Cuba. This was followed by songs from the children and from the ladies' chorus and music from the orchestra. The evening closed with a second stately Egyptian dance, serene and dignified, its beauty prophetic of the day so soon to come when all that was best in the life of the ancients shall again become a part of humanity's life.

A. V.

AND Jesus said, For judgment I came into this world that they which see not might see, and that they which see might be made blind.—*John, 9 ch.*

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Two Interesting Addresses: "The Choice of the Ways" and "The History of Egypt"—Music

Reprinted from the San Diego News

"Then we have the two roads stretching out before us—the one apathy, paralysis, death; the other interest, energy, action. These two roads are before us from childhood, when we sit with books or other tasks in hand and look out into the sunlight and long to drop our work and run away to play—then if the temptation is too often yielded to, when examination day comes, there are tears and disappointments and vain regrets for those golden hours of play, that now weigh like lead upon our hearts.

"And as the years pass and we are children grown with responsibilities deepened, it is just the same—if we take work-time for play, 'for everything there is a season and a time, for every purpose under heaven'—the examinations come and the heartaches are more bitter when we are 'weighed in the balance and found wanting.'

"But sometimes the choice between these two roads is more subtle—we become perplexed and do not see clearly, which is the right one. A wise Teacher has said, 'When two conflicting duties present themselves, choose the harder.'

"How we often fool ourselves with the thought that we are making a sacrifice of our life to others, when in reality we are choosing the easier way—we are simply enduring negatively and benefiting no one—rather than take the harder way of a positive effort, to make which may tax our powers to the utmost, but which will free us and help all concerned.

"The easier way is not sacrifice—sacrifice lies in the harder way—the sacrifice of the lower to the higher, and the exercise of courage, determination and will, which are drugged to sleep along the easier way."

Mr. Sidney Coryn also read a paper on the "History of Egypt," which was interesting and well received. The paper is the first of a short series on Egyptian history, which will be continued every Sunday evening during the next few weeks. The paper which was read last Sunday evening was mainly preliminary, and dealt with the duration of the history of Egypt and the manner in which it has been deciphered.

He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. And as one from whom men hide their faces, he was despised, and we esteemed him not.—*Isaiah, 53 ch.*

CHRISTMAS GIFTS---A Suggestion

CHRISTMAS is preeminently the time for the giving of gifts, of which the selection is usually a task demanding much anxious care and much lost time.

The essentials of a worthy gift are value and permanence, and in the search for these qualities works of literary and lasting worth naturally take a foremost place. A good book is an unfading treasure, a storehouse of which the contents become more valuable with time, an instrument for the increase of intellect and for the making of character, a link between the giver and the receiver which grows stronger day by day. A year's subscription to the NEW CENTURY PATH is surely a Christmas present worth giving and worth receiving, a weekly reminder of the good will which called it forth. Subscriptions sent in now will be in good time to enable us to deliver the first number at Christmas.

Retributive Justice --- Called Karma

A REMARKABLE story, several centuries old, is told in a historical paper now included in Lord Montague's London collection. It reads as follows:

A boy seven years old came up into a gentleman's chamber and prattled to him and drew his sword and flourished with it. The gentleman, being in bed, wondered to see the boy toss his blade so, and said: "So, good boy, thou hast done well. Put in the sword." The boy persisting, the gentleman rose and held him the scabbard, and the rude handed lad, thinking to sheath the sword, lustily chopt it into his belly. Company were called. One offered to strike the child. "Let him alone," quoth the gentleman. "God is just. This boy's father did I kill five years since and none knew. Now he hath avenged it." And the gentleman died the second dressing.

Homer as an Historian

IN the Baron de Mandat-Grancey, author of *Aux Pays d'Homere*, we have a distinguished writer who does not hesitate to express his exultation at the discoveries in Crete, which so clearly prove the existence of writing at that early age. The Baron is an enthusiast of the first water, and as such he is a refreshing figure in literature. He believes that the heroes of Homer were realities, and not mere vague abstractions, and he is now able to triumph over those who have contended that written records of their achievements were impossible, and that the thirty thousand verses of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* could not thus have been handed down to posterity. The Baron de Mandat-Grancey expresses his delight in the following words:

I admit that I was glad to see this crushing blow fall upon them, having always detested those people who have a mania for explaining away things, and who are never content until they think they can prove that everything is mean and ugly, when it is so much simpler and so much more agreeable to believe all the legends one hears if they are beautiful and poetic, especially if there is nothing to be gained by disputing them.

While we have every sympathy with our author we would venture to mingle with it a word of caution. In a problem such as this, it is possible to err in two directions, and it would be as unfortunate to go too far in the direction of realism as to trespass too deeply into the domain of allegory. The enormous value of Homer's writings, as of so many others of a like nature, is the blending of history and of allegory, the utilization of actual events to convey a deeper and a spiritual lesson. Nor is there here an outrage upon or perversion of history. The true poet recognizes the profound spiritual meaning of events, and for him the progress of a nation is also the story of a soul. That Ulysses and Troy and Argive Helen were historical figures does not prevent Homer from conveying by their story the most profound spiritual teachings, and it is because we fail to comprehend this combination of the historical and the spiritual that we are alike perplexed by both. It is this same cloud which overhangs our interpretations of the Old Testament, and it will never be dispersed until we learn that there is a spiritual law underlying human history, and that to divorce them is to destroy our own powers of right and understanding. It is quite as unjustifiable to look upon Homer as a mere catalogue of events, as it is to entirely dissolve its historical element into allegory. It is both history and allegory and to be understood in no other way.

STUDENT

ALL nature is in motion. He who improves a little each day, advances; he who deteriorates a little each day, retrogrades; no one stands still.

The Roots of Speech

THE *Academy* has a suggestive article entitled "Recreations in R." It is based on a study of all the words in a dictionary beginning with the trilled *R* and the short *a* after it. These, says the writer,

Make a sound which is often wonderfully suggestive of the thing described by the word which they initiate, or of the mood of the speaker using such a word. You feel this in words of very diverse meanings—in rapture and in racket; in ransack and in ravage; in rally and rampageous; even in raffle. . . . When a man relates that he was very hungry, hear how he *rasps* on the first syllable of *ravenous*.

Then he instances a number more of such words: rankle, riff-raff, rabble, rascal, rattlebrain, and so on. The characteristic of this short syllable *ra* is obviously a sort of coarse energy. And energy of other varieties is conveyed by the replacement of *a* by other vowels, as in roar, ruin, rage. Even where no vowel follows, the same effect is sometimes obvious, as e g in energetic. The weak effect of negro speech, and of the once (ultra) fashionable English substitution of a sort of *w* for *r*, is due to the absence or faint presence of this consonant.

It is obvious that this is on the line of a study of the very roots of language. In the learning of the art of dramatic recitation, the pupil is taught to picture that which he recites. If in saying "the billows roll," he does not picture to himself the rolling, his words will lack convictive force. The *Academy* article goes one layer deeper and begins the study of the feeling-pictures that lie in the elemental roots of the words themselves. Words are continually changing their accent and pronunciation, and it may be that one reason for this is an unconscious attempt to bring the sound closer to the feeling they denote.

K.

Hackneyed Quotations

SOME one has been writing to one of the English religious papers urging preachers to read the poets more, in order that their quotations may be less hackneyed.

The hackneyedness of quotations does not rest on the frequency of their use. It rests on their use to cover gaps of thought and deficiencies of spiritual experience. Many preachers seem to think with their memories instead of their minds. While the mind is engaged in its usual occupation of wandering, it is so easy to cover its momentary absence with a quotation. And the quotation therefore naturally sounds empty and becomes presently intolerable.

The writer we refer to quotes two fragments which, he suggests, should now be given a rest:

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands or feet.—*Tennyson*

Men may rise on stepping-stones, etc.—*Longfellow*

Would the first sound hackneyed on the lips of a man who had realized the tremendous significance of the words, experienced the transcendent uplifting of consciousness that would come of such a realization?

Could the second be uttered flatly or tediously by one who had consciously risen on the stepping-stones of a dead self?

There is an old story of a professor of rhetoric who criticized his pupil's rendering of "the billows roll" from the ground that, as he uttered the words, the billows did not roll.

By all means let preachers read the poets, and all great writers, to "take the taste of newspaper and magazine slovenliness out of their mouths," and to raise their thought generally. But this is not enough: the thought thus raised must stay so. The preacher who does not live the strenuous inner life, who does not keep the chords of feeling tense that they may yield ever higher and sweeter music, is false to his trust. He may be a good lecturer, a good rhetorician, a well-arranged storehouse of quotations; but he does not discharge the function of his profession; he is no light in the darkness. To the preacher more than to any other, "every dawn of morning" should be kept sacred "as the beginning of life, and every setting sun as its close."

A.

Revival in Georgia

THERE have been some revival meetings at a city in Georgia and large crowds seem to have been attracted. The chief features were apparently furnished by a clergyman from a neighboring city, whose conceptions of religion and of Deity took the form of vivid descriptions of a material hell in which many "will be burned and roasted." He was "as certain that there is a place called hell" as that he was at that moment standing upon the platform. There is therefore no more to be said. After the reverend gentleman had thus delivered his glad tidings of great joy we learn that many persons pressed forward to grasp his hand and to ask for his prayers.

That it should be possible to gather together a number of professedly intelligent persons to listen to such heathen ferocity as this is nothing less than a satire upon our education and upon our civilization and an insult to God. Very many were doubtless attracted by a natural love for the antique, and indeed we feel that our comments would be more congenially located in our archeological department than elsewhere. In a few years time such sermons as this will be much more rare than they are now, and we may be discharging a duty to posterity by preserving some contemptuous record of the way in which a religion of love can be perverted and debased. If this be the God who "created man in his own image" small wonder that cruelty flourishes throughout the world. It must indeed be painful for those faithful ministers who are preaching the love of the true God to see their teachings confounded with such as these.

STUDENT

"WHAT did Robert Louis Stevenson believe? So simple a system of morals was never more simply set forth. 'To owe no man anything, pay scot as you go; to consider your neighbor's happiness; to live cleanly and honest; to do no scamp work; to sing loud at your task, and moan, if you must, under cover; and above all, to obey: the creed of the soldier and the gentleman.'"

AMONG the chief rulers many believed on Jesus, but because of the Pharisees they did not confess him openly lest they should be put out of the synagogue, for they loved the praise of men more than the glory of God.—*John, 12 ch.*

* Good Work Is the True Prayer *



HAVE been talking to that nice Mrs. Seymour this afternoon," said little Mrs. Kennedy to her husband, as she poured out his tea.

"And who might Mrs. Seymour be?" asked the big handsome young fellow, who calls the little woman sitting opposite to him, wife.

"Oh, Geoff, what a memory you have! Why, don't you remember I told you all about her and her husband—the very good young curate, with a very gloomy face. Oh, dear I am so sorry for her; he must be a dreadful man to live with; but she worships him. She says he is so good, and so clever, and so far above her in every way."

"Just like me," murmured Geoff, sotto voce.

"And she says," went on his wife without heeding his interruption, "that he doesn't care what he wears or what he eats."

"Just like me again," said Geoff, helping himself to a second serving of steak and kidney-pie.

"And she can only tell whether he likes things or not that she cooks for him, if they go quickly or slowly. She thinks that shows what a great mind he has, because he is above talking about his food and things, but I should not like that at all. I wouldn't like it if you didn't say how good that pie is that I made—'tis, isn't it?"

"Rather," said Geoff. "I've given this piece of steak more than the thirty-nine bites, advised by Mr. Gladstone, and it isn't half done with yet. There's something very sustaining and lasting in this pie of yours, little woman."

"Geoff," laughed his wife, "do be sensible for once. I don't care," she went on, "I don't think it shows a person is great, and lofty, and superior, and things if he can't be thoughtful enough of others to recognize even little things like that, the duty of appreciating that it means a lot of loving thought and time, and even fatigue, to cook dishes that he would fancy. I call him a selfish pig."

"Why, Marjorie, what language!" said Geoff, raising hands and brows in mock horror.

"So he is. Now I know some really great and noble and big-hearted people —"

"One is now before thee," interrupted Geoff.

"O Geoff dear, truly, do be serious. I do mean it really. People who are doing big work for the world, and they would not 'be above,' or 'have no time' to say how good a thing is, or to tell the one who cooked it, so."

"I have a solid half hour to spare, little woman, and I'll spend it in telling you your pie was awfully good, it really was."

"I think that the greater a person is, the nearer he can get to the small people and small things, and I think that if a person thinks"—("Hold on," said Geoff. "I can't follow, there's too much of the think")—"he is too big, and too far above such little things, to notice them, he is generally a self-satisfied and completely selfish man like Mr. Seymour. And he, poor fellow, thinks he's 'living the life,'" she added, with a smile.

"Oh! wad some fae the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us,"

quoted Geoffrey. "In my humble opinion, of course I'm only a man, and may be wrong; in my opinion, Mrs. Seymour is almost as much to blame herself for being such an adoring slave to him. Why doesn't she stand up straight and shake all that nonsense out of him?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Geoff, "I would, if it were you."

"So you would," laughed her husband, "although it would be five feet nothing against six feet two."

Marjorie had taken up the weekly paper and was glancing casually down the columns. "Oh! how terrible," she suddenly cried, "just listen to this—a poor little child found on the step outside the great door of St. John's Church, frozen to death, and oh! the pitifulness of it, she was a little match-seller, and there was found around her all her store of matches burned. Think of it, Geoff, the poor mite had tried to warm herself by them," and Marjorie burst into tears. "And they found her there dead, leaning against the closed door of the 'House of God'—why can't they at any rate leave the door always open, so that poor starving creatures can find some shelter where they have a right to look for it?"

"That wouldn't do at all," said Geoff, "some of the poor wretches in their dirt and rags might sit on the plush seats of 'My Lord and Lady,' and soil them. You mistake, too, in saying they have a right there; in the world of today they have no right there, and would not be allowed to enter. But, to be just, one or two big-hearted men have thrown open and warmed their churches in the city during week days, for the use of those who have no place to shelter, or to eat their poor meals, and who else would have to walk the pavements, in spite of frost and wet."

"But that poor little child, Geoff, think of her alone, in the great busy, cold world, having to earn her own living, and only nine years old. Thank God she is away from it all now, and when she comes back again, she will find the child world will mean a world of love and warmth and happiness both for her and all other children."

* * * *

"Is Peter really such an obstinate old sinner," said Mrs. Kennedy to Mrs. Seymour as they went down the irregular old village road.

"He is perfectly hopeless," said her companion. "Why, my Harold has worked with him, and prayed with him, and talked for hours, and it's no good. And if Harold can do nothing, why"—and she raised her hands to suggest the hopelessness of the case.

"Oh what a little lump of love," shrieked Mrs. Kennedy, delightedly, as she darted forward and picked up a little bronze-haired rosy checked child standing in the road.

"Who is she?"

"Why that's old Peter's little grandchild, she lives here, and that's her aunt, the slovenly daughter I told you of," pointing to a dirty cottage, and a correspondingly dirty young woman standing on the step, "but I must leave you here, good-bye."

Mrs. Kennedy stood by the pretty daintily clean little child thinking—then with an "I'm going to try any how, if she keeps the child so clean there's plenty of hope;" she walked up the path, and with a pleasant "May I come in and talk a bit," she entered the cottage and after half an hour's chat, chiefly about the child, and how fond Jenny was of her, her dead sister's child, and how she loved to see her look clean and pretty, Mrs. Kennedy went away.

"I'd loike 'er to come more," said Jenny to the child, "she makes me feel kind 'er warm, an' she aint prayed neither, nor left no traks for us to read, an' she don't make ye feel she's so powerful good an' different loike some o' the gentry does."

"Have you ever used Hellis's whitening for your doorstep?" said Mrs. Kennedy one day on leaving, looking at the grimy step that certainly had never seen anyone's whitening for many years.

"No'm," said Jenny.

"Well I'll send you a cake, we always use it, and you can see how you like it."

When old Peter came home from the "Dolphin," he was startled to see a daz-zlingly white door-step. "'Ullo, turnin' gentry are ye?" he growled, but at the same time going round to the back door to avoid soiling it. "Better use some on that face o' yourn—needs it."

When Mrs. Kennedy came again, Jenny was brushing the child's beautiful hair. "Ain't it a lovely color 'm," she said, smoothing it lovingly, "looks a'most like gold sometimes."

"Yes, she has your hair," said Mrs. Kennedy.

"Mine, 'm," said Jenny, putting her hands up to her tangled untidy hair, "oh no, mine's all rough an' dull."

"Yes, 'tis now because you give all your time to little Gracie here; if you were to brush and wash yours as often, it would be just as bright and lovely. Do, and I will show you a much prettier way of dressing it when I come again."

It was not many weeks before Mrs. Kennedy had thoroughly won the girl's heart and confidence—of how mother and Sister Rose, both dearly loved, had died; of how "feyther" had taken to drink, and now never came home except to meals and to sleep, and then the biggest trouble of all, when young Jim North went to "Lunnon" to get work and she had never heard from him since. So that now the only thing she had to care for and love was the little Gracie leaning against Mrs. Kennedy's knee. "I do like to be clothe to you," lisped the child, looking up in her face, "you do thmell so nithe and clean alwayth."

Mrs. Kennedy laughed, but Jenny looked distressed, and sending the child away, the girl's real friend took the opportunity, with the child's little speech as a text, to talk to Jenny seriously of the wrong she was doing in living as she did. "It is just as much 'worth while' to do our duty whether we think it is appreciated or not, and it will be appreciated when it is seen that you are trying to pull yourself together and keep tidy and bright. Didn't your father tell you, the other day, that 'Tha' face wadn't zo bad when the dirt were off'n it'? You see he notices. And I don't believe you've seen the last of Jim, either. Why, suppose he should come in at this minute, wouldn't you like him to see this change in you and the old cottage?"

It was the talk of the village, of how old Peter's Jenny was "made over again." And old Peter himself would occasionally brighten (?) the cottage of an evening with his surly old presence and strong old pipe.

"And I've never prayed a single pray," laughed Marjorie to her husband, "that is to say, not out loud," she added, more quietly.

A. C.

BLESSED are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.—St. Matthew

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

The Ancient and Modern Use of the Magnet in Disease

THE magnet seems to be reentering a field of usefulness in the treatment of disease. We say reentering because its history in that connection is rather checkered. Paracelsus lauded its curative properties, and his cures proved what he claimed. But he was a reformer in many things, an annunciator of new and uncomfortable ideas in medicine, philosophy and religion. So he had to be—and duly was—discredited in every convenient way. His real enemies made use of the jealousy of the medical profession, and the magnet shared in the general discredit into which his whole reform ideas were made to fall. Since then it has never, we think, been seriously considered by the orthodox as a therapeutic agent. To use it is indeed today a mark of medical quackery. Von Helmont had something to say about it in the Sixteenth century; Mesmer used it in the Eighteenth; Hahnemann “proved” it in the Nineteenth; and Reichenbach studied its action on his “sensitives.” Some years ago Edison took up the matter. He placed a boy between the poles of a powerful horseshoe electro-magnet for a long time, but noted no physiological change. So he concluded that the instrument had no action of that kind.

But it has now been shown by two French scientists that the magnet has a marked action on infusoria. These minute organisms, placed in a powerful magnetic field, soon began to slow their ciliary movements, ceased gradually to move about and to reproduce themselves, and finally died. Many varieties were subjected to experiment, but they all showed various degrees of these phenomena. The magnetic influence seemed comparable to that of the violet rays.

The next step will be to try these experiments on animal life, and on the organisms of fermentation and disease. In regard to the latter there seems little doubt that the results would be the same. Paracelsus claimed that the magnet would cure cancer. Modern science may yet establish his facts. But doubtless without acknowledgment, for in medicine he is still the “arch quack.”

STUDENT

Scientific Study as a Means of Broadening Character

IN his recent Presidential address to the British Association, Sir Norman Lockyer did not select a very high nor a very dignified ground for his advocacy of scientific study. It may be that tariffs and reciprocities have invaded the silences of the laboratory or it may be that the president was trying to speak in the language understood by the people. He succeeded. He pointed out that money spent in the advancement of science would pay a good dividend and that the nation would make a sound financial investment by a more liberal endowment of research. It may be so, but it is a point too unimportant to discuss in view of the wider and the grander results which can so easily be made to follow the true study of true science. Certain it is that Huxley would have held himself proudly aloof from such advocacy, holding as he did throughout a long and strenuous life that the supreme end of scientific training is to mold the character and to enrich it by high ideals.

Scientific training naturally begins with the acquisition of facts and these facts having been acquired, may be utilized in two ways. They can be coined into money which is the basest use to which we can put them and a degradation of science, or, they can be used as thought material, as the keys with which to unlock the doors of actual knowledge and thus reach a comprehension of the great laws of nature of which the human soul is as much a part as is a blade of grass.

The capacity of acquiring facts is an affair of memory, and of memory only. It is a preliminary to science, but it is not science itself. The ability of the true scientist will show itself in his power to recognize the laws underlying those facts, to comprehend those laws in greater laws, and so finally to perceive the trend and intention of the evolutionary tide which carries all things within itself. To the scientist of the future, every ascertained fact in visible nature will be related to a corresponding fact in human consciousness and there will then be no longer a conflict between religion and science because each will then have found the Gnosis.

STUDENT

The Source of Pain—Mental and Bodily Causes

SOME interesting researches are now being made and published concerning the real seats of pain. These are often quite distinct from their apparent seats. The mind constantly makes erroneous judgments in this matter. For example, the pain of early disease of the hip is often felt in, that is, believed by the mind, to be in the knee. The mind is not in the same sort of touch with the internal organs as it is with the skin. They have a large measure of local government, and so as the mind is not in the habit of sending messages to them, it does not expect to get messages from them. Therefore when it does get an agonized message it misinterprets it and assigns the source of it to some part with which it is in close touch, mostly the skin. Recent research is therefore concerning itself with the question! Which skin-pains denote disease in internal organs?

Bodily matters have their analogies in mental ones. And so we are constantly making wrong assignments of the sources of mental pains. We are in mental pain a good deal of the time. Accordingly we assign our pain or discomfort to our surroundings, to the presence of some one, to something said by some one, to our duties, or to the necessary limits set by society to our actions. It is often due to none of these, and if we escape them all, the discomfort would soon return. The only cure is to look within and make health there.

There are moments when a profound silence of mind and body comes upon us. It is in these that the mind is healing itself. It should not during these moments be let to wander, but be held to its highest, to the Light of life. They are its expansion, its diastole, after long contraction upon purely personal and limited matters. We get such moments of intense fullness after the cessation of high music. But whenever they come we are using them wrongly if they do not elevate, if they do not make all outer and transitory discomforts less, if they do not show us the emptiness of our little personal ambitions, vanities and irritations, if they do not make us larger, nobler, and more tolerant, more compassionate. But if they do that, then we have found the path of cure.

A.

Some Specious Arguments of the Vivisectionists

THE arguments of vivisectionists are devious in the extreme, and their “facts” are usually put forward with a calm reliance upon popular ignorance. We are, for instance, told that the discovery of the causes of myxoedema and its consequent successful treatment are largely due to vivisection. The fact, however, is that in 1882 it was noticed that when the human thyroid gland had been removed in the operation for the cure of goitre, myxoedema generally supervened. This fact was well recognized and established, and it was not until 1884 that Sir Victor Horsley removed the thyroid gland from monkeys and found that the result was the same as in the case of men. And yet we are told that this knowledge is due to vivisection. Apart from the moral ground that we have no right to derive profit from the torture of animals it will be usually found that the profit is either non-existent or of the most shadowy description.

STUDENT

Scientific Theories of the Martinique Disaster

THE scientific investigators who have been inquiring into the nature of the volcanic outburst which so devastated the islands of Martinique and St. Vincent, have now come to the conclusion that the fiery clouds which swept over the land did not contain explosive gases as originally supposed. The generally received scientific opinion is that these clouds were composed of steam charged with burning ashes, and hurled with tremendous violence by the explosive force of the volcano. It is, of course, only within recent years that volcanoes have been made the subject of scientific examination, but it is believed that there has been no other recent illustration of damage resulting from such a cause. The destruction of Pompeii, however, had many features in common with that of Martinique, and the same deadly forces may also have been operative there.

STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World



HISTORIC MELROSE ABBEY, SCOTLAND

Scotland's Famous Ruin MELROSE ABBEY is one of the most charming pieces of ancient architecture to be found in Scotland as well as a monument of vicissitudes which it would not be easy to equal. Its origin is somewhat obscure. It is known that there was a Columbite Monastery near the village of Melrose which was destroyed by Kenneth McAlpin in 839. King David's Abbey which was cared for by the Cistercian monks was dedicated in 1146 and was destroyed by Edward II in 1322. Bruce did his best to restore it, but Richard II ordered it to be burned in 1385. The Abbey as it now stands probably therefore belongs to many different periods but chiefly to the Fourteenth century. The many priceless documents which it once contained are now preserved elsewhere and form the authority for a great deal of Scotch history.

Finland's Wrongs and the Higher Law THE pressure upon Finland continues unabated. Ex-Senator Mechlin, now resident in Stockholm has received an order from the authorities forbidding him to return to Finland. Mr. Mechlin was a prominent publisher in Helsingfors and professor of Constitutional Law at the University in that city. For eight years he was a member of the Senate and while there he filled many important administrative offices. Finland has among her sons many who will counsel her to patience because they know that patience is a direct appeal to the higher forces, an invocation of the divine law. Many are the instances in history where national suffering has occupied no inconspicuous place in the perfecting of a people for a great destiny.

American Statue to Poland's Hero A MOVEMENT is on foot to erect a statue to Kosciusko in the United States and the project seems likely to be carried out. Funds are to be collected in Poland, America and France, and it is said that Secretary Hay warmly approves of the idea and has pointed out a suitable spot facing the Rochambeau monument. An international exchange of heroes has much to recommend it if only as a reminder of the unseen storehouse of valor from which all nations have drawn in their hour of need and which is not empty even in this age of mediocrity.

Dreyfus' Counsel to Be at St. Louis THE St. Louis Exposition will have a distinguished visitor in the person of Maitre Labori, the eminent French lawyer whose defense of Captain Dreyfus at the Rennes court martial is not likely soon to be forgotten. Maitre Labori risked not only his name and fortune but also his life, and his undertaking was a work of chivalry of which the bar has not furnished too many illustrations. We trust that Madame Labori, who is an Englishwoman, will accompany her distinguished husband.

Italy's King and Queen in France THE rapprochement between Italy and France is as gratifying as that between England and France. King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena have been worthily received in Paris not only by the President and the official representatives of the Republic, but by the dense masses of the people who have been vociferous in their welcome to the royal visitors. The King of Italy is well known as a collector of rare coins and the city of Paris has accordingly presented to him a beautiful cabinet of unique medals. The General Council of the Seine also made a presentation to the Queen.

Guard the Royal Family of Germany THE German police are envious of the comparatively light duties which fall to the lot of those whose mission it is to guard the safety of the rulers of some other countries. Almost incredible as it may seem the arrests of those suspected of designs against members of the German Imperial Family average one per day. These arrests are not usually chronicled as the German authorities have learned what we have not yet learned, the power of suggestion upon minds unbalanced and prone to mischief. The "liberty of the press" has sometimes a wider significance than we suppose.

U. S. Cruisers to Go to East Africa THE American Government, desirous to mark its interest in the commercial development of Abyssinia, has decided to send two cruisers and a gunboat to Jibuti, on the east coast of Africa. Mr. Skinner, the United States Consul at Marseilles, will pay a personal visit to the King of Abyssinia, with a view to the conclusion of a commercial agreement, and will probably start upon his mission in the course of a few weeks. The warships which it is intended to send are now in Turkish waters, and their despatch is of course conditional upon the state of affairs in eastern Europe.

No More Chaplains for British Navy THE British Admiralty is introducing some reforms into its personnel, and one of these reforms is the abolition of the chaplain. It has been decided that the duties of the chaplain can be performed equally well by the captain; and we can well believe it. In the days when the church had greater power than it has today this decision might well have been reversed on the ground that the duties of the captain could be equally well performed by the chaplain. A naval officer of high character can exercise a power for good over his men to which very few navy chaplains can aspire.

Sleeping-Car System for Cuba THE sleeping-car system is to be introduced in Cuba without delay. The first one ever seen upon the island is now on view at Havana, and it will be forthwith put into operation on the line between Havana and Santiago. The Cuban railway authorities are showing conspicuous wisdom in thus improving the transportation system in every way possible. A railway is a great force for unification, bringing the people into touch with one another and promoting a community both of merchandise and ideas.



THE WILLAMETTE RIVER AT SALEM, OREGON

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Are Flowers Warriors?

"MURIEL, will you arrange, and we will hand them to you," said Kathleen, as they stood beside a heap of newly plucked flowers lying on the garden seat.

"Very well," answered Muriel, brightly.

"And put the three white lilies in the center," suggested Eva.

"Muriel!" said Susie suddenly, with a puzzled look on her face, "what is the war-fire of lilies?" "War-fire of lilies!" repeated Muriel, "I never heard of it." "But the words came right into my head just now."

"War-fire must mean fighting of some kind," observed Eva, "but lilies look so peaceful and still."

"Meg says," chimed in Kathleen, "that nature is always doing things that we are too stupid to notice, because we talk so much; so perhaps lilies do something that we don't know anything about."

"Perhaps," agreed Muriel. "Well, you know," she continued thoughtfully, "they are really warriors all the time, by just being what they are—so beautiful and pure. Perhaps their purity is their war-fire. I expect it is; because purity kindles a light in the heart that is always fighting against what is impure. I expect, Susie, that purity is the war-fire of lilies. Why, it must be the war-fire of all flowers. I remember Meg told me once about some one who was so wicked that nothing could be done with her, and one day when she was walking along a lonely country road, her eyes fell suddenly on a cluster of primroses and violets, and the very next minute she was kneeling beside them crying as if her heart would break, and after that she gradually changed. And all the people who had talked at her thought they had changed her. The woman said nothing, but she knew that the flowers had done in a flash what life-times of talking could never have done at all." "So the flowers really fought and won the battle!" exclaimed Susie. "They have war-fire, and how beautiful it is. Only their pure beauty." "Yes," said Muriel, "and Meg said, too, that some day we will be able to do as much as the flowers—when we have learned to love silence and purity as nature loves them." A. P. D.

The Old Tree

DEAR CHILDREN: Few people love just a green tree better than they love money, but the members of the council in Le Claire, Wisconsin, do. There is, on the side of a river near that city, a large green tree, so large that its spreading branches measure nearly a hundred feet in diameter. Not even the oldest man in the village can remember when it has not stood there and the people love it as if it were their best friend. Not long ago the railroad company asked for a franchise on some city property on which to locate their depot and switcher. To make room for the tracks they intended to cut down the old tree, but when the council heard of that the franchise was refused. Finally the railroad company guaranteed that the tree should not be harmed, and thus obtained permission to lay their tracks. A. W.

What Boys Need

Extract from a paper read by a Raja Yoga boy at Isis Theatre, San Diego

THE boys of the present day need more self-respect. They will be much more useful when they have a polite and manly bearing and a good personal appearance. These are small things, but the small things are often of great help because, by observing them, we set good examples to others. Every boy who tries to do his duty and strives to be self-respecting is helping to build up a higher order of boyhood, and that means a higher order of manhood in the future.

Think how much depends upon holding one's self in an erect, manly position! When you see a boy slouching along with his shoulders bent over and his eyes on the ground, what is the impression that you get? You can see that he is sowing the seeds of a careless, shiftless, selfish manhood, for the way he walks is a sign that there is something wrong in his nature.

On the other hand, the boy who walks up straight and has a manly air shows that he has very few real faults. You know when you see him that he is the one who will succeed in life and be of some use in the world. The very mental attitude that he takes means that half the battle is won. Boys have no idea of what life means or they would try harder to be good examples to other boys.

Many boys have false notions about having fun. With some it is the main object of their lives to have what they

call "a good time." Such boys do not know the peace and true happiness that comes from good hard work and from service to others. Such boys do not have enough regard for home and for their fathers and mothers.

They constantly try to get something from their parents instead of constantly trying to do something for them and to help the home life to be more beautiful.

The Throstle's Nest

AN English friend writes to tell me of a pair of throstles that last summer built their nest right among the machinery of a stone quarry. Day after day they busily worked, carrying bits of grass and hay, until the little home was finished. Almost directly underneath was a steam engine from which the steam came up in clouds all about the nest. But the birdies did not seem to mind it, for four little green eggs were laid and after a time four little hungry mouths were fed by the devoted father and mother

throstle. The workmen had watched the nest with interest and had done many little services to protect it, and they were sorry when the nestlings were grown and the whole bird-family flew away. A. W.

NOTHING could be more beautiful than the exquisite lace made by the women and children of Paraguay—yes, and by many of the men, too. It is delicate as gossamer, and the designs used in it are borrowed, so the natives will tell you, from the curious webs of a certain spider.



A LITTLE RAJA YOGA STUDENT OF LOMA-LAND

THE WAY TO DREAMLAND

HUSH, Baby, hush! It is lullaby time.
The stars are all blinking their eyes;
On a silver moonbeam my baby must climb,
And sail away up to the skies!
On bare little toes,
As pink as a rose,
Creeping up there where the dream-tree grows,
Hush, Baby, hush-a-bye;
Lull, Baby, lullaby,
Hush-a-bye, lullaby! — Selected

Students'



Path

HOMELY COUNSEL

by MARGARET E. SANGSTER in *Girl's Own Paper*

IT isn't worth while to fret, dear,
To walk as behind a hearse.
No matter how vexing things may be,
They easily might be worse;
And the time you spend complaining
And groaning about the load,
Would be given to going on,
And pressing along the road.

I've trodden the hill myself, dear,
'Tis the tripping tongue can preach,
But though silence is sometimes golden, child,
As oft there is grace in speech,—
And I see, from my higher level,
'Tis less the path than the pace
That wears the back and dims the eye,
And writes the lines on the face.

There are vexing cares enough, dear
And to spare, when all is told;
And love must mourn its losses,
And the cheek's soft bloom grow old;
But the spell of the craven spirit
Turns blessing into curse,
While the bold heart meets the trouble
That easily might be worse.

So smile at each distaste, dear,
That will presently pass away,
And believe a bright tomorrow
Will follow the dark today.
There's nothing gained by fretting:
Gather your strength anew,
And step by step go onward, dear,
Let the skies be gray or blue.

Back to Christ

BACK to Christ, says (in effect) Professor Peabody, is the cry of the religious world to-day.

The most conspicuous aspect of contemporary Christian thought is the renewal of popular interest in the character of Jesus Christ. . . . The construction of systems and the contentions of creeds, which once appeared the central themes of human interest, are now regarded by millions of busy men and women as mere echoes of ancient controversies, if not mere mockeries of the problems of the present age.

It is true. There is a general demand for a fuller conception of the personality of Christ. And that demand will draw forth what it needs. It may seem to be a somewhat mystical idea that a demand for fuller data about such a matter will call those data forth from somewhere; but we believe it to correspond to a fact. The laws that govern humanity are very like those that apply to a unit. And when a man fixes his mind upon something, avenues leading where he wants open daily. People fill lacunæ in his knowledge by chance remarks; his friends unconsciously become his hands; he picks up in a bookstall in a back alley the precise book he needs; he finds ideas in his mind that came he knows not whence. Just in that way came about the chance of discovering the key to the Egyptian hieroglyphics, in response to the demand when it has reached a due point of urgency.

Well; till lately men have been much concerned in erecting their structures of dogma around the fragments we have of Christ's teaching. But the tendency which Professor Peabody describes, is creating a new force, a magnetic force. And the reply has begun. We have had one or two advance drops of the shower, one or two new pictures of him, some "sayings."

One cannot point definitely to such or another place as that from which will come what we want. Of possible places there are plenty. There are unexplored libraries of old monasteries in Greece, Syria and Asia Minor. Something may turn up from Egypt, where Christ is said to have stayed. There are a thousand possibilities, and among all it will doubtless be the unthought of or the entirely improbable that will happen.

According to such data as we have, Dr. Peabody speaks very refreshingly. He asks what conception we can form of the character of Christ. The note of that character is he says, the note of strength:

This is no ascetic, abandoning the world, no dreamer . . . no gentle visionary, no contemplative saint, no Lamb of God, except in the experience of suffering.

One may safely predict that the more the coming years reveal the picture and personality of Jesus Christ, the more we shall find him to satisfy our utmost ideal of noble and comprehensible manhood, showing himself tender, sternly denunciatory, teacher, spiritual chieftain and fighter against evil seen and unseen, comrade, friend. The feminine aspects of his character have been too much in our minds; it is with the others, the virile, that the picture will be splendidly completed. STUDENT

Corporal Punishment in Schools

IT is well known to those who have studied the methods of education used in the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma that corporal punishment is neither necessary nor permissible. It is an appeal to the lower nature of the child, through fear; and the Raja Yoga system consists in appealing to the higher nature, so that the faults may be overcome by calling into play the superior intelligence and the will.

Yet we read that recently teachers in this country, on being asked their opinion, have unanimously agreed that for a certain class of boys corporal punishment is necessary. What is the reason for this difference of opinion?

The answer is not difficult to find. It is not to be expected that in the world at large the Raja Yoga principles can be so easily applied as they are in Loma-land, where the teachers are themselves trained in the same school, where no pernicious street-life or unhappy homes counteract the efforts of the teachers, and where all circumstances and surroundings aid instead of hindering. Hence it is easy to see that the flogging is a substitute—the only resource the teacher can hit upon—for experience and skill and care in carrying out the system.

Not that we advocate corporal chastisement under any circumstances; we merely regret that circumstances should be such that teachers should prefer to resort to it. It simply means that in the worst cases they do not find themselves able to evoke the higher nature, and so resort to the forceful appeal to the fear of the brute. Amid the influences and surroundings of a properly conducted community, however, potent appeal can be made to the conscience and will, and corporal punishment need not be used. E.

A Material Hell

A WELL-KNOWN San Francisco clergyman has delivered a sermon in which he states his views on a material hell. He says:

Thank heaven, the doctrine of a material hell is now no longer taught by our churches. We no longer condemn to everlasting punishment all those who venture to disagree with us in religious matters. The belief in a material hell does not square with the doctrine of an all-wise and loving God.

This seems to be a moderate statement of the position occupied by nearly all intelligent clergyman. In order to test the matter, however, the *Weekly Examiner* has addressed a communication to a number of well-known preachers in order to ascertain whether this view of hell is, or is not, in accord with their theology. We are glad to see that with trifling exceptions they all of them concur. As a forceful and representative reply we may quote from the letter of the Rev. C. Miel of Sacramento. He writes:

As to my own opinion concerning what I have called the popular idea of a material hell (at least it was the popular idea until comparatively recently), I utterly repudiate these crude and ghastly travesties upon the love of God, the father of the universe. I arraign the popular idea of hell as merciless and brutal ignorance, and I impeach it as a hideous, heartless lie against Christ's universal and absolute redemption; as a blasphemy against the eternal love of God.

THE SOVEREIGN POET

by WILLIAM WATSON

HE sits above the clang and dust of Time,
With the world's secret trembling on his lip.
He asks not converse nor companionship
In the cold starlight where thou canst not climb.

The undelivered tidings in his breast
Suffer him not to rest.
He sees afar the immemorable throng,
And binds the scattered ages with a song.

The glorious riddle of this rhythmic breath,
His might, his spell, we know not what they be;
This savors not of death,
This hath a relish of eternity.

Heaven on Earth

DOES humanity ever stop to think how much it may be missing? May there not be possibilities in life, beyond the most sanguine dreams, and almost in our grasp, but of which we are unconscious? Are we not perhaps like blind people, who do not know they are blind, and live in fatuous contentment with their own dark world because they cannot conceive anything brighter?

We are fully conscious of the material advantages which our civilization brings us, but what if these are purchased at the price of being shut out from gains a thousand times better?

Poor man is always speculating as to his chances of future bliss—a sure sign that he is not happy in the present. If he could know what LIFE is, he would not need to try and comfort himself with such wistful and anxious speculations; for he would find all the answer he wanted in life itself.

"Life is Joy," says the proverb; and life is an eternal divine spirit that pervades the whole world and animates every being and every atom. To partake fully of the life, to breathe it, to feel and know it, would be all the heaven man would need. But not knowing what life is, we try to imagine all kinds of extraordinary states and paradises in the dim future, by way of consolation for our present dreary and unsatisfactory lot.

But why jump at a bound from earth to heaven, when there are so many unexplored mysteries, so many untapped sources in this earth? We think that nothing short of eternal bliss will do for us, when it is practically certain that any one of us would find his wildest expectations more than realized by a comparatively slight betterment of his circumstances. Our conceptions of eternal bliss are probably foolish enough to make the gods smile, for they can only be founded on what we know of present life. A child's idea of manhood is a dollar a week to buy fire-crackers and candy with; and our ideas of eternal bliss are much the same.

The idea of heaven in the future and in another sphere is a pitiful substitute for the happiness and perfection we ought to find in life here and now.

The ancients believed that man's nature was divine as well as earthy, and that the mind could be brought into union with the divine soul, thus raising man to the level of godlike wisdom and bliss in this life. H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, the great teachers of Theosophy, have proved that the Egyptians, the ancient Greeks, and even the Founder and Apostles of Christianity, taught that man's soul is two-fold—one part divine, the other animal—and that the human mind can blend itself with either, thus becoming divinely wise and free or else bestial and miserable. But bigotry and dogmatism have turned men aside from this quest of liberation and perfection, and offered them instead a fanciful heaven after death.

Jesus, Buddha, Confucius and other great Teachers came to show man the way to freedom and happiness through recognition of his own divinity. Men of compassion, they saw the world groaning and struggling in the bondage of ignorance and lust, and they strove to remind man of his own destinies and potentialities. But churches, which should have been the guardian of sacred truths, have taken away the promise and given instead vague and demoralizing hopes of an illogical heaven, and threats of an impossible hell.

We are only half alive, dreaming a troublous dream, dwarfed and stunted, blind to the freedom and fulness of life that might be ours if we, as human beings, were as complete and perfect as the flowers and birds are in their kingdoms. Little does modern culture know of what

man really is, making him (as it does) a mere intellectualized animal without even an animal's peaceful joy of life.

We talk of the soul as if it did not belong to us, but was merely a remote possibility; when the soul is the real man, and what we call our "self" is only a nightmare hallucination. Instead of invoking our God within, as directed by our Teachers, instead of making clear the Temple of our heart that He may enter and dwell, we supplicate an imaginary deity away among the distant stars. When we might grasp our wayward mind and heart and master their moods and purge them of the distractions and afflictions that fill them up, we prefer to lay aside our will and appeal for help from external powers.

It is time the dogmatism and superstition of religious bigotry and materialistic science, which have so long blocked out the light, should come to an end; and the old quest be revived, which in the past so many sought and not a few won—the quest of the Great Secret of how to LIVE. One day mankind as a whole will win that secret and the human race have achieved its triumph. So far those individuals that have won it have pointed out, and still point out, to us the way, and the next step lies immediately before us.

STUDENT

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

Putting aside all sentiment, for we all know we derive a sense of pleasure from doing things for others and from practising a certain degree of unselfishness, why should it be necessary to always insist upon it as a rule in life; are we not all conditioned by our Karma, and must not Karma necessarily work itself out on certain lines? Is there not therefore a danger of interfering with Karma?

Answer

H. P. Blavatsky replies to a similar question in *The Key to Theosophy* as follows:

Theosophist—It is the very law of Karma that gives strength to all that I have said. The individual cannot separate himself from the race, nor the race from the individual. The law of Karma applies equally to all, although all are not equally developed. In helping on the development of others, the Theosophist believes that he is not only helping them to fulfill their Karma, but that he is also, in the strictest sense, fulfilling his own. It is the development of humanity, of which both he and they are integral parts, that he has always in view, and he knows that any failure on his part to respond to the highest within him retards not only himself but all in their progressive march. By his actions he can make it either more difficult or more easy for humanity to attain the next higher plane of being.

Enquirer—How does this bear on the fourth of the principles you mentioned; viz, Reincarnation?

Theosophist—The connection is most intimate. If our present lives depend upon the development of certain principles which are a growth from the germs left by a previous existence, the law holds good as regards the future. Once grasp the idea that universal causation is not merely present, but past, present and future, and every action on our present plane falls naturally and easily into its true place, and is seen in its true relation to ourselves and to others. Every mean and selfish action sends us backward and not forward, while every noble thought and every unselfish deed are stepping stones to the higher and more glorious planes of being. If this life were all, then in many respects it would indeed be poor and mean; but regarded as a preparation for the next sphere of existence, it may be used as the golden gate through which we may pass, not selfishly and alone, but in company with our fellows, to the palaces which lie beyond.

On carefully analyzing the question, "Why should it be necessary to always insist upon it (i. e., unselfishness) as a rule in life?" is it not plain that such a question can arise only from the promptings of the lower nature, which is selfish and does not like to be disturbed or brought into subjection? And, too, following the good advice of putting aside all sentiment, if we look fairly at the matter, we find that Brotherhood and unselfishness are not a matter of sentiment, but the carrying out of the deeper laws of life, and if we take the teachings of all the great helpers of humanity, and if we will but follow their teachings and so gain the direct experience, as we may if we will, of their truth, we find as the Scripture says, that "if a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" And the experience that may be ours, if we will but make Brotherhood the rule of life, will be that it becomes for us a key that opens the way to the "love of God," the knowledge of the divine which is the basis of and includes all knowledge.

AT THE PIANO

by ANNA KATHERINE GREENE

PLAY on! Play on! As softly glides
 The low refrain, I seem, I seem
 To float, to float on golden tides,
 By sunlit isles, where life and dream
 Are one, are one; and hope and bliss
 Move hand in hand, and thrilling kiss
 'Neath bowery blooms,
 In twilight glooms,
 And love is life, and life is love.

Play on! Play on! As higher rise
 The lifted strains, I seem, I seem
 To mount, to mount through roseate skies,
 Through drifted cloud and golden gleam,
 To realms, to realms of thought and fire,
 Where angels walk and souls aspire,
 And sorrow comes but as the night
 That brings a star for our delight.

Play on! Play on! The spirit fails,
 The star grows dim, the glory pales,
 The depths are roused --- the depths, and oh!
 The heart that wakes, the hopes that glow!
 The depths are roused; the billows call
 The soul from heights to slip and fall;
 To slip and fall and faint and be
 Made part of their immensity;
 To slip from Heaven; to fall and find
 In love the only perfect mind;
 To slip and fall and faint and be
 Lost, drowned within this melody.
 As life is lost and thought in thee.

Ah, sweet, art thou the star, the star
 That draws my soul afar, afar?
 Thy voice the silvery tide on which
 I float to islands rare and rich?
 Thy love the ocean deep and strong,
 In which my hopes and being long
 To sink and faint and fall away?
 I cannot know. I cannot say,
 But play on, play on.

Where Shall the Indian Find a Refuge?

THE old men of the tribes tell us that when their fathers were young, the Indians owned all this country for very many days' march in every direction from the great pipestone quarry in the land of the Sioux. There were many buffaloes, many fish, many deer and elk, many rabbits and ducks, chickens and beavers.

The white men came and killed the buffaloes; killed all of them, leaving none for us. They built their houses in the deer-runs and drove them away. When the Indians resisted they were killed also, though first they killed some white men because they would not go away. Then the Indians that were left were put on "reservations" to stay there. They could not go to the plains in autumn to hunt buffalo, they could not go to the woods in winter to hunt deer. The whites killed the antelopes and beavers and their towns poisoned the fish.

We must stay and be fed like sick women; we, who owned the land and had always been hunters and warriors. We were very angry. The men sent to govern us stole from us and cheated us, and we hated them. They took our children and made them to live in another fashion and learn the white men's writing till their own they did forget how to read, and forgot how to hunt and fish. Our hearts were mad with hate and fear. Then they made us to be on farms, and said to us, "It is better to grow corn than to hunt." It was all lies, but because we must eat we did grow corn and kept tame cows, while our bowstrings rotted and worms ate the shafts of our arrows.

Then came the white men and said, "This land is good, too good for Indians. We will put you in another place." So like beaten women we went to another place. Why should we live, since the Great Spirit has forsaken us? The white men spoil our children, ruin our women, steal our goods and sell whiskey to our young men. They have plowed up our camas valleys, killed our game and emptied the streams of fish. Even we, who once were strong warriors, now clothe ourselves in cast-off rags and cringe and beg like sneaking dogs. Our hearts are sick; why

does not the Great Spirit take us where there are no white men? Are there none found to teach our children rightly in the new manner of living which we cannot learn? Who will tell them the truth about the white man's evil gods? who will revive in their hearts the love of the Great Spirit? We are old, and our hearts are sick; our council fires burn no longer, our legends will be forgotten; the only kindness we ask is to be left the remainder of our days in peace, but they will not. It is better to die, than to eat scraps like coyotes, or work like women.

SOL-LEKS CHÓPE

The Basis of Empire

AN eminent scientist, Professor Karl Peterson, has just given the annual "Huxley Memorial Lecture," taking for his subject the alleged decline of mental and physical stamina among Englishmen. In the main, he regards the charge as established:

Looking around dispassionately from the calm atmosphere of anthropology, he feared there really was a lack of leaders of the highest intelligence in science, in the arts, in trade, even in politics.

Whether the case is as bad as he stated it, and whether other countries are open to the same indictment we need not inquire. But whatever the degree and geographical area of the malady, he assuredly puts his finger upon the right cause:

For the last forty years, the intellectual classes of the nation, enervated by wealth, or by love of pleasure, or following an erroneous standard of life, had ceased to give us in due proportion the men we wanted to carry on the ever-growing work of our Empire.

And he did not seem to think that more universities and colleges would remedy the matter. The only remedy is a rebirth of ideals in life. Ideals are more a matter of feeling than of intellect. Feeling is life itself, and power. Intellectual culture is but adorning and cutting and complexifying the banks through which one of the branches of a man's river of life shall flow. It does not increase the river's volume. The men who have made empires and made them great, were not university men.

And we predict that the forces under which the next great empire arises, and the empires that will in their turn succeed it, will not be the same as in the past. They will come forward into greatness and supremacy because they are guided and officered and largely even peopled by men who have for their objective the *welfare of humanity*, and whose principles are justice and compassion. Thus they will have the fully-invoked and ever more fully present Divine Law on their side; a law which while in its working it may avail itself of the "big battalions," has often enough in history demonstrated that it can give victory without them.

It is only such ideals that can now reduce to their proper subordination the everywhere present worship and love of wealth, "pleasures" and luxuries. Then intelligence, and health of body and mind, will not be far to seek.

STUDENT

The Monument to Servetus

WE have already drawn attention to the remarkable monument to Servetus, which has been erected in Geneva by followers of Calvin. We have now received a copy of the inscription upon this monument, of which the translation is as follows:

As dutiful and appreciative followers of Calvin, our great reformer, but condemning an error which was that of the century in which he lived, and firmly attached to liberty of conscience according to the true principles of the Reformation, we have raised this expiatory monument the 27th October, 1903.

Far be it from us to speak slightly of a sincere act of expiation, however late in the day it may come. The martyrdom of Servetus, however, was not the act of an age but of a theology, and because that theology is still alive it is as capable of acts of persecution as it was three hundred and fifty years ago, when it burned Servetus at the stake. A theology which deifies cruelty is itself cruel, and will predispose its followers to cruel acts. So long as cruelty remains a part of a religion we shall believe that the cruelty of its followers is restrained by lack of power and not by lack of inclination. This we say without impugning the sincerity of some whose lives are better than their creed. S.

Before the soul can see the harmony within must be attained.—*Voice of the Silence*

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November the 22d, 1903

NOV	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
16	29.858	63	46	53	51	.04	E	5
17	29.802	66	52	65	58	.00	E	5
18	29.768	70	57	63	58	.00	calm	calm
19	29.826	73	48	58	53	.00	E	7
20	29.958	66	52	57	55	.00	E	6
21	29.984	71	56	60	58	.00	N	5
22	29.804	64	55	59	59	.00	N	5

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

A Giraffe's Throat

Here is a story of Goldwin Smith:

Goldwin was apparently wrapt in thought one morning at breakfast, and one would suppose he was contemplating writing a brilliant essay. His father, somewhat impatient of his silence, said, "A penny for your thoughts, Goldwin." To this challenge I heard Goldwin reply: "I was just thinking what an awful thing it must be for a giraffe to have a sore throat, what an amount of gargle it would have to swallow, and what length of bandages it would require."—*Selected*

NOTHING is so disturbing and fury-engendering as the sense of weakness and non-mastery when one must launch himself into an emergency,—*J. V. Blake*

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Cash and exchange	412,880 70
	\$1,234,255 41
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$150,000 00
Surplus and undivided profits	63,841 72
Circulation	37,500 00
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New Century PATH



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Vol. VII

DECEMBER 6, 1903

No. 4

New Century Path

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

True Reform
Highest Type of Manhood
Religious Revival
Japan's Discrimination

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Chance and Law in History
Along the Path to Freedom
What Is Accuracy in Education?
Treatment of Convicts

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Messengers of Light—illustrated
Indian Symbolism
Utility and Beauty
"One Word More" (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Senorita Antonia Fabra
—illustrated
The Goal (verse)
A New Departure
Woman in Louisiana
Woman in Hausaland
Loyalty

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Household Life in Egypt—illustrated
Tennessee's Silver Helmet
Fossil Hall, New York
The Pharaoh of the Israelites
Sacred Fires of Ireland

Page 9—NATURE

Kindness to Dumb Brutes
God in Nature (verse)
Cocker Spaniel Puppies—illustrated
Chrysanthemums—illustrated

Pages 10 & 11—U. S. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
A Thanksgiving Play
Observer Notes
Vigilance
Living by Insight
Religious Tests

Page 12—FICTION

Without Flare of Trumpets
Old-Fashioned Girl (verse)
"Hullo!" (verse)

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Sound, Form, Color and Mind
—illustrated
Omniscient Scientist at Work

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Apia, Chief City of Samoa
(illustration)
Selling Morphine in Paris
Periodicals of America
Emigration from Finland
Outskirts of Santiago de Cuba
(illustration)
Consumption and Alcohol
Camphor Giving Out
Cause of Brotherhood
Happiness in Reach of All

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Do It Now
About Animals
Two of the Famous "Eleven
Cuban Children" in Historical
Drama (illustration)
What Is a Heathen?

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

The Day of a Thousand Years
(verse)
William the Silent
Finding of Another Gospel
Night (verse)
Students' Column
Transplanted Materialism

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

The Boat for Swift Rivers
—illustrated
Dry Bones of Theology

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

True Reform Begins in the Heart

NEVER has there been so much talk of reform as at the present time, never have there been so many persons who have reduced all the world's evils to formulas and who are prepared to concentrate the millennium into an Act of Congress. True it is that most of our reforms consist in forbidding others to do the things to which they are inclined, and to which we ourselves are not inclined, but a vague good-will is none the less present, and we must consider it as a growing demarcation between the forces of good and evil.

Acts of Congress and of authority have their place in an evolving world, and it would be as foolish to minimize their importance as to ex-

aggerate it. At present the tendency is to exaggerate it and to expect from the Government what it cannot possibly perform. To compel men to cease from sinning by the expedient of putting them into prison, and by otherwise penalizing them is enticingly simple, but only the most unreflective minds can suppose that the process is in any way curative, or that it at all partakes of the nature of a true reform. We cannot take the love of violence from the human heart by chaining the human hands, however necessary for our own protection the latter process may be, nor can we promote the brotherhood of men by dark cells and strait-

Individual Effort the True Basis

waistcoats. It may often be necessary to forcibly prevent our fellows from sinning, but to confuse forcible prevention with reform is merely folly and a policy of mischievous laziness. To reform a man is to take from him the desire to do wrong, and to evolve in him the desire to do right. Governments cannot do this or only to a secondary degree. It must be done by individual effort or not at all.

Theosophy is above all else a philosophy of optimism, because it recognizes the common divinity of men, and because it endows the individual with the irresistible power of reform. He who recognizes the divinity in himself can never be blind to the God in others. In that light all vice becomes transient and all virtue eternal, and to such an one it is given to walk and talk with God, not only in the Garden of Eden, but also in the prison cell, in the haunts of crime, and in the waste places of human selfishness. He is hedged around with divinity, and in the presence of the darkest clouds he searches the more earnestly for the golden glow which proves the Sun.

The condition of the world is not so hopeless as some would have us believe. It only seems so to those who have not assumed the divinity of

Men Will Follow True Divinity

man. The universal force of good in men remains voiceless because we have not called upon it, it remains hidden because we have not fetched it forth. Let us cease to evoke government and authority and become these things for ourselves. The world is very tired of its selfishness, very wretched beneath its burden, and waits only for individual example and for the call of a moral idea, the call of an incarnated truth, which assumes the existence of its like in every one it meets.

But it may be said, there are already many who lead the moral life and the world shows no enthusiasm to follow them. That is indeed true, but it is a very different thing to lead the moral life in obedience to the conventional moral axioms and to lead the life which is entirely subservient to the supreme and recognized divinity. It is divinity which men will follow and not its imitations, the divinity which will, if necessary, cut itself loose from all conventions, refusing to be bound by anything less divine than itself. This is the only thing which can give tranquillity and serenity and these are among the tests of power. These are the qualities which men will follow, and they cannot be assumed. We cannot climb up to them by a back way. The true reformer does not meddle.

For Love Is Alive in the World

He knows that the supreme will of nature is to amend and to adjust, and that no more sublime duty can be his than to clear away all the obstacles which prevent him from becoming the instrument of that will. From him goes forth a power which compels attention, a power which may express itself in eloquence, in art or in literature, but which will be none the less commanding because it uses none of these things. That power we cannot define nor describe, but there has never been a time when men have not made obeisance unto it. Even at this moment all nations are eager to capitulate to truth and to be governed by justice, but truth and justice must be presented in vessels of absolute purity or they will not be recognized or obeyed. We give a solidity to evil which it does not possess. We complain that the walls of wrongdoing will not fall down and we do not recognize that our own unwillingness to claim the power and the glory is the buttress which supports them. The great surrender awaits but the challenge, for love is alive in the world, even though it has been abashed and shamed. When one strong man becomes a standard-bearer he may be assured of serried ranks behind him. He need not wait for governments nor rulers. Let him lay hold upon his own divinity and so himself become both government and ruler, and he shall not lack for subjects and followers. X.

The Highest Type of Manhood

MANHOOD, as here used, of course includes womanhood. Let us define and map our ideal, that we may the better realize it in ourselves.

We all know that there are some people under whose care plants grow and flourish; and others who, do what they will, can hardly get a bloom on a geranium. Studying the two types, we find that the first really love plants, and the second only seem to. The second want a fine show in their gardens; or to make money, or to have praise. They work according to a consciously framed motive, defined in the brain.

But the pure type of the first have little or no regard for these ends. They work in response to a *heart* desire to cause something to grow, and are almost indifferent what it is. All that they do for their plant with their hands—and it may be but a single weed in a pot—is accompanied by an unseen essence pouring from the heart, creative and nutrient. In the arising and coming forth of that, they get their joy, the only joy they want. They are *givers*, and *take* nothing, not even in imagination, neither praise nor money. How can a plant grow under the hands of one whose key-note is *taking*?

Such pure workers—that is, heart-givers—are beloved of children, who are happy and good in their presence. The children get from them the same pure life-stream as the plants—though it is a stream that enriches the giver as well as the receiver.

So also the sick like to have such a person present. Medicines given by their hands do more good. People in trouble come to them and somehow feel better. Yet though they sympathize, and have pain in their sphere of thought, yet deeper in their heart is ever that one divine pleasure of giving, the joy of the setting forth and continuance of the divine all-nutrient life-essence, creator and sustainer.

It is evident that they stand quite apart from emotionalists and sentimentalists of every kind. And it is equally clear that they are not necessarily connected with any religious creed, nor necessarily possessed of any kind of intellectual culture.

But in process of time they acquire *wisdom*. Their consciousness enters into closer and closer relation with the life-energy going through them, so that they follow it and feel through and with it as the consciousness of an insect through its antennæ. Thus they come to feel the character and the needs of those they touch, even if they do not think out into set terms what they know in *feeling*. So their growth-causing power is guided only towards that which is good in the world of men and events about them. And as said, a good deal of this work—till they become the Masters of Life—goes on somewhat outside their intellectual consciousness. But they become keenly aware that any lapse from any duty on their part lowers the tension of the general moral atmosphere, and lessens that general pressure toward good and duty which—perhaps for the majority—is the mainstay against utter lapses, and indeed the secret binder of society and organized civilization.

So these people stand like lights through the dark of time; though few of us can trace the gleams in our hearts and lives to their true source. Any of us can join them, but the first step is to lay aside all hope or motive or acceptance of recognition or praise or reward. STUDENT

The Religious Revival

THE idea that the world is about to experience a great religious revival, is spreading among thoughtful men, although there is, of course, the tendency to associate a religious revival with the spread of one's own religious opinions and creeds. We shall neither understand, nor can we prepare for a religious revival until we realize that the whole of religion is comprised in human brotherhood and all which that implies. As soon as we can comprehend this we shall know that the religious awakening is already upon us, even though it now show itself only by the turmoil which inevitably attends the reach for lost ideals.

An Episcopal bishop has recently preached a sermon upon the "shaking up" which our systems are about to receive. He believes that no reform can be permanent "which divides sacred from secular things." It is not easy to understand quite what he means, but it is very certain that man cannot create a division which does not exist in nature. Sacred and secular are entirely human terms, and they have no meaning. Every human action is either in accord with duty or it is not in accord with duty.

As duty is the divine guide to life, all action and all life should be sacred, including the pursuit of rest and recreation and the daily work which our needs demand of us. There can be no greater religious revival than a new recognition of duty, a recognition which comes from within. We shall then recognize the folly of paying another either to tell us what is our duty or to encourage us to do it. Of one thing we may be well assured, whoever may be the beneficiaries of a religious revival, our self-interests will not be among them. They alone have everything to lose and absolutely nothing to gain. C. S.

Japan's Discrimination

LAFCADIO HEARN'S *Kokoro* gives us a new picture of Japanese life in which there is some little to deplore and very much to admire.

The material progress of the country about which we have heard so much has made but little mark upon the externals of the country. Western machinery and western usages have been imported without the western haste and fever, and the Japan of today to the ordinary observer is almost indistinguishable from the Japan of long ago.

You might journey two hundred miles through the interior of the country, looking in vain for large manifestations of the new civilization. In no place do you find commerce exhibiting its ambition in gigantic warehouses, or industry expanding its machinery under acres of roofing. A Japanese city is still as it was ten centuries ago, little more than a wilderness of wooden sheds—picturesque, indeed, as paper lanterns are, but scarcely less frail. And there is no great stir and noise anywhere—no heavy traffic, no booming and rumbling, no furious haste. In Tokyo itself you may enjoy, if you wish, the peace of a country village.

The simplicity of life is not the least of the charms of a fascinating land. Simplicity means liberty as complexity means bondage, and Japan has here learned a lesson which older civilizations doubtless once knew and must now relearn. Here is a picture which has an allurements all its own and which does much to explain Japanese success. These are a mobile people, living without anchors and without drags.

Before a Western man can move he has many things to consider. Before a Japanese moves he has nothing to consider. He simply leaves the place he dislikes and goes to the place he wishes without any trouble. There is nothing to prevent him. Poverty is not an obstacle, but a stimulus. Impediments he has none, or only such as he can dispose of in a few minutes. Distances have no signification for him. Nature has given him perfect feet that can spring him over fifty miles a day without pain; a stomach whose chemistry can extract ample nourishment from food on which no European could live; and a constitution that scorns heat, cold and damp alike, because still unimpaired by unhealthy clothing, by superfluous comforts, by the habit of seeking warmth from grates and stoves, and by the habit of wearing leather shoes. . . . The Japanese man of the people—the skilled laborer able to underbid without effort any Western artisan in the same line of industry—remains happily independent of both shoemakers and tailors. His feet are good to look at, his body is healthy, and his heart is free. If he desires to travel a thousand miles, he can get ready for the journey in five minutes. His whole outfit need not cost seventy-five cents, and all his baggage can be put into a handkerchief. On ten dollars he can travel for a year without work, or he can simply travel on his ability to work, or he can travel as a pilgrim. You may reply that any savage can do the same thing. Yes; but any civilized man cannot, and the Japanese has become a highly civilized man for at least a thousand years. Hence his present capacity to threaten Western manufactures.

The author tries to account for the uniformity of Japanese progress, for the unity of its national life. Japan has "moved unitedly in the direction of great ends," and this, Mr. Hearn tells us, is because of the "rare unselfishness and perfect faith" of her people. It is a pleasure to believe that this is entirely true, and to express the hope that this wonderful nation in imitating whatever in other nations is worthy of imitation will neither lose nor forget the "rare unselfishness and perfect faith," without which there can be no permanence and no real glory. Z.

A Group of Samoans

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week represents a group of Samoan natives engaged in their popular native games. The scene is taken from a place near the residence of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, whose influence has done much to favorably introduce Samoa and its people, among whom he lived so happily, to the rest of the world. The Samoans are a gentle, peaceable and affectionate people, deeply appreciative of sympathy and kindness.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Chance and the Law in History

A REVIEW of the late historian Lecky in *The Nation* praises him for his willingness to admit among the factors of history the element of chance. Chance is said to show its hand in those cases, "in which," to quote the historian, "a slight change in the disposition of circumstances, or in the action of individuals, would have altered the whole course of history." We think, on the contrary, that it is precisely at those points where "chance" seems to have operated that the real operator has been divine law. For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lame; and so the general rode up late to the battle; and so the battle was lost; and so perhaps "the whole course of history" was altered.

Large consequences from a loose nail! But if the defeated and humbled army and nation needed a humiliation, or if its ill-used power had become too great for the world's good, and if there is that which watches over the world and helps it from time to time, surely it would be easier, and therefore wiser, for that "that" to work by means of an overlooked nail than by swaying the courses of a great battle?

History will never be intelligently written till historians learn to look for the meaning of events; till they see that history is guided by a Power which has human evolution, human ennoblement, for its aim. Great nations are permitted to arise in order that their consciousness may attain something not previously present in humanity. When that is achieved comes the hour for the commencement of their decay, or for entering upon a new era of progress—which depends on causes sown by themselves. If they have sown evil, no amplitude of military preparation, no breadth of university extension schemes or colleges of science, will delay their fall a year. Cyrus of Persia had the largest force of war that earth had or has ever seen, but the little Greek people totally overthrew him. Have the accidents and chances that made the battle of Salamis end as it did ever been recorded? Doubtless they looked pure accidents to those who saw them, but had they not happened, we should probably now be barbarians. Nations, like men, are free to will and do. But when they have willed and done, and when the time is ripe, the Law will make its comment. And it will be well for them if they have willed and done with right and justice.

STUDENT

Along the Path to Freedom

WE could perhaps find no better illustration of the decadence of philosophy than a comparison between the ideals of the Greek stoics and the theories held by the advanced schools of today. Zeno, the great stoic philosopher furnishes us with a list of the things to which we should be indifferent and in this list we find life and death, pain and pleasure, riches and poverty, sickness and health. This is, of course, a counsel of perfection and was so intended. Even among the stoics themselves there were probably none who claimed to have attained, but it was none the less an ideal conscientiously striven for and there were many whose progress upon this path was not inconsiderable.

If these are the things which should be eliminated from the world of our individual thought what shall we say of the ideals, even of the philosophic ideals which surround us now? To the vast bulk of humanity the adoption of Zeno's list would mean the extinction of life itself. Those things to which we ought to be indifferent contribute for us the whole of existence. We know of nothing beyond them. They are for us the very edge of the world. Beyond them is the falling off place, the great darkness, nothing.

And yet the path which Zeno paints for us is, after all, the road to freedom. These things are the burdens with which we weight ourselves down, the prison walls which make the only home we know, the paralysis which is the negation of power. The horizon of our own self-love is not the horizon of the universe, and the fitful glitter which we follow is not the glory of the sun. There are universes of thought and power awaiting the navigator who will sail on and on beyond the illusion girt islands of our lives, there are seas of aspiration and of attainment across which the sun has marked a golden path of progress.

What Is Accuracy in Education?

PRESIDENT WOOLLEY pleads for a greater accuracy in education. Such a plea will be received with hearty sympathy by every true educationist, but it implies a great deal more than may meet the eye. So long as education consists in imparting facts instead of in awakening a love of knowledge, so long will many of those facts be received unwillingly, without interest and therefore without accuracy. The President quotes an answer to an examination paper as illustrating his point. It illustrates our point also. It seems that a student expressed the opinion that "Mount Carmel is the place where Elijah sat when he was fed by a crow." Such an answer obviously proceeds from a mind entirely uninterested, perhaps contemptuously indifferent. Why should it be otherwise, and why should we waste the time of a student by a dead-letter rendering of Biblical allegories, which both teachers and pupils alike are unable to understand? President Woolley pleads for keenness of vision and clearness of hearing. When we give our students something worth seeing and something worth hearing, we shall no longer complain of a lack of avidity.

STUDENT

The Sensible Treatment of Convicts

IN their treatment of criminals, the French are beginning to pass easily in advance of other nations. They have struck the key-note in their new penitentiary at Fresnes, about 8 miles from Paris. This is an eminently healthy situation; the cell windows are large and so are the cells. In every one is electric light, and there are hot water and shower baths throughout.

The inmates are well fed; various kinds of education are provided for them: they may work at trades and earn money. In the prison is a great hall where lectures on various subjects are given, and the prisoners gladly attend. The evils of drunkenness and the alcohol question are favorite topics, and the late marked diminution of crime in France is attributed in part to these.

This is all on the right line, and it might go much further. Concerts might be given, singing classes held, and some of the simpler musical instruments taught. To become owner of one of these would be a stimulus to the people to work.

We shall hear on every hand the cry that prisons must not be made too comfortable, or people will want to get into them. There is, however, no need to treat all prisoners alike, or to give to those with short sentences all that would be given to those with long ones. For some criminals, the disgrace, and rupture of ties; and for nearly all, the loss of liberty, are leading elements in the treatment.

For most criminals there will ultimately arrive the moment of release. What sort of person do we propose to liberate? A man hardened by years of iron severity, with a mind sterilized by years of grim monotony of tasks, utterly out of touch with any of the finer influences of life? or one whose mind has been widened by education and access to books, and refined by music and art? Which will you have in society? You must choose, for society receives back daily into itself a thin stream of released criminals.

And we do not argue for luxuries, or for comfort as an end in itself. We would have criminals housed, fed, clothed, and regimined so as to conserve and better their health. We would have the doors of education of mind and feeling thrown open to them along many lines. And we know that if this were done, even the worst would return to our world with ideals they never had before, and with new conceptions of the possibilities of life. Whatever their subsequent falls and failures, they could never again be as men who had not faced those ideals and conceptions; and we should have done something towards the discharge of duty to those who in many cases are the victims of the fierce social stress of our time.

STUDENT

WITH consistency a great soul has nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradicts everything you said today.—Emerson

Art Music Literature and the Drama

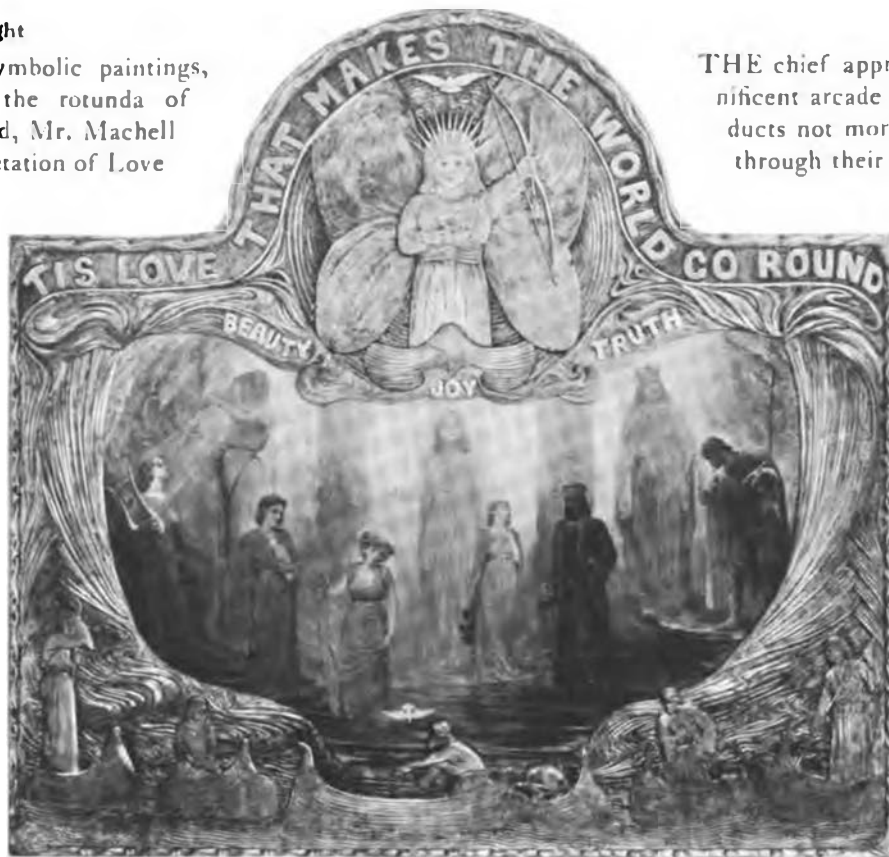
The Messengers of Light

IN one of the largest of his symbolic paintings, which at present hangs in the rotunda of Loma Homestead, Loma-land, Mr. Machell has given a richly symbolic interpretation of Love as a divine and impersonal force.

Three-fold is the vesture of pure Love, and its mystic garments are Joy, Beauty and Truth.

Joy, in its divinest aspect, is represented in the painting as a queenly woman sending out into the world the bearer of her message. Joy, active, positive, glorious, is the message of her who steps bravely into life's flood, garlanded with red roses. Joy in its dreamy, passive aspect, is hers who shrinks and holds back, carrying the poppies which have ever been symbolic of pleasure in its negative aspect.

Truth, crowned and stately, sends forth the Sage, the man of science, conqueror in the world of thought; and also the Warrior, conqueror in life's battles for compassion's sake. Beauty, veiled and mystical, sends forth the Artist and the Bard. Not the least remarkable feature of the entire picture is the carved frame; the boatmen below, waiting to ferry these messengers across the dark river, foiled by the joyous, triumphant child-figure above.



THE MESSENGERS OF LIGHT, by R. MACHELL

A. V.

Indian Decorative Symbolism

DR. CLARK WISSLER has undertaken a work of very great value to the domain of art. He intends to spend six months in the study of the decorative methods in vogue among the Indians of the plains. It is his purpose to spend most of his time among the northern division of the Dakotas and also to give a share of his attention to the Gros Ventres and the Blackfeet. These tribes were once connected, and it is a generally accepted theory that they freely exchanged their customs and decorative ideas. Dr. Wissler intends to examine that theory and to study generally the meanings of Indian decorative symbolism.

We have certainly not yet learned to properly estimate the value of symbolism as an interpreter of religious and philosophical conceptions. A great writer once spoke of symbolism as a disease of the infancy of humanity. We shall yet recognize it as a means for the expression of ideas which are too lofty for words, a system so scientifically accurate as to appeal alike to all minds of equal development.

It is the brain mind which prefers the pabulum of bare cold statement and insists on expressing itself in chill and literal "facts." The symbol is ever the language of the soul, and those who speak disparagingly of the symbolism current among our so-called savage tribes would do well to ask themselves what civilization would do without the symbol. What is music but the purest of symbolic expressions? What is art, architecture, the drama? X.

Utility and Beauty

THE chief approach to Rome lay between the magnificent arcade of the Marcian and Claudian aqueducts not more than a hundred yards apart; and through their arches, thirty feet high on one hand and fifty on the other, the wide Campagna stretched away to purple distances, to shadowy Monte Cavo and white Soracte. Not less than the power was the beauty. And here is a fact on which the education of the future will more and more have to rest. We shall never be really a great people until we have learned to take account of beauty as of religion.

Beauty is in itself a religious influence; they who systematically leave it out of the account remain barbarous, and nothing is truly well done which is not beautifully done. The time will come when every work of utility will be a work of beauty, like the Roman aqueducts. This it is which makes their enduring charm, which causes something to spring to the eye and touch

the heart at sight of those silent miles of arches, as no other Roman ruin, temple or holy place can do. You cannot look upon them without realizing the giant streams of life and strength and joy they bore to ancient Rome. The palaces were for the Cæsars, the churches were for the purple Hierarchy, the temples were for the gods and the trophies of the conquerors; the water was for all, the one copious blessing of the wretched pleb.

Who can call that uneconomical which rears at a certain present cost an object lesson of beauty to last two thousand years, which plants an influence of work silently upon a race throughout the generations of men? And who can justly declare that any work is economical which permanently neglects this element of the enduring beautiful?

If there is one development of art left for America, it must be in the line of the beauty of the useful—in the ennobling of all which serves the noble common uses of life and humanity. This is art and work worthy a great democracy; not palaces for any emperor, but fair homes for a free people; not cathedrals for any hierarchical priesthood, but schools, colleges, libraries, for the new religion of humanity, built and adorned as the temples and the churches of an elder day; not great gardens for any prince, noble, cardinal or millionaire, but great parks for the whole people.—*Grace Ellery Channing in "Out West"*

SINCE the public mainly knows of Max Bruch as the composer of the G minor concerto for violin, a surprise is now awaiting it. Mr. Bruch has under preparation music which will adapt the Iliad and the Odyssey for concert purposes. The poems are dramatic in all their details, and with an adequate musical setting, might easily become the year's masterpieces. Mr. Bruch's *Ulysses* is a remarkable work, particularly the banquet of Phæacians, with its rhapsodic songs.

FROM "ONE WORD MORE"

by BROWNING

WHAT of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture?
This: no artist lives and loves, that longs
not
Once, and only once, and for one only.
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—
Using nature that's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.
Ay, of all the artist's living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry.—
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—
Does he write! he fain would paint a picture,
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once and only once, and for one only.
So to be the man and leave the artist,
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.
I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all-express me;
So it seems; I stand on my attainment,
This of verse alone, one life allows me;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
Other heights in other lives, God willing;
All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love.



Christ's love rebukes no home-love, breaks no tie of kin apart:
Better heresy of doctrine than heresy of heart.

—Whittier

Señorita Antonia Fabra

WHEN Katherine Tingley went to Cuba in 1899 to relieve the suffering that always follows in the trail of any war, one of those whom she met there was the father of Señorita Fabra. A Cuban patriot, on his death-bed he begged Mrs. Tingley to take with her to America his daughter. She at first demurred, not having organized at that time the Institution at Point Loma; but so well did he plead that she finally consented. Accordingly, when Mrs. Tingley returned to her home in New York, with her returned Antonia Fabra, and from that hour her life-work began. She and her brother Felipe are both to-day students at Point Loma.

Señorita Fabra accompanied Mrs. Tingley to England in the next year, when she attended the Brighton Congress, and traveled with her through Germany, Denmark and Sweden. In the latter country Mrs. Tingley presented her to King Oscar as a representative of Cuba, and with him she had the pleasure of conversing in her native Castilian. She was with Mrs. Tingley when the latter came into possession of Madame Blavatsky's old home at 19 Avenue Road, London.

In 1901 Mrs. Tingley sent Señorita Fabra to Cuba on a special mission, and she was a member of the last Cuban crusade, that marvelous undertaking which has resulted in the permanent establishment of Raja Yoga schools in the Island.

No student is more enthusiastic over the results of Raja Yoga training, no one more hopeful of Cuba's future, now that the new life of a true philosophy is being poured into it. Señorita Fabra says:

I have seen Cuba in distress and in war, and I well remember how, when everything looked dark, Mrs. Tingley and her workers came with medicine, food, clothing and words of cheer. I saw her working in the heat and disorder day after day, nursing the sick, clothing the needy, feeding the starving. I have seen her for many years giving her life to the unfortunate and to friendless little children. Words cannot express my deep gratitude to her for all that she is doing for my people. Only the future can record the fullness of her work. She is bringing to Cuba a hope that my people have never known and a service more unselfish than anything they have ever experienced. She is teaching us the true meaning of liberty.

Señorita Fabra is one of the head assistants in the department which is devoted to the arts, crafts and a revival of the ancient industries, the Woman's Exchange and Mart of Loma-land. With a diligence and energy which is an example to her own people she is perfecting herself in her studies, preparing to become a worker in Cuba later, in assisting those who purpose to help that country, among other ways, along the higher industrial lines.

A. W. H.

DR. SOPHONISHA P. BRECKENRIDGE, who is a professor in the University of Chicago, has recently published a book, *Legal Tender*, which has been reviewed with special praise by J. L. Laughlin, among others. One reviewer states: "We have on our table a volume prepared by a woman . . . that in ability, research, grasp of intellect, boldness of thought and lucidity of statement cannot be surpassed by any lawyer in America."

THE GOAL

by EMILY DICKINSON

EACH life converges to some center
Expressed or still;
Exists in every human nature
A goal.

Admitted scarcely to itself, it may be,
Too fair
For credibility's temerity
To dare.

Adored with caution, as a brittle heaven,
To reach
Were hopeless as the rainbow's raiment
To touch.

Yet persevered toward, surer for the distance;
How high
Unto the saint's slow diligence
The sky!

Ungained, it may be, by a life's low venture,
But then,
Eternity enables the endeavoring
Again.

A New Departure

IT is reported that a new bill is soon to be presented to the Minnesota legislature. It provides that "any printed report of a crime, except according to the rules provided, shall be considered a misdemeanor and the publisher or manager of the offending paper shall be fined not less than \$100 nor more than \$500, or in default of fine, shall serve not to exceed ninety days in jail." The rules provide that, among other things, reports of crimes shall be printed in small type, that is, type of the ordinary size, that they shall be printed without headlines, that a mere statement of facts shall be given and that the reports shall be unaccompanied by either pictures or sketches.

The framer of the bill is said to be a woman, Mrs. McGowen, a resident of Minneapolis. Is it a straw showing which way the tide is certain to flow when good women are awakened? And what will the yellow journals do then?

RECENT examinations in the Paris Conservatoire reveal a state of affairs that is alarming. One musical paper refers to it under the heading, "Cruelty to Men Students." Of the four first cello prizes, three were won by women; in the piano department they stood far higher than the men; and of the five first prizes in the violin classes, they won three.

Woman's Legal Status in Louisiana

MRS. CATHERINE WAUGH McCULLOCH, a practicing attorney in Chicago, has recently pointed out certain statutes of Louisiana which discriminate against women. For instance, while the law states that marriage produces partnership in property, the management of the wife's property is placed solely in the hands of the husband. The mother's rights over her children are less than the father's, although—oh, the exquisite injustice of some of our laws!—in case the father dies, and in case the father's relatives give their joint consent, and in case the mother does not marry again, she is *allowed* to have the care of her own children. What a commentary on some legislator's ignorance of the treasured wisdom and the stored capacity for suffering that lies within the mother's heart! Mrs. McCulloch also mentions two statutes which, when contrasted, tempt the sanest to fly to extremes: one of which places the maximum penalty for criminal assault upon a child at five years, while the maximum penalty for burning cotton is twenty years! Possibly an amendment to the former statute would have some weight in abolishing lynch law in that State.

It is interesting to know that Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch are law partners. The latter has made an exhaustive study of the statutes of Illinois with reference to their bearing upon the position of women, and has published a book upon the subject, which plainly shows that if most men were not better than the laws the position of women would at times be difficult if not intolerable. In Illinois, however, and in other States as well, many laws which formerly discriminated against women now no longer exist by reason of legislative repeal or amendment. The subject is complex enough and one who attempts to look into the subject of the statutory enactments of our different States, however, is likely to conclude that what we really need is "fewer laws and better ones." A.

MISS ALICE FLETCHER, whose work on *Omaha Music* is almost a classic, has been associated with the Smithsonian Institution at Washington as well as with the Indian Bureau for many years. Her work among the Omahas deserves wider recognition, for she has often done what is usually considered man's work, and she has done it so tactfully as to minimize and sometimes eliminate all difficulties. It was she who surveyed the government lands for the Omahas and had charge of their division. We are beginning to understand that the American Indians have innumerable songs which conform to a definite melodic system—many of them connected with tribal legends, myths and ceremonies or religious rituals of the greatest poetic and dramatic beauty.

MRS. CHARLOTTE COMSTOCK GRAY has recently won her third degree from the Chicago University, that of M. A. Five years ago she took the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, being the only woman student in her class. She has given special attention to theology and homiletics and is proficient in Arabic, Hebrew and Greek, in addition to several modern languages.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Gray's examination for the degree of M. A., the faculty did not even retire from the room for deliberation, an unusual proceeding, but gave her the degree on the instant without a dissenting suggestion.

SAID Rachel, who has been characterized as "the mightiest Jewess since the time of Deborah and Miriam," in one of her letters, written as she lay upon a bed of pain: "My success is wonderful, but purchased at what a price! The price, alas, of my health and life. The intoxication of applause passes into my blood and burns it up! The public—the world—sees the artist, but they forget the woman!"

Woman in Hausaland

THOSE who have traveled in Hausaland, observes the *African Review*, "cannot help being struck by the very free and independent position occupied by the women. They also appear to have a good deal of time to spare." Among the precepts esteemed by the people are the following:

Farm work is not becoming for a wife; she is free, you may not put her to hoe grass as a slave.

If thou hast not a boy to take her pitcher, do thou endeavor to escort her to the water in the evening.

There are communities in some of the most advanced countries of modern Europe that might emulate with profit these, their "inferiors."



SENORITA ANTONIA FABRA

WOMEN'S incursions into astronomy are rare enough to make us give them an extra welcome. An Englishwoman, the Hon. Emmeline M. Plunket, in her recent book *Ancient Calendars and Constellations* has made her astronomical knowledge interestingly subserve the purposes of history.

The point she makes is that the zodiacal calendar of old Chaldea was made when the *winter solstice*, not as now the *spring equinox*, coincided with the sun's entry into the constellation Aries. She supports her theory by the results of wide knowledge of Persian, Indian, and Chinese mythological and astronomical lore. The solar epoch

referred to took place about 8000 years ago, and this of course shows the Chaldean knowledge of astronomy to date much further back than has hitherto been anywhere admitted. K.

Loyalty

WHEN we awaken to a realization of life's true meaning it is then that we begin to live. A new faith in humanity springs up within our hearts, a greater trust in ourselves and a pure and enduring loyalty. We then become able to discriminate, with an un-

failing clearness of vision, between principle and the will-o'-the-wisps of desire that ever seek to lead us back again into the old selfish past. But to be loyal to principle merely for the sake of keeping one's own house swept clean—to make of personal purity a fetish—is but another form of selfishness, more poisonous as it is more subtle.

Let us not allow the joy of our life in Lomaland and the beauty of our surroundings to lead us into forgetfulness of the world. Because we

are happy, it does not follow that the misery of the world is lessened, though it yet will be, for we, as true students, are unselfishly happy. In fact, the world's suffering seems to have grown more bitter from contrast. What are our personal struggles or trials or discomforts compared with those of the thousands who are waiting without the portals, longing, pleading to enter? What is our loyalty to the Teacher who has brought us a new hope and taught us how to live a greater life, what is our loyalty to her but another aspect of the compassion that we feel when we think of humanity and its sorrow?

Let us live as the soul would have us live, on the heights, where our every thought is pure and unselfish. We are our brothers' keepers, and if we lived more earnestly we would realize this more fully. Let us begin each day with our eyes looking up to the heights, not upon the ground. So living, every duty will be a joy, and every responsibility will be a privilege.

Let us not narrow our thoughts down to the little circle that bounds only the personal self. To do so is to be disloyal to all the principles that we profess to serve, disloyal to all that we claim to defend. The very fact that we are gathered, a united body, at Lomaland, is a sign of our trust in principle and our loyalty to those who are giving their lives in humanity's service.

AMANDA H. SEDERHOLM

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Professor Petrie on Household Life in Egypt

A REPRESENTATIVE of the *Daily News* has been so fortunate as to secure an interview with Professor Petrie at University College, London. The Professor was busy with the results of his Egyptian explorations but was courteously willing to talk. He addressed himself more particularly to household life in ancient Egypt, and furnished his visitor with a plan showing the method of arrangement most usually in vogue. We reproduce this plan which the Professor considers to be an ideal one for Egyptian houses.

Among the treasures displayed by the eminent explorer were a number of agricultural implements of which we reproduce the cut appearing in the *Daily News*. There was also a chicken-coop, combs with hanks of thread, ink palettes and pens and a fine collection of personal ornaments with mirrors and glazed pottery. The toys were perhaps the most interesting from some points of view. They included tops, clay figures of animals and dolls with hair. Most of these toys date from about 2500 B. C. Commenting upon some pictorial designs on stone the Professor called special attention to the beauty of the lines. "Sometimes," he said, "you will see a line uninterrupted from the top of a figure's head right down to the toes. The Egyptians never made a shaky line."

Egyptian discoveries follow each other in such rapid succession that the work of classification and translation is necessarily very much in arrear. Nevertheless, enough has been accomplished to entirely overthrow many a theory which was firmly held until a few years ago and to place our knowledge of human evolution upon an entirely new basis.

STUDENT

Important Ruins in Mashonaland, South Africa

ARCHEOLOGISTS are beginning to realize how vast is the field opened up to research in Rhodesia, South Africa. Like most new territories, and especially gold bearing territories, Rhodesia is overrun by speculators and prospectors, and science finds some little difficulty in coming into its heritage.

None the less, busy hands are at work, and occasional reports show that their work is by no means in vain. One such report recently received records the finding of a soapstone beam nearly four and a half feet high, surmounted by a bird carved from the same material, and bearing upon its face a representation of a crocodile or lizard about sixteen inches long.

A museum has been opened at Salisbury, the capital of the colony, and this, and other archeological discoveries have been placed therein.

STUDENT

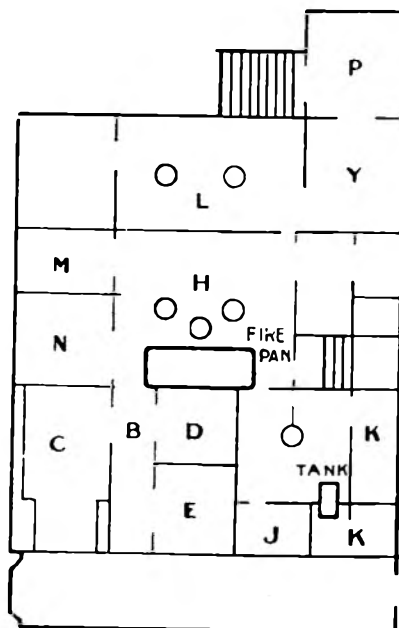
The Dinosaur Was Big Enough to Have Two Brain Centers

TO find an animal with two brains we must go very far back into the prehistoric period. Professor Oliver Farrington, however, vouches that such an animal did exist, and that it was no other than the dinosaur. Of this creature he writes:

This vast creature actually had two brains. He had only one small set of brains in his head and an extraordinary enlargement of the spinal column which must have performed the functions of a second brain. It was a second nerve center of great importance. That is clear from the evidences of enlargement seen in the bones of the animal. The brain was only a continuation and enlargement of the spinal column.

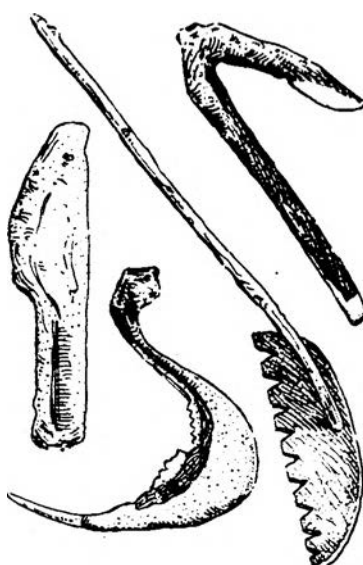
The dinosaur was seventy feet in length and weighed more than twenty tons, so that it was not unreasonable that so vast a bulk should have two directing centers.

STUDENT



GROUND PLAN OF EGYPTIAN HOUSE

P Porter's room
Y Lobby where out-door apparel was left
L Loggia
MN Store rooms
H Central Hall
BC Master's rooms
DE Men servants
JKK Women's rooms



EGYPTIAN FARM IMPLEMENTS
Winnowers, Sickle, Rake, Hoe

Remarkable Silver Helmet Found in Tennessee

THE excavators of an Indian mound about twenty miles south of Paris, in Tennessee, have discovered a metal helmet, which seems to be made of silver. It is beautifully made and artistically carved, and its weight is about eighteen pounds.

There is naturally much speculation as to its origin. Copper articles of rough workmanship have often been found in Tennessee, but nothing of silver nor of such fine craftsmanship has been previously found. It is suggested that it may have belonged to one of the early Spanish explorers under Hernando Soto, who penetrated this territory in 1582. How then did it find its way into an Indian mound unless it can be shown that the mound is of the same date? The problem should be easy of solution, but the helmet is not unlikely to be a relic of bygone ages, and to have been a treasured antiquity in the hands of the Indians who made the mound.

STUDENT

Fossil Hall, a New York City Museum

FOSSIL HALL, New York, has lately been reopened to the public after having been closed for a few months for cleaning and rearrangement. A number of additions have been made and the Vice-President states that the collection of fossils is now the most complete in the world. The most perfect specimen is perhaps that of a mammoth, which was discovered in Texas, and of which the tusks are nearly fourteen feet long. Another valued possession is a skeleton of the three-toed horse, known as the *Messohippus*. The Vice-President has recently stated that Fossil Hall contains a complete picture of the evolution of life upon the American Continent during three millions of years, and the collection is therefore of very great educational interest.

STUDENT

The Pharaoh of the Israelites' Captivity

THE way in which theology is being compelled to follow upon the footsteps of archeology is curiously shown by a recent Egyptian discovery. We are all familiar with the story of how "Pharaoh and all his host" were destroyed by the sea while pursuing the victorious Israelites. The fact that the mummy of Menephthah, the Pharaoh in question, was missing from the otherwise complete series, was triumphantly quoted

as proof of the Old Testament narrative. But now the mummy has at last been found, and it is left to the reluctant theologians to discover that the Biblical record does not expressly state that Pharaoh himself shared the fate of his army. It is well said by an able commentator that every pit that is dug in Egypt becomes the grave of an exploded theory; so as the spade goes deeper the creeds have less to lean upon.

X.

Remembrance of the Sacred Fires of Ancient Ireland

THAT the ancient Irish were sun-worshippers, and that they keep alive some remembrance of the pagan belief to this day, is beyond doubt. Tonight is "Bonfire Night" in Ireland, and under the influence of the Gaelic League it is being celebrated in some places more in accordance with the traditions of Beltane than has hitherto been the case. On a mountain near Dublin great bonfires have been made by the Gaelic Leaguers, and around these there will be Irish music and dancing. In ancient Ireland the Pagan Beltans was held on May Day, and all fires were lit from the sacred flame at Tara. In Christian times, instead of abolishing the Pagan festivals outright, their dates were altered and their purposes were, so to speak, Christianized.—*London Daily News*

Nature

Studies

Kindness to Dumb Brutes

THE following, reprinted from the Los Angeles *Herald*, are some extracts from an address delivered by Miss Helen Mathewson at a teachers' convention at Denver, Colorado, where she resided. She is now living in Los Angeles. We regret that we cannot publish the remarks in full:

"The suffering of the flesh will ever be the same, whether it be the torture of a brute or the agony of a king, and yet some people regard the kind treatment of animals as only a matter of sentiment. So it is. The highest and best things in life are all matters of sentiment; however, the greatest men known to the world were those who loved animals. . . .

"The most wonderful thing in the world is human stupidity; next to that is human conceit. We pride ourselves on our articulate speech, yet they understand our language better than we do theirs, although in one respect their language and ours is the same. Brute or human, a cry, a groan, a shriek, the voice is the same as the pang that gave it birth. . . .

"Farther, who are we, who know so little of the life that is to come, but who look forward to it despairingly as the place where the wrongs of this life shall be righted and sorrows recompensed? Who are we to deny the same hope to these lesser brothers of ours, children of the same father, whose wrongs are no less than ours and whose deserts are sometimes greater? Shall the injustice done us here be evened up there? Shall the pain we suffered, the labors we endured, be made up to us there, and yet the same justice be denied to them? If so, where shall the poor, lame, starved, beaten and tortured horse, who gave his life in the service of a cruel master, have justice done him?

"Where shall the hunted and wounded thing, dying in the hidden brake, take up again his joyous life? . . .

"Is there no place, no time, where the awful mystery of pain shall be solved for the dumb? Shall He who 'heedeth the sparrows when they fall' give justice to some of his creatures and deny it to others? Is there no place where the despairing 'Why? Why?' asked by the agonized voices of all ages shall be answered for the brute's inarticulate cry as well as for our articulate one?

"For that which befalleth the Son of Man befalleth beasts, even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other. Yea, they have one breath so that man hath no pre-eminence above the beast for all his vanity.'"

A JAPANESE newspaper announces the discovery in the southern portion of Taiwan of a forest of camphor trees, covering an area of 50,000 acres and containing about 120,000 trees. This forest should produce about 6000 tons of camphor, and the discovery is therefore one of very great pecuniary value, besides providing employment to a large number of persons.



Cocker Spaniel Puppies

THE four Cocker Spaniel puppies in the picture show plainly that dog nature is as diversified as human, if only studied closely. Taking the liberty of interpreting these puppies' thoughts from their expressions, it is evident that the two in the middle were amused, the one on the right indifferent and the one on the left frankly indignant. Like some people again, some dogs easily become posers, and it is only necessary to point the camera at them to assure absolute stillness and a dramatic attitude, but at the age of these four—two months—the patience of the photographer has to be Job-like and his plates many to get a subject with the natural number of heads and feet.

STUDENT

GOD IN NATURE

YOUR voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers.
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of human hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn
Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves—its organ thunder—
Its dome the sky.

There amid solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles and stretched upon the sod
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
Upon the ways of God.—Selected



LOMA-LAND CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Chrysanthemum, Royal Flower of Japan

TO those who live in colder climates than Loma-land the chrysanthemum is a very valuable flower, because it blooms so much later in the season than most others and will endure so much frost. Also it is a very adaptable flower and may be, and is, cultivated into a great variety of shapes, sizes and colors. Some are formed of such long petals that the whole bloom is as large as a man's head, while others are quite small and compact.

It is a close relative of the daisies and sun-flowers, so far as the flower is concerned, but has been made so very "double" by careful selection that nearly every flowerlet in the bloom has its gorgeous long petal.

Most of the compositae have only the outer row of flowerlets developed into the single petal form, the others remaining small and fine-petaled. But in the chrysanthemums, dahlias and such species, nearly every flowerlet produces a gorgeous banner-petal, sometimes four or five inches long, though the flowerlet itself is scarcely more than an eighth of an inch in diameter.

This process or method of "doubling" is quite a contrast to that of the roses or carnations and their kin. With them the "doubling" process consists in adding more petals to a single flower; for a very much double rose is only one flower; while a double dahlia or chrysanthemum is composed of many little flowers which are greatly developed, each producing one great petal instead of five tiny ones. The centers of most composite flowers, such as daisies, marguerites, etc., are composed of these tiny five-petaled flowers, while the large petals are from the specially developed single-petaled flowerlets.

It speaks well for the good order of the flower elves that they never make the mistake of putting the large petals in the center of the bloom nor of scattering them about in a disorderly way. There are a few of these tiny five-petaled flowerlets in the center of a chrysanthemum, but they are completely hidden.

To those of the students who come from more northern lands the profusion of flower growth at Loma-land is a never-ending astonishment. This picture shows only a part of one picking from a bed of thirteen chrysanthemum plants which are growing in the open air in October.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

I SIS THEATRE was well filled Sunday evening at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, by a very appreciative audience which bestowed unstinted applause upon the sentiments expressed by the speakers and upon the delightful instrumental work of the students of Isis Conservatory of Music.

The speakers of the evening were Mrs. Tyberg, on "A New Era for Women," and Mr. Sidney Coryn, who delivered the second address in his course of essays on "Ancient Egypt." Mrs. Tyberg's paper was in part as follows:

"To the woman who knows the principles of Theosophy, and is striving to apply them in her daily life, the whole world is made over anew, for she acts from a hitherto inactive, hidden part of her nature and the circumstances and relations of her life are so illumined by her philosophy that they seem to offer a fresh and broader field for work.

"For hundreds of years life has been colored by the belief that man lives but one life on earth, followed by an endless existence in heaven, or hell, as the case may be. It has never been quite certain that those who have loved on earth will ever know each other again, even in heaven, and many tender-hearted people have pondered sadly on how happiness could be theirs, if one they loved were suffering eternal torture. It is a proof of the depth of the darkness of the age from which the human race is just emerging, that such beliefs could be accepted by many. A great mystic asks, 'Can it be aught but suffering, to love for one life only?' Many faithful, sorrowing hearts, oppressed by their belief in narrow creeds, can give the answer.

"It is a help in throwing light on the painful relations in life, to know that in doing our duty in them, in living them out, without allowing ourselves to be overwhelmed or discouraged by them, we are paying our just debts and freeing ourselves from influences and bonds brought about by our past mistakes and failures.

"When a woman sees in those she loves immortal souls, her view of life is broadened in every way. The pettiness of life, the gratification of personal desires and ambitions, the struggle for wealth or fame, or even the evanescent popularity that is all that can be achieved by most, the anxiety about worldly interests, the intense competitive spirit that usually enters into life, and wears out the body and mind, all tend to disappear when the larger view is held. While failing in no duty to herself or others, alive to every real interest and pursuing these along temperate lines, a woman with the true philosophy learns from her belief and trust in the law underlying life a serenity and calmness of spirit very different from the 'diseased indifference' that passes for resignation among those who for lack of insight and understanding and true philosophy, have really abandoned the battle-field of life and settled down just to get along as best they can.

"An appreciation of the working of the Law does not, however, do away with difficulties or solve all the problems of life at once. Human relations are not purified and elevated in a day. Character, as we have all observed, is building slowly, and great love and patient effort do not always win even those who are nearest to us, to noble ways. Love has been blind for ages and has failed to help, where a wiser love, seeing the whole nature, facing every tendency and still continuing faithfully, may work wonders. 'Never to tire, never to grow cold, to be patient,

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

**Large Audience Well Pleased
With Interesting Addresses by
Mrs. Tyberg and Mr. Coryn**

Reprinted from the San Diego News

sympathetic and tender, to look ever for the budding flower, the opening heart, to hope always, to love always like God, this is duty.' But there must be an uncompromising attitude to wrong that there has *not* been in the past. Women must *be* something that it is difficult for evil doers to face. They must turn away, having seen themselves in the

light of something pure and clear, knowing themselves as they never have before. What think you would be the condition of the world, if every time a woman had encountered what she knew to be wrong, 'feeling the Eternal Law' as her support, she had protested against it? Silence and patience and endurance are all golden in the right place, but sometimes by practising these virtues too long women may rob a soul of the opportunity for which it has incarnated, the opportunity to face the lower nature and move on with more light.

"The lives of many women are full of monotony. Having no true conception of what life is for, no knowledge of their power for good, full of fear and apprehension and helplessness, they look along the dreary stretch of existence and almost with a feeling of relief see the white tombstones gleaming at the end of it. But to the woman who believes she is a soul, and acts on her belief, all this is a thing of the past. She is not afraid to begin new things, it is *never too late* for her to begin to attain to the broadest culture; she knows that only an effort of her will in any helpful direction may be needed to call forth the fruit of effort made in other lives, to awaken skill and power lying waiting for her call. She will find that she is in truth an undiscovered country to herself. She will find not only undreamed of faculty for helpful work, but if she looks honestly at herself she will see the seeds of what in others she may have shrunk away from. Her blindness to these things in herself may be the chief reason for feeling separateness from others, and when they are faced, behold a barrier broken down, more unity, more will, more tolerance, more power to help. For the woman who faces evil tendencies in herself and has the strength to hold them under control, to give them no headway, to be vigilant over herself, wins a heart-force to which those who have succumbed to weaknesses, those in the depths of overcoming, turn in their distress.

"There will be a time when the hearts of the Raja Yoga women all over the world will be so strong and warm, that their weaker sisters will thus turn to them saying, 'Guard us from ourselves!' This will be one of the reformatory systems of brotherhood life on earth, and it will be an effective system, for it will be based on sympathy, and unity, and self-control.

"A woman whose whole life is lived from the standpoint of the soul, will not enter lightly upon any new relations, whether of friendship or marriage. In her heart she knows that whether it is present in her life or not, there is a joy of true companionship—the love of comrades who have battled for the right together, worked side by side in the great past, and she will not accept any unworthy substitute for this. As pure lives offer more and more freedom for the soul to act, the knowledge that has been ours, of the laws of life, will return to us. We shall win our way to the heights reached by the ancient peoples of the earth, of whom more and more will be heard as time goes on, and then having awaked what is now a hidden and almost unsuspected resource in ourselves, we shall pass on to the new joyous future."

CHRISTMAS GIFTS---A Suggestion

CHRISTMAS is preeminently the time for the giving of gifts, of which the selection is usually a task demanding much anxious care and much lost time.

The essentials of a worthy gift are value and permanence, and in the search for these qualities works of literary and lasting worth naturally take a foremost place. A good book is an unfading treasure, a storehouse of which the contents become more valuable with time, an instrument for the increase of intellect and for the making of character, a link between the giver and the receiver which grows stronger day by day. A year's subscription to the NEW CENTURY PATH is surely a Christmas present worth giving and worth receiving, a weekly reminder of the good will which called it forth. Subscriptions sent in now will be in good time to enable us to deliver the first number at Christmas.

A Thanksgiving Play

THE children of the International Brotherhood League Colony celebrated Thanksgiving Day by a dramatic performance which those who saw it are not likely soon to forget. We can give it no higher praise than to wish that it may be prophetic, as indeed we believe that it will be. The scene represented child life in the coal mines. First of all three children, so small, so ragged, and so work-stained, appeared upon Melita, the Colony donkey, to whom all praise is due for a steady and realistic piece of acting. Melita was led by a fourth child, and the little group joined a crowd of other children similarly attired in the melancholy costume and grime of the coal mine. A discussion upon their hard lot ensued; the constant hunger and the miserable wage, the necessity of helping to support the home, and the unending, pitiful struggle to make both ends meet. It was admirably and faithfully done, and even the babies seemed to show an intelligent comprehension of the parts that they were playing. Then appeared another little actress clothed in white, and representing the Raja Yoga School, of which she explains the beneficent work and the love which it expresses toward all children, and especially those into whose lives the sunlight has never yet come. She promises

that they shall all enter the school and be taught how to be brave and strong, and as a material expression of the good things to come a real Thanksgiving dinner is even now awaiting them.

And then the curtain was drawn aside and there was certainly no acting and no make-believe, either, in the feast of good things which was disclosed, nor in the sincerity with which they were made to disappear. It was a very admirable little play, and as we have already said, we can wish for it nothing better than that it may be a promise of things to come. We believe very heartily that it will be.

OBSERVER

Observer Notes

¶ The news from Cuba is eminently satisfactory. The schools have now been established upon the firmest basis, and to hundreds of children an education is being given which will make of them useful and capable men and women, who will not look upon the world merely as a nut to be cracked by hard blows, but as a world to live in, to be happy in, to be loved and to be improved.

¶ That the schools which Katherine Tingley has established in Cuba should have won their way into popular esteem is not to be wondered at. The Cubans are a practical people, and a people who value education more, perhaps, than any other nation upon earth. They know how to estimate the teaching which the Raja Yoga Schools are providing for their children, they know that it means success in life for those children, and a success which will be won by character and not by cunning, the success which is free from the cruel friction of competition. The Raja Yoga system is itself free from the spirit of rivalry and of competition, which does much to mar so many otherwise excellent efforts. From its very nature it can antagonize no one who has the well-being of children sincerely at heart, and for this reason it is winning its way in Cuba as it must do wherever it is introduced.

¶ The Cuban schools are now floating so buoyantly that Miss Wood will soon be once more in Loma-land.

OBSERVER

Vigilance

ETERNAL vigilance is the price of safety. We cannot be overvigilant, but our vigilance may be of the wrong kind. We must guard it so it may not turn into black suspicion, its evil half-sister, who so often masquerades as watchfulness. Wherever she is allowed to enter, there joy in life departs, for she brings with her pictures of only the dark, the evil side of nature. Unfortunate is the man or woman who falls a victim to that habit, for it spreads a pall over their whole life and makes them lose faith in all that is divine in human nature.

Vigilance is of a different stamp. It is the attitude of the fearless mind, open and alert, ready to see, ready to believe, and ready to know. No uncertain, timid doubt and fear, no distrust, but frank and free recognition of things and men and conditions as they are. It sees the evil, but also the good, which it loves, and through this love it remains uncontaminated in spite of all it sees.

Vigilance is a quality of a positive mind, suspicion that of a negative. Yet, in so far as sensing wrong is concerned, vigilance, in a sense at least, is passive and suspicion active. Vigilance may recognize evil as soon as it begins to exist, even before it is yet manifest, but it does not anticipate it. It waits until it discerns an attack; suspicion imagines one and by this very attitude often provokes it.

This is true in relation to others and toward ourselves. In our constant warfare against our lower nature vigilance is more important than ever, but here, too, it is wise to keep out all anticipation of trouble. Let us *trust ourselves*; let us always keep our face toward the light. If we stumble and fall, as we often do, this should simply make us more vigilant for the future, but nothing is gained by turning around to gaze at the obstacles. We will always do just that to which we rivet our attention. Let us then lift our minds, and our actions will follow, surely and naturally. From above we can take a more clear survey; a sentinel is always placed in a com-

manding position. Sentinel is a post of honor; spy is not. A spy has to partake of the nature of that which he is spying upon, for the time being, and gradually this becomes habitual to him, and he falls to the level of the evil he has endeavored to check. A sentinel places himself squarely on the side where he belongs, and shows his true colors.

Let us stick to the heights! Let us be sentinels, vigilant!

STUDENT

Living by Insight

A paper read before the Sidney, N. S. W. Lodge

LIVING by insight is living the soul life. To live the soul life we must find our true center and live in and from this center. To gain a true idea of ourselves and to concentrate our thought upon it, is to get back to our fixed center. When we rule our daily lives according to the true self-idea, making every thought conform to it, we have found the kingdom within. Humanity is lifted up only as its idea of self is lifted up.

We can never see the divine in mankind until we first see it within. We lack the insight which reveals the truth, because we are blind to it through natural sense. We seek here, there and everywhere for truth, with many a stumble by the way, and all the while it is right at our hand waiting for our eyes to open. The new world simply awaits our discovery. The way thither is within. The light which illumines it "lighteth every man that cometh into the world." This light is soul-perception. We must cast aside our sense-perception and encourage and strengthen soul-perception instead. As soul-perception grows, it becomes feeling. Through this feeling we rule our existence. It is religion. We have to find our religion within, which is of the heart, and not of the head. It is inward recognition and appreciation of our relation to the divine Being, rather than a profession of faith in a human doctrine.

Do we see the connection between thinking and feeling? Do we think according to our insight or only according to our intellect and oversight? "As a man" — a soul — "thinketh, so is he." As we think, we — as souls — are. When we think love and purity and goodness and truth, we fill the inner world with these creations, and the outer world becomes changed, even glorified. If we keep the inner eye fixed on the eternal, then, little by little, the within will become the without. The soul can never rise higher than the level of the thought it embodies; hence, as we think, so are we in soul. What we think we sometimes experience, and according to the quality of our thought will be the kind of our experience.

The outward acts are expressions of the thoughts. To be clean in thought is to be clean in life. To become clean in thought we must let go the past and start anew. The dead will always bury its dead if we let it. If we are shut out from heaven it is because we have ignorantly shut ourselves out. The way to heaven is within us, and the entrance is right thoughts.

When we suffer and feel the woes of the world we are not living from within. All our sufferings are self-created, hence we are punished by our sins and not for them. "It is the law that as souls we must fulfil our destiny, and not one jot or tittle will pass from the law till all be fulfilled." When we live by insight we feel the blessedness of heaven and we can look upon the seeming woes of the world with peace and security.

As souls we must grow, and the higher order is from the within to the without. Only in this way can we live our lives in the midst of misunderstanding and misjudgment or even condemnation, because we have that inner within by which we will find our consolation. When we live by insight we are living in a world of light, a world which is luminous with the consciousness of our God-being.

We are living souls on our way to the Father's house, and as such we must bring forth, but it is with us to choose what we will bring forth. We have it in our power to bring forth the Son of God. If we make this choice, He will rule our daily lives, for He is within and at hand. It is a glorious thing to know that every effort we make for ourselves is equally an effort for the whole race.

THE Chancellor of an eastern University is reported to have said

in the course of his recent annual address: "I wish we could require from every freshman a Sunday-school diploma, that would certify that he knew by heart the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, a church catechism of some kind, a score of the Scripture Psalms and best classic hymns. This University will join any association of the universities and colleges that will demand this as an entrance requirement. So much as in us lies we will make the College a place for preserving and strengthening reverence for things divine."

The Chancellor of this University is evidently a very remarkable man. We are well aware that the spirit of religious persecution is by no means dead, having ourselves encountered it upon many occasions. It is, however, usually ashamed of itself, and borrows all sorts of plausible costumes to hide its detestable identity. But here we find it entirely naked

Religious Tests & Disabilities

and entirely unashamed, and we would suggest to this educational (!) luminary that he would be better fitted for his position if he were to study history a little more and church catechisms a little less. He would then learn that the day of religious tests and disabilities has passed away, loaded down with the curses and the execrations of men, and it is not likely to dawn again. Cotton Mathers and Archbishop Laud belong to past ages, and we only remember them as examples of what to avoid.

It seems almost a pity to waste any time upon such proposals, but yet it may not be altogether amiss to put it upon record that there is still to be found in the intellectual museum of the world an educational authority who wishes to refuse instruction to those who are unwilling to subscribe to definite religious creeds and dogmas. The Chancellor may perhaps believe that the sun stood still at Ajalon, but he is mistaken in supposing that it has been motionless ever since.

STUDENT

Done Without the Flare of Trumpets



IT up a little further, Jimmy, so I can git a better view; there is another bloomin' little Boer with 'is bloomin' little pop-gun playing 'I'm the King of the Castle.' I owe 'em one for poor old Bill." And the jolly voice deepened with feeling as he mentioned the name of his other chum, shot dead that morning.

The two men were lying half way up the hillside, under cover of some big stones and cactus, and fairly tall scrub. And very uncomfortable they found it. As Jimmy said, "They 'aven't even the decency to grow grass for us to lie on so we can fight comfortable." Every unwary movement sent a sharp thorn of cactus spike into their anatomy, which produced cast-iron language of various color and strength.

"There 'e is, the pritty," said Dan, "don't 'e look a picture with 'is little face peeping out between the graceful wavin' cactus. Keep quiet just like that little man; there now, steady. Keep still and look pleasant. There you are," as the rifle rang out. "Old Bill's paid for. I'm sorry for 'is old woman, though," he said soberly, as he dropped the empty shell from his rifle.

"Yes," said Jimmy, rolling over on his back, as he took his black little pipe out of his mouth. "It makes me think of my girl, Polly, and our little Bess, sometimes, when I roll 'em over; it's jolly 'ard on the wimmin, bless 'em. I 'ad a letter from Polly yesterday. Took eight months to git to me. She 'opes I 'aven't forgot wot old England's like.' My Gawd, Dan, forgit wot old England's like? wot do they think it's like out 'ere, that we'd forgit the only country that's worth living in?"

Dan grunted sympathetically, then shouted a "Look out!" as a bullet whistled past them, knocking Jimmy's pipe out of his hand.

"Now, look at that," he said eyeing the pipe sadly. "I've 'ad 'er ever since we left 'ome. Now I'll 'ave to pawn me uniform to git another." Then, returning to the subject which had been filling their minds and their hearts with a longing they could not put away, for weeks past, the old country, and—for Jimmy, Polly and the kid, for Dan, the girl he was going to marry when he came back from the war.

"Think of it, we was comin' out on a little 'oliday treat for a few week's change, for our 'ealth, an' while we was 'ere we was to teach these Bible readers 'ow to be 'ave; an' we've been teachin' 'em for nearly three years. An' they're be'avin' their own way yet."

"Three years," still gazing at the shattered pipe, "three years of pom-pom and powder, food when ye can get it—an' the meat like injer rubber at that—an' look at the state of me tools," looking at his rusty rifle and bayonet, "that used to shine like Polly's Sunday brooch, an' I 'aven't a single stud left for me evenin' dress shirt, an' now me pipe's smashed," and he threw his arm back with a dramatic gesture, leaping to his feet however the next instant, with an "Oh!" and several long cactus points decorating the fleshy part of his arm.

"Down, you silly," roared Dan, but as he shouted, Jimmy fell a crumpled heap behind the pile of stones.

"You'll tell Polly," he whispered, as Dan bent over him, "and in my satchel there's a little old doll I picked up at that farm'ouse at Bloemfontein. I was savin' it for little Bessie. You'll take——"

"Oh shut up old pal, wot's the good of torkin like that, you'll take it yourself, and tell Polly all about it. Now git a good grip roun' my neck, an' don't let go fer yer life. I'm goin' to take you down the 'ill to camp. I was gettin' sick of this myself." And the plucky fellow started down hill, staggering under the dead weight of his wounded chum, the two making a target that only by a miracle, could escape the sharpshooters concealed at all points. A dull thud, and a faint "You'd better drop me Danny, I'm 'it again," from Jim, was answered by a growling "Don't tork, you worry me."

Then they reached the bottom of the hill, and Dan went at a canter across the flat ground in the direction of the ambulance van, and dropped the now fainting man from his shoulders into the arms held out for him.

"That was a plucky thing to do, my man," said an officer, "and how you escaped being hit is a marvel."

"You see, sir, Jim's my chum, and 'e's got a wife and kid over the water. It don't matter so much about me if I never get 'ome again, besides I was born lucky, I 'aint likely to get 'it."

Every bullet has it's billet, and as Dan was speaking, the bullet marked for him had left the rifle, and as he spoke the last word it found it's mark in Dan's side.

* * * * *

"Nurse, can you find me a pen and paper?" asked Jim who, after eight weary weeks in the comfortless improvised hospital was at last able to sit out a while. "I want to write to my little woman."

"Why didn't you ask me, Jimmy? I've got a dandy pen, only 'e's lost 'is nib and me pencil's got no point," came a voice from a narrow little bed near by, where lay our friend Dan, thin, wan and bloodless looking, but still trying to joke and to keep up the spirits of both of them. They had been talking of home, and the expected hospital ship that was to take them away from the scene of so much misery, on board of which they would have cool, *clean* linen, cold drinks, easy beds and be rid of the suffocating heat and tormenting flies, and mosquitoes, which swarmed everywhere.

"Just think of it, Jimmy, a thin tumbler full of lemonade, with *ice* tinklin' against the sides," chuckled Dan, "an' bath, an' clean clothes, an' books to read, an'

all the time on our way 'ome. The perfume they use 'ere ain't exactly up to the 'oneysuckle in our lane, is it, old man?" snuffing dejectedly at the mixture of disinfectants, dirt and heat, with which the air of the shed was filled.

Jim didn't smile. "Oh, don't tantalize a fellow Dan. I'll never see old-England again. The ship's seven days overdue now, and I'll never 'old out to board 'er. Can't even 'old this blessed pen to write good-by to my girl, God bless 'er," and the weak voice broke, and big slow tears of disappointed hope, and longing for what he felt he would never see again, rolled down his thin face.

"Don't you believe it, old chap. I'll bet she'll be in before tomorrow's through," said the ever cheerful voice of Dan, who stifled his longing and homesickness for the sake of his chum.

There was a stir at the door and the bright-faced nurse came in. "Good news, boys, she's in sight!" she cried, "and you shall have your mea' and go to bed and to sleep at once, Jim, and you, Dan, must sleep as soon as you can. You'll all have to be up early tomorrow."

Not much sleep did the two friends get that night, and never was music sweeter than that of the distant sounds of the vessel as she came into port, the faint voices of the officers, and the slowing down of the screw.

Early in the morning Jim was up and dressed waiting in his chair for the arrival of their escort. Dan, not so far on the road to recovery lay dressed on his bed. Their eyes shone with excitement but neither spoke. The nurse came in and went to Dan's bed.

"Dan," she said, "what shall we do? All the sick are on board but you and Jim, and—oh! I can hardly tell you," tears filling her eyes, "there's room for but one more."

She thought he had fainted with the shock, but after a minute in which his white face went whiter if possible, he said, "Don't tell old Jim, he *must* go. Let him think I'm coming along."

"You're a hero," said the nurse, as she kissed him, then turning to Jim, "Now Jim they're waiting for you."

"And Dan?" said he.

"I'm coming along after you in me carriage," said Dan with a wave of the hand, "I'll be there before you now if you don't git along."

"All right, 'ope they'll put us together, we'll 'ave that lemonade first thing, eh?"

"Yes," laughed Dan. Then as they left the place, and the forced smile left his lips, he turned on his bed to face alone the disappointment that was bitter as death.

A. C.

AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL

by L. M. MONTGOMERY

NO clever, brilliant thinker she.
With college record and degree.
She has not known the paths of fame.
The world has never heard her name.
Home is her kingdom, love her dower—
She seeks no other wand of power.
Around her childish hearts are twined,
As round some reverend saint enshrined,
And find all purity and good
In her divinest motherhood.
She keeps her faith unshadowed still—
God rules the world in good and ill.
This sad old earth's brighter place
All for the sunshine of her face;
Her very smile a blessing throws.
And hearts are happier where she goes.
A gentle clear-eyed messenger,
To whisper love—thank God for her!
—Selected

"HULLO!"

by S. W. Foss

WHEN you see a man in woe
Walk right up and say "hullo!"
Say "hullo" and "how d'ye do!"
How's the world a-using you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your hand down with a whack;
Walk right up and don't go slow—
Greet, and shake and say "hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? O sho!
Walk right up and say "hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll,
Jest for wrapping up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale an' hearty "How d'ye do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go—
Walk right up and say "hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away;
Jest the same as you an' me—
Loosesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailing his own jog.
For a port beyond the fog.
Let your speakin' trumpet blow—
Lift your horn an' cry "hullo!"

Say "hullo" and "how d'ye do?"
Other folks are as good as you;
W'en yer leave your house of clay,
Wanderin' in the far-away,
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, an' say "hullo!"—Selected

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Some Notes on Sound, Form, Color and the Mind of Man

IN this issue we reproduce some of the sound pictures resulting from the careful and valuable experiments which have been recently conducted and to which reference has already been made. With the details of these experiments we have at the moment nothing to do, concerning ourselves only with their outcome, and with some few deductions a little further afield than those which have usually been drawn.

These experiments have conclusively demonstrated the fact that there is a correspondence between sound and form, and that they are mutually expressive. Her experiments are simple and are necessarily limited in range and complexity. However elementary and even crude our present apparatus may be, enough has been done to justify the belief that all sound may be expressed in terms of form, and that Sound and Form are different manifestations of the same force. This by itself would be sufficiently startling, but there are still considerations and conclusions not less justified, and which open up a boundless field of research. If there is a law of correspondence between sound and form, is there not also a correspondence between sound and color, and between sound and states or conditions of consciousness? If this can be proved, then indeed the problem of man's place in nature and unity with nature is on the high road to solution. Now, if there is a correspondence between a single note of music and a form, the same law must hold good with all notes of music however combined and however arranged. That is to say, if the simple air "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," can be expressed by forms, the classic music of an orchestra is equally expressible had we but the finer mechanism with which to do it. Now, probably there is no force in nature which has so great an influence upon consciousness as that of music.

At the bidding of music we become sad or joyful, hopeful or despondent. By the magic of music we ascend into heaven or descend into hell. The correspondences between sound, or music, and consciousness, are too apparent to need indication. It would seem, therefore, that sounds, forms and states of consciousness are mutually expressible; that there is, for instance, a corresponding form to every state of consciousness as there is to every sound or combination of sounds. Given the necessary apparatus, as indicated by the simple mechanism of Mrs. Watts Hughes, and the classic music of an orchestra would translate itself into complex forms as readily as it now translates itself into the states of consciousness of those who hear it.

In the domain of color we are on less demonstrable ground, but perhaps not the less certain. That notes of music do evoke a color idea is the experience of a very large number of persons, although we believe that the results have not been carefully tabulated. That color combinations produce a marked effect upon consciousness is, however, indisputable by any one who has ever looked upon a great picture or upon the colors of nature. The whole gamut of feeling finds its correspondence in the colors of sunrise and sunset, the tints of the ocean, the glories of sky and landscape. Color still awaits the classification which Mrs. Watts Hughes has given to sound. It is none the less possible, and that it will be done is none the less certain.

We may then justifiably believe that there is a law of correspondence which connects the mind of man with the natural departments of sound, form and color; that there is a vast consciousness in nature which expresses itself in these ways, and that through these familiar channels

the consciousness of nature declares its unity with the consciousness and the mind of man. So brief are our limits that we must confine ourselves to briefest suggestion where it might be possible to elaborate almost indefinitely. The temptation to take one step more is, however, very great.

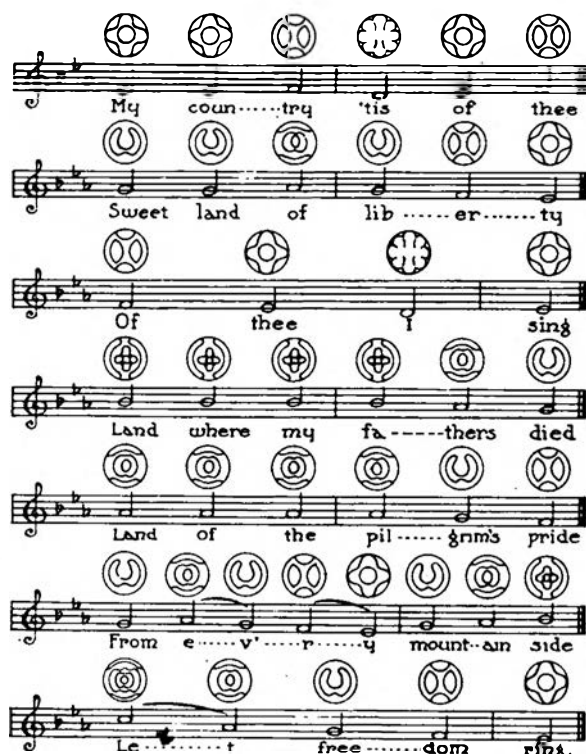
We have so far spoken of the normal as regards consciousness and also as regards sound, form and color. We are, however, reminded that there are colors invisible to the eye, the chemical and the actinic rays, as there are also sounds inaudible to the normal ear. Does the law of correspondence persist also in these unseen and unheard departments of nature, and are they related to states of consciousness of which we have at present no knowledge? It would seem that they must be, and that we may here have an indication of a spiritual consciousness as far removed from the ordinary and passion-bound mind as the ultra violet rays are removed from the scope of the normal eye.

We have scant interest in scientific discoveries which have no bearing

upon human happiness and the higher human thought. Mrs. Watts Hughes' investigations belong emphatically to the ethical side of science. If we examine them understandingly we can never again look upon nature as we have done heretofore. We see a unity where previously there was diversity. We see one mighty pulsating consciousness expressing its phases, here as sound, and there as color, and elsewhere as form.

Visible and audible nature throws off for us her guise and declares her secret thought in the tint of every daisy, in the murmur of every wind. All nature becomes for us a vast conscious effort, a willed ascent to the spiritual sublimity which awaits her, and all visible phenomena are the milestones upon that road. Man once more takes his place in the ranks which he deserted long ago. He is no more divorced from the life of universes; the estrangement of eons is at an end.

STUDENT



SOUND PICTURES PRODUCED BY THE VOICE

The Omniscient Scientist at Work

HERE is a little lesson worth learning by those who are inclined to bow down too humbly before the dicta

of science. Two doctors tried an experiment in telepathy, desiring to know whether thought could be transmitted a distance of one hundred and thirteen miles. We are not concerned with the experiment itself, but with a comment made upon it by a well-known scientist, Dr. Carleton Simon. It is this:

"The truth or falsity of this method of communication can never be proved because"—now you think there is a reason coming—"because there is absolutely no means of communication between man and man except through the special senses."

Dr. Simon must suppose himself to be omniscient. The reason following the "because" only turns out to be an unproved and untrue dogmatic assertion. Possibly ten years ago the same omniscience would have said that wireless telegraphy was impossible, "because there is absolutely no means of communication between transmitter and receiver except a wire." In another place, another scientist, Sir Herbert Maxwell (quoted in the *Revue Scientifique*) makes a like statement. He is discussing the psychology of animals and quietly remarks: "at birth animals are automata and unconscious." . . . How does he know that they are unconscious?

STUDENT

AMERICA possesses one or two mountain laboratories. For several years the University of Montana has had a biological station and laboratory at Flathead, Lake Montana. The work includes field study, collecting and classifying specimens.

Here and There Throughout the World



APIA, THE CHIEF CITY OF THE SAMOAN ISLANDS



VIEW ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA

The Cost of Selling Morphine in Paris

A PARISIAN druggist has been fined \$1000 for selling morphine to a victim of that habit. To be more accurate, he has had to pay that sum to the victim's husband. In this country, where the morphine and cocaine habits are becoming so fearfully prevalent, this might serve as an excellent precedent. But why not go further, and make it illegal to sell either of these poisons in any other way than as part of a signed and dated medical prescription; and then no more than once for one date? It will be urged that both drugs are usual and useful components in anti-catarthal snuffs, etc., and that it would be unfair to deprive the public of the legitimate use—by self-prescription—of these remedies. Well, in the first place it may be said that much good would still be done if, to the enactment we have suggested, an exception were made for "patent" remedial compounds. More yet would be achieved if the compounds were smartly taxed. But to take higher ground, on every hand, brilliant minds are being wrecked, lives made useless, homes ruined. Are we going to weigh against this our liberty to self-treat our catarrhs by these dangerous and seductive *palliatives*? For they are only that: they are no part of the *curative* elements in the snuffs and sprays.

The Periodicals of America

THE *Scientific American* gives an interesting list of the periodical publications of this country, in all about 18,000. Of this number, more than two-thirds are weekly; whilst the dailies are only about an eighth. About 15,000 are devoted to news, politics and general "family reading." Next on the list, but a long way off, comes religion, represented by about 1000 periodicals. Then comes finance and commerce, with 700. At the bottom, with 62, come the law papers; and close to law, with 66, we get science and mechanics. "Society, art, music and fashion," all together, get 88—out of 18,000? But if you separate the "society" and "fashion," how many will remain to art and music? Apparently so small a number as not to be worth counting. It is time we did better. "General literature" is given as 239, and "education and history" as 259. It will be interesting to compare the picture of the national mind, thus given, with its picture in 10 and 25 years. We venture to predict much change.

Great Emigration from Finland

THE emigration from Finland has risen to an average of 40,000 per month and this must speedily mean the depopulation of the country. A recent edict makes it a criminal offence for more than three persons to assemble in the street, while the singing of national songs is prohibited. There is an old saying that he upon whom the hand of God is laid, hath God at his right hand. It is not always easy to understand the way in which the law of evolution works amongst men, but if the sufferings of Finland are the preparation for a glorious future it will not be the first time in the story of humanity that nations have passed through storm to peace.

Consumption of Alcohol in France

THE activity of the French government in counter-acting the alcohol disease comes none too soon. The revelations are terrible, and we may fairly assume that they are typical of many other countries of which the governments are not yet sufficiently aroused to grapple with a very menacing problem. There are places in Normandy where the daily consumption of brandy is over one quart per head of the adult population, and the women drink nearly as much as the men. The canton of Tourouve is described as "fairly temperate," and here the average weekly consumption of raw spirits is three and a half quarts for each male and over two quarts for women and young people. Well may Mr. Debove of the Paris Faculty of Medicine say that the use of alcohol is producing a degenerate race.

Supply of Camphor Giving Out

A TRADE report tells us that the supply of camphor is falling short and that the supply of this useful material is no longer equal to the demand. We do not usually go to trade reports for ethical lessons, but sometimes even a trade report may become the voice of the Law and the Prophets. Why is the supply of camphor falling short, and why is there a prospect that humanity will be deprived of a commodity of such extraordinary and beneficent utility? The answer is not far to seek. Camphor is one of the chief ingredients of smokeless gunpowder, and the supposed necessity of killing our fellow-men is greater than the desire to heal and to save. The means for extermination must have priority, and all passages of human life and communication must be cleared for the gun-carriage.

Cause of International Brotherhood

GREAT are the mysteries of human nature, and who can explain them? The latest award of the Nobel prizes reminds us of one of the strangest bequests ever made. One of these prizes is for bestowal upon "the person who renders the greatest service to the cause of international brotherhood, in the suppression or reduction of standing armies, or in the establishment or furtherance of peace congresses." Alfred Nobel died in 1896. He was a Swedish chemist and engineer, and his name will go down to posterity as that of the man who thus endowed the cause of international brotherhood and as the discoverer of dynamite, cordite and other military explosives. Was it penitence or was it eccentricity?

Happiness Within the Reach of All

A EUROPEAN doctor entertains a very well-founded theory that happiness is within the reach of everybody, and that he may make this admirable belief more widely known he intends to give a course of lectures upon the subject. Holding precisely this opinion ourselves, we should much like to hear these lectures, which will doubtless inculcate benevolence and unselfishness as the only possible road to the end in view.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Do It Now

DEAR CHILDREN: Did you ever stop to think when you say "In a minute I'll do it," what a queer world this would be if everything said "In a minute," instead of being right on time? Suppose the sun should rise just a little late sometimes, or once in a while would sleep till noon, just because it felt like doing so. Or suppose the spring flowers waited until November before beginning to bloom. Or suppose the tiny grains of wheat which the farmer places in the soil should not put on their spring dresses quickly, when they hear the raindrops pattering on the doors of their earth home. Where would be the harvest? What would you and I do for bread to eat? And wouldn't we lose faith in Nature and all her helpers if they acted that way? It would be terrible!

Yet that is just what some little boys and girls do, day after day, thinking, "Oh, well, it doesn't matter!" But it does matter. It inconveniences everybody about them, it spoils all the day's beautiful plan which (so they say) the fairies weave every night, and it spoils their own characters.

If you ask the children of the Raja Yoga School what is the finest thing in the world, they will tell you "duty." And if you visit the School you will soon discover that the largest half of every duty is *promptness in doing it*. No child who knows about Raja Yoga ever "puts off till tomorrow what ought to be done today." That's why these Raja Yoga children are such splendid little Warriors. That's why they are even now going out into the world, brave Crusaders, teaching people about Raja Yoga. For Raja Yoga means helping and sharing—not tomorrow nor next week, but *now, now, now*.

What do you think, boys and girls, of having a little crusade of your own, a crusade against this terrible habit of saying, "In a minute," or "Wait a minute"? It is so easy to conquer this habit, or any other habit when you know the Raja Yoga secret—and I'll tell you what that is. It is just this, to put a good habit in its place. So why not begin forming a new good habit of promptness right away. Don't wait till tomorrow. *Begin now*. You have no idea what splendid helpers you will become if you do.

UNCLE FRED

About Animals

DEAR CHILDREN: Every week there comes to my table such a welcome paper. It is edited by Mr. Angell, who lives in Boston, and it is devoted to making life happier for dumb animals. Mr. Angell loves animals and is giving his life to the work of teaching other people to love them, too. For many people think so much about themselves that they have no room left for thoughts about others, and that is why there is so



TWO OF THE FAMOUS "ELEVEN CUBAN CHILDREN" who were detained at Ellis Island by the Gerry Society, representing Colonial Characters in the Historical Drama recently given by Raja Yoga children at Isis Theatre, San Diego

much loneliness in the world, and why so many animals are ill-treated and forgotten and neglected. When I read Mr. Angell's paper it seems to me I can feel a great warm heart beating beneath every word. Have you ever stopped to think, children, about what our duty is to the little creatures that we meet about us? What comrades they are, how faithful to one who loves them, far more faithful than human beings. And how lonely this old world would be if we had no little fourfooted playmates and no big four-footed friends.

What would our world be like without birds? And how would we ever know that summer had come without the butterflies and beautiful moths? When I see a child kind to animals I always know that that child has Raja Yoga in his heart, even though he may never have heard of the name.

For Raja Yoga is like a great light. It shines out of the heart upon everything and we see so many things then that before the light shone on them we could not see. That is why Raja Yoga children are kind to animals. They understand them better, and so, of course, they love them more.

AUNT EDDYNE

What Is a Heathen?

Extracts from Essays written by Children of the San Diego Lotus Group

WHAT is generally known as a heathen is one who does not believe in Christ.

But I think that a heathen is a person who has no brotherly love, such as cannibals and some kinds of Christians.

M. R.

WHAT is a heathen? The dictionary definition of a heathen is a person who is irreligious and does not worship God. Supposing there was a man who was ignorant, who had never heard of God or Christ, but who did his duty by all and was always kind and gentle. Then supposing there was a man who knew all about Christ and God (or at least thought he did) and knew the Bible by heart,

and who every night prayed to God to save him, and went to church every Sunday, and all that, but on week days went around making trouble for everybody and himself also, which would you call the heathen? Which one loved God? I think the latter was by far the most a heathen, and the first really loved God, although he did not know it.

F. G.

WHAT is a heathen? People must not think that a person who isn't conscious that he has bad habits when he has them, is a heathen. It is the one who is conscious of his bad habits and keeps on with them, getting worse all the time, that is a heathen, whether he belongs to a savage tribe or goes to church. People must not think

either that those who do not believe in certain special things are heathens, for people have their own ideas which sometimes are good and true. A person who is rich, for instance, and it is in the winter and the snow is on the ground with the poor people out on it, starving and freezing, while he is in the house having a hot dinner by the fireplace, and perhaps giving a glance or two outdoors to see the poor—but not helping them—he is the real heathen.

L. W.

Students'



Path

THE DAY OF A THOUSAND YEARS

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.
— Psalm xc. 1-4

AND one star calls to another
The full strains of a song
Till the deeps of space glow with its grace
And echo it full strong;
And whirling out of the silence
A world of worlds appears
In an onward rush through the endless hush —
And a day is a thousand years.

And one star sings to another,
And sun holds speech with sun,
While the drifting veil of a vapor pale
Shows another world begun.
But we count time by a dawning
Or mark by a twilight fall —
Yet the stars sing on when the years are gone,
And what are we, after all?

The words and the hopes and doubtings,
The joy and the dreams and dread,
And the puny lives in the puny hives
Where toil is done for bread;
A day, a night, and another —
A round of the spinning ball;
A sigh and a smile for the briefest while —
And what are we, after all?

And one star calls to another
A song we may not know;
Calls a distant sun to a dying sun
As the ages come and go,
And we mark time by a minute,
And croon over smiles and tears —
But the stars sing on when the worlds are gone,
And a day is a thousand years. — *Chicago Daily Tribune*

William the Silent

THE well-known character of William Q. Judge, the Leader of Universal Brotherhood and Theosophy before Katherine Tingley, reminds us of the character of another famous William, whose heroism, utter unselfishness, and exhaustless persistence make him seem like the same man.

William the Silent, liberator of the Netherlands from the blasting tyranny and throttling bigotry that menaced Europe and the New World colonies during the Sixteenth century, is said to be one of the most admirable characters portrayed in history.

His steadfast and unselfish devotion to the cause of his country deservedly won for him the love of all classes. His people fondly called him "Father William." As long as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation; and when he died, the little children cried in the streets.

He was hereditary Count of Nassau and Prince of Orange, and was educated at the court of Brussels. The Emperor Charles V employed him in military and diplomatic services. The surname, "The Silent," is apt to convey the impression that William was a habitually taciturn man; but, on the contrary, his disposition was frank, open and generous, without a touch of moroseness. The title was earned by his wonderful discretion on a certain great occasion, which formed the turning point of his life and determined the nature of his mission; and this conduct affords us a valuable lesson in the power of *silent* resolve. While William was at the French court on a diplomatic mission the King, Henry II, misunderstanding his character, revealed to him a plan for the massacre of all Protestants in France and the Netherlands. The Prince was horrified by this disclosure, *but said nothing*.

From 1568 to 1584 he waged heroic and persistent war against the

might of Philip II, wearing out one by one a succession of the ablest generals sent against him. After the final victory, when all the northern provinces of the Netherlands had been liberated and united, Philip proscribed him by the issue of a "Ban," in which any one who would assassinate him was promised wealth and nobility. To this the Prince replied with his famous "Apologia" — "the most terrible arraignment of tyranny that was ever penned." He scorned and ridiculed the King's attempt to frighten him with a ban, and closed with an appeal to his countrymen, resigning himself to death or exile, if thereby he might secure their deliverance from the tyranny that oppressed them,

If you, my masters, judge that my absence or my death can serve you, behold me ready to obey. Command me — send me to the ends of the earth — I will obey.

After escaping several attempts at assassination he was shot by an assassin, whose family was ennobled according to the pledge of the ban.

William of Orange was tall and well formed, of a dark complexion, with brown hair and eyes. He was a man of a singularly upright and noble character. He has been charged with excessive ambition; but his ruling motive was undoubtedly a love of justice, for the sake of which he often risked his life and willingly sacrificed his wealth and leisure. He was a born statesman, capable of forming wise and far-reaching plans; and, as always happens in similar circumstances, traducers have sought to fix upon the noble hero the opprobrium of double-dealing, which belonged to the treacherous foes he was circumventing. In moments of difficulty he displayed splendid resources and courage, and he had a will of iron which misfortunes were never able to bend or break. STUDENT

The Finding of Another Gospel

THE lost Gospels, of which there are many, are beginning to creep out of their hiding places. The process will go on, and one day we shall not only have all of them that are necessary to complete our most scanty knowledge of the teachings and personality of Christ, but also data enough to answer the question how they got into those hiding places, and whose vested interests were served by having them disappear.

The *Pistis Sophia* got into daylight some years ago, claiming to be the lost Gospel of Philip. The Gospel of Thomas is beginning to stir now.

Doctors Grenfell and Hunt have found a rich Ptolemaic necropolis at El Hibeh, one hundred miles south of Cairo. Many documents were unearthed, of which the most part consists of a set of "sayings" of Jesus, addressed to Thomas and mainly new to us. They commence, "Jesus saith," and though in many cases the ends of the lines are obliterated, enough is legible to make this a very remarkable and valuable find. Some of the "sayings" vary in a peculiar manner from those familiar to us, and thus constitute an extraordinarily interesting gloss. *Luke 11: 52*, reads:

Woe unto you lawyers, for ye have taken away the key of knowledge yet entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered.

In the papyrus it runs:

Ye have *bidden* the key of knowledge; ye entered not in yourselves and to them that were entering in ye did not open.

One wonders who were these "lawyers" that had and did not use, and hid, the "key" of the door which men have ever since been trying to enter, the door of real knowledge of the mysteries of life. Perhaps humanity's case would not have been so sorry today if it had not been for those "lawyers." They shall "have their reward." Another "saying" is:

Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he finds, and when he finds he shall wonder; wondering, he shall reach the Kingdom of Heaven, and when he reaches that kingdom he shall have rest.

One fragment contained a discourse of Christ's resembling passages of the Sermon on the Mount. One of the disciples asks Christ when His kingdom will be realized, and Christ answers:

When ye return to the state of innocence which existed before the fall.

A thick veil hangs over Christian history of the first century and a half after Christ's death. A little rent is beginning to show. We think it will not be long in spreading from end to end so that the broad daylight can illumine those vitally interesting years of western and eastern history. STUDENT

NIGHT

BLANCO WHITE's famous sonnet on *Night* is perhaps more talked of than known.
It will repay reading more than once.

MYSTERIOUS Night! When our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,—
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst leaf and fly and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

I heartily agree with what you say, that one of the principal ways in which the world needs help is through the exercise of toleration, and to arouse a spirit of toleration. It is in this respect especially that I am attracted to Theosophy; but, tell me, is there not a limit even to this, otherwise would it not become a sign of weakness rather than of strength? Will you not let me have your views on the subject?—*Extract from a Letter*

Answer

(1) If we tolerate in ourselves only that which is in harmony with the higher nature and make unpromising warfare against all that opposes and darkens our light until we have conquered in ourselves the enemy, we shall have the wisdom, the compassion and the courage to practise true toleration towards others. We shall then so conduct ourselves toward them that we shall aid them in overcoming their enemies and not aid their enemies in overcoming them, as is too often done through selfish fear of how others may feel towards us. The true friend will do the true kindness, even though he suffer for it. This does not imply harsh condemnation or a spirit of uncharitableness, but just the opposite. We must have true charity and act in the spirit of love and service of the Divine Self, and not in a self-righteous spirit, or we shall do more harm than good.

The forces of darkness are warring against the Divine Light in the world, which would make humanity at one with itself, and if we tolerate them we aid the enemy of humanity, which is our own. We must buckle on our armor and do battle against the common foe.

We would not for a moment think of tolerating some dangerous physical disease if we could rid ourselves of it. No more should we tolerate mental and moral diseases, but make every effort to remove them. No false sentiment of brotherhood should guide our action, for that would only increase the evil. A certain amount of pain must sometimes be inflicted to save from greater pain. We must think of what is best for all, for that is what is best for each one. In order to think, feel and act aright, everything must be looked at from the standpoint of the higher self and not from that of the personality. Doing this, that toleration which we would have others practise towards us, we shall practise towards them. By a constant endeavor to act in this way, we shall in time gain the light and strength that will enable us to act aright. B. W.

Answer

Probably to the majority of us the word toleration conveys to our minds a sense of the use of a pitying contemptful manner, or a feeling of "well, I can put up with it if I have to." This is, however, far from being the meaning of the word. It can be best interpreted as meaning the exercise of patience; patience with our fellow-man and a feeling of respect for what he thinks is truth as long as he is honest in his beliefs. According to one of the authorities the word means freedom from bigotry and severity in judgment of the opinions of others.

Toleration for others can only come when we begin to gain knowledge of ourselves, when we begin to understand a little of the purpose and laws of life, when we begin to realize to some degree Nature's mighty purpose in forming this diversified Universe, whose entities are so varied

and in some cases so different from each other, that toleration becomes a necessity.

The intolerance so noticeable in the past ages was due to the fact that the philosophy of life was unknown, to the fact that mankind did not possess the knowledge and feeling of universal kinship, which alone is capable of broadening our minds sufficiently to exercise toleration towards our less fortunate companions, who, lacking this knowledge, cannot be expected to use toleration towards anything, not even towards themselves. Mankind is only just emerging out of this age of intolerance, the latter disappearing hand in hand with its fellow-companion, Ignorance. As a few of the brave souls forge ahead on their onward and upward march it is but natural that they should meet the opposition of those who, while living at the present age, yet properly belong to those eras of darkness now vanishing from the sight of man.

As long as man is completely wrapped up in his personal affairs, in a personal religion and in his personal self, so long will he be intolerant and a bigot, for he cannot see anything except what pertains to him personally; the whole world becomes tinctured with his personal ideas, he is looking at it through the tinted glasses of personal arrogance and he naturally refuses to believe that it has yet other colors, tints more delicate and harmonious than he ever realized.

Intolerance will cease only when humanity awakens and throws off this mask of personality. In our endeavor to practise toleration towards others, do not let us forget that there is a line of demarcation to be drawn. Whilst always showing respect and patience for the ideas of others let us be always ready to combat and fight to the death the evil, the hypocritical and the corrupt wherever we find them, for them there can be no tolerance; tolerance of such would be the height of intolerance, intolerance towards our higher selves. H. S. T.

Transplanted Materialism

IN receiving the blessings of western civilization, Japan is getting no ineffective dose of its darker ingredients. In receiving our Christianity, she must receive therewith our sectarianism and our negations. With our science she gets our materialism; with our inventions our applications of them in war.

A year or two ago we noted and preserved an account of a native funeral in *The Japan Times*. It was "that of one of the greatest free-thinkers of the era," was headed "unique" and "unprecedented;" and the uniqueness was explained in the account as lying in the fact that the funeral ceremony "partook of no religious nature whatever, but was entirely an intellectual leave-taking." It was conducted by Mr. Daihachi Ito and Count Itagaki, aided by a well-known leader of the Progressive party and attended by a thousand people of the capital, politicians and literary men. The dead free-thinker's "disciples" read an address from which this is a passage:

We believe that our teacher's remains will soon be scattered throughout the universe. We shall inhale them as gases through our nostrils; we shall receive them as liquids through our lips. Thus we may yet come in contact with the material portions of his remains. But his soul has already flown away, has become annihilated and leaves not even a trace behind it. Alas! how sad!

"Alas! how sad" indeed—that Japan should be introduced to the trash of a western materialism that has already in the west passed the hour of its influence! We would urge and urge again upon Japanese thinkers that they look warily upon the thought of the west. Might they not occasionally look even eastward, towards the light of Theosophy shining more and more strongly from Point Loma? Materialism sits ill upon their lips. Even in the funeral phrases we have quoted, an ill-faced absurdity stands cheek by jowl with the truth. In the very same sentence the soul is made to have "flown away" and "become annihilated."

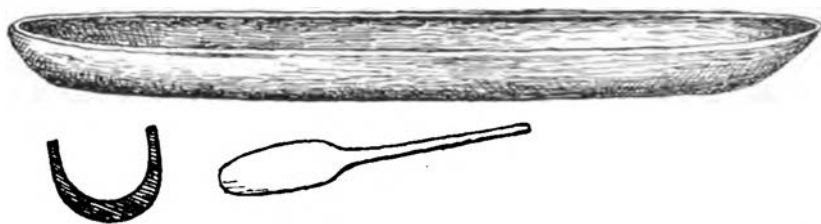
Paradoxically one is inclined to suggest to Japan to take only from the west what the west as yet has not got. H.

THY master, Zeus, doth not reward thee for the shining of the sun, nor punish thee when it is darkness, because thou hast no power over the sun. Thou shouldst not, therefore, reward thy horse because thou hast been favored of the king, nor beat him for thy loss at gaming; for over these things he hath no power; but for his own deeds return him compensation. — *Chiron, the Centaur*

AND Jesus said unto his disciples: I have yet many things to say unto you but ye cannot bear them now. — *John, 16 ch.*

The Boat for Swift Rivers

VERY far to the westward, between the Great Hills and the Great Salt Water, in the land of the Idahoes, Yakimas, Spokanes, Umatillas, Oregons, Chinooks and many other tribes of Indians, there is a very great river of sweet, cold water, and a lesser river of dirty, warm water which joins together with it, two days march south of Zappenish village, where some Yakimas live. The Great River has very many children which join with it from both sides; the Okanagan, the Spokane, the Yakima and more, all sweet water; but the lesser river receives no water streams for more than a month's march. In all this country there hardly is to be found any birch trees such as the Manitowacs, the Chippewas and Onandagoes used to make canoes, and these rivers are so swiftly running and so full of many stones that a canoe soon would be broken. Because of these things the tribes in that country make boats of big logs of trees. The tree they use is of soft wood, long and straight; this they take and with much cutting and burning, a log four or six or even ten times the length of a man is made into a boat. Of one single piece it is made, a very great boat, five or ten or twenty steps long, and that is



two or three times a length of a canoe. This boat they make as deep inside as from a man's knee to the ground, and the same, or perhaps a hand's breadth more, in wideness. The sides are twice the thickness of a hand, and the bottom double, so they are much too heavy to be carried; not even two of the strongest women could carry one. They use poles to push these canoes along the edge of the rivers, sitting in the back end or in each end, and paddles in deep water. These boats will not tip over; but will quickly throw out a person if he stands up, so everybody must sit in the bottom. They go very fast and are not broken if they strike upon rocks, for the bottom is smooth and slides over. When a chief dies they sometimes put him and his clothes and his wicknip (house) in a boat and let it float alone on the river. This do they for burial, for the river to take him away.

HY-AS LE-LOÓ-EE-NA

The Dry Bones of Theology

"STATIONARY truth turns out not to be truth at all," says a well-known Boston preacher. He is speaking of orthodox theology:

"It has lost touch with reality. . . . The demon of system has possessed it, and in this mood it has, with prodigious labor, and endless ingenuity, spun itself into a world of wearisome, and even monstrous detail."

That, of course, is why no one will read theology, and why it has no practical power over men's lives. It is so easy, in thinking, to get away from reality. The moment that such words as God, the Soul, Life, are used without a profound feeling of their meaning, that moment they are empty, and the talk, however learned-looking, is mere chatter.

God, the presence felt by man in his highest moments; his sustainer—if he will cultivate the relationship—through all pains and difficulties; that which awakes his heart to unselfish compassion; that which, held to throughout life, or for years, becomes a bridge of Light over the valley of death; all this and a thousand sacred things more: what does God come to when you begin to argue? Those who do not argue or read theology, but steadfastly cultivate the relationship ultimately reach knowledge and experience with which words have no relation, which words can no more express than a baby's rattle can express a symphony.

And so with the soul. In his higher moments man knows himself to be something essentially beyond the clamor of sensual desire, even though in those very moments their voices break in upon the full silence. He knows that the mere act of holding himself as a soul is generating strength to conquer, and that the strength comes upon him from the presence of God. If he will go on doing or attempting this through the days and years, he will come to know the relation of the soul and God—but he will not write a book of theology. He knows that the mind must be silenced in its chatter, for the comprehension of real truth. Mind can, as it were, but assimilate the crumbs that fall from the table of knowledge or realized experience.

It is because theology has forgotten this, and uses words that have lost touch with that immediate feeling which is knowledge, that men will no longer read of it. They are right in thinking it not practical. "Theology," says Dr. Gordon, "must be made to know that she is nothing of herself, by herself; all that she is for herself she becomes through her service to life"—that is, to the reality of experience. STUDENT

IN vain thou deniest it, thou art my brother.—Carlyle

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		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
23	29.754	65	55	58	58	.00	calm	calm
24	29.752	66	55	59	59	.00	E	5
25	29.840	62	53	56	56	.00	NW	9
26	29.836	64	53	63	55	.00	E	10
27	29.860	78	62	71	63	.00	E	5
28	29.840	80	59	63	59	.00	N	5
29	29.770	72	53	58	52	.00	SE	7

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Breaking Barriers
Unmerited Compliment
Fulfillment of Law
Libeling a Dead Man
Cuba's Prosperity
Authority of the Preacher
Johannesburg's Market—illustrated

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Hand of State in Religion
University Life
Preserving Languages
Sunday for Man?
Suicide and Selfishness

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Beethoven's Genius—illustrated
Richard Wagner Criticised
Fragment (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

The American Woman
The Reign of Isabella
Empress Eugenie—illustrated
This Week
Two Dreams

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

A Land of Mystery
Druids Altar, Howth, Ireland—illustrated
Huichol Indians and the Flood

Page 9—NATURE

Stories of the Dust
Lily Dahlias—illustrated
Nature (verse)
Could Fairies Tell?
A Vegetable Calendar

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Thinking and Acting
Man, the Master
Comfort
Swedish Children in Native Costume (illustration)

Page 12—FICTION

What Led to Dunleith's Reformation

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

The March of Science in Fruit Culture
New Views of Disease
Science and Religion

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Constructing a New Building in Alaska (illustration)
English and French Pharmacists
Industrial Revival in Ireland
Policy of the Jews
Old Irish Language
An Old-Time Mill in Scotland (illustration)
The Shortest Sermon
Fatalities in the Alps
Alfonso May Visit England
Italy's War Material
Deteriorating
Inebriety in Madagascar

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

I Didn't Think (verse)
Dorothy's Goblin
Loma-Land Lotus Buds and Their Friends (illustration)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

If I Can Live (verse)
Reading
The Two Paths
Church and State in Spain
In the Happy Ranks (verse)
Students' Column
What Is Right?

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

The Boat for Small Whirlpools—illustrated
Sale of Thought Waves
King Oscar and Russia

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Breaking the Barriers of Nations

IN the politics of today one cannot fail to be struck with the ever growing importance of international questions. It is not possible to take up a paper without finding among the most prominent head-lines some which announce dealings between nations on questions concerning the adjustment of some common human interest. The great broadening of man's intellectual horizon, produced by modern science with its enormous extension of the means of intercommunication, and its discovery of so many links, historical, geographical and otherwise, in humanity's cable-tow of brotherhood, has been responsible for the first step;

and the great Nineteenth-century movement towards altruism has contributed the next step.

It is no longer possible, so closely interwoven are man's interests, for nations to confine their interests and their enterprises to themselves. The radical and eternal oneness of humanity has become too obvious, the link that unites us is now too palpable to be ignored, and by this we are learning the great lesson that *my* interest and *our* interest are one and the same. The difference between the crude and commonplace thinker and the intelligent observer of history and contemporary events is this: that, while the former confounds principles with personalities, the latter stands in serene and lucid detachment from such confusion of ideas. Macaulay says of Milton that, though he identified himself with a party so long as it was fighting nobly for freedom, he proudly held aloof from that party when, after winning its cause, it in its turn fell into intolerance and narrowness; and that he took sides against the king, not because the king was a king, but because he believed him to represent the cause of tyranny and enslavement.

Principles Instead of Parties

Thus the wise and well-poised soul refuses to be misled by personalities and parties, and ever wages war against wrong, whoever or whatever may chance to be the representative thereof at any given time. When a sovereign seems to him to be on the side of evil, he is against that sovereign, but not against sovereigns in general nor against the institution. He knows well that he may be called upon one day to fight the same enemy entrenched in some aristocratic league or some democratic organization.

Nor does the wise man label a nation for all time with a badge of infamy because at one particular time the cause of oppression may have been associated with its name. At another time he knows the cards will have changed hands, and the liberators have become the oppressors, and the oppressors the champions of freedom.

Boundaries Alter With Circumstances

In the smaller affairs of individual life and social intercourse, the same distinction between the wise and the foolish, between the seeing and the purblind, can be discerned. The fool judges harshly of a man's whole character because at one time that man may have allowed himself to be a channel of evil; the wise regardeth his own heart and judges wisely because charitably.

Nations, personalities, parties, all such distinctive denominations, are loose and variable boundaries marked out in the human family for convenience. They are intensified to the point where they become barriers by bad feeling and ignorance.

As humanity grows in generosity of feeling and generosity of idea, these barriers fade and melt. Great causes, that once would have been regarded as national causes or party issues or personal interests, are seen to be international causes—human interests.

Let us, therefore, try to read our newspapers in the light of this expansive view, and to judge events and enterprises in their human relation rather than in their narrow national or party bearing. And above all let each human reader beware of the lurking whisperer and the insinuator, whose calling it is to stir up strife and foster the disharmony by which

For Men Are Still Brothers

they live. Let us try to drop all the mere labels of nationality and party and creed and station, as in daily life we try to tone down our too obtrusive personalities; and let us learn to regard the whole human race as fellow-men. For is it not a well-known fact that hostile armies will fraternize on the field during the intervals of hostilities; and a well-known conclusion therefrom that distinctions and antagonisms are largely confined to that wonderful and unnecessary region—the inflated popular imagination, and to that king of busybodies—the irresponsible yellow press?

STUDENT

THE Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, is determined to suppress the slave-trade and has made a number of vigorous laws to that end. Menelik has shown himself to be superior to many other rulers whose claims to civilization are more noisy and far less justified. He is a firm believer in religious liberty, herein differing from his predecessor, who converted Mahomedans to Christianity by branding a cross upon their hands. The results were more apparent than real, but that is not uncommon to proselytism.

An Unmerited Compliment

SOME recent essayist, enumerating the keynotes of civilization, all of which he could of course hear sounding clearly today, noted *respect for human life* as the chief of them. Human life, he thought, counted for very little, till quite recently, even in the West; and counts for very little now, in the semi-civilizations of the East.

He is right about the past; but does life count for much more to-day? What is the difference between thinking nothing of its sudden extinction, and nothing of its extinction by somewhat—not greatly—slower methods? This is the age of steam and of machinery; and because of the lives yearly offered up to the goddess of machinery, it will certainly be known one day as the black age. Let us hope it may not also be known as the hypocritical age, the age when men, professing respect for human life, were content to know that to clothe them, house them, feed them, and transport them, an unintermitting procession of other men, women, and children, had to be quickly worked to death. We do not see how our work and civilization is to go on without this procession of victims; and so we agree to say nothing. Very good; let us then say nothing, not talk about our respect for human life! And our consciences are also appeased by the pretense that the victims are “voluntary.” Are they—the hundreds of thousands of children in the factories, for example?

But apart from them, is it fair to call the anæmic seamstresses in the sweat-shops voluntary victims? Is it fair to call the many thousands of stokers in our great liners, whose lives *average four years*, voluntary victims? To gain that four, they have to barter the other forty. Our disregard for human life is very general; very few of us are quite without it. But we have reached the stage when the sacrifice must either be out of sight—say down a stoke-hole, or very gradual.

We are accustomed to use the term “impossible” respecting projects involving immense difficulty or expense. If we would regard as “impossible,” in this sense, projects involving waste and degradation of human life, we should save ourselves from the charge of hypocrisy. And we should get along, somehow, without realizing the latter projects as we do without the former. Our fathers somehow managed without much that we regard as necessary. It is our new “necessities” that waste more and more human life. Let us label each new necessity impossible, if, when proposed, it involves sacrifice of life. Till there is a general instinct along that line, the genial essayist we have quoted is offering our civilization a compliment to which it has no claim whatever. K.

The Fulfilment of the Law

IN an East Indian book of prophecy, several thousand years old, the present mechanical material era is minutely described and its evils foretold. One of the horrors which it predicted is that there would be no outward difference between the good and bad persons. This has plainly come to pass. Traversing the cities and highways of any land it is impossible for one of ordinary perception to distinguish the good from the evil. There are certain lines and signs, it is true, visible to the skilled eye, which indicate the condition of physical health, and, inductively, of moral rectitude, but it requires a keener insight than most of us possess to perceive the true worth and nature of a person. Nor is this due entirely to our own blindness, it is partly because of the distressing scarcity of truly worthy persons to observe. But now the tide has turned, science has exhausted its resources in the futile effort to abolish the consequences of gluttony, drunkenness, idleness and folly. Day by day the mark of bestiality is more difficult to hide by powders, poultices, and treatments; day by day the drunkard is less completely sobered by drugs, and day by day do those who have clung to and obeyed the laws of life become more conspicuous among the melting wrecks around them; in proportion to the degree of their obedience they now show forth as superior men. Is it not written in the Scriptures that “to him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken away what he hath?” And also that “what is done secretly shall be rewarded openly?” This is one of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. Soon there will go forth from the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma and from its branches elsewhere, a new generation of men and women whose purity of life and nobility of purpose will be so clearly visible in their outward appearance that even the dullest can see that they are the examples and leaders of humanity in the New Age now painfully emerging from the ruins of the old. H. R.

Libeling a Dead Man

TO invent a suicide for a man to correspond with what you think ought to have been his mode of exit is a maneuver which Talleyrand would have said lacked “finish.” The invention of the last words of “infidels” appears to have been once quite an industry. A thrilling “lesson” had to be drawn from them, and it did not so much matter whether they were invented to suit, or whether they were actually the automatic murmurings of the dying lips. They had to be shown as expressing either recantation and repentance, or the agony of remorse.

An “evangelist” recently made the statement in Cincinnati that Colonel Ingersoll had committed suicide. Of course, it would prove nothing if he had; no more than the suicide of a Christian would be anything against Christianity. But the statement was untrue. Asked for his authority, this worthy “evangelist” named a Presbyterian divine of Philadelphia, who being questioned in his turn, replied: “I never said or heard that Robert Ingersoll committed suicide.” Is the matter to be allowed to rest there? Can we afford our dead no better protection against the libeling of their memory? Whatever his views and expressions, few men have had a warmer love for their fellows than Ingersoll. We only hope that our “evangelist” may yet infect into moral health as many as did this man, who said that if he were making the universe, he would have made good health catching instead of sickness. D.

The Prosperity of Cuba

PRESIDENT PALMA'S message to the Cuban Congress is encouraging, but in no way surprising to those who realized the enormous and progressive forces which were liberated by national independence. Prosperity is the order of the day in Cuba all along the line. On November 1, the cash surplus in the treasury was \$3,843,439. Even this large sum is rapidly increasing, the income for the last seven months amounting to \$1,205,000. The president is therefore abundantly justified in recommending an expenditure of \$1,500,000 in the making of roads and other public improvements.

In the domain of education the advance is no less rapid. There are now 3,552 schools and constant additions are being made to the number. Not only are the public schools well attended, but higher education is becoming increasingly available to those who are fitted.

The love of education is, of course, a most marked feature of Cuban life, a love in which the children share quite as much as the parents. Wherever there is the desire for knowledge there is the guarantee of success, a guarantee more positive than can ever be furnished by a mere hunger for material prosperity. STUDENT

The Authority of the Preacher

A RELIGIOUS contemporary laments the absence of a note of authority in latter-day preaching. The preacher, we are told, “fails to assert his rightful claim to speak as the ambassador of God.” Confronted by a situation so tragic, we hastily turn to the reasons which are adduced and we find as usual that these reasons are the perversity of the public which refuses to recognize authority, and the pernicious influence of the higher criticism. An unregenerate world makes light of the power “conferred by the laying on of hands,” and the honest search for truth dethrones the god of truth. We are sincerely anxious to help, and to make suggestions which will restore authority to the ministry and enable its members to “speak as ambassadors of God.” We would therefore question the efficacy of the laying on of hands, and would rather recommend a search within the heart for the fountain of power which never fails to flow when its channels have been cleared of the love of self of which creed and dogma are signal expressions. We would also suggest a recognition of truth as the highest of all human endeavor, and that hostility to truth, by whatever name it may be called, can have no other end than impotence. STUDENT

A Cattle Market at Johannesburg

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week represents the cattle market at Johannesburg, South Africa. Before the recent war Johannesburg was the most important commercial center of the Transvaal, its proximity to the gold fields attracting large numbers from all parts of the world.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Hand of the State in Religion

JOHN MORLEY, whose *Life of Gladstone* is now attracting so much commendatory attention, has expressed his views upon the present religious controversy with a clearness and force which leave nothing to be desired. He says:

My own view has been ever since I began to think about public things, that you will never come to a wise settlement until you have removed altogether the hand of the State from religious instruction. Religious instruction is a thing for the parents, it is not a thing for the State, and I for my own part can never be cordial towards any policy, any changes in policy, which do not recognize the principle that the State is concerned with secular things and has no concern with religious things.

Such opinions are not, of course, surprising from a statesman of Mr. Morley's sagacity, and their application has no mere national boundary. There are two classes of persons who agitate for State influence with the religious teaching in schools. The first class includes all those who have a direct or indirect personal interest pecuniary or otherwise, in the clerical invasion into educational circles. The second class is composed of parents and others who are themselves indifferent or even hostile to religion, but who wish to be on the side of caste and authority.

In every controversy of this nature we hear very much of the parents with whom it is supposed to be a matter of conscience to secure State religious instruction for their children. There are practically no such parents. Even a glimmering of true religious sentiment in the parents would bring a recognition of their own duty to their children, a duty which no one can render for them. Every movement in favor of State influence is a proof of the ebb of religious feeling and not of its flow, of the decay of religion and not of its growth.

STUDENT

University Life & Its Abuses

UNIVERSITY life has found a trenchant critic in Henry E. Boltwood, the principal of the Evanston Township High School. There is certainly much truth in what he says, but he says it too forcibly, and his onslaught is too inclusive. Athletics and societies

are his special *betes noires*, and social distinctions, he tells us, are carried to a point altogether intolerable in educational institutions "where all class distinctions should be laid aside, and nothing count but merit." Further, he is reported:

The self-conscious air of pride with which fraternity boys and girls ignore the outside "barbarians" who are often their intellectual and moral superiors, is simply exasperating. In this direction the girls are worse than the boys, or perhaps the girls feel the social slights more keenly. Mothers with tears in their eyes tell of the heartless and cruel ways in which their daughters are slighted and snubbed by the society girls. Five columns of newspaper glory to a game between Yale and Harvard; 20 lines to an intercollegiate debate!

A great athletic victory is made the occasion for a general debauch. Not always, but far too often.

Specialized assaults of this nature have their uses, but they should not be allowed to cloud the real issues. In other words, the symptoms ought not to be mistaken for the disease. Our colleges ought not, of course, to be miniatures of the world, but they must certainly be so unless we take steps to counteract it. The evils against which Mr. Boltwood crusades are by no means the evidences of new and original sin. They simply mean that the students are guilty of the imitation which is the sincerest form of flattery. So long as whole communities become insane with excitement at the arrival in their midst of some disgusting prize-fighter, it is inevitable that college athletics should suffer degradation. The children are imitating their parents, the colleges are imitating the world.

It is none the less deplorable that the human seed-time should be so misused, and every lover of his race must look forward with apprehension to the harvest. We have, however, the consolation of knowing that the moral government of the world will not always be carried on by majorities, and that the prayers of action of one righteous man will avail much. One wise man can govern many fools, because the fool draws only upon his own folly, while the wise man has all nature to support him. X.

To Preserve the Native Languages

WE have more than once called attention to the fact that the Indian tribes of this continent are rapidly passing away, carrying with them their languages. Now, as it may become possible by an extensive collection of these idioms to arrive at some knowledge

of the root or roots of them, at some lost mother tongue or tongues, it is clearly of the utmost importance that the various dialects should be rescued before they are irretrievably lost. The University of California is rising to the occasion, and training students to enter on this most interesting and valuable line of research. It has also issued a circular calling upon all Californians not only to send in information about old prehistoric burial sites, caves, villages, sites and remains of every kind—but to search for themselves. We hope that the circular may get an ample response.

STUDENT

Sunday for Man or for the Church?

A POPULAR preacher, in fact many popular preachers, have been addressing themselves to the subject of Sunday observance. One such minister says: "Our complex and varied life seems to lead many to think of Sunday as a day of rest and recreation, in which all religious duties are postponed." It would not be easy to find any justification for this assumed antagonism between rest and recreation, and religion, seeing we are told that God himself observed the first Sunday by resting. The fact of the matter is, that it is a custom far too common to assume that religion necessarily assumes the form of church support. Those who are most loud in their laments at Sunday decadence would do well to put their own houses in order and to ascertain definitely whether it is the churches or the people who are neglecting the Sunday and misapplying its advantages.

That "the Sabbath was made for man," needs a fuller application than it has yet received, and to this we might with much reason add the corollary that the Sabbath was not ordained for the benefit either of the churches or the ministry.

STUDENT

Suicide Comes from Selfishness

WITH suicide clubs we are becoming increasingly familiar, but without any earnest attempt to understand their meaning. The latest instance comes from a great western city, where it seems a number of wealthy women have banded themselves together into this grim union. The rules of the club have been found in the rooms of one of its victims, together with a list of the names of the surviving members. May we hope that these latter will be placed under restraint in order that others may escape the infection of their intended crime.

We believe that it would be possible to help these poor wealthy and demented creatures who so mistakenly suppose that the death of the suicide can be preferable to the very worst fortune which fate can inflict upon the living. They cannot, of course, be helped by the application of any kind of social machine, scientific or otherwise, but they might be aided by individual and painstaking sympathy in conjunction with a season of restraint.

They believe that their lives are valueless and that they should, therefore, be destroyed. They are valueless, truly, but they need not remain so. They have probably never tried to give to their lives the value of unselfishness. Indeed, we may be certain they have not, because insanity and self-destruction are kept at arm's length by altruistic action. If these women could but be shown the power which they possess for good, and how that power is increased by their wealth, their lives would be endowed with a new and unaccustomed value. To invoke the love and the gratitude of another is to add a beauty to life which makes it desirable and holy, a thing to be preserved and to be used. We do not explain nor account for suicide by talking about insanity and the pressure of competition. We shall, however, be upon the verge of comprehension and of cure when we understand that by selfish thought, long continued, human life shrinks to dimensions so pitifully small as to seem unworthy of preservation.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Genius of Beethoven

WHERE today are the artists who look reverently upon their work as upon something divine, something which must grow ever more divine as they themselves draw nearer to the God within?

Some there may be, but not many, in an age of self-advertisement, of egotism, of competition. In other times there were artists, painters, sculptors, and musicians, who made no secret of their need for the silence of the mountain top, and for communion with that which passeth all understanding. They brought precious fruits from a promised land, not that they themselves might be glorified, but that their people might be inspired to go onward and upward.

There has recently appeared in a Belgian magazine a curiously intelligent and sympathetic study of Beethoven's music.

The writer, Monsieur Vincent d'Indy, divides the musician's life into three portions, and traces his career through the experimental, the passionate, and the thinking stages. He would perhaps have been better advised had he called the third stage the "spiritual" instead of the "thinking."

It was at this period of Beethoven's life that the musician recognized his illusions and saw for the first time clearly that all inspiration must come from within, that all external aids were but bitterness and disappointment. He wrote:

I have no more friends. I am alone with myself, but I know that God is nearer to me in my art than he is to all the others.

Not long afterwards, and exactly a month before he died, he wrote to Prince Galitzin:

I don't want to die yet, for it seems to me I have only written a few notes up till now.

Why must genius so often be combined with pathos and tragedy? Why must the path of glory unspeakable remain hidden until the shining shadows of death throw their barrier upon it? From age to age the greatest and the best have sighed as they see the work they have not done, the work they might have done had they but known—had they but known.

Mayhap a new age will dawn when genius will no longer spend itself in its own discovery, will no longer sink from physical exhaustion with its hand upon the door. That age will be already upon us when religion and philosophy recognize the genius of the child, when parent and teacher see to it that the "trailing clouds of glory" are no more banished by those other clouds of self and greed which wait tumultuously to enshroud the mind. Then genius will be normal and of lost opportunities there will be none. There will be no more the pathos of the steps which grow so weary before the road is found, and when death comes it will be to those who have fought the good fight, who have finished the course, who have won. STUDENT

THE pupil must regain the child state he has lost ere the first sound can fall upon his ear.—H. P. Blavatsky

I hold that every composer has a merit of his own which is determined by the intrinsic value of his works. Neither eulogy nor criticism can effect it.—C. P. E. Bach



BEETHOVEN

FRAGMENT

by MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE Spirit of the world,
Beholding the absurdities of men—
Their vanities, their feats—let a sardonic smile.
For one short moment wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine!—for its earthly hour
The strange guest sparkled; now it pass'd away.

That was Heine! and we,
Myriads who live, who have lived,
What are we all but a mood,
A single mood, of the life
Of the spirit in whom we exist,
Who alone is all things in one?

Spirit, who fillest us all?
Spirit, who utterest in each
New-coming son of mankind
Sach of thy thoughts as thou wilt!
O thou, one of whose moods,
Bitter and strange, was the life
Of Heine—his strange, alas!
His bitter life!—may a life
Other and milder be mine!
Mayst thou a mood more serene,
Happier, have utter'd in mine!
Mayst thou the rapture of peace
Deep have embreathed at its core;
Made it a ray of thy thought,
Made it a beat of thy joy!

"Richard Wagner in the Mirror of Criticism"

A SECOND edition of *Richard Wagner in the Mirror of Criticism* has just been published in Leipsic. It announces itself to be "A Dictionary of Impoliteness, containing rude, sneering, spiteful and libelous expressions used against Richard Wagner, his works and his friends, by their enemies and other unbelievers." The collector of the various and fairly innumerable items of "impoliteness" contained in this unique book—one William Tappert—has placed those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, under distinct obligations. From it one may easily estimate just about what contemporary criticism is usually worth regarding the work, on any line, of those who are ahead of the age in which they live. Here are a few of these "items," to use the mildest possible term:

Charlatan, scandal-monger, *claqueur*, fanatic of realism, addlepate, a literary lackey, hireling, fool, a modern Nero, a churmer of phrases, barbarian, pigmy, the Marat of music, and others, some of which are too abominable to be mentioned in these columns. So much for Wagner himself.

The following words are descriptive(?) of Wagner's music:

Hocus-pocus, dog-music, Jesuit music, humbug, teapot music, caricature, Katzenjammer music, plague wishwash music, bestialism, indecency, musical weeds, irresponsible, straw sentiment, blasphemy, mollusc music, a musical sand-heap, and so on for page after page.

One scarcely wonders that Tappert speaks of Wagner as living in a "miasma of rudeness." So eminent a critic as Prof. Max Müller wrote of this creator of the marvelous Dramas of the Soul:

Wagner proved that he is no poet by his maltreatment of the Nibelungen and Parsifal Cycles. For this he deserves what happened to Homer in the nether world, according to Diogenes Laertius, viii, 21.

This, however, is reasonably compassionate, seeing that the soul of Homer met no more unpleasant a fate than being merely hung to a tree surrounded by writhing snakes!

Even Hiller, a musician and Mendelssohn's friend, characterized the *Meistersinger* as "the craziest attack ever yet made on art, culture, music and poetry." Kalbeck called Wagner "a musical Heliogabalus," and Franz Hille naively inquired: "Is Wagner not a demon who poisons all budding artistic life?" And one German musical critic remarked, *apropos* the memorial medal struck in Bayreuth after the first festival performance:

The malicious say that this medal, worn after the fashion of a cholera charm, will render one immune

from all attacks of modesty, common sense and regard for classical music—maladies which have recently appeared among Wagnerians in rare and isolated cases!

Now what claim can such criticism set up for respect? It is a pity that the rack and the thumbscrew and the hot iron are so old-fashioned. They aren't more than half as torturesome as the pen of libel and the tongue of slander have often been, and I'll venture that, up to the present moment, the former are not responsible for half as many wrecked lives. H.



The American Woman

A STORM of discussion has been provoked because of the criticisms recently made by a Mr. Marriott Watson concerning the American woman. Mr. Watson is an Englishman. Among other things, he says:

"The character of the American woman of today is a product partly of racial modifications and partly of the social conditions of a commercial age. We have many opportunities of studying the American woman, for she has undertaken to annex as much of Europe as practicable and has succeeded very fairly. A little time back some enthusiastic journal in New York was at pains to compile a list of American women who had married, not Europeans merely, but Europeans with titles. A large majority of these ladies were confessedly wealthy, and it would be absurd to ignore the obvious bargain upon which many such matches are based; on one side money, on the other influence or position. It is considered by the taste of the day creditable to think that some pork packer's dollars from Chicago should buy a coronet in Mayfair.

"The American woman is claimed by her admirers as being independent, but she is more than that, she is anarchical. The state has been built upon certain sociological facts as a foundation. The American woman is destroying these, and with them, therefore, the structure of the state as it exists now. Evidences that American women are deliberately turning their backs on natural laws have accumulated of recent years. It would seem that, while the American man unnaturally devotes all his days to money-making, the American woman, as unnaturally, devotes her days to pleasure. Whereas the savage woman acted as a beast of burden to her lord, the American man works like a beast of burden beside his triumphing lady. Unless American civilization alters it would seem to be doomed."

Mr. Watson appears to have gone to extremes, and one wonders what class of American women he has become acquainted with. That his criticism, when a certain class is considered, is reasonably just, must be

A NEW hope is dawning in the hearts of men. The great heart of nature pulsates with joy, as it did in the days of life's dawn. Men and women whose hearts have been well-nigh broken beneath the weight of many sorrows feel the new joy of this great symphony whose harmonies are now being sounded. It is felt within the heart and gives to man a new inspiration. The golden light shines ever: the herald of the morning proclaims the message of love anew: the ripples of the sea-waves lisp the glad song: the breeze bears it in her bosom: the tints of the flowers convey it: it shines forth from the stars in their sparkling brilliance: the great blue dome above suggests it: the birds warble it forth from every tree: the babe is its completest revelation: the eyes of loved ones who are passing into the great beyond speak of an abiding hope and of a future day when they shall return to carry on their work. Where hope dwells beauty and love abide forever. Immutable is the Law and eternal is hope itself.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

admitted. But that class is by no means so large as Mr. Watson evidently believes.

The lump is leavened by a more than fair sprinkling of glorious, selfless and beautiful examples of the higher womanhood, the nobler wifehood, the truer motherhood.

It is because of this that the selfishness which *does* dominate a certain class—and selfishness is anarchy in its deepest and most logical interpretation—stands out in such bold relief. But to include in the category more than just one certain type of American women (many of whom are not by birth Americans, by the way) is absurd. What about the thousands who are interested in all educational movements and who are giving time and money—a great deal of money, too—to help humanity according to their best light, through various philanthropies? If Mr. Watson chooses to ignore this class and point out only the faults of a certain few, why does he not speak of the parasitic tendencies which are becoming more and more apparent—the willingness to receive everything and give nothing? Those who can look a little bit below the surface

can see in this a greater danger than lies in incipient or actually existing "anarchical tendencies." But Mr. Watson in his essay made one fatal mistake. In pointing out the degeneracy of the woman who would exchange her dollars for a "coronet in Mayfair," the reader draws the inevitable conclusion that there are in England men who offer coronets for sale! Can it be possible?

A. V.

The Reign of Isabella

IT is wonderful how much the doctrines of countries depend at times upon the virtue of individuals, and how it is given to great spirits by combining, exciting and directing these latent powers of a nation to stamp it, as it were, with their own greatness. Such beings realize the idea of guardian angels, appointed by heaven to watch over the destinies of empires. Such had been Prince Henry for the kingdom of Portugal, and such was now for Spain the illustrious Isabella.—*Washington Irving*

The Empress Eugenie

"I COME then, gentlemen, to say to France that I have preferred the woman whom I love and whom I respect, to one who is unknown, whose alliance would have advantages mingled with sacrifices. Without testifying disdain for any one, I yield to my inclinations, after having consulted my reason and my convictions. In fine, by placing independence, the qualities of the heart and domestic happiness above dynastic prejudices and the calculations of ambition, I shall not be less strong because I shall be more free."

With these words Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, announced his approaching marriage, and defended against those who would have preferred to see their Emperor wed a daughter of one of the reigning houses of Europe, his beautiful fiancée, Eugenie, Countess of Theba.

The present time is significant because the inner and unseen ties that have for centuries bound France, Spain and the English speaking peoples are now beginning to be manifest on outer lines. Of especial interest are the lives of those who have played a part—whether themselves conscious of it or not—in strengthening and preserving those unseen ties. France can boast of two women whose influence was far greater than historians dream, Josephine, the wife of Napoleon Bonaparte, foundress of the order of the Eastern Star, the first woman who, since Joan of Arc, brought inspiration to France, and who yet lives, more than others, in the affections of her people; and the Empress Eugenie. It is significant that neither was of royal birth, and that both were married for love alone.

The Empress Eugenie was born in Spain, and in her veins mingled the Castilian blood of her father, Count of Theba and Montijo, with the Scottish blood of her mother, a Fitzpatrick. It is worthy of record that her education, which was received in Spain and in France and England, was directed by her mother. Later, when as Empress, she was received with marked cordiality by Queen Victoria, the circle of this inner influence was completed. This visit was not without its significance, being the first instance in history when a reigning French monarch set foot within the domain of his hereditary foes. It seemed as if England wished to atone for the wrongs she had heaped on France for so many centuries, from the burning of Joan of Arc to the exile of the first Napoleon. Yet Eugenie, a Latin by birth and education, loved England deeply. Why? For answer, one must read between the lines of history's record.

That Eugenie was recognized by her husband as more than just the idol of the people and of her Court, is evidenced by the Emperor's appointment of her as Regent during his absence while in command of the army of Italy. The form of the Imperial announcement is interesting:

Napoleon, by the grace of God and the National will, Emperor of the French:

TO ALL PRESENT AND TO COME, GREETING: Wishing to give our well-beloved wife, the Empress, marks of the great confidence we repose in her and, seeing that we intend to take the head of the army of Italy, we have resolved to confer, by these presents, on our well-beloved wife, the Empress, the title of Regent, that she may exercise its functions during our absence, in conformity with our instructions and orders, such as we shall have made known in the general order of the service that we have established, which will be copied into the Book of State.

We desire that the Empress shall preside, in our name, over the Privy Council and Council of Ministers.

During Napoleon's absence all decrees and State papers were signed by Eugenie in this form:

For the Emperor, and in virtue of the power by him conferred. EUGENIE

An account of Eugenie's charities would fill a volume. Her heroism, in throwing herself before the Emperor to protect him at the time of his attempted assassination, was only equalled by her calmness during the hour which followed, when the dead and dying lay on all sides and when the populace was panic-stricken and tumultuous. The Emperor's words spoken of her before their marriage, were prophetic: "By her grace and her goodness she will, I firmly hope, endeavor to revive in the same position, the virtues of the Empress Josephine."

AH, beautiful Spain
With thy skies ever bright,
Thou hast formed her for us,
From a ray of sunlight.



THE EMPRESS EUGENIE

This Week

SEVEN days of opportunities! Twenty-four hours each day filled with golden moments! Each moment given to us to work out in glorious service! What a rare chance to practise what we preach! "And the key-note is really this," as Katherine Tingley has said, "the recognition of the soul in men, whether they be black or white, despairing or hopeful."

We are souls. The mind is an instrument for the soul's use. In our hearts lie the germs which grow into good and evil actions from the mental attitude we take. "Think three times before you speak." How easy it seems. Try it, and find what a task for a woman to take upon herself. But the woman is a soul, and the soul has power to command every situation. Suppose the woman to be on duty in a position that requires perfect service—and what woman is not in such a position? How many realize that the mental attitude of those who ask for service will determine, ninety-nine times out of one hundred, the character of service they receive?

Ask and ye shall receive. One there is who calls out the soul itself in spontaneous service, with a concentration of will that removes every obstacle. Some there are whose paths are beset with trials, yet they ask service with such impersonality that the heart gives ready response. Then there are others who call out antagonism, irritation or indifference to their demands, instead of the perfect service they seek. When those with personality dominant, ask for service, if we respond impulsively, do we not swing right into their current and reflect in our actions the thing we would reject in theirs—the very personal element we should seek to control? In giving and receiving service, if we mutually recognize the soul as the key-note, would not all friction cease? And right here would there not be a solution of every difficulty, if women would learn to hold themselves in silence—to "think three times before you speak"?

Then perhaps when duty knocks at the door of the personal nature, it would open to show to the

woman herself the germ lying within her own heart.

Her silence would be an appeal to the soul to take command of the situation. The personal element would be nipped in the bud within her own nature. There would remain no connection by which the personal element in another could gain entrance in herself. The woman who is secure in her recognition of her own self as a soul, is led diligently to seek the soul in others. Thus only may she find the light and walk in it.

ELIZABETH WHITNEY

Two Dreams

TROUBLED, I fell asleep.

In dreams through unknown spheres, in restless flight, I sped—
seeking, ever seeking.

I woke—weary with sadness from sorrow unremembered, and on my lips the whisper,

Is there no unity?

I fell into a dreamless sleep.

Returning, through that state neither dreaming nor awake, I came, bringing sweetness, peace, unspeakable—from joy unremembered.

I awoke with arms outstretched towards the dim gray dawn, and on my lips the whisper,

There is unity!

A. P. D.

MISS ANNIE S. PECK, who recently attempted to scale Mount Sorata in South America, is one of the most daring and successful mountaineers in the world. She is a graduate of the University of Michigan, and for some years studied archeology in the American school at Athens, Greece. Later she became professor of Greek and Latin in Smith College. She is also a highly accomplished musician. Within the last few years she has climbed Mounts Hymettus and Pentelicus, near Athens, the great Matterhorn, the Jungfrau, Mount Shasta in California, Popocatepetl and Orizaba in Mexico, and others.

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

A Land of Mystery—Beyond the Valley of Mexico

WHETHER one surveys the imposing ruins of Memphis or Palmyra; stands at the foot of the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh; wanders along the shores of the Nile; or ponders amid the desolate fastnesses of the long-lost and mysterious Petra; however clouded and misty the origin of these prehistoric relics may appear, one nevertheless finds at least certain fragments of firm ground upon which to build conjecture. Thick as may be the curtain behind which the history of these antiquities is hidden, still there are rents here and there through which one may catch glimpses of light. We are acquainted with the descendants of these builders; and, however superficially, we also know the story of the nations whose vestiges are scattered around us. Not so with the antiquities of the New World of the two Americas. There, all along the coast of Peru, all over the Isthmus and North America, in the canyons of Cordilleras, in the impassible gorges of the Andes, and especially, beyond the valley of Mexico, lie, ruined, desolate, hundreds of once mighty cities, lost to the memory of men, and having themselves lost even a name. Buried in dense forests, entombed in inaccessible valleys, sometimes sixty feet underground, from the day of their discovery until now they have ever remained a riddle, baffling all inquiry, and they have been muter than the Egyptian Sphinx herself. We know nothing of America prior to the Spanish Conquest—positively nothing. No chronicles,

not even of the comparatively modern ones now survive; there are no traditions, even among aboriginal tribes, as to its past events. We are as ignorant of the races that built these cyclopean structures as of the strange worship that inspired the sculptors who carved upon hundreds of miles of walls, upon monuments, monoliths and altars, these weird hieroglyphics, these groups of animals and men, pictures of an unknown life and lost arts—scenes so fantastic and wild at times, that they involuntarily suggest the idea of a feverish dream, whose phantasmagoria suddenly crystallized into granite at the wave of some mighty magician's hand, to bewilder the coming generations forever and ever. So late as the beginning of the present century the very existence of such a wealth of antiquities was unknown. The petty, suspicious jealousy of the Spaniards had, from the first, created a Chinese wall between their American possessions and the too curious traveler; and the ignorance and fanaticism of the conquerors, and their carelessness as to all but the satisfaction of their insatiable greed, had precluded scientific research. Even the enthusiastic accounts of Cortez and his army of brigands and priests, and of Pizarro and his robbers and monks, as to the splendor of the temples, palaces and cities of Mexico and Peru, were long discredited.

As regards prehistoric buildings, both Peru and Mexico are rivals of Egypt. Equalling the latter in the immensity of her cyclopean statues, Peru surpasses her in their number, while Cholula exceeds the grand pyramid of Cheops in breadth, if not in height. Works of public utility,

such as walls, fortifications, terraces, water-courses, aqueducts, bridges, temples, burial-grounds, whole cities and exquisitely paved roads, hundreds of miles in length, stretch in an unbroken line, almost covering the land as with a net. . . . Of the long generations of people who built them, history knows nothing, and even tradition is silent. As a matter of course, most of these lithic remains are covered with a dense vegetation. Whole forests have grown out of cities' broken hearts, and, with few exceptions, everything is in ruin. But one may judge of what once was by that which yet remains.

With a most flippant unconcern, the Spanish historians refer nearly every ruin to Incas times. No greater mistake can be made. The hieroglyphics which sometimes

cover whole walls and monoliths from top to bottom are, as they were at first, a dead letter to modern science. But they were equally a dead letter to the Incas, though the history of the latter can be traced to the eleventh century. They had no clue to the meaning of these inscriptions, but attributed all such to their *unknown* predecessors; thus barring the presumption of their own descent from the first civilizers of their country. . . . —H. P. Blavatsky, in the "Theosophist," March, 1880.

Huichol Indians of Mexico and the Flood

EVERY now and then the religious world enjoys a slight thrill at the discovery of flood traditions among the various aboriginal peoples of the world. We now learn that the Huichol Indians of

Mexico have such a myth, and even point out the mountain top upon which the ark rested after the subsidence of the waters. So far from this being a substantiation of the particular account which we call the Mosaic, it is the strongest evidence in support of the Theosophic teaching, that every part of the world has at some time or other been subject to natural cataclysms, either by flood or fire, and that through these agencies civilization after civilization has been destroyed, either leaving no trace whatever behind, or only the ruins which are now so plentifully coming to light. In this connection it may be interesting to recall the statement made to Solon, the Greek lawgiver, by the Egyptian priest. Solon is represented as inquiring the origin of Egyptian knowledge and history, which seemed to so far transcend that possessed by other peoples. The Egyptian priest replied that all other parts of the world had been successively destroyed by natural catastrophes, but that from these the land of Egypt had escaped through its peculiar geographical position, and had thus preserved an unbroken record extending over a very vast period of time. Of these catastrophes every nation has its myths and traditions, and that the Huichol Indians should also have preserved the story is not surprising.

STUDENT

CAPTAIN NEWTON H. CHITTENDEN, the southwest explorer, says that the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico cremated their dead until quite recently. The lodge and personal effects of the deceased were also burned. The cliff-dwellers wrapped the bodies of their deceased in robes and buried them under their dwellings.



DRUIDS ALTAR, HOWTH, IRELAND

THE Druids Altar at Howth in Ireland is typical of very many prehistoric structures to be found throughout Ireland. It will be seen that one end of the covering stone seems to have slipped from its position, and this may be due either to the passage of time or to the inability of the original builders to raise it to its proper position. Some archeologists have believed that these cromlechs were once the centers of tumuli, and that they have been left bare by the action of rain, etc. This point will probably never now be decided, but the fact remains that the majority of the Irish cromlechs are free. So rich is Ireland in these relics of a prehistoric race that nearly nine hundred dolmens and tumuli are now known to exist.

STUDENT

Nature

Studies

Some Stories the Dust Can Tell

OFTTIMES, of a summer morning, the dust of the pathway, or country roadway, is found marked with many tiny trails, some intricately interwoven, with many an interlacing loop, and others regular and straight. They are the record of the little people who do their traveling by night; the bugs, worms and such small creatures. There goes a furrow, often crossing itself and after many windings losing itself abruptly, or else terminating in a little conical pit. That was made by an "ant-lion" in search of a new hunting ground. Perhaps he may not find one to suit him and then he simply goes underground for the day. It would be hard to find him because he is exactly the color of the dirt.

Here is another track, a double row of tiny footmarks with now and then a smooth bit of furrow between them. Follow it along and possibly the creature can be found, though he is quite a rapid traveler. He is a black insect about an inch long, who feeds by choice on decaying vegetation, though he does not disdain other food. He scorns concealment, being certain that his shell and disagreeable odor will fully protect him, a belief in which he is seldom mistaken. Another track often found is that of the cutworm, who has entirely too many bird friends to dare to appear above ground in the daytime, so, by force of habit probably, he keeps just below the surface when he travels at night, leaving a little ridge of loosened earth which leads to some juicy plant, where he has, after many windings about, finally settled himself for the day, ready to come up at night for supper.

Other tracks there are which abruptly begin and end, an indication that the insects making them had wings which could be used, and occasionally a mouse track, gigantic by comparison, shows that larger beasts have been abroad. N.L.

The Beautiful Lily Dahlia

THIS beautiful member of the dahlia family is unique, not only in the tree-like size and form of the plant, but also in the pendent, bell-like position of flowers, which are four to six inches across. This arrangement is somewhat unusual among the compositæ, most of which face upward. But this dahlia hangs its white, pink and light purple flowers with such exquisite airiness that it is doubtful which to admire more, the harmony of the color shadings or the graceful beauty of the arrangement of the flowers, which are grouped in trios and bloom in succession in such order that the whole plant is full of blossoms at once by the simultaneous opening of one flower in nearly every triad. There are often fifty or more open at once on a single plant, some of which are almost perfect candelabra in form while others are of a closer growth. The exquisite shape of the blossoms and the relatively large size of the petals prevents the empty look so common in large non-double compositæ. Y.

NATURE

by JONES VERY—Selected

THE bubbling brook doth leap when I come by.
Because my feet find measure with its call:
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them, both great and small.
The flower that on the lonely hillside grows
Expects me there when spring its bloom has given:
And many a tree and bush my wanderings knows,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven:
For he who with his Maker walks aright
Shall be their lord as Adam was before:
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
Each object wear the dress that then it wore:
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

Perhaps the Fairies Could Tell

WE are by this time forced to the conclusion that plants are inhabited or overshadowed by animal natures dwelling in them, as the human family is inhabited or influenced by the Self. This immensely extends the scope of the questions which are suggested by the very common orchard operations of grafting and budding. To take the stem of one species or genus and put it upon the roots of another, as an apple upon a quince, or a pear upon an apple, is surely astonishing enough. It is still more astonishing that the roots which are thus forced to give all their life to a stranger and are never permitted to produce a single twig of their own, yet will continue so long as they live to retain their own natural character and will, if allowed, produce their own fruit; then the twig,

totally deprived of its own roots, and compelled to receive its life from the sap intended for a much different sort of fruit, and yet never losing its own character nor producing any other than its own sort of fruit; surely this is wondrous chemistry.

Or, to go yet further, and grow several sorts of fruit upon a single tree, as has been done, even five or six wholly different species or even genera as, for example, apples, quinces, pears, grapes and roses, all growing from the same stem, we are compelled to admit that this trenches very much upon the realm of plant-psychology. It is wholly impossible to explain it by any facts in our knowledge, unless we take the unorthodox views of Theosophists, that "nature" is the domain of constructive lives who, by superlative chemistry, transmute to their own use the sap, whatever it may be, which their hosts furnish. And how does the root, buried all its life, remember to grow only the proper sort of twigs and fruit when it can? Y.

A Vegetable Calendar

ONCE more the chillicothe is confronting us with its great problem, or so it seems to us, of plant intelligence sufficiently great to tell the time of year. There has been no rain for many months, and even if there had been it would not penetrate the hard earth to the

depth of three to six feet, to where the chillicothe keeps its root.

Yet every year, at the proper time, the great roots, which often weigh two hundred pounds, send up each their dozens of vines which grow with almost visible speed for a few weeks, mature the spring "cucumbers" and wither, the root then beginning to prepare for next season. Quite apart from the greatest mystery of plant life, the fact of growth; is the particular mystery of how this huge, shapeless root buried so deeply can elaborate from its own substance the beautiful, wonderful life of spreading vines, the marvelous beauty of vine-stem, of leaves, of flowers and of perfect fruit; and, most incomprehensible of all, how it knows just when the right time of year comes. N. L.



SOME LOMA-LAND LILY DAHLIAS

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

IN spite of the threatening weather last Sunday evening the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Isis Theatre was very well attended by an audience which seemed to thoroughly appreciate the excellent music rendered by the Students of the Isis Conservatory and the two interesting and instructive addresses of the evening. The first of these was by Mrs. W. T. Hanson, on "The Higher Motherhood," while the other address was by Mr. Sidney Coryn, who gave the third of his papers on the "History of Egypt."

Mrs. Hanson began her address by the following quotation from Katherine Tingley: "If women only knew their power, what mighty things they might fashion in this land of freedom, for they are the mothers of men. Let them study, read, think, as they rock the cradle. Let them spend less time over their own fears and troubles and more time on the great problems of life, which their little ones must some day face. Let them live as if life were divine and eternal, not merely a short recess between the future and the past. All women may use their power to help humanity, all women may live the larger life right in their own home and with their little ones at the knee. In fact if the world is ever to become a better place, mothers must begin to think and act and *live*, as if they were divine souls. For the homes of a nation are its foundation stones, and not until they are made truer and better, is it possible to have a better civic and national life."

Mrs. Hanson then continued: "As Christmas-tide approaches, year after year, one's thoughts instinctively go back to that scene in old Bethlehem, which the Christmas festival celebrates. We see the sweet-voiced mother, the kindly father and the little Child, that Child whose birth was so in harmony with the Divine Law, that He became easily and soon a Redeemer—one of humanity's Great Teachers. And in thought we see the boy Jesus growing into youth and on into manhood, under the influence of Mary, the sweet, pure girl-wife, and of Joseph, the builder and the learned man, for Joseph was a writer of history—a man far in advance of his time. And the heart leaps in gratitude to Mary for the example she set, to all women for all time. Mary, to whom motherhood was more than a privilege, to whom it was a benediction, a revealer of all that was divine in her own heart. In the thought of Mary and of the higher motherhood, which was to her not an ideal merely, but a living and daily proven fact, one reads a new reason why the Christmas festival is the one joy-time of all the year to which the mother is indispensable. The center of the home-life, as she always is, ten-fold is she its center at the Christmas-time. It is she who plans the surprises; it is she who is the general confidante of all the secrets that with children constitute such a fruitful means of character building—if the mother understands child-life and rises to her opportunities. It is the mother who skilfully leads the children away from little

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Large Audience Well Pleased
With Interesting Addresses by
Mrs. Hanson and Mr. Coryn

Reprinted from the San Diego News

temptations to selfishness, and into the path where the one great joy is that of sweet and simple giving.

"In just the proportion that the Christmas festival becomes in each home, what it should be, does motherhood itself become glorified. The mother in her own self-forgetfulness is probably unconscious of this fact. But it is a fact, none the

less, and by every effort that the true mother makes to establish in the minds of her children and those of her household true ideals, by every effort she makes to bring the family a little nearer to living on high and right lines, by her every resolve to sanctify the Christmas-tide by feeding her children's souls a little more and their bodies less—by every such effort does she take a step upward, a step toward the realization of Katherine Tingley's greatest ideals—the higher motherhood. After effort comes insight. The mother who has blessed the Christmas festival in her own home with the right spirit and true ideals, finds herself at the dawning of the New Year, a wiser woman than she was before.

"Some doors which she had supposed herself destined to go in and out of for all time, she finds to her joy are closed, and where, perchance, she saw only a blank wall, new doorways have opened, and through them she glimpses a larger life than even that of her dreams. She may not step into it, to be sure, but the opportunity is hers, and the mother who is wise as well as unselfish, will seize it and step outward and upward into a greater life. What is the Higher Motherhood? One might as well undertake to answer the question, What is love, or What is light? It is not something that can be labeled and then laid away for use in case of emergency. It can no more be comprised within the limits of a definition than the sun could be harnessed to a plow, for it is something that is never fully realized, but is ever becoming. It is simply one avenue through which the soul expresses itself. The higher motherhood is the soul's own expression—not the expression of the brain-mind alone, or of the appetites, or of caprice. Now, the ideal of the higher motherhood is not particularly new to the present day. In almost every age, excepting perhaps the ten centuries during which Europe was in almost total spiritual darkness, the ideal of a higher or spiritual motherhood was voiced by this or that philosopher. Plato taught in that marvelous 'Republic,' in which he gave us a picture, an absolute picture of his dream and his ideal—an ideal which was not realized in his own day, which *could not be*, for where were the mothers, where was the awakened womanhood, even in Greece? An ideal which the philosophers ever since have preached, but which not one in all the ages has ever had the courage to absolutely put into practice among their followers, an ideal which never until now has been realized. For it is realized today in your midst, because there has at last come among men a Teacher who does have the courage to face the persecution of half the world. And she does this because she loves humanity."

Thinking a Thing and Then Acting It

A Three-Minute Lodge Paper

SUPPOSE, on general principles, I think it would be a good thing to get up early in the morning (say, 5 o'clock), but I feel tired, and do not waken easily, so I do not get up until absolutely obliged to, and then hurry to breakfast with a feeling of something having been neglected, I don't exactly know what. But suppose I think I will get up at 5 o'clock and then do so. I find time for gymnastic exercises and dress with ease. From an open book on the table I catch a new meaning in the printed words, and have time to stop and take in a mental breath that gives great vigor to my brain. New ideas, full of life and beauty come to me, and I go to breakfast feeling ready to meet any event, strong enough to uphold any principle.

In the first instance I have drifted in with the negative side of nature, which tends to inaction, indolence, carelessness, selfishness, love of ease and gratification of the body, or of the personality that rules the lower side of my nature.

In the second case, the positive side of my nature, the soul forces, have been called into action, and in league with these, the higher nature takes command of my body for the day. For the body is the battle-field in which Thought and Act cause the warfare between the higher and lower nature until harmony, the law of compassion, is established.

It is this experience in contrasts that teaches us the way the world is governed by law. It shows also our responsibility for every act of our lives, and that our responsibility starts with the thoughts we create, or that we allow others to create for

us. And, we can also see in what a very practical way we need to apply the advice, "Think three times before you act."

If we start with the wrong thought, we give the law time to check it in our nature before action has caused greater harm, and if the thought is all right the law simply reinforces it in our nature, and in action we become absolutely invincible, because we are allied with the soul-force of nature, and co-workers with the law.

E. W.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS—A Suggestion

CHRISTMAS is preeminently the time for the giving of gifts, of which the selection is usually a task demanding much anxious care and much lost time.

The essentials of a worthy gift are value and permanence, and in the search for these qualities works of literary and lasting worth naturally take a foremost place. A good book is an unfading treasure, a storehouse of which the contents become more valuable with time, an instrument for the increase of intellect and for the making of character, a link between the giver and the receiver which grows stronger day by day. A year's subscription to the NEW CENTURY PATH is surely a Christmas present worth giving and worth receiving, a weekly reminder of the good will which called it forth. Subscriptions sent in now will be in good time to enable us to deliver the first number at Christmas.

Man, the Master

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll
I am the Master of my fate
I am the Captain of my soul.

THE divine scheme ordains that each human unit shall, to attain to the perfect stature, assume his masterhood. It is the many differing degrees of recognition of this fact in nature that marks individual traits and stamps the man as positive or negative.

The battle royal in life lies in the persistent effort to maintain the positive inner attitude, and it is accumulated bits of conscious effort that increases, strengthens, and vitalizes the inner subconscious fund.

Man's positive nature may thus acquire a momentum that will carry him over many a period of discouraging fight against his lower nature in its efforts to crawl up and exhibit itself in his daily life. The average man, yes even he on the borderland of the Master's mutual realm must keep a constant conscious watchfulness on the maintenance of his positive domination, for he has not only his own weaknesses to ward off but those of every one else. A man may partake of another's strength, if he will, or he can, in a measure, shut himself up to it. If he wills to avail himself of the vitalizing currents that emanate from strong ones, he may consciously open himself to them and imbibe them, thereby adding greatly to his own strength. But most subtle is the contagion of evil influences that beset him upon all sides; they steal in upon him unawares, and, before he realizes it, he is drifting off, drawn by the undertow of sense impulse gotten from he knows not where.

Nevertheless every rift in the fortress of his character is fordable, and once recognized, the break may be filled. Probably the most potent agency that works for susceptibility to weakness, and consequent evil thought and deed is incompetent judgment of others. Nothing saps the vital energy of man so much as allowing himself to drift into a concentration on some phase of his own lower nature, extracting sense pleasure from it; he arouses into action other like faculties and is whirled away into a mental debauch.

He is then wide open to similar forces emanating from others. Just so surely as this process is a natural one, is the fact that a judgment on the weaknesses or *fancied* imperfections in others, if it be made by one less than a master, carries with it the inevitable awakening of the same qualities within himself, and he adds fibre upon fibre to the cords that bind him down.

The Galilean's injunction, "Judge not that ye be not judged," sprung from a knowledge of the great law, and was never intended as a divine fiat. Who, less than a master *dare* openly or privately judge another? He who does it blinds himself to the consequence, for no one courts the resulting pain and anguish which is the wrench that accompanies the effort at restoration of a state of harmony within himself. A large knowledge of divine law marks those masters who assume to give to the world epitomized truth with self-conscious authority, and each and every one have declared the same growing potentiality in every human being.

Mark the words of Jesus, "I say that ye are gods!" Is it not a slur upon human reason that brilliant minds of a dogmatic age have to be again and again reminded of the absurdity of the extra cosmic God? The ecclesiastic condemns the idea of worshipping a "principle," then slips his hold from the one concrete expression of God, the compassionate human heart, and worships primarily a God of his own fancy, endowing him with many of his own frailties and holds him firmly in his grasp as a mind idol to be appeased or cajoled. Shirking, selfish human nature is at the bottom of it all; it is the vain effort to avoid the climb of the stern rocks that face *duty*, and a fallacy of motives fraught with weakness.

The restoration of the Master in man to his rightful throne in the human mind is the goal to which the highest forces are striving at this beginning of the Twentieth century. That this will be attained is confidently averred and the rapid trend of human thought attests it.

Once attained, man will assume his kingship and then will be purged from him

Comfort

A Three-Minute Lodge Paper

PIONEER work needs Warrior souls. It needs men and women grown straight and untrammelled, who are looking " . . . Not for delectations sweet, not the cushion and the slipper . . ." but for opportunity to serve.

Our work here is in a new country, yet pioneer work is not in fields and woods alone; most of all it is in a new world of thought. And just as the pioneer who clears the forest must do without many a comfort and luxury which he has been accustomed to before, so the pioneers who are clearing away mental and moral rubbish have need of the true Warrior-heart, for they, too, will have to leave many a comfort behind. No longer may they lean on their friends for comfort. They have to cut loose from many a friend and many an old idea which gave them comfort before.

To be successful in any kind of pioneer work a certain disdain for comfort is necessary, a wish and a will to get along on simple lines. For the usual case is more than merely unnecessary; to most of us it is a positive hindrance. Luxury always begets desire for more luxury, and there is an ever-present danger that such a desire may overpower us and totally incapacitate us for useful work. It has been the death of nations as of individuals, and the reason is not far to seek, it lies in the thought for self.

If H. P. Blavatsky had thought of herself, she would never have left her comfortable home for a life of such constant hardships as she knew hers must become. If they had thought of personal comfort, W. Q. Judge would have continued in his lucrative law practice and Katherine Tingley would never have gone to Montauk, to Cuba, nor to Point Loma. But these Warrior souls lived and live for a higher ideal. Their one thought has always been for others, and such a paltry thing as mere personal comfort has never for one moment been allowed to hinder their work. We students call our-

selves warriors. Let us then be warriors. Let us rise above the valleys, up to the lofty mountain tops. Let us live as souls and accept events and conditions as we meet them, caring nothing for the outward convenience nor for comforts to ourselves, intent only upon the fulfillment of our work and duty. Then and only then will our army be really strong and victorious, a useful instrument in our Leader's hands.

E. T. S.

I DO not see Thee, God!
A soul made plaint;
O for an angel hand to tear the veil apart!
Hide not from me Thy face---I strive, I faint!
The silence whispered,
"Art thou pure in heart?"
—Martha Gilbert Dickinson in "Outlook"

the debris of fault and weakness and perpetual wrong doing begat of passion and desire, and which had for so long obscured *himself* from himself.

The one organization that specifically presses toward this end is The Universal Brotherhood, and under its wise Leader, its membership is striving for and are working with a school wherein are taught and lived the essential truths.

The world will be shown by precept and example that it is possible to bring into daily life a constant and growing joy, but that to attain it man must cleave unto that which is noble and pure in life to the exclusion of aught else. The Raja Yoga lump will leaven the world; it is showing man the only open way to the life that really is, and this by constructive methods, the gross in the nature being refined and the residuum eliminated by its own gravity.

Man but comes to his own when, freed from the web of his own faults and frailties, he stands upon the heights of the mountain, that symbol of the level of the highest and best in himself, and exults in his divine strength and godhood. Then, looking down upon the sorrow and darkness in other human hearts he repeats the law "not alone," and with "truth, light and liberation" emblazoned on his forehead, he turns back to those struggling ones who with upturned faces seek the truth. Even are there now amongst us such as these. A. C. McA.



CHILDREN OF AN OLD SWEDISH COMRADE IN THEIR NATIVE COSTUME

What Led to Dunleith's Reformation



ROBERT DUNLEITH had climbed up from the sandy beach and threw himself down on the jutting edge of the cliff. He was a rich man with nothing to do but enjoy life, and another hundred thousand had just been added to his ample fortune. Yet he was not happy. He was an invalid, moody, gloomy and discontented; and though he would not admit it to himself, the acquisition of this last hundred thousand was troubling him not a little. He knew that it should have gone to his cousin Douglas, and but for his influence with the old uncle who had reared both the boys it would have done so.

The old man had, like so many others, been prejudiced against Theosophy by the false reports so industriously circulated by its enemies; and when he heard that Douglas had joined the Brotherhood League, he was bitterly angry. Robert, being with him during his last illness, had fanned the flame until his uncle had at the very last struck out the name of Douglas from his will.

Robert knew this was altogether unjust, and that the old man's mind was obscured, but he had hated his cousin ever since he had won the girl to whom they both were suitors; and he had vowed sometime to pay off this old grudge. He had chosen this way to do it; but he was no happier and as he lay lost in gloomy thought he was aroused by voices on the sands below. Two girls had sat down on a convenient rock that lay at the base of the cliff. They had brought their work-baskets and evidently intended to spend the morning.

"I shan't go," muttered Dunleith. "I was here first, and I needn't listen to their silly gabble. I know girls' talk."

Drawing his hat over his eyes to shut out the soft blue sky and fresh, joyous ocean, he sank back among the shrubs fully determined to be as cross and miserable as possible; but before he at all realized it, he had forgotten everything in listening to the fresh young voices below.

"I was just thinking, Ruth," said one, "how dreadful it is that people should give out teaching that will rob poor humanity of its faith in a Savior and hope in a better life hereafter."

"That would be bad indeed Edith; but who is doing such a thing?"

"Why the Theosophists are doing it."

"How have you learned that, dear? I didn't suppose you knew anything about them."

"I don't, and I'm glad of it," replied Edith. "Walter Ross told me that they believed and taught the very things that Christ did. I was so pleased and interested, especially in the idea of each person bearing his own sins and rising above them life after life. It is so just and sensible! Then by living many lives we could reach such heights of goodness and wisdom, and you know we can do so little in one short life. It's like trying to get an education by going to school one day, isn't it?"

"Yes, Edith; I fully agree with you, but what is the trouble with it now?"

"Well, it seems that Walter is mistaken and that their beliefs are really very wrong and dreadful. Mother says I must have no more to do with Walter unless he gives up these horrible people and things. I don't believe he will, even for me," she added, trying to keep her voice steady. "I promised to go to their meeting with him tonight, too; but now I shan't go."

"Why, you poor child, whatever have you been told, to make you think Walter can be so dreadfully mistaken?"

"Well, Ruth, you know I went to church with mother Sunday morning, and Mr. Trew's sermon was all about how the Theosophists are trying to destroy the belief in Christ and revive the old impure, soul-destroying rites and doctrines of paganism."

"Yes," how did he *prove* this? or did he only *say* it was so?" asked Ruth quietly, but with a sudden gleam in her grey eyes.

"He read quotations from one of their books which seemed to horrify everybody; and I do think such teaching abominable."

"But what did he quote, Edith?"

"Mr. Trew read the lines from the book and I have the exact words, for mother wrote them down, and I saw others doing so. This is what he read:

"Pray not! the darkness will not lighten! Ask
Naught from the Silence, for it cannot speak!
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains!"

"Now just tell me, Ruth, could anything be more hopeless, helpless and heartbreaking than that? why, we are even commanded *not* to pray; and now listen to this:

"The Heart of Boundless Being is a curse!
The soul of Things fell pain!"

"If we believed that, wouldn't it take all the hope and brightness and joy out of life? Isn't there enough pain and suffering already, and how is it going to help things to teach people such stuff as that? O Ruth, it makes me so wretched! I shall always hate Theosophy."

"Evidently that was the intention of the Rev. Mr. Trew. But you have been grossly deceived and imposed upon, Edith, along with the other thousand poor souls who heard this man preach. Theosophy teaches no such thing."

"But the minister read it from the book, Ruth."

"Yes, they are in a book; I have read them many times. They are from Arnold's *Light of Asia*, a splendid poem, admired by many Theosophists, though it

is not one of their books. Much of its teaching is beautiful and true."

"What do you mean, Ruth? Your words are so contradictory! How can I, or others, be deceived if what the minister read is true?"

"Edith, your minister reminds me of the man who was trying to prove from the Bible that suicide is right. This is what he quoted: 'Judas went out and hanged himself. And Jesus said, go thou and do likewise.'"

"O Ruth, there's nothing like that in Scripture."

"Yes, there is. I have read those exact words."

"But not together—not in that connection."

"Ah! you innocent child, that's the point. Your minister read the exact words, but *not* in their proper connection. And he left unread the lines that teach the direct opposite."

"Have you this book he read from, Ruth?"

"Yes; I put it in my basket the other day and I think it is there yet. O yes," after rummaging a few moments, "here it is, I'm glad I forgot to take it out. Now I will read the Rev. Mr. Trew's quotations to you. Listen." Turning the pages quickly she read:

"Pray not! the darkness will not brighten! Ask
Naught from the Silence, for it cannot speak!
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pain!
Oh, brothers, sisters! seek
Naught from the helpless Gods by gift and hymn,
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruit and cakes:
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought—
Each man his prison makes."

"O," cried Edith breathlessly, "that is different. We must look within ourselves and change the wrong there—otherwise prayers will not help us."

"Yes, we imprison ourselves, Edith, building walls by our evil thoughts and acts to shut out God and Christ. Even *they* can't help us until we try ourselves to break down these walls."

"Yes, I see. Now read the other quotations."

"I will; now listen very attentively: mark the first word, that little '*if*,' which changes the meaning so entirely:

"If ye lay bound upon the wheel of change,
And no way were of breaking from the chain,
The Heart of boundless Being is a curse,
The Soul of Things fell pain.
Ye are *not* bound! the Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest:
Stronger than Woe is Will! that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best."

"Why that is grand! cried Edith, with sparkling eyes. "I must show it to mother. You will loan me the book won't you?"

"Certainly. There are many stanzas here and they are crowded with beautiful truths. I'll read one or two more and then we must go back to lunch:

"Before beginning and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good
Only its Laws endure,

"Is that hopeless and heartbreaking?"

"I should say not. There's nothing in the Bible stronger than that, is there?"

"No, and this teaching was given long before our Bible was ever written. This power is the law in nature, the divine will that is working to bring everything to perfection. To me it seems childish absurd to suppose it can be bribed by presents or prayers to cease or turn aside. The only way is to cease working against it and work with it for good."

"Yes," said Edith thoughtfully, "Walter told me about the law of Karma. He said it was just reaping what we sow, Jesus said that, too. Is there anything about that?"

"Plenty," replied Ruth, Listen to this:

"It will not be contemned of any one;
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains:
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss
The hidden ill with pains.
It seeth everywhere and marketh all:
Do right—it recompenseth! do one wrong
An equal retribution must be made
Though Karma tarry long."

"It seems sure one cannot escape the Law," said Edith gravely, "and to work this out one must live many lives."

"Yes, that is a foregone conclusion," replied Ruth as they walked slowly away.

"A foregone conclusion!" murmured Robert Dunleith, sitting up and gazing after the retreating forms. "The law—and equal retribution must be made. Yes, I believe it, I'll begin it at once," and he also went back to the hotel.

A week later Douglas Dunleith, trembling on the verge of financial ruin, was surprised by receiving a letter from his solicitors informing him that one-half of his late uncle's estate had been placed at his disposal by his cousin.

At the end of a year Robert visited his cousin. He, too, was now a Brotherhood worker and old scores were forgotten in their mutual efforts to benefit humanity.

Walter Ross did not renounce Theosophy, nor did Edith's mother insist that she should renounce him.

O. P. Q.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

The March of Science in Fruit Culture

THE science of the culture of fruits and flowers does not make so much noise, is not so showy, as chemistry nor electricity. But it bids fair to be at least as useful, and, in the last ten years, has made as much progress.

In no small measure, this progress is due to the genius and untiring research and experiment of Luther Burbank of California.

When, in a quarter century hence, we have fruits of a thousand forms and flavors and colors now undreamed of; when all our stone fruits grow with a larger and more delicately flavored kernel devoid of a prohibitively sheathing shell; when the problem of a perfect and digestible purely fruit diet is solved; it is to this man's work that our thanks will be mainly due. He read a paper on his methods, once, and here are some words from it:

In pursuing the study of any of the universal and everlasting laws of Nature . . . some conditions are necessary before we can become one of Nature's interpreters or the creator of any valuable work for the world. . . . Preconceived notions, dogmas, and all personal prejudice and bias must be laid aside. . . . Mother Nature conveys her truths only to those who are passive and receptive . . . accepting truths as suggested, wherever they may lead, then we have the whole universe in harmony with us . . . At last man has found a solid foundation for science, having discovered that he is part of a universe which is "eternally unstable in form, eternally immutable in substance."

Speaking of the old botanists, he says:

They thought their classified species were more fixed and unchangeable than anything in earth or heaven that we can now imagine. We have learned that they are plastic in our hands as clay in the hands of the potter or color on the artist's canvas, and can readily be molded into more beautiful forms and colors than any painter or sculptor can ever hope to bring forth.

It is this fact which his work proves. By cultivation, and by incredible blendings of species and genera, he provokes the appearance of infinite variations. And by selecting among these, and by further interblendings, he makes permanent whatever novelty in form or size or color he chooses.

There is not one weed or flower, wild or domesticated, which will not, sooner or later, respond liberally to good cultivation and persistent selection. . . . Weeds are weeds because they are jostled, crowded, cropped and trampled upon, scorched, starved, and chilled. Most of them have no opportunity for blossoming out in luxurious beauty and abundance. Feed them, warm them, protect them, blend them, select, and you can have what you will.

What then has he done with his cross-pollinations, cultivations, and selections? We can only name now a few examples and by way of example, selecting them from his work among fruits.

There is a little worthless fruit known as the "beach plum." But it will grow in any soil, and a month later than other plums. Without loss of these valuable qualities, it has been blended with the far richer Japanese plums, its fruit acquiring their size and richness.

He has developed a plum whose blossoms will resist frost and whose petals and young leaves may even be frozen without injury.

He has prolonged the season for plums and grapes by as much as four months, by accentuation of the qualities of early and late bloom. He has developed fruits which will remain on the tree in prime condition for two months in the hottest weather.

In many fruits he has gotten rid of the seed, or reduced it to insignificance, or made away with the shell that encloses the delicately flavored kernel.

He has enlarged fruits, added to them the flavor of others, enhanced their own. He has blended them, as for example in the "plumcot" which is plum plus apricot.

In a sentence, he has not only added enormously to the range of human fruit dietary, but has shown us that by extension of his methods there is perhaps no fruit and no nut that may not be placed within our easy access throughout the year. His work is in fact one of the most notable contributions ever made by science to the welfare of humanity.

HORTICULTURE

New Views of Disease—How to Cure Them

IN some of the journals devoted to physical culture, and wherever else the subject of health is intelligently regarded, one can see the happy intrusion of quite new conceptions of disease. They can be condensed somewhat as follows:

There are no acute—i. e., fever-attended—diseases; only chronic ones. Those that manifest fever are not themselves diseases, but the burning up of the small or large rubbish piles accumulated during previous long or short time. These *accumulations* are the true disease. When they are small in amount, we know nothing of them. When large, they give us uneasiness or pain.

Two things may happen in the presence of the accumulations. They may give rise to a conflagration (more or less fever), and if it is not violent enough to burn the patient also, and if he is careful thereafter to accumulate no more, the way to perfect health is open to him.

Or, if in small amount, and kept up for a long time, they slowly deplete the vitality of his cells. And the time comes when the cells are no longer able to restore what they lose, with proper tissue, but with a lower order of living stuff ("connective" tissue). Thus their functions are more and more blunted, and some of the myriad phenomena of chronic disease set in.

The conflagration seems to depend upon the invasion of the rubbish-piles by bacteria. It is they that effect the destruction of them. If they do not invade, then the chronic diseases of some sort must occur. For some time the cells themselves can destroy the rubbish, though at a great cost of vital energy.

Upon this view depends the increasingly prevalent modern treatment of so many diseases by starving them—that is, by not adding anything to the rubbish piles, whether they are burning or quiet. If they are burning, if there is fever, the food will be necessarily ill-digested. And by this abstention the cells are compelled to consume the accumulations for their food—which does not in that case appear to harm them.

The practical morals of this theory are obvious. Don't accumulate rubbish by a single act of over-feeding. See on how little food and how simple, you can keep health. Cultivate much acquaintance with sunlight and fresh air. Introduce yourself daily to mother earth, if you can, with a spade and rake. Pay her the delicate attention of nurturing some of her plant-children for her. And be habitually cheerful and beneficent, so that the cells may do their constant building while bathed in the inner sunshine of an unclouded mental sky. One may readily have faith that few diseases will resist such a program.

PHYSICIAN

Science and Religion—An Enlightened Clergyman

THE churches are slowly beginning to recognize that science is not an enemy of religion, but rather an ally. It has taken them a long time, and the road of their progress is strewn thick with the ruined and discarded dogmas which they have been compelled to drop, but at which they still look back somewhat regretfully. It is all the more refreshing to find a minister who uses the facts of science to break down the narrow walls which have so long cramped and tortured human thought, and the preacher who can preach such a sermon as is reputed from Chicago has deserved well of his congregation. He says:

The geologic record of the earth's crust has been estimated anywhere from 100,000,000 to 200,000,000 years, and human life upon this planet 100,000 or 200,000 years.

In the presence of these figures, how unseemly are our schemes of salvation! What conceit in our formulas of creation and destiny! What arrogance in our creeds!

This is plain and healthy speaking and we would that there were more of it. There is no such cure for religious conceit and self-complacency as a glance at the mightiness of nature. If we would but look at nature a little more frankly it would be impossible for us any more to besiege the throne of God with our miserable personalities, and we should know it to be blasphemy to exalt our ambitions into objects of divine solicitude. True religion has no such support as true science.

Z.

Here and There Throughout the World



A NEW BUILDING IN CONSTRUCTION, AT WRANGLE, ALASKA



AN OLD TIME MILL ON THE GLUNIE, BRAEMAR, SCOTLAND

English and French Pharmacists THE good feeling that inspired the recent Anglo-French arbitration treaty seems to be working out in various departments. The Pharmaceutical Societies of the two countries have just foregathered in Paris, and the English representatives were greatly affected by the cordiality of their reception. The English *Pharmaceutical Journal* says: "The effect of the celebration in bringing about a nearer relationship between the two societies—that of Paris, which is a century old, and that of Great Britain, which is also growing in years—cannot be overestimated. Irrespective of political differences and different languages, *la science pacificatrice* brings nations closer together; and science is, indeed, mightier than the sword. May the friendly relationship between Paris and London, between the representative societies of each city, ever continue."

Industrial Revival in the Emerald Isle THERE are distinct evidences of an industrial revival in Ireland. The high price of coal which has proved something of a drag upon the commercial wheel is to be counteracted by the use of peat, an admirable fuel when properly prepared. Capital is being attracted to the country and the manufacturers of machinery report the receipt of many large orders. Such facts as these are evidences which the real student cannot afford to overlook. They show the pulsations of the national life and are an index to other movements far more important if not yet so clearly in sight.

Policy of the Jews of Russian Poland IT is to be hoped that there is no truth in the report that the Jews of Russian Poland are organizing outrages for the purpose of terrorizing Russia into a more humane policy. Such a movement would have a precisely reverse effect. Any government which allowed itself to be so influenced would cease to exist in a week. It would be already dead of its own weakness. The Russian Jews have the sympathy of the world. By moderation they will retain that sympathy. By excesses they will alienate it.

Revival of the Old Irish Language THE revival of the Irish language is showing itself in various ways and some of them are embarrassing. At the recent revision of the Dublin voting list a claimant and his witness both signed their names in Irish characters, a proceeding vigorously objected to by the revising solicitor who denounced the strange characters as "foreign" and "gibberish." Of course a spirited protest followed and the publicity thus secured will doubtless suggest to many other voters to do the same.

The Shortest Sermon on Record ONE of the shortest sermons upon record has just been preached at a Parish church in an English agricultural district. The text was, "Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day," and the sermon was as follows: "There is no pit here for life destruction, but the staff of life is this year partly housed, partly lost, and part today in danger. Go and help to rescue this last, for yourselves and for your neighbors." We are gradually learning that Sunday was intended for the well-being of man and ought to be so used, leaving every man to be the judge of what that well-being consists.

Many Fatalities in the Alps—The Cause THE Alpine death-list grows day by day, the French Alps alone having caused three hundred fatal accidents this year. The general atmospheric disturbances have been especially felt in these regions, even the experienced shepherds having often been caught and imprisoned by unexpected snow falls. Alpine climbing is sufficiently dangerous even when due precautions are taken, but it is an especially regrettable fact that very many of these accidents are caused by improper clothing, such as fashionable dresses and shoes, etc.

King of Spain May Visit England IT is stated on what appears to be good authority that the King of Spain is likely to visit England at an early date. The Spanish ambassador has lately arrived in Spain from London and it is believed that his mission is to arrange the necessary formalities. If the "necessary formalities" of these visits of rulers could be reduced to a minimum it would tend very much to the world's advantage. It might then be more possible to arrange international affairs with the same expedition as is used in the commercial world.

Deterioration in Italian War Material IT is not one country alone which has cause to lament the deteriorating physique of its young men. The Italian Minister of War has recently stated that not fifty per cent of the army conscripts are medically fit for training. There must be something wrong with our glorious civilization when its young men are not physically strong enough to kill each other.

Inebriety Punished in Madagascar THE French Colonies are in no way behind the mother country in their war upon the alcohol habit. Any one who allows himself to become drunk in Madagascar is fined seven bullocks and seven francs, and whoever is convicted of making or selling alcohol is fined ten bullocks and ten francs. In Madagascar the way of the inebriate is certainly hard.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

I DIDN'T THINK

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

IF all the troubles in the world
Were traced back to their start,
We'd find not one in ten began
From want of willing heart.
But there's a sly, woe-working elf,
Who lurks about youth's brink,
And sure dismay he brings alway---
The elf, "I didn't think."

I half believe that ugly sprite
Bold, wicked, "I don't care,"
In life's long run less harm has done
Because he is so rare.
And one can be so stern with him,
Can make the monster shrink;
But lack-a-day, what can we say
To whining "Didn't think?"

This most unpleasant imp of strife
Pursues us everywhere.
There's scarcely one whole day in life
He doesn't cause us care;
Small woes and great he brings the world,
Strong ships are forced to sink.
And trains from iron tracks are hurled
By stupid "Didn't think."

When brain is comrade to the heart,
And heart from soul draws grace,
"I didn't think," will quick depart
For lack of resting place.
If from the great unselfish stream,
The Golden Rule we drink,
We'll keep God's laws and have no cause
To say, "I didn't think."

IT had been pouring with rain the entire day, and the children had played all the games they knew. Dorothy and Winnie had overhauled their dolls' clothes and washed and ironed the soiled ones, had played school with Roy and Phil until the boys refused to play such a "girls' game" any longer. The fat, old half-blind poodle had been chartered to personate various characters in their "wild forest" games, being at one time a hungry lion, at another a wild horse of the desert, and yet again a coyote, in which last character he was at his best, acting in a very abject manner. As a wild horse of the desert he presented a very undignified and spiritless appearance, while as the lion, as Roy said in a disgusted voice, "any one can see he's only a fat old dog; he can't act a bit." So poor old Prince retreated to the furthest side of the room, feeling that he was in disgrace. And now the children were sitting around wondering what they could do next. It was only two o'clock, and the rain still came steadily down, so there was no hope of being able to go out.

"Oh, dear," yawned Phil, "I wish God would make it rain only in the night."

"I fink it would be nice if Dod was a littou dirl and not a gempleman, 'cause then he would always know what littou dirls like, and littou dirls don't like ve wain," said little Winnie, looking mournfully up at the gray sky. The children shouted with laughter. "Why do you laugh?" she said reproachfully, "'t isn't funny."

"What's the joke, children?" mother's voice was heard saying, as she came up the stairs. "Oh, mother," chuckled Roy, "Winnie is so funny; she called God a 'gempleman,' and wished he was a 'littou dirl'!"—they started off again into shouts of laughter. Winnie sprang into her mother's arms. "Why do vey laugh so, mummie?" she said in a grievous voice, "it isn't funny one bit. I fink it would be vethy nice." "You blessed baby," said mother, kissing her, "yes, it is a lovely idea, and not one bit funny," and then to the other children, "how would you like to have little Maggie Chester to play with you this afternoon? She must be lonely, and you can have tea all by yourselves up here."

"I'd rather have the Chester's big dog," said Phil, "he'd make such fine wild animals. Prince is so lazy," with a glance at the little dog, who pricked up his ears and feebly wagged his tail. "I don't care much for tea parties. Of course, if we could have a fire and make out we were camping on the prairie it wouldn't be so bad, mother?"

"No, not today, my boy," said his mother. "We'll go out to the woods the first fine holiday and you shall have your fire then, and camp out, and play all sorts of exciting games. Just put on your cap and run in next door for Maggie, and Dorothy can come down to the kitchen for the tea."

Dorothy's Goblin

So, while the other children prepared the table and put chairs, and Phil went for their little neighbor, Dorothy went down stairs with her mother. There was a plateful of delicious little cocoanut biscuits and a dish of great, big, golden plums—three each; so delicious and juicy looking.

"O—h, mother! what beauties!" cried Dorothy, as she skipped around in her excitement, "I want to eat one this very minute."

Mother looked just a little bit grave, for one of Dorothy's failings was—it is an ugly word—it was greediness. She did like to see that she got her share of everything, and would take the largest apple or the biggest piece of cake.

When the tray was filled Dorothy lifted it and began steadily to mount the stairs. At the first landing she sat down to rest a little, and smoothed the golden fruit with her fingers. Then she bit a little piece out of one just to see how it tasted. How the juice trickled down her cheek! She put it down and went as quickly as she could up the second flight of stairs and again rested.

"I believe I'll just finish the plum," she said to herself, "then I'll still have two to eat upstairs." It was so good that she ate another, and then she was sorry, for she would have but one left to eat, while all the other children would have three. Then an idea was flashed into her head by the ugly little goblin Greed. "Why not eat three more plums, then you'll all have two each—the others will never know."

So she started to eat them, and the little goblin chuckled, and hopped about in glee. She did not enjoy them, for she had to eat them so fast, and every time there was a sound she thought there was some one coming, and by the time she had finished she was not feeling very comfortable where her heart was. Once more she picked up her tray, but she was not at all the happy little girl who had started at the

foot of the stairs. "Oh, Dorothy, what a jolly tea," from the boys, and "am I doin' to have two whole p'ums?" from little Winnie; and Maggie's "Oh, how lovely," made Dorothy feel more and more remorseful.

"Well, little folks, have you had a good time?"

"Lovely." Oh, it was good," all chorussed.

"But what have you done with your stones, you greedy children? I believe you have swallowed some."

"No, mother, here are my two;" "and mine," "and mine."

Poor Dorothy, her face scarlet with shame, could bear it no longer, and sobbing she confessed: "Mother, dear, I e-eat s-some on the s-s-stairs."

"Oh, Dorothy," said Mrs. Drew in a shocked voice, "I am sorry."

But the child was in such agonies of remorse that to say more would have been cruel. Since that day Dorothy's goblin Greed has had many a good try to make himself heard, but without much success. A.C.



A GROUP OF HAPPY LOTUS
BUDS & THEIR LOMA
LAND FRIENDS

Students'



Path

IF I CAN LIVE

by HELEN HUNT JACKSON

IF I can live
 To make some pale face brighter and to give
 A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye,
 Or e'en impart
 One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
 Or cheer some way-worn soul in passing by;

If I can lend
 A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
 The right against a single caving strain,
 My life, though bare
 Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair,
 To us on earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,
 Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
 Is bidding clouds give way to sun and shine,
 And 't will be well
 If on that day of days the angels tell
 Of me, "She did her best for one of thine."

Reading

AN article in the *North American Review* treats lucidly of the vice of reading. To recognize that reading may easily become a vice is surely a step in advance. The deification of intellect is certainly higher than the deification of money, but let us discriminate between intellect itself and the mere creations of intellect, let us recognize that intellect has no color except what it borrows from the angel above or from the demon below.

It is a good practise to question our motive in reading, if it be done frankly and honestly. Too often we shall find that we read because we dread to allow the mind to look at itself. We must occupy it constantly with an external object lest it gaze upon the self-created spectres which encompass it. Another and a very common motive is a false deference to the opinions of others especially when those opinions have gained the glory of print and binding. We read instead of thinking, but it is a very bad substitute.

Is it possible to formulate an ideal in such a matter as reading, an ideal by which we can test the value of a book? There are, at any rate, certain requirements upon which we can insist and they will form at least the outline of an ideal. Let us then read no book which does not seem to be some sort of expression of the world consciousness, which does not in some way show how the good passes into the better, and the better into the best. Let us avoid those books which describe the sun as moving backwards instead of forwards. Let us avoid dogmatic books whether they be religious, scientific, or social, the books which tacitly claim to think for us and to give us our wisdom in a predigested form. Let us select our books, not with a view to learning from them—for we are either self-taught or not taught at all—but that we may occupy a point from which our thought may extend, a jumping off place, a diving board from which we may the speediest reach the ocean of thought, and so swim for ourselves. Let us give a largely added scrutiny to new books and to books with a large circulation. The chances of value are immeasurably against them. Let us too begin rather nearer to the beginning than the Twentieth century and assert our kinship to the past by reading the best that was produced in Greece and Rome. These writings have proved their wisdom by defying old age. They are not upon the plane of time at all. They are as young as they are old. They are like the sea, and the hurrying years have no footprints upon their face. Reading should be a sacrifice to God and an invocation. It should be preceded and followed by the prayer of right thought.

The Two Paths

THERE seem to be two ways by which men may lead this life spiritually. One is an inward-going path. By this, attention is withdrawn more and more from the outward world into the inward. An inner devotion and light are cultivated; as it were a steady and deepening communion of feeling with a divine center. A great sweetness is attained, an indifference to anything external, pains, pleasures, and events generally, especially to death. It has been sometimes the path of saint-hood, and was especially an ideal during the stormy times of the Middle Ages. But it left the times stormy and dark. For its devotees went inward out of the world; the world was perhaps neither helped nor hindered. It is the path of the separated and cloistered unit. But what of the many?

The other is the outward-going path. By this, faults are not grown away from, but overwhelmed where they stand, overwhelmed in right action. A selfishness is not abstained from, but drowned in a beneficence. Weeds are not rooted up, but crowded out by fruit-trees. There is prayer; there is meditation; but they are coincident with action. Their fruits are not stored as bees store the still honey; but in the very same moment feed the pulse of deeds. The body and mind are not wan, lax, and anæmic; but tense, alert, on strain, like those of a soldier. The blood is not distilled into heaven, but all a-pulse on earth. The mood is not yearning, but positive and creative. The senses and faculties are electric with life; but they are *dominated* like perfect steeds by a perfect driver.

Nevertheless we may have been wrong in setting these two as one against another. There may be a higher unity in which both are comprehended. Both may belong to the perfect life in its several periods, even to the well-lived day with its strength of morning and noon, and its peace of evening and night. And there may be times in the history of a nation when the presence of men and women of one path especially may be fitted for its inspiration. We grasp our truths in halves; and the half usually seems the whole whilst we busy over it. Prayer sometimes needs her white robe, and sometimes a suit of mail and a sword—or is it always the first with sometimes the last over it? A.

Church and State in Spain

THE people of Spain are arousing themselves to the evils which have never yet failed to attend a union between church and state.

The government is overwhelmed with petitions demanding this sweeping reform and also advocating the expulsion of the religious orders, the nationalizing of their property and the universal establishment of schools which shall be free from religious domination and influence.

An article in the *Contemporary Review* by Joseph McCabe, an ex-Franciscan monk, gives us a vivid idea of the ecclesiastical burden under which Spain is staggering, and from which she is trying to extricate herself. The writer says:

The mendicant orders flaunt their idleness before the people. The profession of begging is almost consecrated by the clergy.

Education may be neglected; sanitation may be attended to so inadequately that Spain, with all its glories, retains one of the highest death-rates in the world; the navy may be committed to the lumber-yard; the spectre of bankruptcy may show its head above the Pyrenees; but the church will not abate one centimo of its claim upon the people. The editor of the *Revista Christiana* calculated some years ago that the church of Spain spent some 29,200,000 pesetas (about \$5,675,000) a year on incense and candles alone. Vast as the sum is when we recollect what Spain spends on education and other secular purposes, it is only a tithe, though a significant tithe, of the economic parasitism of the church. The peasant who earns three pesetas (about sixty cents) a day must pay that sum for a mass; even for a simple prayer, occupying a minute or two over a sick child, he has to pay about two or three pesetas, as well-informed residents have told me. According to the census of 1897, there were 72,077 priests, monks and nuns in the country. Large numbers of these priests have no regular spiritual charge, so disproportionate is their number. They are familiarly known as *saltatumbas* for it is their practise to run from place to place where funerals are announced and masses for the dead are to be distributed. Travelers in Madrid hotels find them scanning the artistic death notices in the papers as eagerly as our out-of-works run down the advertisement columns.

THERE are two things you never want to pay any attention to—abuse and flattery. The first can't harm you and the second can't help you. — *Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son*

IN THE HAPPY RANKS

by FRANK L. STANTON

CAN'T be always roamin' in the valleys o' the May;
Any sort o' weather, so we're happy on the way!
Same sky bends above us, or whether blue or gray—
Night is always driftin' to the mornin'!

Can't be always rollin' in the wealth that will not stay;
Poverty—what is it if we're happy on the way?
Sweetest songs for singin', sweetest words to say,
Night is always driftin' to the mornin'!

For all our little blessin's, a heart that thrills with thanks.
We're crossin' o'er the country in the hallicujah ranks
An' singin' songs of happiness on Jordan's stormy banks,
Night is always driftin' to the mornin'!—*Atlanta Constitution*

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question In these days when more and more attention is being given to Theosophy, the question of greatest moment is to obtain a right basis on which to build. The world is beginning to know that a new system of education has been put into operation by Katherine Tingley, and I find that more and more people are asking, "What is the basis of this new education?" Will you not state this in general terms?

Answer The fundamental basis of education from the standpoint of a Theosophist must always be the same. A child must learn that he has a higher and a lower nature, and must gain the power to distinguish between the two in himself, and in others. Furthermore, he must learn to govern the lower by the higher. In other words, he must learn the principles of self-government, before he can be expected to apply these to the government of the town, State or nation to which he belongs.

He must learn to feel the unity of all life; to consider others at all times; literally to love his neighbor as himself, and not simply to talk about it as a desirable thing. This general instruction imparted by precept and example, must be the foundation upon which everything else is laid; the atmosphere with which everything else is permeated, even from babyhood. Without this basis everything else would avail little, the child or man. But with this, he would be able to apply himself to any of the problems of his time to advantage.

Theosophical education leaves out of its curriculum nothing that concerns human life. Eating, drinking, sleeping, dressing, work and recreation—all are considered worthy of the attention of the teacher.

The two essential differences between education as it is generally conceived and as it is considered from the standpoint of a Theosophist, consists first, as I have said, in the basis upon which it is founded, and secondly upon the range of instruction. It covers the minutest detail and the largest issues of human life. In short it is a process of character-building. And placed upon this as a superstructure are the various intellectual and physical accomplishments needed for the full expression of life as it exists at any time. These necessary acquirements are learned in a practical way, not theoretical only. By bending toward a given purpose all the faculties at once instead of the mental or some other alone, the result is attained more rapidly and thoroughly.

Twentieth century life is very complex, and true education today would be of such a nature as to fit one to enter any department of modern life, master its details and turn the energies of that work in the right direction, or in harmony with natural law. One who had been Theosophically educated today could never rest with things as they are, for he would see clearly the need for reform. In fact he would master the details of modern life for the purpose of remodeling them, and gradually creating order out of the modern Babel. The needs of the hour are what concern the Theosophist, who must be not only a philosopher, but a practical worker.

G. V. P.

(2) The general idea and practise in the education of today is to fill the mind with a mass of undigested material and facts, apparently in ignorance of the facts that true knowledge cannot be thus acquired and that theory is not knowledge. Under this practise the student's mind

is kept in the grooves of current thought and action and rarely frees itself from them. Such "education" does not "lead out" of anywhere, but leads into existing conditions and fastens them upon the mind as the best possible product of civilization.

As a matter of fact one cannot be said to be educated until he has put into practise whatever he may have mentally acquired, and what the mind retains is usually but a small part of the so-called educational course. The object of this kind of education appears to be that which will enable the student to further his own desires in a world of people similarly educated. The point of failure lies in the fact that the system is not based upon any great principle of life and being. Life is accepted as a struggle for the survival of the fittest—the fittest meaning the one who can best take advantage of the ignorance or necessities of his fellow-men.

Theosophy as applied to education, recognizes first of all the common origin, nature, history, development and destiny of all mankind; that each human being is a soul which has come down through the ages, life after life, seeking experience on this earth; that the soul knows—and that to evoke this knowledge so that it may be expressed through brain and body, the higher nature must be appealed to, and made the ruler in thought, speech and action; that we learn with and through others, and that all are bound in one common tie of brotherhood in which the suffering or happiness of each individual affects all the rest; it recognizes the great law of existence, the law of adjustment, which is expressed in the words, "As a man sows, so must he also reap"; it awakens the soul to its high mission of service to humanity.

Under its teachings—the true education—life becomes no longer a struggle for existence with our fellow-men, but an opportunity to learn, through service in the common cause of human progress, the way to true happiness.

R. C.

What Is Right?

A CHICAGO newspaper asks: "Why is Right Right?" and opens its columns to the stream of wisdom which is always seeking a journalistic channel. A great Teacher was once asked: "What is Truth?" and because he was a great teacher he kept silent. The imitation teachers of the present day keep everything except silence. Truth is the commodity which they claim to have in the greatest abundance, and they proclaim it from the housetop and sell it in the best market. How indeed can there be an universal standard either of Right or of Truth? The eternal law, speaking through conscience, urges every man forward to the next point from where he now stands, but the position which for one is a point of advance, may for another be a point of retreat. One man's virtue is another man's crime.

Some communities have reached a place where the moral view of their units seems in many respects to coincide, and that collective moral view they try to express in their legal systems. The effort may be largely unsuccessful, but the ideal is present, if somewhat dumb. A legal system cannot, however, represent absolute right or absolute truth, but only the fugitive conceptions of Right and Truth as they appeared at a given time. As we advance, Right and Truth recede; ever in front, ever beckoning, but ever unattainable in a finality which they do not possess.

To illustrate is easy. There was a time when a collective moral sense urged us to confine capital punishment to certain grave offenses instead of inflicting it for trivial ones. Such restriction was then a point of virtue and therefore "right." The collective moral sense has now, however, progressed, and instead of prompting to the restriction of legalized murder it urges us to abolish it altogether. In days gone by it was therefore "right" to restrict it; it is now wrong to restrict it or to do anything else, except abolish it. Webster's dictionary tells us that Right is "conformity to human laws, or to other 'human standard of truth,' etc., which is perhaps all we can expect from a dictionary, but there is a confusion here between right and expediency. The latter has its uses, great uses, but it must not be allowed to conflict with the moral sense. If human law is the standard of right and wrong, how shall we defend the Declaration of Independence? Charters of liberty have always been in defiance of human law and always will be. Right and Truth are indefinable, but they are not nebulous. There is a "thus saith the Lord" in every human heart, and sorrow shall be his portion who disobey. No man can deceive himself by words. Upon the wilderness of life there stands in front of every man, well known and seen by him alone, the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, and the inexorable law shall judge every deviation from the path. We may deceive others by mental juggleries, but not ourselves.

STUDENT

The Boat For Small Whirlpools

IN the great land where live the Dakotahs, Cheyennes, Mandans, Sioux, Gros Ventres; eastward even from the land of the Idahos, flows a great and very evil river of muddy water. The spirits of this river have, without doubt, been cursed by the Great Spirit, for their ancient lands may be yet seen, blasted and naked hills where no good grass lives, nor trees.



These hills are brightly painted with many colors like warriors, and in some of them the ancient council-fires are still burning. These cursed lands which the white men call "the Bad Lands," are manys days' marches long, but the evil spirits have been driven into the river. It is certainly true that they have eaten loco, because they do all the time run around in circles like cattle which

have eaten of it. These whirling circles which the mad spirits make in the water will tip over a canoe, or any sort of a long boat such as Indians make, and then these wicked spirits take the people and hide their bodies in the mud so that they cannot be found. But the Great Spirit gave the Indians wisdom to make their boats round that they use on this river, so that when the whirls catch them they spin around, but do not tip over, and when it stops they go on their way.

These boats are made with a frame of branches tied together, and over it rawhide is sewed on with sinew and the joints made close with soft buckskin or with fat. When one person rides, the boat is balanced with weights and he kneels in the front and pulls the boat with his paddle, but two people sit on two sides and paddle forward, striking very exactly at the same time together.

These boats are a little more than the height of a man's knee in deepness, and about three times as far across, and so light that a strong squaw can carry one, even one large enough to float five persons.

It is very bad to use a boat that cannot be made to look beautifully, and the Indians use others, log-canoes ("dugouts") on the good streams which flow into this evil river.

HYAS LELOO EENA

AND many of Jesus' disciples went back and walked no more with him. Then Jesus said unto the twelve, will ye also go away?—*John, 6 ch.*

The Sale of Thought Waves

AN enterprising person on the Pacific coast announces that on receipt of one dollar he will transmit to the sender a series of powerful thought waves which will be a guarantee of business success. That his thought waves have been a guarantee of his own success in thus trading upon the vicious credulity of the public is shown by the masses of letters which have reached him, the greater number of which doubtless contain the desired dollar. There seems to be no abyss of folly without its occupants, and the intense desire for money breaks down every barrier of sanity and common sense. The world seems to be full of people who are haunted by the dread that they will one day be required to do some honest work and who are abjectly ready to sink into the very depths of superstition to avoid it.

STUDENT

THE following anecdote is related of Oscar I, of Sweden: It was during the Crimean war when the western Powers were about to declare war against Russia. A Russian ambassador arrived in Stockholm to inquire into Sweden's intentions with regard to the question at issue?

"I intend to remain neutral," said Oscar.

"But what if my sovereign should not consent to your neutrality?" inquired the ambassador.

"I declare myself against any power that challenges my neutrality."

"But," said the ambassador, graciously, "Suppose my sovereign should then send one hundred thousand men?"

"Be pleased to say to your sovereign that in such case he would do well to send one hundred and fifty thousand, eight days after, to inquire into the fate of the first hundred thousand."

The neutrality of Sweden was not attempted.

HER chief difficulty, she said, was to get the women to say they were sinners, and there was no use trying to offer them salvation when they would not say they were sinners. And they would not.

We have never eaten with any one outside our own caste, have never uncovered our heads except in the presence of our "husbands," they would say, or anything else that to them was sin.

One day, after a struggle to make them say they were sinners, Mrs. Bandy saw as she glanced through the door some branches that the gardener had trimmed from the trees. Going out, she brought one in; then, asking them if they were sinners, she shook the stick at them, and, lo! in a chorus came the answer: "Je Hung! Yes, your honor, we are sinners." From that time on it was easier, and they came to have a head knowledge of the fact that they were sinners.—*Report of missionary meeting in the Los Angeles "Herald"*

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It is double the size of the usual issue, containing 32 pages of matter and pictures descriptive of the Raja Yoga School and its pupils. Those who believe in Katherine Tingley's work for the children will want to preserve a copy of this beautiful and unique publication.

Ten thousand extra copies of this edition were printed, and though they are being sold very rapidly, there are still enough left to fill all orders. Some friends have ordered them by the hundred, sending them broadcast. The price is 20 cents a copy. If you send the names and addresses with the cash to THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, Cal., the papers will be mailed for you without extra charge.

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NOV DEC	BAROM ETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
30	29.750	68	51	53	53	.00	E	4
1	29.918	67	48	50	50	.00	N	2
2	29.836	60	48	56	55	.00	NW	3
3	29.730	61	49	56	55	.00	E	4
4	28.812	62	52	60	48	.00	E	7
5	29.892	74	47	54	48	.00	E	6
6	29.918	69	52	61	57	.00	E	8

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Train and the Children

George Francis Train sat one spring morning in Union Square, as was his custom, surrounded by children to whom, contrary to his attitude toward adults, he was always affable and agreeable. On the outside of the group surrounding Mr. Train stood a small colored girl looking wistfully at the white children who were receiving all his attention and hearing his wonderful tales. After they had dispersed and Mr. Train was alone, the black child advanced timidly and said to him:

"Do you love children?"

Looking at his questioner in some surprise, Mr. Train admitted that he did.

Then in a low voice she said: "I am a child."

THERE are many impudent persons whose notion of ill-temper in another person is that he will not endure their impudence.—J. V. Blake

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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Nearer the Christ Ideal
of Christmas
American Flag at Honolulu
—illustrated
Herbert Spencer
Two Cuban Patriots
Indians and Indian Arts
Veiled Individuality

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Arbitration Between Nations
Moral Element in Education
Society, Crime and the Individual
"If Man Live After Death—"

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

The Vision of Dante
Voice Figures

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

The Higher Motherhood
Clotilde de Surville—illustrated
Christmas-Tide
Mlle. Cecile Chaminade
To My Babe (verse)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Archeology and Old Testament
Vesuvius and Its History
Roman Wall Around London
Tiles from Babylon
Wolf Totem, Vancouver (illustration)
Discoveries That Substantiate
Theosophical Teachings

Page 9—NATURE

The Olive Tree—illustrated
"Above the Clouds"
Winter Called Them (verse)
Slandering Wild Things
Vivacity in Dead Animals

Pages 10 & 11—U. S. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Conventions and Manners
The Death Farce
Colleen Bawn Caves (illustration)
Temple of the Body

Page 12—FICTION

The Blemish in the Window-
Pane
"Julian and Maddalo" (verse)

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

A French Experiment
Can Force Be Generated?
"Serum" for Drunkenness
How Cretans Made Dyes

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Headquarters at Santiago, Cuba
(illustration)
Amity Between England and
France
No Religious Dogmas
The Czar to Loubert
Improvement of the Philippines
Vivisection in Vienna
Lord Curzon and the
Missionaries
Congo Cruelties
No Missionaries for Soudan
South Pacific Islanders
(illustration)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Christmas-Tide Bell
Christmas in Loma-Land
(illustration)
"Quoth Little Caraine" (verse)
The New Christmas

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Be Strong (verse)
A New Story of the
Revolution
Universalism
Fragments (verse)
Students' Column
Presence of Mind

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Mankind in the Making
The Painter's Web (verse)

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Nearer the Christ Ideal of Christmas

WE have still to wait awhile for the Christmas which will be a worthy celebration of a peace upon earth, or of any very general good-will toward men. Yet even now, amid much that is tumultuous, and menacing we may still record an advance, we may still welcome some ideas which are altogether Christlike, and which have not only been born into the human mind but have even attained to a notable and vigorous growth. International peace has stirred the imagination of men as it has never done before. A fire has been lighted which may perhaps be hidden for awhile, but which can never again be extinguished,

because it is the breaking forth of a divine flame which, being divine, is also eternal and quenchless.

In the world of religion a new ideal is being born, an ideal which is shaking itself contemptuously free from the outworn creeds which have lain like a miasma on the human heart. Men are learning to step forward into liberty and into the sight of a new wisdom, they are learning that in the search for God they are sufficient unto themselves, and that no other can stand between them and the heights to which they dare to aspire. We do well to be filled with a high hope for the future, a hope which can pass swiftly over whatever darknesses may be upon the road which surely ends in light. It is well with the world because Christ is born within the human heart, because he calls all men unto him, and because that divine summons will not forever be made in vain. Y.



FROM the heart of the world has gone forth a cry

Inarticulate, mighty and menacing,

'Tis the voice of the awakening soul of humanity.

Through the dull roar of the ceaseless toil,

And the rolling murmur of discontent

Pierces the cry of the imprisoned soul seeking light.

'Tis the cry of the mother in labor giving birth

To the Hope of the world.

And with it there comes the tone of a bell resonant, vibrant, pure,

Ringing the knell of the passing night,

For the darkness and sorrow of ages must die in the dawn of the day
that is born.

'Tis Christmas—

Above the roar of the endless toil and the murmur of discontent,

Above the chime of the Christmas bell

A young voice rises in song joyful, triumphant,

The young Christ-soul of the world is singing a victory song—

This is Christmas!

Look up, my brothers and listen!

Do you see the light that is near?

Do you hear the voice of the singer? Listen!

The light and the darkness mingle and the wind blows cold:

The good and the evil are blended, men die in despair:

Their hearts have grown cold and hopeless, evil is everywhere.

Let the light shine!

Where now is the darkness?

See the light and the shade are blended and the darkness has disappeared.

The light is lord of the day.

This is Christmas. That bell is ringing

And a new tone threads its way through the chime.

'Tis the note of the joy of life.

Does it seem to you far away? Listen!

Be still for a moment, forgetting yourself: you may hear it ring in your
heart.

For all hearts are linked to the heart of the world, as if they were one.

But the victory song of the Christ you cannot hear

That song is the soul within you stirring the depths of your heart:

'Tis the courage that makes you struggle against despair:

'Tis the love that will make you fight for the right:

'Tis the new life waking within you in strength and purity.

All souls are as one.

This is Christmas.

The American Flag at Honolulu

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week gives a glimpse of the memorable scene enacted in Honolulu, H. I., upon the formal raising of the stars and stripes, when the provisional government of the little island nation ceased and Hawaii became an integral part of the United States of America.

Herbert Spencer

THE death of Herbert Spencer removes a very great figure from modern life. It is possible that in another quarter of a century his works may have practically ceased to be read, but it is certain that their effects will endure for centuries. These are the sustained attempts of a supremely powerful reasoning machine, equipped with vast stores of fact of every kind, to comprehend the universe.

He represents the culmination of an epoch of thought, and is the door to a new one. The epoch of thought represented and almost closed in him is the materialistic. In its most crude forms, materialism takes no account of consciousness, either denies it altogether, or represents it as a secretion of matter. That is not Spencer. For him, consciousness was an aspect of "the Unknowable." As such, it was neither initiator nor cause of anything. Existing primarily as the bare sensation-side of living matter, it was gradually modified, by the sensations it received, into a knowledge of its environment; and this knowledge became gradually abstracted into thought and reasoning. Though therefore constantly evolving and complexifying, it was the mere lining of the molecules and cells in which it lived. It was mere witness of the changes of the material world, to which answered changes in its encapsulating cell, of which it was the subjective side. And all its feelings and concepts were the result of this process. They became more and more complex, abstract, ingrained, and instinctive; but that was all that consciousness could achieve.

And the *other* aspect of the "Unknowable," which thus on one side welled up in (or as) consciousness—was the reality beneath the phenomena of the eternal world. Such was the curious place in which this great thinker landed. A bi-polar Unknowable. One pole (our consciousness) not knowing itself, but only its changes; not knowing the other pole, but only that pole's veil, the phenomena of nature.

Spencer was clearly not a materialist; he took a step ahead of that, opening the door into—Theosophy. For Theosophy is the science of God in and beyond nature. By his word "Unknowable," Spencer denies the possibility of such a science; but that does not make it impossible.

Consciousness does know itself, "I" is not a mere meeting-point of sensations. Each of us can grasp in the hand of his soul—the full "I"—the whole of his personality, the complex body, the changing moods, the wavering sense-led mind; and, while fully living in them, dominate them. And by that very attitude he opens the door of a new chamber of life. From there, he becomes a causal factor in the universe, and enters upon the science of Spencer's "Unknowable."

Our real debt to him is that he cleared the air of the surviving ghosts of medieval theological creeds. Christians of little thought have held it necessary to attack him, often venomously and foolishly; but those of larger view now know better.

He gave the mind an intelligible guide in the vast complexities of the universe, and when we have gone as far as that guide will take us, we find that the way on further is in no way closed to us.

And finally, he gave us the example of a life of more than 80 years unfalteringly devoted to the service of humanity, to the work of intellectual path-clearing. He rejected all public honors, let nothing turn him aside, and, when publishers were afraid to venture on his books, with his own small means became his own publisher. By 1860 his immense outline of thought was fully mature and drawn, and then, for 30 years he calmly proceeded to fill in that outline to the last particular. And against constant ill health, often temporarily stopping his work, he refused, as it were, to die till it was accomplished. May his next life give him the light he so nearly reached in this.

H. C.

Two Cuban Patriots

DECEMBER 7th was observed as a national holiday in Cuba, it being the anniversary of the death of Maceo, who was killed in battle seven years ago. The eldest son of Gomez was also killed upon the same occasion while trying to recover the body of his chief. We are well assured that the Cuban people will regard the celebration of this memorial day as a mere outward and visible sign of an interior and national determination to live for the principles of freedom as valiantly as these men died for them. In too many countries we find that anniversary celebrations such as this are but empty and meaningless forms. It will not be so in Cuba.

X.

Young Indians and the Indian Arts

OFTEN and often have our parents and grandparents told us about the happy freedom of the Indians' life before the white men came. They sit by the fire mourning the passing of a condition we have never known. We were born on the reservations, we went first to the mission schools and later to the government schools; some of us have received the higher training of the Carlisle school. Some of us had fathers or grandfathers who were white men. We are part French, Irish, English, German, Spanish, by blood, and our teaching has made us to some extent like our fathers' people in thought, manner and custom. But after the schooling is over, what then? We go back to our homes on the reservations and find ourselves unfitted for them. The game has all been killed, our hereditary enemies have ceased to be so, the lives our Indian fathers and mothers led is now impossible, even were we desirous of it. What shall we do? We cannot be wholly white men because in our blood a hundred generations of campfires light up the legends of the past of our people. The forests beckon us, the plains invite us, the streams call to us and we cannot live in the artificial tumult of cities. Neither can we bend ourselves to the machine-like factory life nor to the routine of domestic service. We young men know much of the life of the wilds and their inhabitants, for we ourselves are born to that freedom. We cannot use archery nor paddle canoes nor hunt game nor make war as our ancestors did, but we can be the rulers of the forests, we can be foresters, rangers, game-wardens and stock raisers.

We young women cannot bear the burdens our mothers did, cannot make camp, chew rawhide, nor submit to the slavery our mothers endured, but we know how baskets are made, we can tan leather as soft and white as cloth, we can make mats and weave blankets, and we know many medicinal properties of wild plants.

Is there not some way by which we can avoid sinking back into the listless, purposeless savagery which is all that is left of our ancestors' freedom? Is there not a possibility of a Board or Commission of Indian Arts and Employment which could give us an assured opportunity to earn an honest and respectable living by work suitable to our anomalous, intermediate position in life and the peculiar natures, habits and crafts we have received from our ancestry? We hope so, because we have no wish to become lazy, dirty, aimless "Agency Indians," nor can we, as a whole, compete with our white brothers and sisters in their manner of life, with customs strange to our blood. We hope that some definite place will be found for us in the new order of things.

RACHEL TE-WAGH SMITH
JOHN OPITKEGH SMITH

Veiled Individuality

IN his address to his sons on the occasion of their recent confirmation, the German Emperor gave them some very good advice, and some that might easily work out very badly. The latter was that it was their duty to be "personalities;" the former, that they should live a life of unceasing toil.

There is no need for any one to try to be a "personality." He will become one by following the other part of the advice. It is in passivity, in purposelessness, in idleness that men lose their individuality. A lot of hungry men fiercely eating seem to be very active. But as a matter of fact they, as men, are now passive to their appetites or palates. Their marks of individuality as men are out of sight. Any passion that sways a man throws him into uniformity with other men of the same acting passion. The uniformity is greater the lower the passion. Thus ambition does not submerge individuality so much as gluttony. But it does veil it, and in the classification of mankind that might be made by some being of a higher sphere, the whole mass of the ambitious might be contemptuously lumped together as men of more or less submerged individuality. The only way to free one's individuality is the steady performance of whatever duty is immediately in front, without letting any personal aims intrude; counting, among duties, all works of compassion and service. Living this kind of a life from hour to hour, letting no clouds come in, the man gradually raises himself into the sunlight of life and completes his individuality. Powers and faculties hitherto folded up within him will expand, and he will himself become surprised at the richness of his own nature.

H.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Arbitration Between the Nations

AT a time when the moral atmosphere is pulsating with ideas of international arbitration, it is a little pitiable to find a well-known writer in the *Atlantic*, dogmatizing on behalf of international force and displaying an ignorance alike of ethics and of history.

What, for instance, are we to say of such a judgment as this, if indeed a mere empty assertion can be dignified by such a name?

Among nations there is but one way in which the possession of the prizes of nature can be determined, and that is by force. Arbitration can only serve where strength is equally balanced, and the matter in dispute is not worth the price of the conflict.

If such a statement as this be true, then there is no such force as evolution in the moral world, and religion is but a useless phantom.

Why should the aggregates of human beings, which we call nations, differ so widely from the individuals who make up these nations? why should collective consciousness cling forever to characteristics which we have agreed to detest in the individual? What should we say of the proposition that force is the only possible arbiter between individuals of unequal strength in order to decide the possession of the prizes of nature? If the individuals of a community are capable of framing legal systems for the settlement of disputes without recourse to brutality and animalism, why should not the national members of the great world community do the same? Surely we can become internationally civilized as well as nationally, there is surely no prohibitive tariff upon common-sense and fraternity.

So far from merely hoping for international peace we are confident that it must come. Savagery is not a permanent institution. Brutality and bloodshed are not among the eternities.

STUDENT

The Moral Element in Education

THE recent meeting of the New England Association of Colleges at Boston was productive of some educational opinions which are worth preserving, although the hope that they will be at once acted upon is perhaps too sanguine. Prof. MacDonald, for instance,

believed that our colleges are becoming overfilled, and that a great many are receiving college education who are unfitted for it. He was inclined to think that the next great educational reform would have a moral direction and that it was a gross delusion to suppose that men and women could be fitted for the world without a due consideration being given to the moral element.

This is, of course, admirably true, but we should have liked a definition of moral education. There are, unfortunately, so many people whose little minds can conceive of no other kind of moral education than an invasion of catechisms and creeds and of the people who are paid to teach them, and remedies such as these are worse than the disease.

The intellectual cycle, like all other cycles, will run its course and pronouncements of this kind mark the beginning of the end. Then we shall recognize that there is no such destructive power in the universe as intellect which has never known the restraining power of the soul. Our colleges today are building and perfecting magnificent intellectual engines, but if these engines are to be thrown wide open and sent out into the world without a driver, it is not difficult to predict the mischief that will be done. We have to understand that intellect is force which is neither good nor evil except as it becomes so through attachment to the higher nature or to the lower nature. The object of moral education is to give to intellect a gravitation toward the higher, a perpetual bend toward the good, strong enough to last through life. So long as the mind of the student is susceptible to this power of upward or spiritual gravitation, it is not possible to train his mind too much, but unless that gravitation can be induced we are only creating oppressors and tyrants by our education, we are only perfecting a mechanism which we shall presently be unable either to guide or to control.

STUDENT

WHAT grace is to the body good sense is to the mind.—*Rochefoucauld*

Society Crime & the Individual

IN spite of his long contact with the law Judge Abram H. Dailey has not allowed his mind to be tied up by legal formulas, nor does he seem to suppose that a divine halo radiates from the criminal code. He does not appear to believe that penitentiaries and strait

jackets are the best possible expression of the Sermon on the Mount, nor that prisons and police courts are reliable milestones upon the road to the millennium nor to the kingdom of heaven.

That the millennium is actually attainable the Judge seems to firmly believe. He has no startlingly new panacea to offer us, no new social medicine to advertise, no new code to make his name famous. He simply repeats to us what is perhaps the oldest piece of advice in the world, "Man, know thyself." However old the admonition, the results would be none the less new and startling. He tells us that there would then be a better administration of justice because lawyers would have the interest of the community at heart, there would be a better judiciary because we should have learned that prevention is better than cure, and last but not least, there would be a better conception of God because the churches would preach a consistent doctrine.

Judge Dailey uses his immense experience to some purpose. That experience has opened his mind instead of closing it. He recalled the case of a certain man who had committed murder. The prisoner's father was an epileptic of cruel tendencies, and running right through his ancestry were criminals and epileptics like knots upon a string.

Truly we may well ask whether this man sinned or his parents that he was thus morally blind. Except upon a plea of insanity what has a criminal court to do with this darksome heritage? And yet crime and epilepsy are tangible facts to be proved or disproved. What about that other and more subtle insanity which is surely conferred upon the children of those who are hopelessly selfish? Selfishness may never break a human law, it is consistent with what the world calls good citizenship, it more often flourishes in respectability than in the slums, and it places the brand of Cain upon those cursed by its parentage. What does the criminal court know of this, and if it knows of this, what does it care,

If a Man Live After Death---

and if it cares, what can it do? It may cut off the excrescences but it can never cure the disease. It is unjust to ask it.

But to return to Judge Dailey. He remembered another murderer whose only plea was that he "could not help it." The same story again. Father, mother, aunts and other relatives had been drunkards and epileptics. Of course, he "could not help it." He was not the real criminal. The indictment was in error. Society was the criminal; the whole community with its respectabilities, its organizations, its churches, its pieties was represented by that one man in the dock. But we are wandering once again and Judge Dailey has something more to say. He is conscious that he may be amusing, may even be laughed at, but he does not seem to mind. He says:

I do not believe in putting people to death for any crime. They should be properly confined so they can hurt no one. But if a man lives after death, by putting him to death we only transfer him to another state of existence. May he not be just as mischievous there as he was here? That may be an amusing suggestion, but it is logical. What right have we to put him into this other existence?

We can well believe that the suggestion will be received with amusement by a community which is either ashamed of believing in a life after death, or which refuses to recognize that a man may perhaps cross that darkling river, still bearing the bitter burdens of passion with the added load of hot anger against those who had never raised a finger to aid him, who had never even acknowledged his existence except by judicially murdering him. This may perhaps be strong language, but it is at least an expression of strong feeling, the outcome of a philosophy which is not afraid to be enthusiastic nor to be indignant, and which dares to place tenderness and pity ever higher and higher upon the ladder of human aspiration.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

"THE character of Dante has always appeared to me as a central figure for a strong drama," Sir Henry

Irving is reported to have recently said. "I have had the idea for a number of years, but have never been able to find a playwright who would undertake to dramatize the author of the *Divine Comedy*."

"Several years before his death Lord Tennyson offered to write me a play on any subject that I might furnish him. I suggested *King Arthur*, but he refused on the ground that his poem fully covered the subject, and he did not feel equal to putting it in dramatic form. I had *Enoch Arden* also in my mind's eye, but Tennyson refused again on the same ground."

"Then I suggested *Robin Hood*. I pictured him in Sherwood forest, surrounded by his men, and I fancied that a play might be written round him as a sort of pendant to *As You Like It*. Tennyson approved my idea, and I spent several months in collecting material about *Robin Hood*, which I sent to him."

"The result was not quite what I expected when Tennyson sent me the play which Augustin Daly produced in this country. It was called *The Foresters*, and was modelled on the line that I had sketched, but there was no adequate role for me, and I was compelled to decline it. It was then that I suggested Dante to the poet. The idea seemed to appeal to him immediately. He pondered over it a few seconds, murmuring the title to himself."

"Dante, Dante," said he, "that is a fine theme."

"Then, with a natural shrewdness and remarkable common sense, he added, 'but where is the Dante to write it?'"

The poet's modesty, so characteristic of his genius, compelled Irving to wait many years before his dream of producing a dramatic representation with Dante as the central figure could be realized. But when the theme was suggested to Sardou, the latter had no compunction about plunging into the elaboration (or condensation, as you please) without delay. For more than a year *Dante* has been produced in London, and within the last two months it was put upon the boards in America.

The fact that this drama is being produced at just this time is not without its significance. There have been for a score of years Dante clubs and Dante societies, "students" of Dante galore, and commentators have not been idle. That Dante has a message for us, today and now, voiced through *The Vision*, those who have read his poem understandingly, are perfectly aware. The public in general has been too busy to dip into Dante, and so this drama, spite of what the deeply philosophical student will consider imperfections and inadequacies, has a certain mission and is performing it. It is easy to imagine that the spectacular appeals more convincingly to Sardou than the purely mystical. However that may be, the drama is doing what a dozen Dante clubs have failed to do, in directing the attention of the public to the personality, the career, the philosophy and the mystic prophecies of a remarkable man.

Irving pictures to us the persecuted, liberty-loving Dante, in the midst of those Fourteenth century days, which, in their inner unrest, their political corruption, their protest against clerical domination, and their spirit

The Vision of Dante

Beatrice says (Canto xxix of the *Paradiso*), to Dante, as she instructs him in religion:

SO that men, thus at variance with the truth,
Dream, though their eyes be open; reckless some
Of error; others well aware they err.
To whom more guilt and shame are justly due.
Each the known track of sage philosophy
Deserts, and has a by-way of his own:
So much the restless eagerness to shine
And love of singularity, prevail.
Yet this, offensive as it is, provokes
Heaven's anger less than when the Book of God
Is forced to yield to Man's authority,
Or from its straightness warped: no reckoning made
What blood the sowing of it in the world
Has cost; what favor for himself he wins,
Who meekly clings to it. The aim of all
Is how to shine: E'en they, whose office is
To preach the Gospel, let the Gospel sleep,
And pass their own inventions off instead.
One tells how at Christ's suffering the wan moon
Bent back her steps and shadowed o'er the sun
With intervenient disk as she withdrew:
Another, how the light shrouded itself
Within its tabernacle and left dark
The Spaniard and the Indian and the Jew.
Such fables Florence in her pulpit hears,
Bandied about more frequent than the names
Of Bindi and of Lapi in the streets.
The sheep, meanwhile, poor witless ones, return
From pasture, fed with wind; and what avails
For their excuse, they do not see their harm?
Christ said not to his first conventicle,
"Go forth and preach impostures to the world."
But gave them truth to build on; and the sound
Was mighty on their lips: nor needed they,
Beside the Gospel other spear or shield,
To aid them in their warfare for the faith.
The preacher now provides himself with store
Of jests and gibes: and, so there be no lack
Of laughter, while he vents them, his big cowl
Dinsteads, and he has won the meed he sought.
Could but the vulgar catch a glimpse the while
Of that dark bird that nestles in his hood
They scarce would wait to hear the blessing said,
Which now the dotards hold in such esteem.
That every counterfeit, who spreads abroad
The hands of holy promise, feds a throng
Of credulous fools beneath. Saint Anthony
Fattens with this his swine, and others worse
Than swine, who diet at his lazy board,
Paying with unstamped metal for their fare.

has, quite overshadowing its spectacular features, a deeply religious significance, recording as it does Dante's own protest against the mere letter, and his appeal to all humanity for the sake of the "spirit which giveth life." Dante's own words, as he emerges into Purgatory, give

of religious inquiry, so closely parallel the conditions of our own time. The poem, as Dante wrote it and as Irving presents it, the unrecognized, keynote: "And Thou, supreme in mercy as in justice, whom in that woful hour I did blaspheme; who, from thy throne on high beyond the clouds readest my penitence, aid me, O God, vouchsafe to me thy guidance."

But quite outside of his philosophy, Dante the man was worthy of being remembered. Born a Guelph—the Guelphs being adherents to the Papal party—he, finally driven to defiance by persecution, renounced his ancestral party and became a Ghibelline. Of great personal courage, for he had distinguished himself in battle when but little past his twenty-third year, Dante was better known to the Florentines as a warrior than as a man of letters. Petrarch's friend, he was a man quick of perception and slow of speech, his life blessed with one great joy, the meeting with Beatrice, and shadowed by one great sorrow, her death. It was Beatrice who, as an ideal, became the guide of his life, the goal of his hopes, the inspiration of the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*. Dante's religious doctrine was the doctrine of the heart. The life beautiful was to him the heart life; love was to him not a possession personal but a benediction universal, and if Dante spoke his dream in symbol it is because the symbol is the language of the soul, and to read it is given, in this age as in his own, but to the few. STUDENT

Voice Figures

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL once mournfully remarked, concerning the perilous facility with which certain hack writers poured forth rhymed sentences and called them poetry:

All can have the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

Since Mrs. Watts-Hughes gave the world of science the *eidophone* all may translate voice-tones into many-colored forms, for all have got the recipe. The *eidophone*, as scientific apparatus, is simplicity itself. In form it resembles an inverted bell, from the base of which issues a sort of hollow stem, capped with a mouth-piece. Over the mouth of the bell-shaped portion is stretched an elastic membrane. (Mrs. Watts-Hughes uses for this India-rubber.) It is upon this that sand or lycopodium, or possibly a semi-liquid substance, is placed. If the rubber be evenly stretched and the voice-tone perfectly sung, remarkable effects are produced. Divided and sub-divided by the vibrations produced by the sound-waves upon the membrane is the mass of lycopodium or other substance until, when the tone has died away, there is a beautiful geometrical figure—a flower, perhaps, or a form as marvelously intricate and exquisite as that of a snowflake. More depends upon the quality of tone produced than amateurs, either in science or in song, are aware. All the properties of a perfect voice must be under the control of the singer. STUDENT



“GOD IS IN ALL CREEDS LIKE THE THREAD IN A STRING OF PEARLS”

WITH the coming of the Christmas-tide the true mother finds

herself face to face with a great opportunity, and, intuitively she reconnoitres a bit, glancing backwards over the year that is past and forwards into the year that is about to dawn. If her motives are unselfish, if Christmas is to her a time not of mere getting, but of gratitude and of sweet and simple giving, then does she step easily upward into a greater usefulness, a wiser ministry, a clearer insight; and her heart goes out in gratitude as she thinks of that ideal of the Higher Motherhood, of which every Christmas-tide is an apotheosis.

Intuitively her mind dwells upon the thought of Mary, the sweet pure girl-wife of Bethlehem, upon the kindly husband, who helped her to make the home atmosphere what it should be for the coming of the little child. For Joseph, as manuscripts recently discovered have proven to the astonishment of a few, was not alone a builder, but a writer of history, a man, as Mary was a woman, far in advance of his time; and both were worthy parents of the Great Soul who was destined to become a World Teacher. How much would the child Jesus have been hindered had Mary not been an example of the Higher Motherhood?

How much do we, as women, not owe to her today for the example that she set? How many of humanity's sorrows have not been due to the fact that certain dogmatists, in their efforts to “prove” that the Son was Divine—(as well might one attempt to prove by the brain-mind that light is light, or that immortality is a property of the soul!)—have forgotten that Mary also was a Soul, that the Soul is ever divine, and that, therefore, in so far as the soul guided her mother-life, Mary fulfilled the Higher Motherhood. The true mother is ever the heart center of the true home. At the Christmas-tide she becomes indispensably so. It is she who becomes the general *confidante* of all secrets, particularly those of the children. It is she who inaugurates the festival-plans, it is she who fashions the surprises.

It is to her comes the privilege, nay, the duty, to lift her children's ideals out of the sordid depths into which the world's commoner ideals would psychologize them, so that the Christmas-tide may be to them not a time for mere merchandizing, a time for getting as much as possible out of their elders or parents. It is the mother's opportunity to tell her children, as the heart would have it told, the simple story of the coming of Jesus, and of how the world needed him when he came, of his childhood, his wonderful boyhood, his manhood, whose every act so perfectly reflected and interpreted the Divinity of his own nature; and of the assurance he gave to all humanity that those who, like himself, made the divine the guide of every act, the judge of every thought, *should do even greater things than he did.*

It is the mother's privilege and duty at the Christmas-tide to lead her children into a closer companionship not alone with Jesus, but with all true Teachers, for the world has never been left in utter darkness; humanity's heart-cry has never yet failed to find response. Some were Great Teachers, others have been not so great, but all who have had within their hearts the one consuming desire to make the world better,

✧ The Higher Motherhood ✧

regardless of what the cost might be to the personal life, all such have been Teachers,

and all such ever shall be. Is there not inspiration in this thought—the thought that the most unlearned mother, the simplest father, the most untaught little child, whose heart yet pours itself out in some little, utterly self-forgetting service for another, becomes one of that Hero-Company of Souls who come to the world's darkness and dwell therein for the sake of bringing light?

Is there not inspiration in the thought that the mother who finds at the Christmas-tide the Christ within her own heart and who makes of every difficulty, every stumbling-block, a Mount of Transfiguration, becomes actually a link in that chain of divine influence that had its beginnings in the Golden Age, whose end is not yet, and which exists, unbroken, for the binding together of nations and the saving of worlds?

She who fulfils the duties, as well as lives out the joys, of the Higher Motherhood at the Christmas-tide will look well to the pitfalls that hedge the ways of the world before she follows these ways. With good reason will she feed her children's bodies a little less and their souls a little more, for she knows something of human nature.

It is within the mother's power to feed her children's appetites, to cultivate their selfishness and to push them a step lower on the soul's long path—and, honestly, do not thousands of well-meaning mothers through sheer ignorance do just this?—or she may so lift her children by that lever which rests upon the Christmas festivities that her girl will enter the New Year with purity's own seal upon her brow, and her boy with the hero-light in his eyes. Mothers, two ways are before you. Which will you choose?

What is the Higher Motherhood? As well might one attempt to answer the question, “What is light?”

It can no more be confined within the limits of a definition than the sun can be harnessed to a plow. This we do know, however, that it stands in absolute, even though silent, protest against all that is selfish, all that is degrading, all that is unjust. Let us, as mothers, fashion for the coming Christmas-tide a higher order of home life, a higher avenue for the expression of our motherhood.

Let us not think and plan less, but let us feel more. Let us first find our own hearts and the peace that dwelleth therein. Then will the hearts of others be to us as an open book, and the fathers will find a new inspiration in their own hearts and a new reason why they should stand as comrades beside us.

For the mother alone, without the father's comrade-help, can never make the Christmas-tide what it should be, though many a mother tries to do so, year after year, with an aching heart, the pain and despair of which even she does not understand.

Let us, as mothers, fashion the home Christmas-tide lovingly, following not our neighbors' customs, but our own hearts' laws; building the beautiful day as the artist buildeth a poem, as the bird weaveth her nest. Let us make of the Christmas day a prophecy, its every event a thought-glimpse of that future time when every mother and every father shall rise to the fulness of their parenthood, when every home shall entertain the Christ.

STUDENT

Clotilde de Surville

ONE of the sweetest and, withal, one of the simplest, among the women who, down the centuries, have given their best to France is the poetess, Clotilde de Surville.

Marguerite Eleonore Clotilde de Vallon-Chalys was born in Languedoc early in the Fifteenth century, and before she had fairly passed her childhood had won the recognition of French savants. When but eleven years of age she translated so admirably one of Petrarch's *Odes* that Christine de Pisan exclaimed, on reading it, "I must yield to this child all my rights to the sceptre of Parnassus!"

When but sixteen Clotilde married a young knight to whom she was devotedly attached, one Berenger de Surville. Their marriage was ideally happy, and for seven years not a shadow passed across their life's sky. Then, shortly after the crowning joy came to them in the birth of their child, the husband fell in the defense of Orleans against the English, and Clotilde was left a widow. All the richness of her deep nature poured itself out in love, love for home and husband, love for France, love for her babe. Her intellectual gifts but served and ministered to a deep heart life. As the little poem written by her would suggest, she found her true place in that wise and selfless ministry which today we name the Higher Motherhood. STUDENT

RING out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your nine-fold harmony
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold.
—Milton

Christmas-tide

CHRISTMAS-TIDE with its hoary traditions must always be a time welcomed by those who face life's problems and hope for the time when humanity will recognize a true basis on which to build a civilization worthy of the name. For it is a season when the hearts of all peoples in all lands throb in unison to the tones of a universal song—joy bells heralding and pealing forth the glad tidings of the triumph of Light over Darkness, and for a space at least the earth is encircled with feelings of peace and good-will. Rejoicing is universal. Not a little does the heart of Mother Nature contribute when she provides the traditional emblems to crown and garland the festal halls and homes.

Ever sacred are her offerings. Gifts that guide the thoughts to grander possibilities and to the deeper and more lasting happiness of the soul.

From ancient times the mistletoe has been revered as an emblem of spiritual vision. And the holly! Is that, too, not emblematic of the immortality of the soul?

Through all the seasons it remains green, never is it without foliage. The destructive elements with withering disintegration in their breath spread barrenness, desolation and decay over woods and vales, but the holly survives, not only untouched, unharmed, but gloriously defiant, yielding its richest beauty to grace a time sacred to truth, a time of unity.

With deeper significance perhaps than ever before do these offerings intertwine Christmas joys. For slowly and in silence has the true spirit of the coming Christmas-tide been unfolding, to blossom in the new age, through the higher type of womanhood, women in whom compassion overcomes the personal, that the truer and more perfect love of the soul may shed its healing light over sorrow and pain. In her heart divine love shall triumph over selfishness—the Christ-spirit shall be born, and over the earth will spread the glad tidings of great joy, in deeds of mercy and peace.

A. P. D.



CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE

Mlle. Cecile Chaminade

"SHE is not merely a woman who writes music; she is a composer." The remark made by Ambroise Thomas but mildly measured the commendation of the musical world, in general, for the remarkable compositions of Mlle. Chaminade. Born in Paris and living today in its suburbs, Cecile Chaminade is a thorough Parisian. Yet her compositions, inventive, daring, spontaneous, have a certain universal touch that is always the hall-mark of genius.

Cecile Chaminade was exceedingly precocious as a child, particularly in music, and when but eight years of age composed some things which won words of praise from Bizet, who predicted for her a brilliant future. In her own Paris she is almost better known as a virtuoso than as a composer, brilliant, forceful and facile in her playing, and in her interpretation essentially a romanticist. As a composer of songs, Mlle. Chaminade deserves to be better known. Says one of her critics, Rupert Hughes:

Certain of her songs breathe the very fire of genius and deserve a place among the greatest lyrics. Mlle. Chaminade's accompaniments are not usually independent of the song, though they are given a unity of their own; nor are they often contra-melodic. They are gorgeous streams of harmony. Some of them have an impressionistic richness equal to a sun-thrilled poppy-field of Monet's. Their high scale of color is emphasized now and then by striking dis-

TO MY BABE

CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE—Translated by Long fellow

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast!

Upon that tender eye, my little friend
Soft sleep shall come that cometh not to me!
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;
'Tis sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
His eye is closed; he sleeps, not dreams of harm;
Wore not his cheek the apple-ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy! I tremble with affright!
Awake, and chase this fatal thought! Unclose
Thine eye but for one moment, on the light!
Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error! he but slept. I breathe again;
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile
O, when shall be, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

sonances that are not mere foils to the concords, but have a meaning of their own. Mlle. Chaminade finds a charm even in those discords that are so pronounced that their beats are strongly felt, and at these places writes down *vibrato* or even *vibrato dolce*.

Not a few of her songs have been presented by Nordica, Plançon and other artists. Among her compositions for the pianoforte there are those who pronounce her group of "Airs de Ballet" as being first in value, particularly No. 1, which is not a mere dance tune but an exquisite drama:

It begins with an *entrada*, a cymbal-like jangle of chords over one long deep horn-tone. These chords (formally chords of the eleventh, with the third omitted), have the effect of strongly discordant, unprepared, secondary sevenths, over raucous pedal-note. Now, after a tentative preparation, there is an outbreak of sprightliness that melts into a seductive entreaty, and turns strenuous until the main dance-motif is caught upward most fascinatingly from a downward rush. A sort of woodland scene intervenes, as if a rout of nymphs surrounded the *premiere danseuse*; then the same fantastic cry, in chords of the eleventh, announces a mild repetition of the main ballet. Throughout are daring harmonic and melodic *tours de force*.

One of her minor compositions, "La Lisonjera," is played—after a fashion—by nearly every school girl, but her more ambitious works are still best known in Europe. It was not many years ago that the Boston critics referred to her as a man. In the course of time, however, they became aware of their mistake.

Mlle. Chaminade is still so young that, in all probability, the critics will not presume to say their final word for many years to come.

JULIA HECHT

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Disagreement Between Archeology and the Old Testament

IT seems hardly worth while to slay the slain, or to compute the chronology of Archbishop Ussher, who laboriously reached the conclusion that the world was created in the year 4004 B. C. Dr. George S. Duncan contributes an article to the *Biblical World* entitled, "Archeology and the Old Testament," in which he summarizes some of the discoveries which point to the almost immeasurable age not only of the world but of civilization. He admits that Egyptian discoveries now take us back to at least seven thousand years before Christ, far into the reigns of the predynastic kings, and he quotes Professor Hilprecht as placing the founding of the Temple of Nippur at Babylon as not later than eight thousand years ago. The memorial tablets of Eannadu and of his father, Akurgal, certainly date from 4500 B. C., and nearly all Assyriologists place the reign of the powerful King Sargon I at 3800 B. C.

Dr. Duncan adduces some additional and independent evidence of the age of the world which is interesting and suggestive. He points out that Eridu was once upon the Persian Gulf, and is now one hundred and thirty miles inland. The debris fills in at the rate of about one hundred feet per annum, and this would indicate a period of about 8500 years since Eridu was founded. The Nile deposits average about four inches of mud per century, and the depth is now about thirty feet. Thus we have here an indication of about eleven thousand years.

However vast these figures may seem they are, of course, insignificant compared to the realities. Archeology is itself an infant science, and short as has been its life it has been very full of surprises, and many more must certainly await it. It still hails the "dawn of humanity" with something of its old enthusiasm, and it is not yet quite accustomed to the discoveries of still vaster antiquities which inevitably come with the morrow. It will, of course, one day discover the beginnings of Egyptian life, for instance, but they will only be the introduction to the endings of other civilizations as vast, as powerful and as mysterious. X.

Vesuvius & Its History—Prehistoric Villages

THE recent unwelcome activity of Vesuvius has drawn renewed attention to the ruin wrought by the celebrated volcano in past ages. Archeologists have long been at work on the slope of the volcano and they have recently discovered the remains of a villa dating from the time of Augustus. This villa had been completely covered by fields now under cultivation and its examination showed that it had not been destroyed by eruption. This confirms Pliny's statement that during the great outbreak the wind blew the ashes to the north, leaving the eastern portion uninjured.

Underneath the foundation walls, however, at a depth of over a yard a stratum of volcanic ash was found, and in this ash were a number of prehistoric tombs.

The eruption which produced these ashes must have occurred centuries before the great historic outbreak. In this connection it is noteworthy that the Sarno Valley contains the remains of many prehistoric villages destroyed by Vesuvius, and these are now to be excavated. Here, as elsewhere, it seems to be evident that to peep within a door of antiquity is to disclose other doorways in an endless vista. X.

The Roman Wall Around London—Its Last Remnant

THE removal of the ancient Newgate Gaol in London has disclosed another fragment of the original Roman wall which once incircled the city. It runs through the center of the Gaol and is 15 feet in height and 9 feet wide. Its preservation is perfect, but it must unfortunately be removed on account of the buildings which are to be erected upon the site of the old prison. There are still some well preserved fragments of the old Roman wall in other parts of the city and these are enclosed and well guarded.

The world moves, but one is occasionally tempted to question whether it moves ahead or backwards. The tendency to sacrifice any and everything to the demands of our modern spirit of commercialism is one that all admit and few deplore. It plants its standard in many quarters and flaunts its colors on many fields. There exists with some architects and a great many property owners a fatal propensity to tear down and get out of the way whatever of historic significance happens to be in their way, to erect in its place nice, square, ugly, steel-frame modern structures. Many of our old landmarks, both in England and America, are being sacrificed yearly and scarcely a voice is raised in protest. This is by no means an argument in favor of preserving old and insanitary buildings just because they happen to be old, when the ground on which they stand is really needed by men and women and little children. That would be going to the opposite extreme.

The sensible middle line would be to seek for a rational balancing of the esthetic and the commercial extremes. The architect who can find this middle line and hold to it will become one of the real builders, of which no age has ever had more than a few. STUDENT

Many Tiles from Ancient Babylon

THE further excavations upon the site of Babylon are proceeding expeditiously.

The great gate of the palace has now been fully exposed and a large number of inscribed bricks have come to light. Over two hundred were found in one place and these are believed to have formed part of a public library. Six hundred cases of glazed tiles have now been made ready for shipment. These tiles were taken from the gate of Nebuchadnezzar's Palace and are of beautiful design and workmanship. It must necessarily be many years before we are fully in possession of the results of recent Babylonian Archeology. The number of inscriptions to be deciphered is enormous and the work is necessarily slow and laborious. STUDENT

Discoveries That Substantiate Theosophical Teachings

THOSE who hold that human civilization ascends in a direct line from the earliest ages would do well to consider the results of Professor Petrie's researches on the site of the Temple of Abydos. He has uncovered the foundations of ten successive temples, and he tells us that the naturalistic ivory carving of the First Dynasty surpasses anything which is to be found in subsequent ages and that the delicacy and power of expression is as good as in the best classical work. The whole of modern archeological work tends more and more to substantiate the teachings of Theosophy, that evolution has advanced in successive waves, and that we have not yet reached the development of races.



WOLF TOTEM, VANCOUVER ISLAND, B. C.
Carved base of a high totem pole at Fort Rupert



The Family Friend—The Olive Tree

A SUBTROPICAL tree which is rapidly proving itself to be of the utmost value, is the olive, now one of the staple orchard trees of the Southwestern United States, whither it has been introduced from the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea, where it is extensively cultivated. Those familiar with the Bible will remember it as one of the trees most frequently mentioned, and it is considered to be a symbol of peace and plenty. Surely the fruit on a healthy, vigorous tree is plentiful enough in a properly hot climate, though the branch in the picture hardly did its share.

The fruit contains, besides the well-known oil, a bitter principle somewhat similar to quinine in medicinal value, superior, some say, and which is so bitter as entirely to prevent any one from eating fresh olives.

The oil is wholesome and very nutritious, and is rapidly earning a title to popular favor wherever it is known, though in many places it is unjustly condemned for the faults of the cotton-seed or peanut oil with which it is frequently adulterated. Those oils are wholesome enough but are very much inferior to olive oil.

The fruit, which does not seem at all oily when examined, is prepared for the table by a long soaking in strong lye, which is afterwards carefully washed out. Then it is pickled in brine, but doesn't remain in good condition many months.

The wood of the olive is very hard, and both it and the bark are very beautiful when polished, the wood often having a curious appearance of fleecy softness, which is due to the peculiar fibrous structure.

The leaves and bark of a healthy tree are quite grayish in color, because of a dust exuded from the skin, but below it the bark is tinted in rich browns and the leaves are green.

These trees live to an age of several hundreds of years, thus becoming a very valuable family inheritance for many generations. The small white flowers are arranged in loose clusters like grape blossoms.

G. W.

An "Above the Clouds" Effect on Point Loma

PPOINT LOMA was recently treated to the experience of being above the clouds for several hours. A thick, low fog drove in from the ocean just a short while before sunset, and spread itself in gigantic fleecy billows over all the adjacent sea, except where the warm current from False Bay made an open valley between towering cliffs of clouds. From the Homestead elevation of nearly four hundred feet we could see right over it all, just as though we had been on a mountain top, and the sun had left behind him many beautiful effects of gray and white. Next day the sun set perfectly clear, behind the even ocean line. Indeed, one evening is no sign whatever of what the next will be; there is a constant and never-tiresome variety of splendor.

G. W.

WINTER CALLED THEM

by GEORGE COOPER

"**C**OME, little leaves," said the wind one day;
"Come over the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the sweet little song they knew.

"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long,
Little brook, sing us your farewell song;
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we watched you in vale and glade,
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went,
Winter had called them and they were content;
Soon fast asleep in their earthly beds,
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.



BRANCH FROM A LOMA-LAND OLIVE TREE

Slanders on the Wild Things

TO one who knows anything of wild life it is a constant irritation to hear some of the expressions of comparison, based upon the habits of wild animals, which have become so perverted and warped from their proper significance that they are now used in a manner directly contrary to the truth.

One of these phrases is, "Crazy as a loon," or "He's a looney" (idiot). Now the fact is that the loon is one of the most intelligent and wary of birds, as many a hunter knows, but its call is like a harsh, mocking, foolish laugh, which it frequently utters at such appropriate junctures that the baffled hunter is excusable for taking it as a direct insult. But a pair of loons talking to each other at a distance of half a mile, as they are fond of doing, certainly does suggest insanity; hence the expression, so often wrongly used.

Another victim of this ignorant libel is the Canada goose. We often hear a hopeless effort referred to as "A wild goose chase," and "You're a goose," means "You're a fool." Yet the fact is, that the wild or Canada geese are very careful and suspicious birds. Therefore, these slighting expressions properly refer to the hunter rather than the hunted.

There are other such expressions equally baseless as, for example, "Weak as a cat," often used in perfect faith by people who know, if they stop to think, that a cat is really extremely strong for its size. In the interest of accuracy and good sense, let us be more careful in our similes.

N. L.

Vivacity in Dead Animals

MR. HUDSON, a very well-known and accurate naturalist, supplies to a contemporary some remarkable instances of what we may call vivacity in dead animals. He tells us that he has a small piece of snake skin which he has used for years as a book-marker. At intervals a color fading sets in, then the outer scales drop off and the original vivid colors are gradually resumed. This process continued for ten years

and then finally ceased. Nearly as remarkable was the behavior of a glowworm which Mr. Hudson discovered, dried and shrunk some seven or eight months after the time for live glowworms had ceased. Its light still shone strongly, and this was the cause of his finding it among the dry rubbish among which it lay. He carried it home where it continued to shine, but on the following day its little lamp went out forever.

If Mr. Hudson could but discover the secret of the cold light of the glowworm, science might thereby be able to confer a very notable gift upon humanity.

STUDENT

THE report of Marcellin Pellet who has just returned from Guatemala, tells of curious fish who are able to live in hot water. The particular fish described by M. Hellet is the *Pacilia dorri* which lives in the nearly boiling Lake of Amatillan, of which the waters are hot enough to badly scald the hand.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THERE was a large audience in Isis Theatre Sunday evening, at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. As usual there was a fine musical program by the Students of the Isis Conservatory of Music, and the very artistic decorations had a seasonable touch. The two subjects of the evening were "The Builders," by Miss Ethelind Wood, and the fourth paper in Mr. Sidney Coryn's interesting series of lectures on the "History of Egypt." Miss Wood began her address by quoting the following verses:

"A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks
And towers that touch imaginary skies.
A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.
There will be other towers for thee to build,
There will be other steeds for thee to ride,
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels, and more glorified.
Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries."

Continuing, Miss Wood said: "There come to all times when it rests us to call to mind some of the bright memories of childhood days, and no thought-pictures are brighter than those which come to us of the times when we spent the rainy days, and sometimes the sunshiny ones, too, building.

"Sometimes we built card-houses, which a breath would throw down; again we built beautiful castles of our alphabet blocks, and if, perchance, we were able to find the bits of board that carpenters sometimes leave behind them, our cup of happiness was full. And the children that we see about us—what do they love best? Is it not to build? What is the sweetest sight in all the world? Why, it is a little child happy with his blocks.

"It is not an accident that this is so, nor is a child's play the meaningless thing that most people believe. The child's building is deeply symbolic. It alone is proof of the presence of the soul, for the soul is ever the builder. Is it an accident that the child, so fresh from heaven, so plastic to the impress of the divine—and the Sage, the Wise Man, should in all ages choose to be known as builders? Their signs are the same, the compass and the square.

"That children build is one proof that they are souls. That so many forget to build as they grow up and learn instead to tear down and destroy, proves only that the soul takes leave when it can no longer be heard. It is but another evidence that there is something radically wrong with the present day methods of teaching children.

"Think what would be the result if fathers and mothers and teachers the world over knew how to preserve that beautiful tendency which is so usual among children and so unusual among men and women—that tendency to create, to form, to reform, to fashion, in a word—to *build*.

"To the builder his fellowmen are not objects to be hunted or victimized or outstripped; no, not even objects to be jealous of. To the builder, he who builds not merely houses with his hands, but the greater temple, which eye doth not see nor

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

**Large Audience Well Pleased
With Interesting Addresses by
Miss Wood and Mr. Coryn**

Reprinted from the San Diego News

destined to build the temple of a new and better and purer civilization is life's crown-glory, its highest ideal.

"Why, then, you will ask, do Theosophists do—or appear to do—so much tearing down? And I answer it by asking you, why does the sower first tear up the hard crust with his plow and scatter the weeds before he sows the seed? What kind of a harvest would he have if he did not do this? Why does the builder of the temple first clear away the rubbish from the place on which the temple is to stand?

"The preliminary work must be destructive or he will build his temple upon a foundation which later will weaken and overthrow the whole structure.

"And thus it is today with those who have come among us as builders of a better civilization than the one we have at present. I refer to H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge, to Katherine Tingley and to those who earnestly want to see more happiness in the world, and who are willing to live purely, work unselfishly, in order to bring that about. They do not find the soil free from weeds. On the contrary, a great many mental and moral weeds have to be cleared away first, and of course the weeds think that Theosophists are terribly destructive.

"Nor do Theosophists find a splendid clean rock foundation in men's minds all ready for them to build upon. On the contrary, the best qualities of the mind and heart all through humanity are deep-hidden beneath a veritable rubbish heap of prejudices and dogmas. Their first duty is to clear away this rubbish, and of course, to those who are so used to rubbish that they like it better than clean square stones, this clearing away process is very disagreeable and terribly destructive.

"What does the child do when his little block house doesn't suit? He tears it down and builds a better one. The first is just as much a part of his work as a builder, as the latter. But let us be very careful never to tear anything down unless we can build something better in its place.

"The mental and moral roof which shelters humanity today may not be very satisfactory, but let us not dare to tear it down unless we can build for humanity a better one. To do otherwise is to become not a builder but the opposite, an agitator, a disintegrator, a curse.

"Who are then the builders of the future? We ourselves to an extent, but to a greater extent the children. And what is our duty to them? Surely it is to surround them, as far as we are able, with all the conditions that make a pure environment. It is more than a privilege, it is our duty to go before them as pioneers and cut a path for them through this wilderness of the world's life.

"We won't be able to do so very much, after all, for day after day we find the children going ahead of us, surpassing us in unselfishness, outstripping us in love, shaming our jealousies by the sweetness of their own lives. And yet they need our help so, there is so much that none but ourselves can do. Let us give to the children—the builders of the future—all that is purest in our natures, all that is best in our hearts.

"Let us find no higher joy than in helping them to become builders. Builders of a new life on the highest and most ideal lines—whose aim is

"To build a future fairer than the past,
And make the past appear a troubled dream."

Christmas Gifts—A Suggestion

CHRISTMAS is preeminently the time for the giving of gifts, of which the selection is usually a task demanding much anxious care and much lost time.

The essentials of a worthy gift are value and permanence, and in the search for these qualities works of literary and lasting worth naturally take a foremost place. A good book is an unfading treasure, a storehouse of which the contents become more valuable with time, an instrument for the increase of intellect and for the making of character, a link between the giver and the receiver which grows stronger day by day. A year's subscription to the NEW CENTURY PATH is surely a Christmas present worth giving and worth receiving, a weekly reminder of the good will which called it forth. Subscriptions sent in now will be in good time to enable us to deliver the first number at Christmas.

Conventions and Manners

A Short Lodge Paper

THE worlds are ruled by Universal Law, but the laws of men are mere arbitrary regulations. This arbitrary nature is especially a peculiarity of all the rules which relate to conventionalities and manners, which very often have no meaning at all in themselves, but which through the decrees of usage and fashion have come to have all the force of inexorable laws. Well-bred persons would almost as soon think of committing real crimes as of breaking these rules. Many of these conventions have their foundation simply in a desire to be different from people of another social grade; they are based on the idea of separateness, and they accentuate all the natural differences between persons.

Most conventions are nonessential, and have no real meaning of their own, yet

some of them are based on better grounds, often on consideration for the feelings of other people. Such are, then, more than mere conventions, and their observance goes far toward bringing about a good understanding and harmonious relations between mankind.

Like all laws, conventions may be observed in many different ways, and each person observes them according to his own nature. Some will carefully avoid offending against any one of them and yet exhibit a total lack of manners. For good manners do not consist in the negative quality of not breaking rules; they are rather the result of an innate desire of doing everything right. The one is a grudging submission to the will of others, the other is a frank, open gentleness shining through the usual crust of reserve wherewith men are ordinarily clothed. The one acts one way in company and quite differently when alone, or when concealed by being a stranger in a strange place; the other never feels that he is alone, for not only has he always himself watching over all his actions, but to him no one is a stranger, and he will always conduct himself as he would in the midst of his habitual surroundings. The one avoids breaking these unwritten laws for fear of ridicule or disrepute; the other is careful of his conduct in order to make things more pleasant for others, in fact, he hardly *can* act differently, for his actions are in perfect accordance with his whole nature.

Really good manners radiate like from a center, and like radiating light they dispel much of the gloom in the world and cheer every one who comes in contact with them. Still, tact is necessary even in the exercise of manners, and the well-bred man of experience finds constant need for the exercise of it. "Be ye all things to all men" holds good here, as well as "When in Rome do as the Romans do." Like all wise sayings, these are helpful if used honestly. Be ye all things *that are good*. Do in Rome all things *that are good*. When necessary, drop such conventionalities which, while perhaps indifferently good in themselves yet, observed, would at the time cut us off from our companions. Always avoid everything which would merely seem to say: see how much better I am than thou.

It is as difficult to lay down any hard and fast lines for our conduct, which would apply in all cases, as it is to acquire manners for one who has them not. Time and good-will and experience will bring this treasure; good-will not merely to gain it as an accomplishment, but good-will radiating out to others all the time. It is idle to talk about loving humanity while we are constantly offending our neighbors through the *little* things in life, those which are so often looked upon as unimportant and trivial. If we let all our actions spring from the heart, then our manners will never be mere empty form but they will be the true, vivid expression of the brotherliness we feel within, and which streams out to all around us.

STUDENT



AMONG THE COLLEEN BAWN CAVES, KILLARNEY, IRELAND

The Death Farce

An Australian Lodge Paper

WHY is it we are shadowed through life by a dread fear—that of death? Sleep is a symbol of death, and yet we fear not to take our rest in sleep, yet we know nothing of our state during that rest. Are we able to tell what journey the soul may have taken during that short rest while our body lay unconscious? None of us fear that, but the terror of death stalks by the side of most people. It is on account of false teaching—false ideas put into and kept in the mind of men by those who would reign by terror and fear, instead of Compassionate Truth.

Grief and fear naturally fill us when we have only thought of death as a parting from all we love and going out alone to an unknown place where we were taught that we might meet with awful retribution for our sins and follies. Surely, this view of a future existence is enough to account for such a fear of death, as prevails in the Christian civilized world today.

The Chinese and many other eastern nations have no dread on parting from this world, they have much less education and intellectual training now than the average European or American, but they listen to the voice of Nature, the voice from within, which teaches wisdom and not folly. Theosophy, which is Divine Wisdom, shows us that there is no death. Life is continuous and the Soul eternal. We must have a body to dwell in on earth, a body of matter suitable to this earth. The soul must have a rest; "Ye must have rest, ye children of Light," and the body wears out like the garments in which we clothe it. The rush and strain of modern so-called civilization, no doubt wears out the body much sooner than need be, and when it becomes unfit for a temple for the soul—the God—then the soul leaves it, and the force that kept it together no longer acts, and we say, "He is dead," but it is a wrong phrase. We should say, "He has left the body, gone to rest." For even the body then is not free from life, but is quickly overrun by the life of myriads of atoms consuming and ravaging, atoms that were kept in their place of necessary labor and usefulness before.

We may grieve that the comradeship of a soul we loved is separated from us for awhile, but we can never again mourn and bewail that that comrade has gone to rest, especially if he was living in a body racked with pain, or a body over which he had not sufficient command, and should hope that after the period of rest he might inhabit one less sickly or sinful.

If we view this so-called death in a true way, the common-sense way, we shall be ready and willing, when our bodies can no longer serve us as they should, to enter into the heavenly rest.

It is as easy unwittingly to deceive oneself as others.

The Temple of the Body

I conceive that no Self of which we can here have cognizance is in reality more than a fragment of a larger Self, revealed in a fashion at once shifting and limited, through an organism not so framed as to afford it a full manifestation.

THIS is the admission of a "Psychic Researcher," displaying an aspiring mind hampered by materialistic conceptions about the human body and by a spirit of despondency. What do we know of the "organism" after all? All that we do know goes to show that it is infinitely elastic and adaptable.

The old materialistic ideas about the solidity and fixity of matter, especially that of the body, are fast disappearing. The body is not a hard, rigid shell, unalterably restricting the mind and soul; it is the visible and tangible manifestation of the soul—the soul as it appears to our senses.

The body acquires a certain fixity and rigidity from the long habit of submitting the will to its dictates; for, so long as man permits the inertia of the physical atoms to overcome him in sloth and lust and greed, he strengthens the binding power of the body and weakens the will.

But the body should be the servant, ruled by the mind, which in turn is ruled by the will. When we consider how we use our bodies and how

our parents and grandparents used their bodies, we shall cease to wonder that the present human organism is not all that it might be or might be made to become.

How could that larger Self be manifested through an organism that, vitiated and stunted at the outset, is daily abused and polluted by wrong living?

There are in that body powers and capacities that qualify it for its true purpose—that of a temple of the divine presence—powers which we have long forgotten the existence of, capacities which we have perverted. The body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, but how pure it needs to be first!

Hence the vital importance for Raja Yoga training of the body in cleanliness, harmony, and strength. It is lost labor to preach holiness to people with such cramped and disturbed organisms; the result would be a fresh crop of noxious cranks of all sorts.

STUDENT

The Blemish in the Window-Pane



It was the twilight time of Christmas eve, and Margaret Daintree was sitting alone in her pretty little drawing-room—alone with the soft light and the stillness—alone with her thoughts. Three years ago, again on Christmas eve in the twilight, she had walked from that room with the air of an injured empress, carrying her head haughtily, but at the same time almost choking with the heavy, quick beating of her heart, and the repressed sobs in her throat, which she had barely strength enough to keep down till she reached her room. She could recall it so clearly—the bitter, passionate, quickly spoken words, the shocked look on her husband's face and then his gently spoken "I do not believe you mean that, Margaret, but until you yourself tell me so and ask me to return, I must leave you if I wish to retain my self-respect. You know in your heart that I have always loved you and cared for you, and done all in my power to please you," and then she had broken in:

"If you really wish to please me you will go now, this very minute," and after one long steady look into his eyes she had proudly walked from the room.

She recalled her longing to rush down stairs, to tell him she had not meant all she had said, to beg him to forgive her; but her pride stood in the way, and she had let the opportunity slip by. An hour later the maid had brought her an envelope which contained an address to which she could write if she should wish; nothing more. She looked back through the three long years as she sat dreamily watching the glancing firelight that threw such soft shadows in the half-light of the room; then, like a flash, she seemed to see, stretching away through the time, just herself. How clearly the figure stood out—herself, through all the months and days, and not only through the three years, but herself through the whole of her married life, and herself still before that, as far back as she could remember.

Self, self, self! It was what *she* had suffered that she remembered; what *she* enjoyed that had been of importance; what *she* had wished that had ruled others; and with a feeling almost of terror she saw how vague and shadowy the joys and sorrows of others appeared to her in contrast to her own. She sat upright in her chair with tightly locked fingers, and for the first time in her life tried to see her true self. She saw the three years devoted to brooding over her trouble. She saw that it was to save her pride she had allowed her husband to leave his home. She saw her gentle old mother made unhappy and heart-broken at the sight of her daughter's self-made misery, and the revelation was such a shock to her that she almost wished that she could have lived on with closed eyes. She rose and walked the room with quick steps. She stood by the window and watched the busy crowds passing through the rain which was pouring steadily down, all looking happy and, to her newly awakened and conscience-stricken mind, all bent on some errand of love for others. Some for Christmas delights for their children; others on errands of mercy amongst the poor and suffering; and she alone, surrounded with every comfort, with ample means, had given no thought to any one save herself.

She sat down again by the redly-glowing fire, and once more her thoughts traveled over an entirely new road. She began to realize that Christmas day, the anniversary of which is now devoted to having a good time and plenty of fun and good things to eat, by those who can afford it, was a day of great and sacred import, was the day that saw the birth of the great Master; that with his birth saw also the birth of renewed hope for the world; the great day that brought with the birth of the Christ fresh fuel to keep burning the light of truth and love; the radiance of which is now spreading so surely and strongly over the whole world: and Margaret felt suddenly a great uplifting of the heart and a strong determination that that day should also be the birthday of a new life for her.

In a little time the maid came in to lower the blinds and light the lamps.

"Not now," said Margaret, "I will ring when I want lights," and she sat on in the growing darkness, the soft patter of the rain on the windows and the crackling of the fire being the only sounds in the quiet room that had seen the awakening of a soul. Margaret was feeling the joy and wonderful sense of safety that comes after an escape from a great danger. She had no desire to kneel in prayer, or to talk, or to weep for joy. She wanted to just sit still and hold tightly to herself that new happiness which filled her whole being. Presently she began to put together in her mind her letter to her husband, spending his Christmas over there where the fighting had just begun. How she would strive to make up to him for the miserable past; and how she would do her best to give comfort and brightness where she had given nothing but gloom and discomfort. She reached for her writing pad and with a pencil began to write by the light of the flames. She was so happy and engrossed that she did not hear the newsboy in the quiet street crying his "Extra speshul piper! Third edition! 'orrible loss er life!" and she looked up smiling, when

the maid, with frightened face, carried in the little evening paper, damp with the rain, that brought to so many a joyful Christmas, and to others one to be remembered forever as all black and empty of joy. Poor Margaret, her new found happiness and courage were to be put to the test without much loss of time.

"Why, Mary, is anything wrong?" she asked the girl kindly, seeing her white face.

"No'm, only—please'm, it's the master'm—'e isn't to say killed'm, don't be scared, only it do mention 'is name in this paper and—"

Margaret snatched the paper, and bending low to catch the firelight she read where the girl's finger pointed, "Captain Daintree, 1st Hussars, mortally."

"Go, Mary," she said, quietly, "and do not let me be disturbed," and the terrified girl withdrew.

She sat simply stunned by the blow. Unable to think, she sat staring at the rain-drenched window, in front of which the street lamp had just been lighted. She watched in a numb sort of way the drops running down the pane—there was a heavy one just gathering for a start; she wondered would it go with a rush, or slowly and heavily, and when it reached a blemish in the glass she was dully curious to see whether it would go round it or over it.

An hour passed, the door opened and her mother came in to her.

"Why, mother," she said, rising—then, with a little laugh, "Graham's dead—did you know—and I did it." Then, as her mother stretched out her arms to her, the pitiful little ghost of a smile left the stiff white lips, and with a moan of "Mother, mother, how can I bear it?" the healing tears streamed from the heavy eyes.

Margaret Daintree's illness left her weak in body, but strong in her determination to live for others. She bore her great grief nobly, and when she took up again the threads of life they wove themselves into patterns of breadth and beauty that made her former life look pitifully small. There are many grateful women amongst those made widows by the terrible war, whose hearts glow with gratitude when her name is mentioned; but the sight of that little blemish in the window-pane brings back so keenly the agony of that Christmas eve, that she cannot yet trust herself to sit in the pretty little room.

It was November in Cape Town, and terrifically hot. An officer in khaki had just tumbled off his steaming mount, and had called up a Tommy to try to find him a cool drink.

He stood wiping his crimson face as he waited for the man's return. He was a fine looking man, English to his boots, and simply adored by his regiment who would go through fire and water for him, and he was pretty sure of getting his drink, whoever might have to go without. Sure enough the man came back in a very little time. Carefully balancing a glass of warm, thick looking, grey colored liquid in his hand, he grinned, as he offered it to his captain.

"Shure they call it liminade in Ballyhooley, yer honor," he said, "but if it's iver shtared a limin in the face oi'm an Irishman, an no wan could take me for that, could they, yer honor?"

"Why no, Paddy O'Flynn, your very name betrays your French birth, doesn't it?" laughed his captain.

Paddy's eye twinkled as he saluted and turned to go, then returning he said: "Oi've an ould paper here from England, yer honor; it was wrapped around a parcel. Perhaps yer would loike to rade it?" and he handed out a torn discolored evening paper.

"Indeed I should, and thanks," said the officer, as he turned to go to his quarters. It was indeed an elderly edition, nearly a year old, but the captain, who had not handled one for nearly that length of time, opened it and prepared to enjoy his reading. He laughed once or twice at the absurd reports of the war that were sent home, and then suddenly looked again and closer at something he had read. "What horrible clumsiness!" he said. "They have put down that poor lad, Reginald d' Haintree, as 'Daintree,' and they will be thinking at home that I am dead. Margaret—I must go to her at once, and the dear old mother—a whole year—I must go at once," and Captain Daintree was as good as his word, for a very short time was allowed to pass before he was on board and en-route for England.

Fragments from Shelley's "Julian and Maddalo"

See this lovely child; blithe, innocent, and free:
She spends a happy time, with little care;
While we to such sick thoughts subjected are
As came on you last night. It is our will
Which thus enchains us to permitted ill.
We might be otherwise; we might be all
We dream of, happy, high, majestic.
Where is the beauty, love, and truth, we seek,
But in our minds? And, if we were not weak,
Should we be less in deed than in desire?

We are assured
Much may be conquered, much may be endured,
Of what degrades and crushes us. We know
That we have power over ourselves to do
And suffer—*what*, we know not till we try,
But something nobler than to live and die.
So taught the kings of old philosophy
Who reigned before religion made men blind;
And those who suffer with their suffering kind
Yet feel this faith Religion.

Do you think there was a happier woman in the world than Margaret Daintree that next Christmas eve, as she stood with her husband in the little drawing-room and showed him her never-finished letter, and told him the story of that eventful other Christmas eve?
A. C.

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Crystals Living and Unliving—A French Experiment

A FRENCH experimenter has been studying what happens when some salt, dissolved not in water but in gummy or gluey ("colloid") matter, is allowed to crystallize.

A drop of such a solution, when dry, shows in its middle the salt crystal, and around this is a field. But the field, instead of being clear and uniform, as it would be if it were of colloid matter only, is modified and thrown into a pattern set for it by the salt crystal in the middle. We have in fact what may be regarded as an inorganic (or *unliving*—but not *dead*—) cell and its nucleus. In organic, or living, matter, the nucleus sets the key-note of the cell, initials its changes, growth, and subdivisions, in fact sets its formal and physiological pattern; and is the storehouse and emergence-place of its life-force.

Salt is a very simple chemical compound, and its crystallization-form is simple. Common salt has but two atoms (of sodium and chlorine) to make up its molecule.

Modern chemistry speaks of a molecule of protoplasm (elementary living tissue), and this molecule consists of hundreds of atoms (carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, sulphur, etc.); but it has never been shown that an aggregation of such molecules exhibits any tendency to crystallize. But it does something analogous. Cells have form. Nuclei have form. And no one who has ever seen the elaborate process (under the microscope) of a cell undergoing division into two, will quickly reject the view that in the changes the nucleus undergoes we may be getting crude glimpses of what is essentially an elaborate and perfect set of geometrical changes.

There are then several differences and resemblances between the crystal of salt in its drop of colloid, and the nucleus in its cell. The latter is infinitely complex; the former simple in its forms. The latter changes form constantly in response to inner impulses; the former does not change in form. Both rule the pattern and movements of their fields; the latter's field being the cell; the former's the drop. The latter's movements are purposive, the purpose being to preserve and expand its life-history, assimilating, excreting, and reproducing. And it shows a response to an impulse of evolution, as when a simple, embryonic, cell becomes a highly organized nerve or muscle cell. The former's movements end with its simple crystalline form. If we study the examples of the latter that make up the human body, we find it in intimate touch with human consciousness, varying in response to the lights and shades, hopes and fears, of that consciousness.

And finally, one is tempted to suggest that even in examples outside the human body, it may yet be in touch with our consciousness. There are some people who cannot touch plant life without provoking bloom, whilst the similar work of others seems foredoomed to failure. STUDENT

Can Force Be Generated?—The Wonders of Radium

AS we have before remarked, the scientific world is so overwhelmed by the fact that radium can give off continuously the force known as heat, that it forgets the similar behavior of many other substances, which continuously radiate other forces. There is the magnet, for example, which can hold up its keeper against gravity almost while time lasts. There are the ferments, such as pepsin or ptyalin, which go on doing the work of digestion without themselves being lessened or altered; the only condition being that the products of their activity shall be removed. We have the similar phenomenon of the alteration of starch into sugar by acids, the acids remaining unchanged.

Other phenomena of like kind are the explosive combination of oxygen and hydrogen in presence of powdered platinum, and the reduction of peroxide of hydrogen to water and oxygen in presence of powdered silver.

In all these cases work is being done, and continues to be done, without the doer undergoing any ascertainable diminution or alteration.

One begins to question whether the law of the conservation of energy is actually true after all. In view of some of these phenomena, it ceases at any rate to be manifestly true. STUDENT

A New "Serum" Supposed to Prevent Drunkenness

OF the making of serums there is no end. The latest is one that combats alcoholism. Of course it reminds one of the celebrated pills that were good against earthquakes, but there is no real reason why it should. Horses are given daily doses of alcohol. After awhile, serum is taken from them and injected into the tissues of a man subject to alcoholism, that is to say, a drunkard. It is injected during a sober interval. The experiment was made by two French doctors, Sapelier and Dromare, and they claim (*Jour. de Med. et de Chir.* June 23, 1903) that the patient loses his cravings and his acquired tolerance of alcohol. In some cases he develops a disgust for it. And his physiological condition is restored.

Comment is not easy. The thing does not seem to be in line with other examples of acquired immunity. In these cases, a bacterial disease, such as any fever, is given to an animal, whose serum, injected into man, renders him immune to that disease. This is, so to speak, the condensed general formula of the process.

Now in the case of drunkenness, what is the disease? Is it the craving, or is it the set of morbid changes in the tissues? If the alcohol experiment of the French doctors is to stand in line with the examples we know of acquired immunity from bacterial disease, then the serum of the alcoholized horse should not only render the patient immune against the craving but against becoming either drunk or subsequently diseased, even should he take alcohol. For if you are immune, say against scarlet fever, you may take as many germs of it as you like.

This can hardly be the case with the serum-effects derived from the unfortunate horse. A perfectly healthy organism should be immune to all diseases. Any invasion would be promptly met by an equivalent reaction. The various serums and lymphs, which are probably but the disease in a dilute form, call forth the reaction to the disease they represent. But it may well be supposed that this artificial process is effected at the expense of the general vitality, and that there is a permanent lowering of general health with lessened power of resistance to other invasions. That it is, in other words, an outrage against nature, carrying its own retribution.

The alcohol craving is an appeal of the vital currents to be reinforced and coarsened in a particular way. And as with the other diseases, the abolition of this craving by some subtle change effected by the serum would surely be a very costly process, and one involving a highly artificial condition from that time onward. We want the future history of subjects treated in this way. STUDENT

How the Early Cretans Made Their Purple Dyes

WE shall have to give up saying Phœnician purple, for the celebrated dye of that name. It was the Greeks who attributed to the Phœnicians its first use; but they were wrong. The real pioneers in this and some other things were the mysterious Minoans of Crete, the people of whose origin we know so little, or, as the little boy said, "so nothing."

Mr. Bosanquet, of Athens, explored Crete early this year, and among some sand hills on the north shore found a bank of shells of that mollusc (*mure trunculus*) which yields the purple dye, or did so, for it is no longer used for that. Scattered through the heap were fragments of pottery and a bowl, together with some old Cretan vases, which showed that the accumulation took place not only in pre-Grecian but in pre-Phœnician times and established the precedence of the Cretan dying art. It was practiced 1600 B. C. at any rate—doubtless much earlier.

The mollusc in question is a spiral-shelled creature, and the dye resides in a gland-sac beside the intestine. As the dye comes out it is colorless, becoming purple after exposure to the air. It was the description of the animal by Pliny that enabled us to recognize the species, but the dye is not now used. There are better purples, both for pigment and dye. Indeed, the omni-colored anilines bid fair to do everything that the modern dyer and painter require. STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World



A ROOM AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE, SANTIAGO DE CUBA

Amity Between England & France THE visit to France of the King of England and the return visit to England of the President of the French Republic, have produced a most gratifying amity between the two nations. This has been intensified by another visit which ought to have an even further reaching social effect. One hundred members of the British Parliament, accompanied by their wives and daughters, have been entertained in Paris. They were received at the Elysée by Baron d'Estournelles, who presented the members and their families to President Loubet. There are no national misunderstandings which will not melt away before a better acquaintance, and for this purpose nothing could be better devised than this visit of British members of Parliament and their families.

France Can Impose no Religious Dogma M. CAMILLE PELLETAN is one of the moving spirits of the French Government. That he is the Minister of Marine does not hinder the lucid expression of his opinions upon education. He says that the Republic can never impose a dogma, that it respects all religious convictions and assures every liberty—except that of destroying the liberty of others. That however is the only conception of liberty which so many people possess. The State, however, according to M. Pelletan has the right to interfere in matters of education seeing that the very existence of the State depends upon those who are now the children of the nation.

The Czar of Russia to President Loubet THE Czar of Russia has written a letter to the President of the French Republic in which he expresses his "profound sympathy" with the understanding between France and England, and at the better relations which now exist between France and Italy. Although this may seem to be opposed to Russian policy we believe it to be a sincere and heartfelt expression from the founder of the Hague Tribunal who sees clearly that the true interests of every nation are founded upon peace, and that no other policy than this can be either sane or patriotic.

Improvement of Philippine Islands FROM the fiscal point of view the Philippines are certainly on the march. For the five months ending May 31, 1903, customs revenues were \$3,759,833 while for the corresponding period of 1902 they were only \$3,539,866. This increase is a feature which has attended every successive year of American occupation. The Philippines will evidently be a factor in the commercial affairs of the world, and we doubt not that they will play a part in other and nobler directions.

Vivisection Crimes in Vienna THERE seems to have been trouble among the medical circles of Vienna. Various members of the Landtag have accused the doctors of violating the restrictions of the Vivisection Act, and also of experimenting upon poor patients and inoculating them with diseases. As to the truth of these accusations we have of course no knowledge whatever. It is however in no way surprising that those who are known to be guilty of vivisection should be also suspected of extending their horrible methods to the human kingdom especially when we consider the frequency of medical demands for human subjects. When the lust for cruelty is once aroused the barrier between animal and man is not likely to be effective, and suspicion becomes not only natural but commendable.

Lord Curzon and the Missionaries LORD CURZON is probably the first Governor-General of India who has been reproached for partiality to the native faiths. Such however is the accusation which has been brought against him at the Calcutta Missionary Conference. It seems that the missionaries resent the advice to adhere to their own religion which was given by the Governor-General to the natives of India. They also resent his kindly references to the Sikh religion and his proposal to officially recognize the Buddhist Archbishop of Burma, and they remind his Excellency of his duty of religious neutrality. We do not at the moment remember any missionary protest against favoritism to themselves. It is surprising to observe the height to which moral sentiment can soar in defense of self interest.

The Powers & the Congo Cruelties THE European powers have been requested to state whether in their opinion the Congo State has been governed in accordance with humane principles, and whether the obligations of civilization to native race have been complied with. We have, of course, every desire to withhold harsh judgment. We are, however, only expressing an almost universal sentiment in saying that if only one-tenth of the horrors which are reported upon unimpeachable evidence from the Congo State are founded upon fact, an organized crime against humanity has been committed for which adequate reparation seems almost impossible.

No Missionaries for the Soudan THE British authorities in Egypt, as represented by Lord Cromer, are inflexible in their determination to allow no missionaries to enter the Soudan, nor do they hold out any prospect that this prohibition will be relaxed. Lord Cromer has recently written: "I entirely concur with Sir Reginald Wingate, and with, I believe, every responsible authority in this country, in thinking that the time is still distant when mission work can be permitted among the Moslem population of the Soudan."



SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDERS AT FAKARAVA, IN THE NAIRISA GROUP

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Christmas-tide Bell

ONCE upon a time, in a far-away city, there stood an old, old church, and within it hung a wonderful bell. Once, when men were kind to each other, it rang clear and sweet, but for ages it had been silent and the story went that it would never ring again until the greatest gift in the world was laid upon the altar just beneath it. So it was silent, although every Christmas the great and the wealthy came with their jewels and their gold and laid them proudly upon the altar and then listened; but the bell was silent.

Near this city, once upon a time, there lived a poor little boy named Beppo. He was a shepherd and for years it had been the dream of his life to earn a silver piece that he might go to the great church and lay it upon the altar. At last he earned it and on Christmas morning, so early that the stars were still shining in the sky, he stole out of the yard and turned toward the great city. On and on he walked, rapidly, for the snow lay on the ground and he was not too warmly clad. Suddenly he heard a queer muffled sound. He stopped and listened, then went out of the path, following the sound. Behind a group of trees fluttered a wounded bird. It was a young wild swan. Some careless, selfish hunter had shot it and then left it there to die. Its wing was broken. Beppo lifted it and it looked up at him with great beautiful eyes which seemed to say "I was waiting for you to come." Then a queer feeling came into Beppo's heart. What should he do? If he carried the wounded bird they would think he was a beggar and would not let him into the church. And besides, it was so heavy! What should he do? The poor wing lay limp and open. Beppo carefully folded it and bound it close to the body. The bird looked up at him. The tears came.

"Well," said Beppo, and he gathered the bird up in his arms and pressed his lips to the soft warm head, "if I can't go into the church I can at least see the people go in, and if the bell should ring"—he choked back the tears—"I, I—can hear it."

Beppo took off the little scarf that he wore about his neck and covered the bird, "it mustn't get cold," he thought. Then he went on.

By and by the sun came up over the hills. Beppo took from his pocket the cakes he had placed there the evening before and, breaking one in his hand, fed the bird. Then he ate the other. He looked for the silver piece. Yes, it was safe. "I will ask some one to put it on the altar for me," he said, and he was almost happy. Then the bird looked up at him again and he

kissed it once more and held it closer and laughed. Soon he reached the noisy city and made his way to the great church. It was as Beppo had thought. They wouldn't let him carry the bird into the church and he wouldn't go in alone and leave it behind in the snow. So he waited, for he dared not ask the fine and proud and wealthy people who were going into the church to take his silver piece and lay it upon the altar for him.

At last Beppo saw a little boy who seemed just a wee bit cold and hungry too. So Beppo asked him.

The little boy laughed. "I wish I had a bird," he said. Then he took the silver piece and went into the door. The rich people went, one by one, to the altar and he watched them pass. Some left gold, others jewels, the court painter left one of his great pictures, others took the rings from their fingers and the pearls from their robes. Each waited as his gift was laid upon the altar—each waited and listened. The bell was silent.

Finally, when all had passed, the little boy stole up quietly, timidly, and slipped under one of the great money bags on the altar Beppo's little silver piece. It seemed so little to give he felt ashamed. But hark! Hark! The people were silent—silent. The great church echoed with the voice-tones of that wonderful bell. The miracle had happened. The bell had rung once more.

Beppo heard it too, outside the door. The bird again looked up at him with its wonderful eyes. He held it closer. He was happier than ever before in his life, that he, Beppo, should have heard the bell. But he never knew why it rang. COUSIN LOUISE



CHRISTMAS IN LOMA-LAND
"Roses and jasmine and sunshine and love
The old, old year and the new."

"QUOTH LITTLE GARAINÉ"

"WHERE do the stars grow, little Garainé?
The Garden of Moons—is it far away?
And the Orchard of Suns, my little Garainé?
Will you take us there, some day?"

"If you shut your eyes," quoth little Garainé,
"I will show you the way to go
To the Orchard of Suns and the Garden of Moons,
And the field where the bright stars grow."

"But you must speak soft," quoth little Garainé,
"And still must your footsteps be,
For a Great Bear prowls in field of stars,
And the moons they have now to see."

"And the suns have the Children of Signs to guard,
And they have no pity at all.
You mustn't stumble; you may not speak
When you come to the orchard wall."

"The gates are locked," quoth little Garainé,
"But the way I'm going to tell;
The key of your heart will open them all,
And that's where the darlings dwell!"

—From the French

The New Christmas

DEAR CHILDREN: Why is Christmas time always a joy-time? Some little children say, "O, I know, it's because Santa Claus brings us candy and tops and dolls and sleds and lots of things to eat!" Deep down in their hearts they know that isn't the reason, for some of the unhappiest children I have ever known have been those who received whole armfuls of presents, while dear old Santa Claus himself who, as we all know, must be the very happiest person in the world, never receives one. Why is it? The answer is one of our Raja Yoga secrets. It's brotherhood, and brotherhood means thinking about others and helping others and being kind to others and giving to others. That is why wise people make Christmas Day one beautiful gift-day the world over.

UNCLE FRED

Students'



Path

BE STRONG

by HELEN HUNT JACKSON

BE strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle---face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not, "The days are evil. Who's to blame?"
And fold the hands and acquiesce---oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong.
How hard the battle goes, the day how long.
Faint not---fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

A New Story of the Revolution

BY his story of the American Revolution, Sir George Trevelyan has added immeasurably to his reputation as an historian and as a statesman. We have here an instance of the new way in which history will be written when it is no longer regarded as a mere record of the doings and sayings of kings and rulers, but rather as a story of national thought and movement. To how great an extent the two may be in conflict and how far history may thus be violated, Sir George Trevelyan has succeeded admirably in showing. Because his work makes directly for international fraternity we hope that it will be widely read and studied.

The point to which the author especially directs his attention was the extent to which the war of suppression was a national war, with the heart and the will of the English people behind it. His verdict is that the war was not national, that it was a war waged by the King and his ministers alone, and that it excited immense antipathy among the people in whose name it was conducted. Among the many interesting incidents which he quotes in support of his contention, the following may be cited:

A Whig in Devonshire wrote out to Philadelphia that the whole nation was mad, and that he could scarcely meet one man in twenty who did not wish to see Great Britain, or himself, bankrupt rather than not bring the Colonies to the feet of Lord George Germain. John Wesley, on the other hand, while heartily agreeing that the nation was mad, gave as a proof of it that a great majority of Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen were exasperated almost to insanity against the King and the King's policy.

At the time of the Revolutionary outbreak the English Government was already lying under a cloud of unpopularity. Sir George Trevelyan tells us that that cloud was deepened and darkened by the war, and he has but little difficulty in substantiating his point by evidence of the most conclusive nature. That evidence he divides into three heads: First, the state of the public press; secondly, the impunity with which opponents of the war held public meetings in protest, and thirdly, the astonishing number of military officers who refused to take part in a war which they felt to be fratricidal. With regard to the press, the author makes out his case without any difficulty at all. He tells us that:

Among London newspapers the largest, the most attractive and quite incomparably the most in request, were opposed to the American policy of the Cabinet. The *London Evening Post*, the *Public Advertiser*, the *Morning Chronicle* and *London Advertiser*, and the *Gazetteer and New Daily Advertiser*, gave the Court and the Bedfords superabundant cause of regret that they had not left Wilkes and his newspaper alone.

If we except the damaging advocacy of the *Morning Post* and the official sterility of the *London Gazette*, Ministers had not much for which to thank the newspapers. The little *London Chronicle*, a square foot in size, treated them with a friendliness, tempered by its abhorrence of Lord Bute and the Scotch, whom (like English mankind in general) it persisted in regarding as the secret inspirers of

George III and his Cabinet. The *Public Ledger* announced itself as a political commercial paper, open to all parties, and influenced by none, and it bestowed on Lord North an occasional word of praise, accompanied by much good advice, which he seldom heeded. And yet even the *Ledger* excused the American invasion of Canada as a step to which the Colonists had been driven in self-defense. There were journals which, while they disapproved the war, still continued to speak well of the Government; but in the whole circuit of the London press no newspaper could be found which adopted the line of being in opposition to the Government, but in favor of war.

If we remember that at this time the Ministerial censorship of the English press was "continuous, inquisitorial and harsh almost to barbarity," the impunity which was accorded to newspaper clamor against the King and his advisers, is strangely significant of the heated and threatening state of public opinion. There were hardly any political trials and so strong and unafraid were the opponents of the war, that we read that "The ministerialists of Taunton were accused of having taken a liberty with the parish church by ringing the bells in honor of Howe's victory on the Brandywine."

Perhaps the list of officers who refused to serve against the American Colonists is more significant than all else. Moral and political feeling must indeed be strong when it prevents soldiers from fulfilling their military obligations and imposes a distasteful inactivity upon brave and resolute men. And yet such action on the part of army officers was not only exceedingly common, but it failed to excite hostile comment or indignation:

A General or a Colonel who had refused to take a command against the Colonists, lived comfortably and pleasantly with his country neighbors. The strong Tory politicians among them might grumble against him as fanciful or factious; but much harder things would be said about him if he had shot foxes or given a piece of ground for the site of a Nonconformist chapel.

Sir George Trevelyan has succeeded in showing to what erroneous conclusions we may be driven by the mere statements of events which have hitherto passed for history. We have now to learn how few nations are really represented by their representatives, a fact far more startlingly true a hundred years ago than it is today. The wars of last century were the wars of a few individuals who were able to commit crimes in the name of their nation. Let us see to it that we do not neglect the responsibilities which have devolved upon us through the broadening basis of popular representation, and that neither national prejudice nor national greed are allowed to accomplish the iniquity for which individuals alone were once responsible.

STUDENT

THERE are many kinds of love, as many kinds of light,
And every kind of love makes a glory in the night.
There is love that stirs the heart, and love that gives it rest,
But the love that leads life upward is the noblest and the best.

— Henry Van Dyke

Universalism

IN our anxious and hopeful search for signs of the growth of religious tolerance, we note with satisfaction that seven pulpits extended hospitality to members of the Universalist Convention which recently met at Washington. On the occasion of the last convention, which was held in Buffalo in 1901, only one evangelical church opened its pulpit to a Universalist preacher, and there are various New York churches at the present time who have declined to admit Universalists to their Thanksgiving services, on the ground, we presume, that Universalists refuse to limit the love which they attribute to Deity. President Nash declares that the mission of Universalism is "to reveal the divine Fatherhood, with all that it implies touching the well-being of men," and while we have no concern with any special creeds or dogmas, the object which we have quoted seems to be a basis sufficiently broad for a worthy edifice of human brotherhood. The President goes on to say that Universalism is "a truth rather than a tenet, a comprehensive affirmation, not complex dogma; it is a doctrine of salvation." We have, of course, no sympathy with the idea of an offended deity from whose wrath any salvation is needed, but the "doctrine of salvation" is at any rate an immeasurable advance upon the doctrine of damnation which has so strange a fascination for a certain undeveloped order of mind.

X.

FRAGMENTS

HAVE you found your life distasteful?
My life did, and does, smack sweet.
Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
Mine I saved and hold complete.

Do your joys with age diminish?
When mine fail me, I'll complain.
Must in death your daylight finish?
My sun sets to rise again.—*Browning*

LOVE is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds without number
Lie in His bosom like children; He made them for this purpose only.
Only to love and to be loved again. He breathed forth His spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.
Oweach, oh ewench not that flame! It is the breath of your being

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men, then we must say, Yes; Theosophists approve of pleasure as much as flowers approve of sunlight, or the heart approves of love.

But what is pleasure? Obviously, it is that which gratifies, that which meets a want, even though it may not fulfil it. But the word itself has been so long associated mainly with those experiences that gratify the lower desires that it has lost its expressiveness and we have tacitly substituted another word. We speak of the pleasure of the flesh, but the joys of the spirit.

But there is a certain serene happiness to which pleasures of the right kind give birth that Theosophists not only approve of but simply could not live without. In fact, it is one of the signs by which they may know that they are Theosophists, and not charlatans, or hypocrites, or saints. Take the great pleasure that comes from the simple doing of the daily duty. Of course Theosophists approve of it. They can't help the coming, for it is of the Law that "joyful shall be the harvest sown in honor, though in pain," and no Theosophist would think of disapproving of any evidence—and such true pleasure always is—of the working out in our own lives of the Great Law of cause and effect.

And the pleasure that comes from comradeship—comradeship that is the real thing and that can only exist among those who *know* that all men are brothers, linked by the golden cable-tow of soul—what has the world to offer in comparison with that? And how the light of this heart doctrine illumines our minds and our hearts as well as the path we tread, leading us to discriminate between the true and the false, bringing the sweetness of real pleasure into the darkest hours of our lives as the rays sometimes pierce the clouds on the gloomiest day.

We approve of pleasure, let us therefore show that we do by a springing step, a wholesome appearance, a bright serene face, an honest steady glance. And let us keep our personal worries out of other people's way, yes, even if they seem larger than all the rest of our life. Mrs. Wiggs, of the *Cabbage Patch*, spoke like a Theosophist when she said:

Fer my part, I hold that folks kin always be happy if they'll make up their minds to be and then keep right at it. When I hev' worries I make it a pint to jest put 'em all down in the bottom o' my heart and then set the lid on an' smile.

A. V.

(2) The desire for pleasure is so universal that it extends to all times and peoples, yet the ideas of what gives us pleasure are radically differ-

ent. They range all the way from a bull-fight or a prize-fight, gambling, drinking and still more vicious things on the one hand, and pure, noble pleasures of the higher nature on the other. The kind of pleasure we enjoy is of the greatest possible importance, and so is also the manner in which we enjoy it.

There are a thousand things good in themselves, which yet are converted into wrong through our way of using them. Pure, wholesome food is good and of inestimable value, yet the glutton, through his intemperate use of it, makes it positively harmful to himself. To him eating is a pleasure and nothing more. He makes it one of a very low order, pertaining entirely to his lower nature, and dragging him downward.

We all know the wholesome influence of good music, yet many a one will go to the best concerts and simply become intoxicated by the beautiful music he hears. The same holds true even of good company and in fact of everything within the whole range of the things that ordinarily bring people pleasure.

Where, then, is the difference between that which is good and that which is bad? Where is the difference between the right way and the wrong way of extracting pleasures? If this difference does not lie in the nature of that which gives us pleasure, then it must surely lie within ourselves, and therein may we find a key to the whole situation. Why do we like the good things? To gain them for ourselves, or because they are good? Is it from a love of the good, the true, the beautiful, a love to see and to make others happy, or is it to satiate ourselves with that which we consider desirable? Therein lies the difference, a distinction which may not always appear at the surface, yet it is there and the line is drawn sharp and clear if we only look for it keenly enough.

Theosophists are wont to closely analyze their own motives, and so they would approve of only such of their own thoughts and actions, such of their own pleasures as were for the good of others besides themselves. And Theosophists endeavor to enter into every undertaking with a mind undivided; they will therefore find pleasure in everything they do, as long as their conscience tells them they are doing their full duty.

That is for themselves. As to others they realize that for many even a somewhat selfish pleasure may be a real necessity, and that we must provide pleasures of a wholesome nature for those who would otherwise satisfy their craving for pleasures in a worse way, such as will help the mind or the body and so keep both busy in the right direction. This holds particularly true for children, and their play is often much more than mere fun; in it their minds learn to imagine, that is, to create, and their bodies are built strong and vigorous and healthy.

Theosophists therefore approve of every pleasure which makes men better, nobler and wiser than they were before.

E. T. S.

Presence of Mind

WHAT is presence of mind? What is the power which enables us to do the right thing at the right time and to do it better than if we had given to it a long reflection? An old soldier recalling many signal acts of presence of mind says of the men who did them:

They just did them. They were in fact done, and not thought of; not thought of first, in which case they would never have been done at all.

Acts of this kind are called forth by emergencies so sudden that the mind has no time to operate and to interfere. That they are more effective and more successful than the acts which are dictated by the mind shows that there is in man a faculty superior to that of the mind, a faculty which is willing to operate when it is for the moment freed from mental interference. Is it not possible to so control the mind that it shall interfere only when commanded to do so, and that at other times it shall stand upon one side and allow the greater light of a greater consciousness to pass unobstructed? That greater light is willing to shine and to direct at all times, and it will be well for us when we know enough of practical mental science to enable us to give it the liberty which it seeks.

STUDENT

AND at the Passover Jesus went to Jerusalem, and found in the Temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves and the changers of money sitting, and he made a scourge of small cords and drove them all out of the Temple, and said, make not my father's house a house of merchandise.—*John, 3 ch.*

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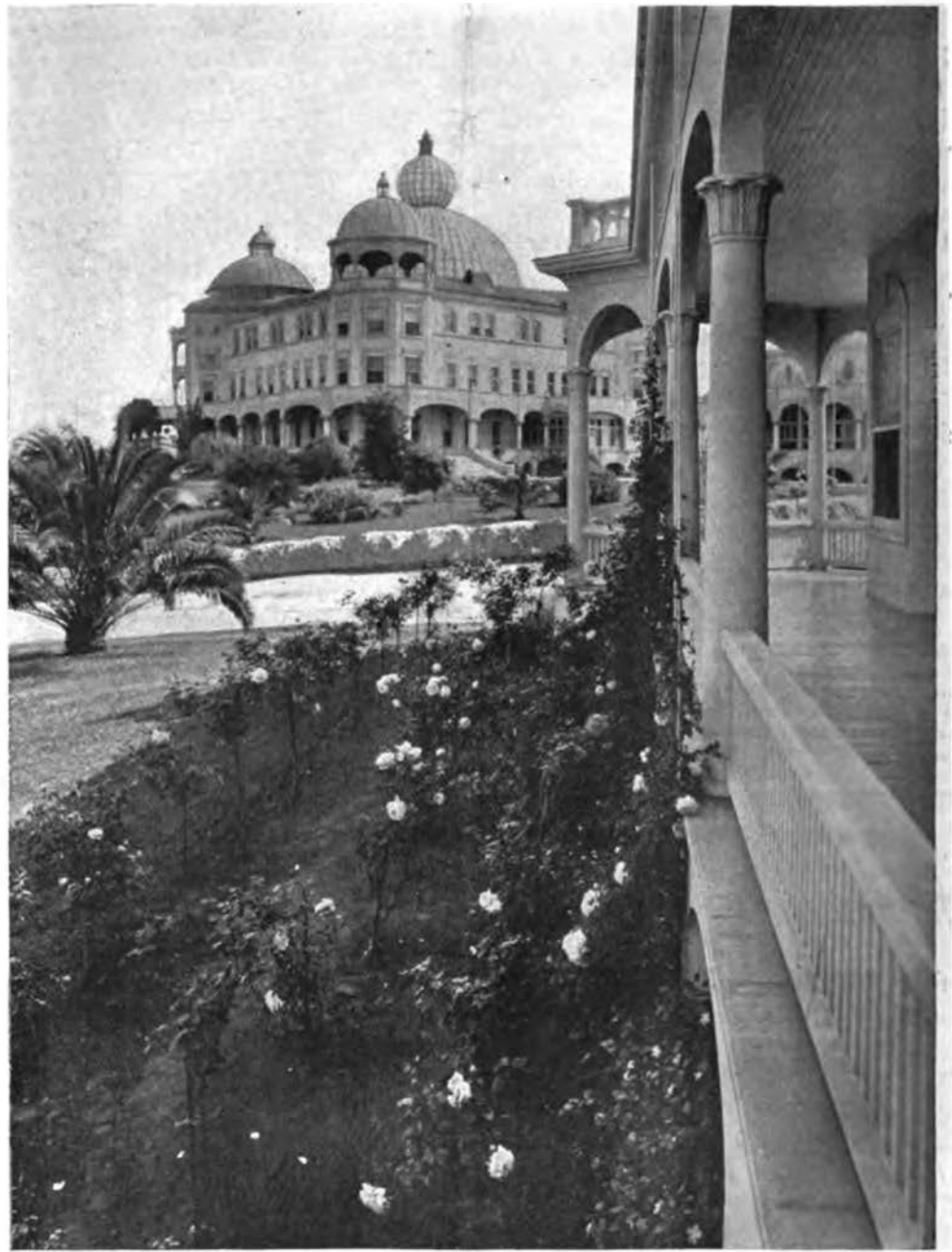
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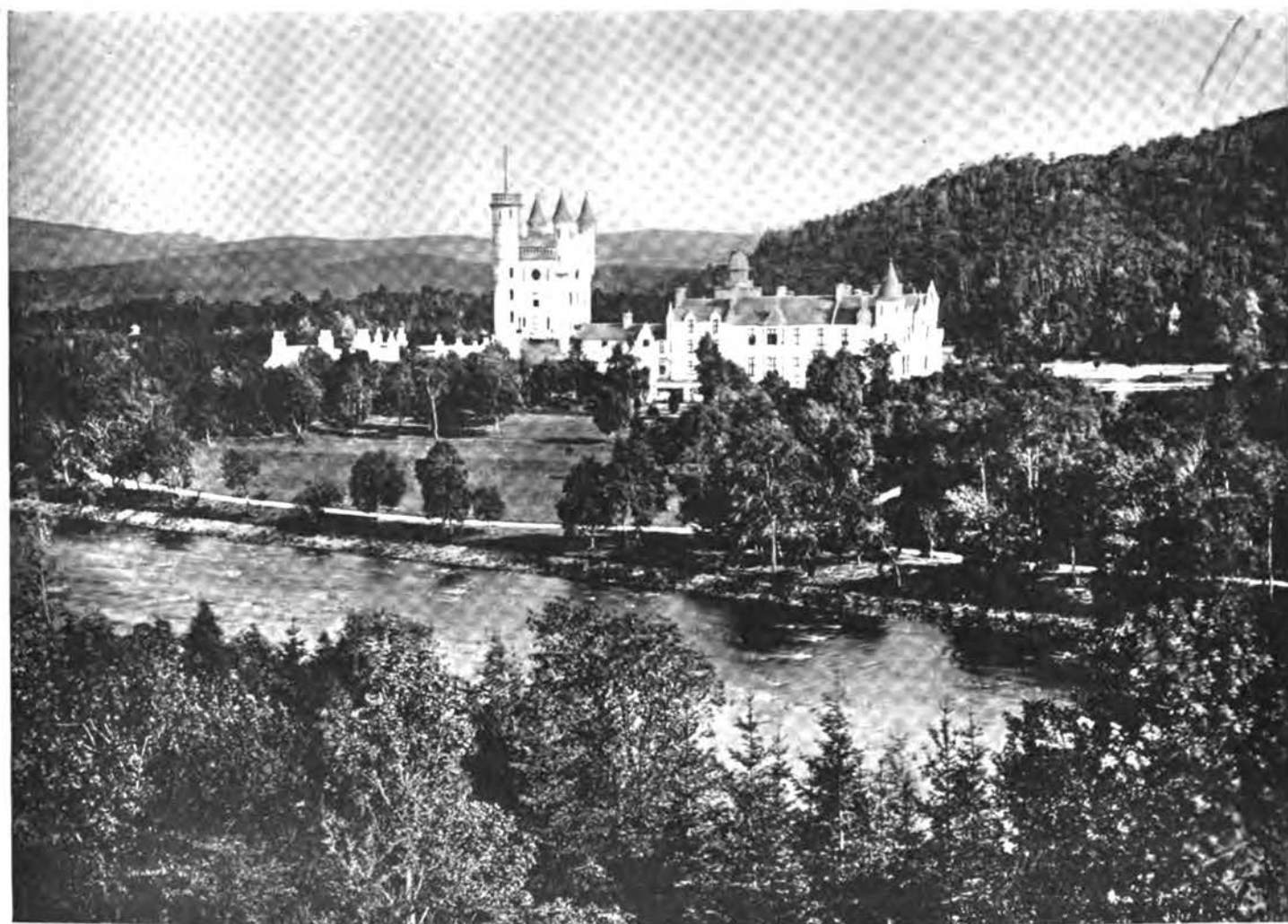
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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Known by Their Fruits
Duty of the True Theosophist
The Seeds of a Real Brotherhood
Mysteries of the False Theosophy
Balmoral Castle, Scotland
—illustrated
Uses of Physical Drill
New Year's Greeting (verse)

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Athletics and Education
Cure for Alcoholism
Suicide Among the Immigrants
To Discourage Vivisection
Admiration of Criminals
America's Foreign Population

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

The Sistine Frescoes—illustrated
Ancient War Chariot

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Bodies of Our Fears
Jeanne d'Arc—illustrated
Students of Life

Page 8—ARCHEOLOGY, ETC.

Prehistoric Inscriptions in New Mexico—illustrated
Cliff Dwellings in the Grand Canyon

Page 9—NATURE

The Irrepressible Eucalyptus at Loma-Land
The Oriole's Secret (verse)
A Little Felt House—illustrated
Mystery of Plant-Life

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Culture of the Mind
Invaded Humanity
The "Imprecatory"
Psalms

Page 12—FICTION

New Year's Eve in Pancake Canyon

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Other Forms of the Radium Problem
Ever-Present Headache and Coal-Tar Powders
Perversity of Inanimate Objects

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Congress Hall, Tokyo, Japan (illustration)
Bible and Nebraska Schools
Mommson and the Strenuous Life
France and Peace of Europe
Education Can Help Russia
Gambling and Police of Paris
The Pauper Lunatics of London
Cuba Honors Memory of Prof. Bovis
Cathedral of Toledo Going to Ruin
A Log Cabin Church at Juneau (illustration)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

New Year's Day in Loma-Land—illustrated
Always Time (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Vision That Recedes (verse)
Atheism in Fiction
The Lesson of Gladstone's Life
How to Know (verse)
Students' Column
The Kaiser's Sermon

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Discounting the Sayings
Campanella, Poet and Patriot

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Miscellany

in the Leadership of Theosophy, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.

Any one who will open H. P. Blavatsky's *Key to Theosophy* or W. Q. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy*, will see at once that The Theosophical Society was established for the direct object of helping and saving humanity by combating destructive errors and proclaiming once more the true laws of health, spiritual, mental and physical. The essence of Theosophy is Duty, says H. P. Blavatsky:

True brotherhood and sisterhood, in which each shall live for all and all for each, is one of the fundamental Theosophical principles that every Theosophist should be bound, not only to teach but to carry out in his or her individual life.

First Duty of the True Theosophist

The Theosophist must be a center of spiritual action, and from him and his own daily individual life must radiate those higher spiritual forces which alone can regenerate his fellow-men.

He must "control and conquer, through the Higher Self, the lower self," and seek by every means in his power to identify himself with the cause of human progress and the alleviation of suffering.

All this is made very clear by H. P. Blavatsky and her successors, and they also make equally clear what are the signs of a bogus Theosophist. People who have entered the movement with secret ambitions and, finding themselves unable to gratify these, have left it with wounded vanity rankling in their breasts, to carry on a little propaganda of their own with a band of foolish admirers. By their fruits are they known. They do no work for humanity and ignore the evils that are eating at the root of society and of individual character. Instead of doing all possible both by teaching and by the example of their lives, to infuse the spirit of brotherhood into every part of human life, they are giving amusing lectures with gaudy lantern pictures, on their own fantastic conceptions of the "inner" nature of man, or dishing up a rehash of stale Eastern philosophy gathered here and there.

The Seeds of a Real Brotherhood

The real Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood, as founded by H. P. Blavatsky, has carried out the plans for which she labored in her great work for the future; it has cherished and cultivated the seeds she sowed; and it has, for the world to see, a stable and permanent center of the Brotherhood Life as described and longed for by H. P. Blavatsky. It has centers throughout the world, which cherish and diffuse the same spirit, and all its members are vitally interested in the daily life of actual men and women and the troubles and hopes and fears that beset them. It has organized a school where children are being trained in body, mind and soul on the Theosophical principles laid down by H. P. Blavatsky, and having branch schools in other countries.

The Theosophical Society has no time to waste over silly theories about "auras" and "inner bodies." Its members believe that all needful knowledge of nature's secrets will come as a result of duty nobly done in the cause of brotherhood, and that knowledge gained in any other way is no knowledge at all, but merely additional delusions for the mind.

A true Theosophist may always be known by his putting duty and brotherhood in the first place; the gaining of knowledge and powers being considered as only secondary, and desired only in order to qualify him the better for the service of his race. But the sham "Theosophist" pretends that he will elevate humanity by lecturing and writing to it about fantastic mysteries—a work which he finds more congenial to his nature than taking off his tail-coat and going to work.

The world is at a most vital and interesting stage of its development, and the many problems that confront us today call for men and women, practical, common-sense, full of love and enthusiasm for their race; not for more lectures or more books.

STUDENT

Balmoral Castle, Scotland

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week gives a good view of Balmoral Castle, the favorite Scotch residence of the late Queen Victoria. The Castle itself is of great architectural beauty, while its natural surroundings are among the most picturesque of North Britain. Balmoral Castle has many historical associations that not only endear it to the Scotch people, but to all British-born people. During the reign of Queen Victoria it was often the scene of festivals and notable gatherings.

Shall Be Known by Their Fruits

IN this age of frauds and bogus imitations, it is necessary to keep constantly before the public eye the signs and tokens by which Theosophy and The Theosophical Society can be readily distinguished from fraudulent imitations. Unfortunately the name Theosophy is not copyright, and cranks and adventurers of all kinds are liable to use the word to bring grists to their own private mills. But it is easy to distinguish the false from the true by comparing the teachings and doings of such people with the teachings and duties of Theosophy, as laid down by its founder, Mme. H. P. Blavatsky and her successors

Higher Uses of Physical Drill

TODAY our papers are full of articles on various systems and methods of physical self-development; the advertisement pages teem with pictures and descriptions of them, and magazines are devoted to the subject.

But there is a vast difference between solitary exercise and exercises performed in company under an instructor. In self-development it is practically certain to be a case of the blind leading the blind; for, though I may be sufficiently aware of many of my faults to be able to overcome them, there are other faults (and these the more serious) of which I am not aware, and these latter will only be strengthened.

Again, the best intentions will not wholly prevent me (in solitary drill) from going easy on the weak points. In drill under a director, on the other hand, little faults of which I am not aware will be at once detected and dealt with, as I shall soon find out by the discomfort and resistance felt during the process. And again, I shall be swayed by a will that is not, as my own will is, weakened by the physical defects of my body.

There is in military drill a use far more important than that of mere muscular development and tactical instruction. This use may be described as follows: To get out of me those little *personal* kinks and tricks that my little personal tricks and kinks of character have stamped on my frame. Not by pump-handling behind my chamber door can I eliminate these. I have to *know* of them first.

Obvious as these considerations must be, even from the common view point, yet, when looked at in the light of the wider and more intimate knowledge of human nature which Theosophy gives, they take on a greatly extended importance. For who realizes like a Theosophist what an intimate connection there is between all the parts and functions of human nature, and how faults of character are linked up with faults of bearing and movement?

Let us illustrate this by some cases. Suppose that my chief fault is a lack of vigor, alertness and decision. This runs through my whole character; and causes hesitancy and failure at the moment of action in all that I do. I am undecided and lackadaisical, and approach things like a cat—sideways and roundabout. I need vigor and decision in my attack.

When I drill this fault becomes apparent in my movements, which are of the same character. If I try to drill myself, I do not discover the failing and so continue to repeat it. But when I am drilled, the instructor points it out and I have to correct it. The result is that, not only physically, but mentally, morally, all through my character, I acquire the same new alertness and vigor as I have learnt to display in my physical movements. The connection between habit of body and habit of mind is much closer and more important than is generally imagined. While of course neither drill nor other things will be of any use to a person who does not wish to improve his character, yet, in the case of those who do wish to reform, it is not too much to say that obstinate faults can be *drilled out of them*. For very often these faults hold on by their roots in the substance of the body; and so, as often as they are killed in the mind, they are ready to sprout up again from the contorted body. But break up the set and awry conditions in the body, and the mind is reinforced and has a chance. The old forms having been dissolved, the body will then mold itself on the new pattern furnished by the mind.

From the point of view of Brotherhood, the importance of military drill is obvious. It teaches people to act in consort and to subordinate personal impulses to a common motive. It does this physically and thereby enormously facilitates the doing of the same thing morally and in all the pursuits of life. People who are studying how to live and act in concert



THIS IS OUR NEW YEAR'S GREETING to the World:

Peace to all Beings!
We have worked too long in the shadow,
We have lain too long in the dark—
Let the Light shine!
The nations have battled for glory,
The people have fought for food,

The strong have grasped at power,
Each against each has struggled, seeking his own salvation.
Let the strife cease!

The heart of the World is Peace, and its light is Love.
A New Year dawns, a New Age opens;
It is a New Order of the Ages.

Shall we cease from work, or from battle? No!
Shall we be idle at all?

Shall we bask in the Sun and say, "It is well?"

Not so shall Peace be established;

The wrongs will not right themselves,

Nor will peace come for the praying.

But the Battle is now for Freedom;

The war shall be waged for the Right,

Right here where the wrong is nearest—

Here in ourselves we begin to fight for the Right,

Each one fighting the causes of evil in the only place he
can reach them,

Right here in ourselves is the battle we have to fight.

Those who fight this battle are the friends of all mankind;

The victors in this struggle are the Builders of the Race,

The pioneers of a Nation of nations, with Peace in its heart.

The crumbling creeds may perish and tottering thrones go
And mighty nations fall from their place, [down,

And the seas may engulf great cities,

And the face of the earth be changed,

But a New Age is open and the New Race has appeared:

The war is now for the Right,

And the fight is for Brotherhood.

A Nation of nations is building.

A New Year dawns on the Earth.

Brothers in every nation, awake! and join the fight.

Each over self a victor, Each a brother to each,

Seeking not wealth, nor honor, nor even salvation for self,

But victory over the wrong in self,

That blocks the path of the Light shining deep in the heart
of the World. Let the Light shine! It is peace.

This is our New Year's greeting to all mankind: Peace.

And this is our battle-cry, Truth, Light and Liberation.

cannot afford to miss anything conducive to that end, and here is a noble opportunity of learning to move in concert.

Perhaps the most important advantage of drill is as follows: So many worthy and gifted people limit their abilities to merely theoretical work, and always break down at the point where theory turns into practise and intention turns into action. These unpractical individuals have a defect of the nature of fear, weakness, or paralysis, which, like dust in a wheel, steps in and clogs every undertaking at the very start. Now, on the parade-ground, this defect manifests itself in the form of a ready mental grasp of the movements required, coupled with an almost total inability to actually execute them. The man feels proficient and believes he can do everything without trouble; and yet somehow the limbs do not act up to expectation. The skill stops just short of actual application. And so this individual learns a lesson that no book can ever teach—the lesson of how to actually *do* things. He has perhaps spent his life in doing deeds in imagination, but ever failing to reduce them to a practical denominator. Now he finds out the trick of bridging the chasm.

STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Athletics & the Higher Education

THE attitude of some American universities towards athletics is attracting a good deal of adverse criticism. It seems to be an undisputed fact that the universities are so anxious to secure the services of athletes that they are admitted practically without reference either to their mental attainments or to their scholastic intentions. The authorities excuse themselves on the ground that if they fail to secure athletes they lose prestige in the world of sport, their institution becomes unpopular, and they lose ground in every direction.

We see here another illustration of the prevailing tendency to depart from principle in order to avoid certain phantom disadvantages. The object of an university is educational, and athletics should have neither part nor lot in it except as subsidiary means to an educational end. To that end good health is a requisite, and so is recreation, *esprit de corps* and many other things, and athletics have therefore their proper and subordinate position. No greater mistake could be made than to court popularity by submerging principle, and success won in this way is unreal and transient. There is, after all, a very large body of both parents and students who believe that an educational institution ought to educate, and the support of such as these will create a reputation which will remain as a valuable asset when exaggerated athleticism has lived its short day and ceased to be. There ought to be no competition between universities, but if there must be rivalry, let it be that of learning and not of biceps.

STUDENT

The Only Cure for Alcoholism

A PROMINENT English clergyman describes his country as sinking down into a fetid swamp of alcoholism. As a remedy he advocates more popular amusements in order that work-people may be taken out of themselves.

With every desire to encourage a recognition of the social evils of the day, we would suggest that alcoholism pervades nearly all classes and not one only, although it may be more obvious in one place than it is in another. We also question if popular amusements, useful as they are, can be more than a surface remedy. The only cure for alcoholism is the practise of self-restraint, and this must be so taught that it becomes a duty valuable in itself and for its own sake, and not merely an unpleasant necessity. How far self-restraint can be taught to adults who have for so many years been accustomed to an unchecked self-indulgence, is of course a matter for conjecture and experiment, but it can certainly be so taught to children that it will become as natural to them, and as pleasant to them, as is now self-indulgence.

We have yet to learn that the habit of self-indulgence is in itself noxious, quite apart from the particular way in which it manifests. At present we confine our condemnation to certain forms in which it shows itself, and we do not recognize that seeds can be planted in the nursery of which the resulting fruit and thorns will one day horrify us.

It may seem a hard saying, but there is no easy and royal road to the eradication of social evils. We may trim the branches without much difficulty, but if these growths are to be uprooted we must dig long and toilsomely.

STUDENT

Suicide Among the Immigrants

JUDGE WHITE, of Cleveland, Ohio, states that insanity has increased twenty per cent in that city during the last five years. Should a season of bad trade supervene he believes this percentage will be largely increased. It seems that the majority of asylum inmates are of foreign birth. They come to this country expecting to immediately get rich and the disappointment produces melancholia, alcoholism and suicide.

The experience of Cleveland is that of most of our large commercial centers. Hardly a day passes without its contribution to the threatening statistics of insanity and suicide, but even those most alive to the situation have no remedy to suggest, or only remedies which would be alike pernicious and ineffective.

STUDENT

The Way to Discourage Vivisection

BERNARD SHAW expresses himself forcibly and if he wounds at all it is such a sharp, clean-cut wound that it soon heals, nor does his vigor ever conceal a warm good-will. He has lately addressed himself to the subject of vivisection and he deprecates mere intellectual argument upon a subject which either appeals, or does not appeal, to the moral sense of each individual. He says "vivisection will not be crushed by argument, but by the frankly intolerant abhorrence of all genuinely virtuous persons." It is certainly refreshing to find a frank admission of the existence of a judging faculty which can sweep away mere intellectual subtleties and directly face the problem of good and evil. The supreme court of the soul can decide in a moment many a question over which the inferior court of the mind will argue away an eternity, and to confine such questions as vivisection to a purely mental tribunal is to play directly into the hands of cruelty.

X.

The Public Admiration of Criminals

CHICAGO is to be heartily congratulated upon a measure which we hope to see imitated throughout the country. The City Council, being of opinion that the recent epidemic of murderous assaults is due to the "brazen admiration of the so-called courage of criminals has passed an order directing an investigation into the city's power to prevent the exhibition of persons and things connected with criminal events. Should the existing power of the city be found sufficient the necessary ordinance is to be drafted. Alderman Young declared that a recent and particularly brutal murder was directly incited by exhibitions intended to illustrate the marksmanship exhibited in a previous murder.

He drew attention to the series of murderous assaults which have been perpetrated recently, describing their peculiarly imitative nature, and very rightly said that,

It requires no stretch of the imagination to believe that the perpetrators of these more recent crimes received their inspiration from the flaunting of brazen admiration of the desperadoes.

It is certainly time to do something when persons connected with crimes are placed upon public exhibition and the crime itself reproduced by vivid pictures. Such displays are nothing more nor less than a glorification of cowardly wickedness and the community has not only the right to protect itself from them, but it is its absolute duty to do so. Freedom is a good thing, but a mere license to manufacture murderers is an intolerable evil.

STUDENT

The Foreign Population of America

ADDISON B. BURK, in *Pearson's Magazine*, draws attention to the alien population of Pennsylvania. A century ago the state was inhabited by English speaking people and some German. At the present time Pennsylvania contains nearly a million foreign born persons, of which about one-third come from countries alien in respect of language and political principles.

American hospitality to people of all nations and tongues needs neither assertion nor proof. The duties of hospitality, however, imply reciprocal obligations, and these latter are not fulfilled.

A very large number of these people, especially those from eastern Europe, enter the country not as guests, but to possess it. The idea of adapting themselves to their new home is, of all others, the last to enter their minds, and their habit of forming communities is a direct incentive to the preservation of the least desirable of the characteristics which they have brought with them.

Mr. Burk considers that they have become a danger to the peace of the commonwealth and that the labor troubles of Pennsylvania have acquired an added intensity through their presence. Happily there are indications that the government is alive to the situation and that some scheme will be formulated to exclude those who may be the means, not only of physical infection but of the far more serious moral and social infection which is no small menace to the nation.

X.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Sistine Frescoes

EVER since Michelangelo completed the marvelous decorations of the Sistine Chapel, artists have come from the four quarters of the globe to wonder, to study, perchance, to imitate. The artist began the work in 1508, and within four years it was completed. Pope Julius II commanded Michelangelo to limit the theme of his conception to the Twelve Apostles, but the latter calmly insisted that he should decorate the chapel as he thought best, or he must decline to have anything to do with it. So the Pope left him free to follow his own ideas, and the result the world knows. The entire design is a wonderfully planned architectonic scheme of pillars and cornices, painted in imitation of bronze and marble, rising from the side walls towards the center of the roof, upon which they form nine compartments. Within each of these Buonarrotti has painted one of the episodes of The Creation and the Fall.

Recently it has been discovered that the roof is crumbling, and that the frescoes are threatened with destruction, and the work of restoration has been already begun. Investigation revealed a state of affairs that was appalling. Many of the great beams of the roof were in such a state of decay that disaster has been imminent. These are being removed with the utmost care and replaced with supports of iron.

A close examination of the paintings themselves has been rich in surprises. Not only are there many large cracks in the plaster, but in some places it has bulged ominously. Those who have charge of the work, however, are sanguine of saving the pictures. *Apropos* the cracks, so well known to tourists, and without which the photographic reproductions of any of the Sistine pictures would look very strange indeed, some of these ominous-looking cracks are not real but were painted by Michelangelo himself as a practical joke at the expense of his friend and rival (!) one Baccio Pintelli, the architect. When he had finished the Sistine Pintelli remarked, boastfully, that it would last forever. The cracks—the painted ones—were Michelangelo's not wholly compassionate rebuke.

AN old German legend about the origin of song speech: The god of song, Wannemunne, descended on the Donberg, on which stands a sacred wood, and there played and sang. All creatures were invited to listen, and they each learned some fragments of the celestial sound; the listening wood learned its rustling, the stream its roar; the wind caught and learned to reecho the shrillest tones, and the birds the prelude of the song. The fish stuck up their heads as far as the eyes out of water but left their ears under water; they saw the movements of the god's mouth, and imitated them, but remained dumb. Man only grasped it all, and therefore his song pierces into the depths of the heart, and upwards to the dwellings of the gods.—*Language and Languages*

THERE is no doubt that the seed of many virtues is in such hearts as are devoted to music; those who are not touched by music I hold to be like stones.—*Luther*

An Ancient War Chariot

A Parisian recently remarked: "Perhaps I may be permitted to observe that it is only in Europe that an adequate idea can be had of what the Metropolitan Museum really amounts to."

It is indeed not a little humiliating when Alexander Stuart Murray, of the Greek and Roman section of the British Museum and the greatest living authority in the world on Greek art, expresses his astonishment at the utter ignorance betrayed by American students of the Greek treasures they have at home in their Central Park. He says he cannot understand how it is that these students flock to the collections in Berlin and to that

under his care when they are yet unacquainted with one of the finest collections in existence under their very noses at home. Every one in Europe who has studied Greek art knows the collection in the Metropolitan Museum in New York."

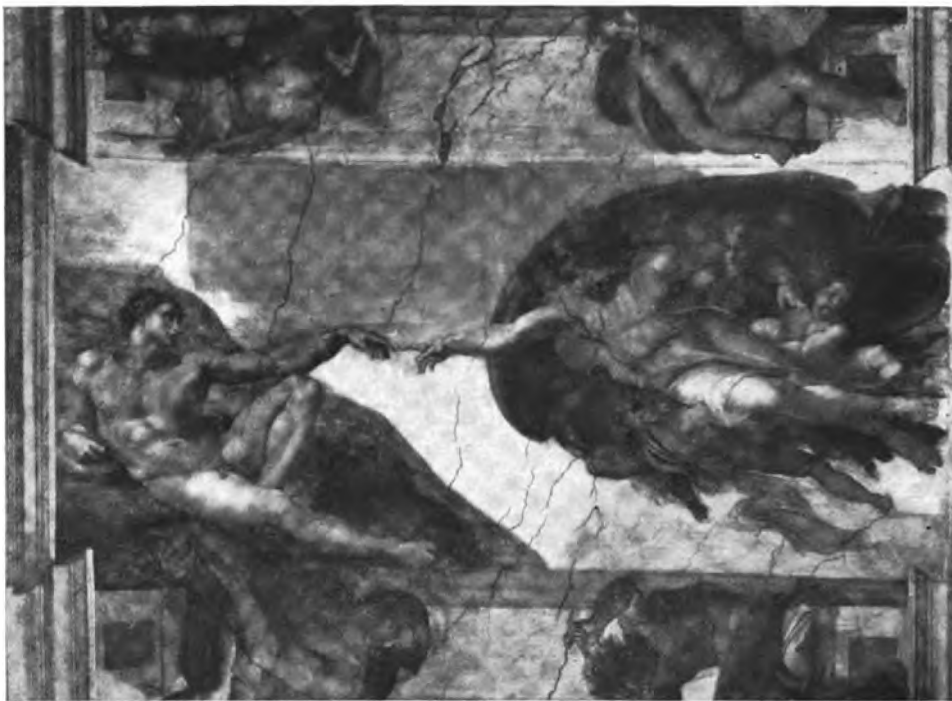
One of the recently acquired treasures of the Metropolitan Museum is of as great interest to the artist as to the archeologist. It is a bronze *biga* or ancient Graeco-Etruscan war chariot, of peculiar interest to students of early Greek art, and all Europe may be searched to find another so rare an example. The directors of the Louvre tried to obtain possession of it, but did not succeed.

Upon the arched front as well as the two sides of the chariot are figures in *bas relief*, very suggestive in their outline of the queer old "Lyon of Mycenæ," which in our school days we were told was characteristic of a certain "epoch." Surpassingly rich and beautiful is the incised or graphitic ornament as well. The figures, curiously conventionalized and yet most naively treated as to outline, suggest the crescent Egyptian art no less than the decadent Byzantine. Are they symbolic or merely historic, or both? Who shall determine?

A. V.

PATTI tells you that she never studied the art of producing or emitting the voice, writes Klein, in *Thirty Years of Musical Life in London*. Nature alone, and unaided, accomplished that marvel. To keep the organ in perfect condition she has but to run over the scales ten minutes every morning. Her vocalization is one of those miracles that cannot be explained. Its wondrous certainty and finish are assuredly not arrived at without some labor; but in the end the miracle seems to have accomplished itself.

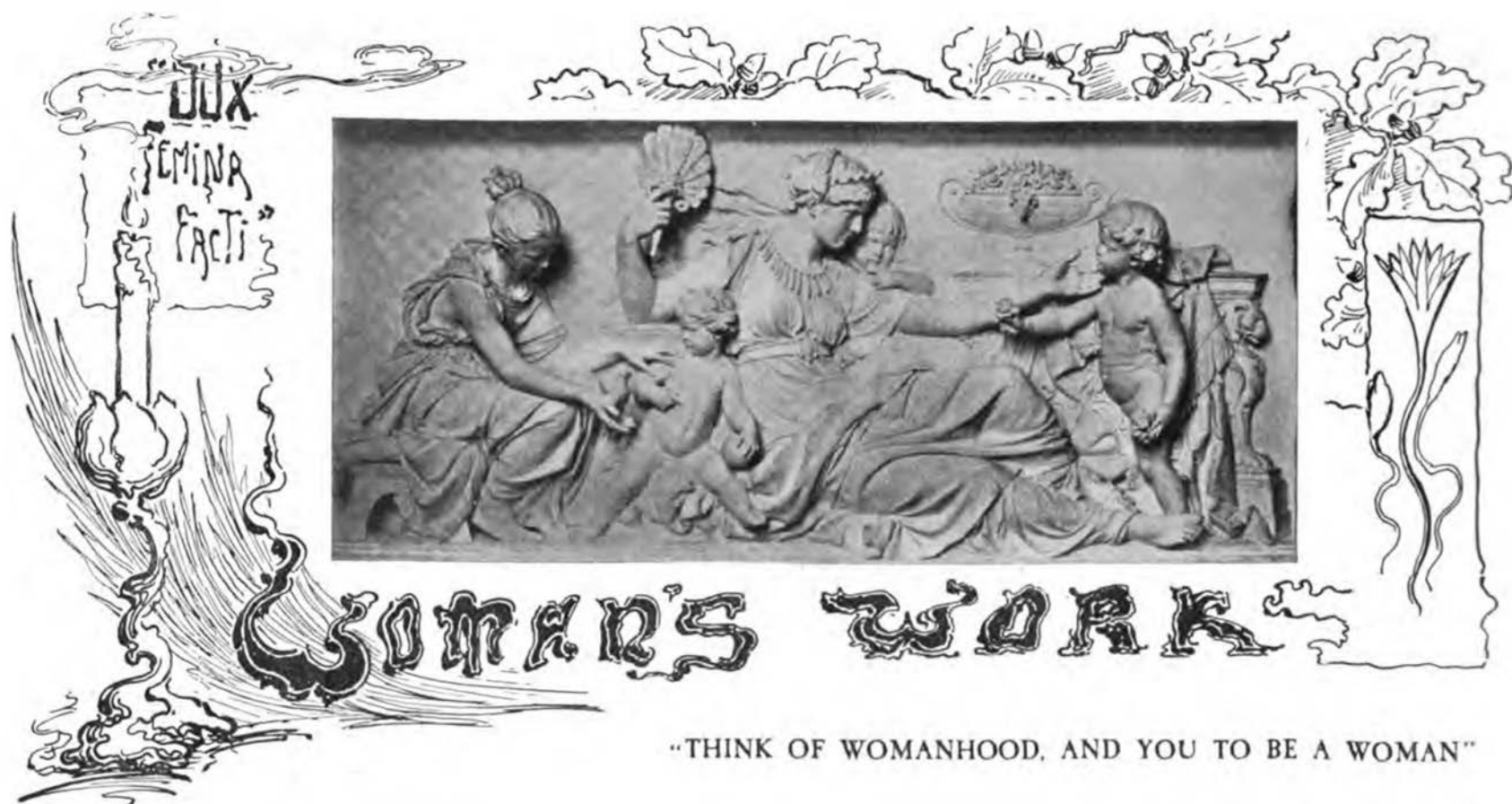
Her "ear" is phenomenal. She never forgets a tune, and will instantly name the opera or composition in which it occurs. Another mystery is the perennial freshness of her voice, which, after half a century of constant use, retains well-nigh unimpaired the delicious sweetness and bell-like timbre of early womanhood. No other example of perfect preservation stands on record in the annals of the lyric art. To analyze its secret one can only say, here surely is a singer of marvelous constitution, heaven-gifted with a faultless method, who has sedulously nursed her physical resources, and has never, under any circumstances, imposed the smallest undue strain upon her vocal organs.



"THE CREATION OF MAN," by MICHELANGELO, IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME

O my God, my God.
O Supreme Artist, who as sole return
For all the cosmic wonders of thy work,
Demandest of us just a word—a name;
"My Father, thou hast knowledge, only thou!"
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

STUDENT



IN the *Kalevala*, the national epic of Finland, the maiden Marietta is described as the destined

mother of the Great Hero. Brooding, filled with anxiety for the future, fearful of taking a single outward step, the maiden pleads with her mother for an answer to her questions, for something that should still the wild unrest of her heart. Receiving no reply, her heart is crushed, life seems a hopeless mystery, the future a dreary waste. At last, resolutely, she gathers up the bodies of her fears and carries them, like living things, to her father's feet. Then, turning aside from them and away, she passes on and out into a new life. Until then she has been bound by the old.

The legend is not all a myth. Fears are living things, as real and actual as the garments women wear. They are the demons which destroy and which are determined to destroy, and they reserve their onslaught until just the moment when one is about to seize victory. No one who can read even a little of the whole sad secret of humanity's heart can fail to see that but for their fears, men and women would rise to absolute godhood here and there. So near to the goal seem some—but a step and all the striving of a noble life will receive its reward—freedom and peace. How often at that point is the arm paralyzed, the resolution stilled—by what? By fear, an outside, hideous force which plays upon some weakness in the nature, accentuates it, drags it forth to view until it seems to fill the whole horizon, and—what then? In nine cases out of ten the one so beset loses sight of everything but that giant fear, loses sight of his own obligations, even his very soul. He becomes unable to tell the friend from the enemy. He becomes unable to distinguish in his own nature between those currents which are life-laden and those which carry death. He is as one in the midst of a battle, so blinded by smoke and dust that his brain reels and he cannot tell enemy from friend.

There come periods in the life of every one when the supreme reward is at last placed within grasp. We have but to stretch forth our hands to easily take it. Why do we fail at this point, again and again? The answer is simple. It is because fear steps in. Before we realize it the thing has us in its power. The will is paralyzed. The opportunity is lost. The pendulum swings again far outward, and we are left stranded, weeping, possibly wrecked.

The Bodies of Our Fears

FEAR nothing, for every renewed effort raises all former failures into lessons, all sins into experiences. In the light of renewed effort the Karma of all your past alters: it no longer threatens: it passes from the plane of penalty before the soul's eye up to that of tuition. Fear nothing for yourself. Fear only to fail in your duty to others.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

Then comes the agony of remorse, of which only those who have gone through hell to reach the heights can

ever be fully aware. Would that its energy had been put into the will at the time when fear first seized the mind! Then it might have availed and the victory would have been won. But afterwards—of what avail then?

Those who have watched the progress of what might be termed the "Woman Movement" of the present time, must often wonder that the advance has been so slow and so unsteady. Writ large, in it we may read the story that may be read in the lives of some individual woman, there writ small. Analyzing, we see that great opportunities have been lost, again and again, because fear lifted its ugly head at the critical time. The result is that the advance, instead of being steady, is spasmodic.

Great gaps exist because periods which should have been utilized in active upbuilding have been allowed to become times of relaxation and "resting on one's oars." The result is that the foundations have weak stones here and there, and when the strain comes something gives way. Then the woman—or perchance the organization of women—becomes discouraged. Fear steps in and in no long time the strong stones, too, are leveled, the whole foundation is torn away and every bit of the upbuilding must be done over again.

Women, looked at from the standpoint of race heredity, have some advantages which men do not possess. On the other hand they have one tremendous disadvantage which at times outweighs everything that is in their favor. It is an inherited timidity, an inherited fear, bequeathed from a past so terrible and so dark that one wonders why the human race did not go down and out in those days, like the light of a snuffed candle.

It is this which must be absolutely conquered before we as women can step into our true position and command our true strength. What shall we do then? Sit down and weep, terrified? No. Let us take up the bodies of our fears as if they were living things, and cast them out of the path. It is the only way, the one condition. Until then we cannot take a single step beyond the level of custom—which is not a high level, usually. And let us not be afraid of our fears either. Let us challenge them. The soul is greater than they, and even if it were not it is better to fall in battle than never to have fought at all.

STUDENT

The "Voices" of Jeanne d'Arc

WANDERING among the curiosities of history, Andrew Lang, in his recent book *The Valet's Tragedy and Other Studies*, takes up the question of the "Voices" of Joan of Arc, the "Voices" upon which her villainous judges relied for their proof of witchcraft or demoniacal possession.

In this case the hypothesis of deception or lying is out of the question; we do not think that anyone has ever been either foolish enough or base enough even to mention them. And it is obvious that her "Voices" guided the doings of the Maid with the utmost skill, and evinced knowledge of military technique and of diplomacy of a very high order. What were they?

Mr. Lang regards Joan as an example of a very rare phenomenon—that of a sane person seeing visual hallucinations and hearing unreal voices. "In the cases of Jeanne d'Arc, as of Socrates, the mind communicated knowledge not in the conscious everyday intelligence of the Athenian and of *la Pucelle*. This information, in Jeanne's case, was presented in the shape of hallucinations of eye and ear. We are not encouraged to suppose that saints or angels made themselves audible and visible. But, by the mechanism of such appearances to the senses, that which was divine in the Maid—in all of us, if we follow St. Paul—that 'in which we live and move and have our being,' made itself intelligible to her ordinary consciousness, her workaday self, and led her to the fulfilment of a task which seemed impossible to men."

Who has measured the possibilities of intuition? To the best of us, hardly more than the very feeblest of its activities are known. Intuition may guide us at points of choice, with an accuracy and speed beyond those of the operations of reason. But in Joan of Arc we see its essentially spiritual quality. It emerged full-armed from its deeps, and inspired her, of its own strength, to her whole life's work. And it not only showed itself as a steady current of general inspiration, but as a specific inspiration with respect to each act and problem of her career. Through her purity and utter freedom from any of the limitations of mind that are imposed by selfishness, she had related herself to the Force that works always for human welfare, the specialized force of evolution, that which is the guiding energy in what Matthew Arnold called "the stream of tendency making for righteousness."

And by it, her intuition was called out and strengthened. Whether she knew it or not, or however she may have phrased it, she belonged to that Brotherhood which is made up of all those who have reached a like point of freedom. For perfect unselfishness is perfect freedom, and it includes perfect purity. A similarly inspired Greek, in like circumstances and of like education, would perhaps have ascribed to some of the gods or dead heroes the sources of his inspiration; a Scandinavian to his gods or heroes; an Aztec to his, and so on. Joan only knew of and believed in the Angels of the Christian Hierarchy.

Mr. Lang is answerable only for as much of the above as we have directly quoted and marked from his book; but it is significant of the advancing spirit of our time that such a view should be thus openly suggested among a set of historical studies. More and more evident, as the years pass, becomes the willingness of our scholars to admit the existence of a higher wisdom than that of the brain-mind.

STUDENT

Students of Life

WE students at Point Loma are students of life; of life not only in its worldly aspect, and as the common laws of society approve of it, but in another way also. We know there are higher laws than those governing men and women as the world goes, and it is this higher way of living that we, as students, are studying. We have a higher than the ordinary life in view, and with this purpose in our hearts, we are asking for enlightenment on our way.

The truest way of asking lies in quickening our aspirations; in a constant and cheerful attendance to duty. The constant and continued aspiring—the never letting go of our efforts and striving—this is the knocking at the Temple of true life, the asking and the seeking. And we shall receive if we will obey and follow the law.

We have learned that we are creators, preservers and destroyers. We

have the power to build and preserve our bodies and lives, and we have also the power to destroy them. And our training here teaches us something about this construction and destruction. We know what a fit of temper will do toward wrecking a human being; how it will wear him out and tear him to pieces; how it will devitalize his energies; how mind and body are weakened, and how the evil consequences are often carried along over distant stretches of time.

Ambition, jealousy, envy and lust, belong to the same kind of destructive forces as temper. Every thought and act on the plane where these things live, lead us away from our goal; away from the up-building forces of life and down to destruction. These are the stumbling blocks in the way of the soul. The soul has no chance to illumine our lives as long as we

feed these lower instincts. We cannot hear the soul-voice while we listen to the passions; we cannot see the soul-light while we look upon the darkness of the lower regions. We do not need instructions to teach us that personality or selfishness is the cause of all sin and human sorrow.

Now, as we are here, students in Loma-land, for the very purpose of lessening the sin and the sorrow of the world, it becomes our first and sacred duty to purify our lives of all the destructive elements in our natures; these very things that are eating out the life-energy of millions of human beings. And when we have done our duty to ourselves, then we can go out and help to make others pure and strong, leading them along the pathway of the soul to freedom.

Each of us has a mighty store of will power in the heart; let us take possession of it and use it—and go upward. Then we shall have the freedom we long for, the freedom to help humanity.

YOUNG STUDENT

AT a recent meeting of the faculty of the School of Comparative Jurisprudence and Diplomacy of Columbian University, Washington, D. C., it was decided that to the course leading to the degree of Master of Diplomacy no woman should be admitted. The faculty announced openly that this action was taken wholly without reference to the fitness or unfitness of any woman who might apply, but because there exists no place in the consular or diplomatic service of the United States for members of the "weaker sex." As places which do not exist could not very well be occupied by anybody or anything, not even by women, the faculty's decision, if the reason on which it stands is correctly reported, appears to be somewhat superfluous.



JEANNE D'ARC, by BASTIEN LEPAGE

A VOICE below the voice,
And a height beyond the height.
Our hearing is not hearing,
And our seeing is not sight.—Tennyson

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Prehistoric Inscriptions in New Mexico

SLOWLY and reluctantly this civilization of ours has conceded that there were others. The literature of India, the manufactures of China, the architecture of Greece, and the wonderful structures and records of Egypt, have perhaps released us from a greater conceit than we now possess. If the papyrus records of Egypt had not been preserved and discovered we would still consider ourselves the first people to keep double-entry bookkeeping, use receipts, checks, bills of lading, letters of credit, and the like, but now we know better. Indeed, future discoveries may be humiliating to us—possibly there are some which would be suppressed if the explorations were carried on by men less honorable.

We Americans have not yet fully digested a certain truth, namely, that ages ago a civilization existed in our own country. We think of Columbus as its "discoverer," or at least do not go behind the Vikings. The Indians antedated these comparatively recent events, and, although they have been here for centuries, still they know nothing of the mound-builders, the cliff-dwellers, the cities of Cibola, or who irrigated the deserts of the southwest. Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico abound in ruins which are not only prehistoric, but pre-legendary. Until their "Rosetta" stone is found they, like those of Easter Island, will furnish us little information of themselves.

In his last official report, Governor Otero of New Mexico, devotes some space to a discussion of recent archeologic research in his Territory, and pleads for more stringent Federal protection of the ruins which are being despoiled of their treasures by vandals. The ruins are not scarce by any means—there are many cities of them, and not a few of the buildings contain five hundred rooms.

If these old settlers left any written records on skin or parchment, they have not yet been found, and at the present time we have only the stone carvings and painted pottery. These have braved the elements for centuries, and will be in good condition when the key to their interpretation is found and for centuries after those who regard them as meaningless picture writings are dead.

The inscriptions which are illustrated herewith were found in Lincoln County, New Mexico, near Carrizozo, east of the great flood of lava known as the Mal Pais. The topography of the spot is interesting and suggestive, being that of a circular hill fifty feet high with smaller hills on two sides and six hundred feet distant.

The three hills range in a straight line exactly north and south and have a total length of twelve hundred feet. Upon the summits are numerous large irregular angular rocks on which the carvings are found.

The natural position of these curiously marked rocks do not suggest that they mark the site of a ruin, but rather that these particular inscriptions were made on the rocks as they lay. All kinds of symbols and emblems are represented. Serpents are quite numerous, and there are many birds and mammals. In other parts of New Mexico and the great Southwest, notably in Arizona and southern Utah, there are many similar inscriptions awaiting translation.

WE see by the light of thousands of years,
And the knowledge of millions of men,
The lessons they learned thro' blood and in tears,
Are ours for the reading; and then
We sneer at their errors and follies and dreams,
Frail idols of wood and of stone,
And think ourselves wiser, forgetting, it seems
That the future may laugh at our own.—M. J. B.



PREHISTORIC ROCK CARVINGS IN NEW MEXICO



Cliff-Dwellings in the Grand Canyon

THE mummy of a cliff-dweller has been found in the Grand Cañon of Arizona, during some excavations on the site of a buried village. It is said to be the most perfect of its kind which has ever been discovered. It is that of a man of medium height, with a profusion of soft, brown hair upon one side of the head. The teeth are in a most perfect condition and the body was wrapped in coarse sacking. This interesting discovery has been carefully removed to Chicago, where it will be placed on view after a proper examination has been made.

The mystery of the cliff-dwellers has not yet been solved, nor is it likely to be until more systematic efforts are made. In many instances these curious and often well constructed dwellings seem to have been abandoned suddenly, either as a result of some natural catastrophe or the attack of foes. There can be little doubt that a more careful examination would disclose much of interest as to the origin and history of these strange people.

STUDENT

PROFESSOR ALFRED EMERSON has returned to California after spending three years in Europe. His mission has been to collect archeological material for the University of California, and very considerable success has attended his efforts. The Berkeley University already possesses a museum of remarkable value and there can be no doubt that it will soon rank among the best in the world.

A portion of Professor Emerson's collection has already arrived and the remainder is on the way. Special buildings have been set apart and no time will be lost in making the exhibits available for public inspection.

THE St. Louis Exposition is likely to be remarkable for the famous men who will visit it. It is particularly gratifying to notice that Giacomo Boni, the Italian archeologist and the director of the recent excavations in the Roman forum, has accepted an invitation to be present and to deliver a lecture on "The Origin of Italian Civilization." How long will it be before American archeologists are in a position to adequately instruct the world on the civilizations which once so magnificently occupied the American Continent? X.

A CAVE has been discovered near Roswell, N. M., which contains three chambers, and they show undoubted evidence that each chamber was used by the Aztecs, or people anterior to them, for Masonic purposes. One chamber contains emblems of the first, or Entered Apprentice degree; the second shows that it was devoted to the second, or fellow-craft degree, while the third chamber bears unmistakable evidence of having been used for raising candidates to the sublime degree of a Master Mason.—*Masonic Sun*

AN antique burial urn, which undoubtedly belongs to the Bronze Age, has been unearthed at Staylittie, Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire, England. It was found in an inverted position, beneath less than eight feet of soil, embedded in blue clay. Within were charred human remains. It measures fifteen inches in diameter, with a depth of thirteen inches.

Nature

Studies

The Irrepressible Eucalyptus at Loma-land

THERE has been a curious and conspicuous instance at the Loma-land Homestead of the almost total indifference of the eucalyptus to water—at any rate, to rain.

Early in the year a few boughs intended for a bonfire were carried to the crest of the hill, the highest point, near the flagstaff. The soil there is practically little other than the dry, red "hardpan," almost utterly destitute of any vegetable ingredients. The boughs were brought up before the winter rainfall, such as it was, but that high ground was soon quite dry. Moreover, the crest is without any sort of shelter, bare to all winds from all points of the compass, especially from the eastern deserts and the southern and western ocean.

One of these boughs must have flowered, and, after it had lain awhile on the ground, dropped seed capsules. In due course a delicate eucalyptus shoot broke through the surface of the soil, and all through the absolutely dry succeeding months to this date it has been serenely growing. It is now (December) a healthy little double sapling of about seven feet in height, a growth, say, of six inches a month. Once it had started, its steady growth all through the subsequent months in that baked and unpromising soil must have been achieved on dew only. For there were, I think, but a couple of trifling showers. Now the rainy season is at hand, and there must be great rejoicing and preparations among the delicate green leaves.

To another little sapling, then about three feet high and visibly parched and crinkled as to its leaves for want of water, I began fifteen months ago to give a daily pailful of water, and continued to do so for fourteen months. In addition, it got the dew droppings from the roof of a house near at hand. In two or three days it had perked up, and looked glossier and fatter. In a week it had thrown out hundreds of new leaves. Since that time, to now, it has grown about thirteen or fourteen inches a month. If I had not a personal and paternal attachment to it, I should dig it up and examine its roots. For the daily dose of water

was placed in an earth-pit of a couple of feet in diameter which I had dug around the trunk. To follow the water the roots must therefore have grown straight down and down and down—how far? I really think I must take a spade, after all, in the interests of science, in spite of lacerated affections! For eucalyptus roots are usually quite shallow and extend widely beneath the surface of the soil.

They are, however, great travelers when in search of water, and instances are cited where eucalyptus roots have gone from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet for their water supply.

H.

THE ORIOLE'S SECRET

by EMILY DICKINSON

TO hear an oriole sing
May be a common thing,
Or only a divine.

It is not of the bird
Who sings the same, unheard,
As unto crowd.

The fashion of the ear
Attireth that it hear
In dun or fair.

So whether it be rune,
Or whether it be none,
Is of within:

"The tune is in the tree,"
The skeptic showeth me:
"No, sir! In thee!"

A Queer Little Felt House in the Trees

AT first glance one might quite naturally mistake this for an oriole's nest because of the similarity of shape. The resemblance, however, extends no further. No oriole would deign to place his home in such a stiff and unpoetic framework of branches; but would swing it airily at the end of a twig. The little bush-tit couple who built this had other ideas. They did not understand weaving well enough to make a hammock in which it would be safe to trust the family, and, even so, weaving materials are hard to find. Therefore they used what they had as well as they could.

They gathered bits of lichen, tiny stems, bits of leaves, old bark-fibre, and the cotton from tansy stems, and here in among the stiff branches of a bush they built a house, which, comfortable as it is, could scarcely sustain its own weight a week if it were not supported by several twigs.

The birds themselves, who look like small sparrows with long tails, like to go about in little flocks of ten or a dozen. One of them is perched on a branch at some distance above the nest in the picture, though it is difficult to find him because he looks so exactly like the leaves.

In these curious homes they hatch out a great many eggs, sometimes a dozen or more. They are cheerful little fellows, these bush-tits, and their actions are much similar to the "snow-birds" of the North. N. L.

A Mystery of Plant-Life

ONE of the curious features of Point Loma is the cliffs and cañons of hard red gravel which sheds water like stone, though when once wet it is very soft. Upon the very tops of these cliffs, along the edges and on the peaks of detached masses, grow many plants and shrubs apparently healthy and vigorous, but of course stunted. But the question is, how do they grow at all? There is absolutely no possibility of their roots reaching any moist earth anywhere, and the soil they grow upon will scarcely yield to a pickax, yet there they are. If this were a rainy region one could at

least form a theory of rock crevices, etc., to account for a water supply, but it is not; our very limited supply of rain falls in the winter, and for about eight months in the year the total rainfall is less than an inch.

Where do they get the moisture to circulate their sap? How are they able to extract from the dust-dry soil the materials for leaves, flowers and fruits? And when secured, how is it made to flow through tissues already as dry as parchment? Dare we suppose that the habit of the cactus and of the bulb and root-stock species of plants, in laying up supplies in time of plenty, is done by other species—these plants and shrubs?



A BUSH-TIT'S NEST IN LOMA-LAND

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

ISIS Theatre was well filled Sunday evening, at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and the large audience thoroughly enjoyed a most interesting and instructive program, the main features of which were songs by the Raja Yoga children and addresses by Miss Wynn and Mr. Sidney Coryn, the latter delivering the fifth and closing essay in what has proved a most entertaining and instructive series on the "History of Egypt."

The Raja Yoga children have never been in better voice, singing with great effect such selections as the "Angelus," by J. Macy, "Messengers of Peace," from the opera *Rienzi* by R. Wagner, and the "Largo," by Handel. They were warmly applauded, the audience demanding even a second encore.

Miss Wynn's address was entitled "The Warrior Spirit." She said: "Some good people are afraid of encouraging the warrior spirit. They want to be good and spread goodness in the world, but they build their ideas of goodness upon what they have been told and upon what other people think. They would not dare rely upon what they feel.

"What a meek and mild, tame kind of goodness is developed in this way. Does it awaken any enthusiasm or even admiration? Don't we rather find this kind of good person somewhat irksome? They are negative and empty, good because they are afraid to be bad; anxious to be thought good by other people and to think themselves good—selfish, you see, if the truth be told.

"When we talk about the warrior spirit we must be careful to distinguish between the two kinds. The true warrior spirit is protective and helpful, it wants to build up and establish a great and good kingdom, and it tears down the enemies to the cause. It is positive and will conquer evil that it may change the power of evil. The bad warrior spirit is destructive. It seeks for place and position, and will tear down others to climb itself.

"One who has the warrior spirit strongly will show it in one of these ways. Look how St. Paul went about trying to destroy the Christian church with his warrior zeal until he became converted and saw he was fighting against the truth; then he turned the same energy into the opposite channel and worked to build up the Christian body.

"The great Rameses fought to establish his kingdom in which it was his boast that a woman could go unmolested from one end to the other.

"David was a true warrior. He began as a shepherd boy, who slew the lion and the bear to protect his flocks. He destroyed the power of the enemies of Israel and established a condition of peace in which the Temple of Solomon could be built. The Psalms of David breathe out the true warrior spirit. 'Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered.'

"The enemies of righteousness are his enemies, and he has no lingering sentimental reluctance to hit straight at them:

"Let mine adversaries be clothed with shame, and let them cover themselves with their own confusion as with a mantle."

"Let the saints be joyful in glory. Let the high praises of God be in their mouth and a two-edged sword in their hand: to execute vengeance upon the heathen, . . . to execute upon them the judgment written."

"Among the noble company of warrior heroes are, Garibaldi, Mazzini, William the Silent, Joan of Arc, Lafayette, Washington and Grant. These men boldly drew the sword in the cause of righteousness. Such men as these do great things for humanity.

"While for a specimen of destructive evil warfare we have only to look at what is going on in Turkey now; where life and property is wantonly destroyed that

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Splendid Chorus Singing by the
Raja Yoga Children --- Addresses
Miss Wynn & Mr. Sidney Coryn

Reprinted from the San Diego News

a selfish, evil power may live at ease.

"Leaving the great heroes on one side for a time, what is the effect upon a man when he is possessed with a little of the true warrior spirit? Let a man step out for some cause or some principle and have a little fight about it. How it changes him! Something has lifted him out of the ordinary level. His own com-

fort and concerns take a secondary place. He feels there is something to be worked for and defended at all costs, and he and his warrior comrades are at one on this point. Is there anything knocks the nonsense out of people and brings them closer together than being in some real danger together?

"Men who are afraid of fighting when it is necessary in a righteous cause, are selfish sentimentalists. Great warriors are the most tender-hearted men; for one who cares enough to fight for his cause will also have the heart that feels for every human creature.

"Children often show a keen appreciation of the warrior spirit. Let us not discourage this but turn it into the right channel. It is the germ of that fine manly quality that we want in our citizens. Children will forget fatigue and work earnestly in all their studies if they catch on to the idea that something is expected of them in a great cause. How they are fascinated by the idea of being soldiers! The sense of duty, the *esprit de corps*, the discipline, all appeals to them. No child is ever a lax disciplinarian. And the leader of their choice they will be true to.

"What is it that makes the great general, the warrior that can lead to victory? Is it not the spirit of enthusiastic devotion that can step out first and inspire others to dare to follow? A calm, cold, calculating man of iron discipline may do very well up to a certain point, but he will never make the moves that are stamped with genius, for this needs the touch that draws the fine qualities in other men, that kindles heroism and enables men to attempt the impossible.

"Compulsion never called forth the true warrior spirit. The spark of life that will transform dull heavy men into inspired beings needs to be kindled within them and it is caught from seeing another man who has it. Let one man step out in a righteous cause and a hundred find they have grit enough to follow. It may even be that a man may have no better way to serve a cause than to appear to fail and lay down his life for it. At the moment of his death thousands feel what it was he had at heart and now they are constrained to go on with it.

"The greatest battles are not fought out in the world at all, they are struggles on the inside in the world of feeling. And the warrior souls who fight and fight for principle in spite of mockery and abuse go through a greater strain than a general on a battle-field.

"Some have pictured Christ as merely meek and gentle, but do you not think he was a fighter, too? What a storm of opposition and persecution he raised. It was the dust and noise of a great struggle on the inside. Those who did not want to yield to the pure principles he urged were driven to protect themselves. He was stern and strong when he rebuked hypocrites and turned the money changers out of the temple.

"Such a battle has recently been fought out here in your midst by our warrior leader, Katherine Tingley. If it were not for such fighters there would have been no Universal Brotherhood—no Lotus Home on the hill—and no Raja Yoga Schools to train your children into the path of right living.

"What do we not owe to the invincible spirit of those great warriors, H. P. Blavatsky, who attacked the strongholds of bigotry and prejudice; and W. Q. Judge, who held on till his death against enemies within and without. Their cause stands before the world now and it remains to be seen where will end the fire they kindled in the hearts of men."

Culture of the Mind --- Methods in Concentration

A Short Lodge Paper

WE are often told what to do to acquire strong minds, or subtle ones, or cultured. What not to do is less often—or not at all—indicated to us.

Doubtless minds differ in the amount of vitality or energy they possess. But no one can complain till he has used what he has, to the utmost.

From morning to night, and even during the night, and from birth to death, the mind is active, spending forth. It is thinking thoughts, having feelings, throwing up memories and anticipations, developing wants, likes, dislikes, hates, prejudices. It is never still for one waking moment. In the course of the life years of the

most commonplace of people it must expend energy enough to create a universe.

No one therefore should complain of the weakness or inadequacy of his mind till he has grasped it and made it work to some purpose.

This is hard, of course. In every age people who tried have lamented the immense difficulty of mental concentration. But the task is made infinitely easier if one or two things that we all do were not done. In a year, enough force would be saved, which was hitherto squandered, to double the value of the mind as an instrument.

One of them is the habit of recapitulating in memory scenes and events that are past. Let go the past. Many people pour veritable floods of living energy into the past, robbing the present and the future, and absolutely without profit to themselves or others. Store these emotions; do not let them be stolen by ghosts of the past. The present needs all our love, our will, our power. If we look back, let it be to learn, not to throw away life in emotion.

Another is the holding of imaginary conversations with absent people. These may be pleasant, even luxurious; or they may prolong and intensify quarrels and hates. In either case they are cruel robbery of the present and the actual. Any imaginary picturing of one's self in relation to others may thus be a robbery. The only good thing is to hold an ever ready attitude of comradeship and helpfulness. The waste of creative force comes in the development of imaginary situations and talks.

And the last is the desiring of that which one has not. The mind fastens upon the picture of something not possessed or experienced, and pours more and more of its life into that thought with every occasion that is permitted to it. It is the

Invaded Humanity

THE recent researches of the famous Dr. Behring on tuberculosis have aroused much attention, not only in Germany, but everywhere else. But the point which attracts most attention is the assertion that in the body of everyone dying over 30, whatever the ostensible cause of death, tuberculosis may somewhere be detected. Tubercle is, in a way, *the* disease of our day; the germs are well-nigh omnipresent.

Of course Professor Behring has a remedy to offer, of the usual kind. He would inject tuberculosis matter into the veins of a cow, or rather of a million cows, and give their milk—which then would contain an anti-tuberculosis something—to all infants. Thus they would be, as it were, gastrically vaccinated against, and immune to, tubercle.

Picture the youth of the future. He will grow up immune to (because vaccinated against) tubercle, small-pox, typhoid, diphtheria, glandes, cancer, and the various other leading maladies. Why stop short of vaccinating him or "serumizing" him against *all* usually fatal maladies? And is there not a bacillus waiting to be detected in the blood of all very old persons? Why not run this through a horse, and so, with the serum of that horse, *vaccinate against old age itself?*

From birth onward, we are the subjects of the constant invasion of the forces of King Death. These we let in at one place, and they immediately proceed to open the doors to their friends outside, at another. The invasion of death is permitted almost at every moment. We do not recognize the invaders for what they are. But at last the bodily citadel of life is so weakened that it falls victim to a grand assault.

We have let in an exhausting invader by the door of feeling each time that we are angry. And lesser invaders come in the case of bitter criticism or hostile mood. We let in invaders as "the blues," or as fits of general moroseness. We are consciously letting in invaders by the door of feeling whenever, at a meal, we let ourselves be carried an ounce beyond need. The presence of an invader is shown by the crave for alcohol and morphine, or any form of sensual indulgence. The very word indulgence implies that we are indulging an invader who is inside, and permitting him to open a gate. The thirst for power, place, money, regard, respect, veneration, is an invader by the door of mind. Some will smile at the idea that these have anything to do with death. But the old Teachers who warned us against these things were not simply preaching morals. They knew what they were about, and when they said they were showing the path to life, they meant it, and they did not only mean life hereafter, but here.

These invaders, by the doors of thought, feeling and sensation, begin to open the doors of body; and then comes some definite disease. It is a pity we do not apply the same word to the symptoms of the other invaders. An attack of rage or gluttony may easily kill a patient just recovering from typhoid. That extreme case shows the way these invaders aid each other. But in lesser degrees it goes on all the time in all of us. And all the serums and vaccinations can hardly do more than make the invaders change their form, or the door by which they enter the bodily citadel. Their true destroyer is sunlight, physical sunlight, and sunlight of mind and feeling. "I am the *Light* of the world," said a Teacher; and it was with symbolic reason that some of the gnostic medallions picture Christ as a sun.

STUDENT

self-centered building of castles in the air, and is a robbery of the present by an imagined future; just as sentimental retrospect is a robbery of the present by an imagined *past*. Both are vampire phantoms. Hold the mind into the thing now being done; discard the phantoms, and in no long time we shall find that, diverted from the unprofitable, it is betaking itself to the profitable, and understanding gathers within us. The light of the indwelling soul shines into each man's present moment, present duty. It is not seen or felt by him who longs backward or forward. As the noblest music, the grandest pictures, are useless to him whose mind is wandering and burrowing, so is the light of the soul, that light which can be felt in each present moment.

But it is light on what I *am* doing; it can neither inspire what I *have* done, nor what I *shall* do.

Yet there can be both wise retrospect and wise anticipation, not achieved in moments of mind-wandering, called up by will, held steady, and dismissed. These call forth energy, not waste it, and these are helped by the soul. X.

The "Imprecatory" Psalms

IT appears that an expurgated edition of the Psalms is contemplated. That such a thing is wanted, will surprise many excellent people who have read these ancient hymns, as it were thoughtlessly, for years.

The Psalms are a collection probably made from older collections. They are the ritual hymn-book used at the services of the second temple. It is natural, therefore, that they should contain several key-notes of thought and conception. The idea of God changes in human history from age to age, and as expressed in some of the Psalms it is not ours today. Thus:

Unto whom I swear in My wrath
That they should not enter into My rest,

is not what most people who will think carefully would desire their children to read. On the same line, the *Christian World* remarks: "It is perhaps time that Christians ceased to triumphantly rejoice that God 'smote the first-born of Egypt, both of man and beast.'"

And at a recent church congress, a prominent clergyman protested against any further public use of the "imprecatory" Psalms. He was thinking of their effects on the minds of the boys whose headmaster he is. Here is an example of a psalm to which he objects:

Let them fall from one wickedness to another, and not come into Thy righteousness.
Let them be wiped out of the book of the living.

Let there be no man to pity him, nor to have compassion upon his fatherless children.
Let his posterity be destroyed, and in the next generation let his name be clean put out.

Neither did this prayer appear to be very edifying:

Destroy thou them, O God,
Let them fall by their own counsels.

Let them be ashamed and confounded together,
That seek after my soul to destroy it;
Let them be driven backward and put to shame
That wish me evil.

Let them be confounded and consumed,
Let them be covered with reproach and dishonor.

Mine eyes shall see my desire on my enemies,
And mine ears shall hear my desire of the wicked that rise up against me.

It is clear that we have outgrown the conception of God which was in the mind of the writer of that prayer. That writer's God had nothing to do with the God of whom Jesus Christ taught. Why then should we poison our children's minds with any such conception? X.

Know you not that our business here is a warfare? And one must watch, and one go out as a spy, and one must fight. All cannot do the same thing, nor would it be better if they were. But you neglect the bidding of the Commander, and complain when he hath laid somewhat rougher than common upon you; and you mark not what, so far as in you lies, you are making the army to become; so that if all copy you, none will dig a trench, none will cast up a rampart, none will watch, none will run any risk, but each will appear worthless for warfare. . . . Again, in a ship, if you go as a sailor, to take up a place and never budge from it, and if you are wanted to go aloft, refuse, or to run upon the prow, refuse—what captain will have patience with you? Will he not cast you out as some useless thing and a bad example for the other sailors?—*Epictetus*

* New Year's Eve in Pancake Canyon *



“APPEN to have any tobacker 'bout ye, stranger?” asked the grizzled old miner as he dropped into a seat near the Eastern man setting on the piazza of the Golden Eagle hotel in Pancake Cañon.

“Uh! thankee,” biting off a large quid and slipping the remainder abstractedly into his own pocket; “lived here long? ye ask. Well, consid'ble time—nigh onto twenty years now. Nice place, don't ye think? an' sich a climate! Just think, tomorrow's New Year, an' the boys 'ill serenade tonight dif'rent from anything you ever heard. Next nights' the concert. Do I know the singer? Well, ye better b'lieve I do. Little Bird Howard! She b'longs to this here cañon an' she haint the kind to forget her old friends.

“Tell ye her story? Well, it haint much of a story. It was kind o' curious though the way she got here. There'd been a rush over here 'cause Dandy Jim Jones had struck it big in the Golden Chariot. There'd been a big strike over at Gray Mule an' some pay dirt taken out round Brown Jug; but in less'en six months it all petered out.

“The boys was all pretty blue an' some of 'em had left, an' when news of the big find over here come it struck like lightning! 'Twas just after supper an' by sunup every mother's son had struck the trail for this here gulch, an' before sundown there warn't narry one 'at hadn't staked out a claim.

“All good ones? Well, stranger, Pancake Cañon's a good minin' gulch, but its just like it is everywhere. Some claims brought out pay gravel from the first an' some never showed a color.

“What kind did I get? O fair to middlin'. I had a pardner 'at was a good miner an' I reckon as good a feller as ever camped round these diggin's. Fact, Jack had one fault; he did like whiskey too well. But when he was sober he was all there an' every inch a man. His drinkin' made me feel blamed bad, too. Talk to 'im? Course I did, but then ye see, all the fellers got boozy an' so did I, so it hadn't much effect.

“Well, men came pourin' in an' some tried to jump claims, so play with six-shooters got to be most as common as work with picks an' shovels. An' then first thing we knew a strange feller was boardin' here at this hotel—'twas only a little shebang then, just a saloon an' eatin' house—an' every night after supper an' when the boys had got down a few drinks he'd get 'em into a game o' cards and win most o' the nuggets they'd dug out all day.

“How did the boys like it? Well, not a bit! 'specially when they thought the feller wasn't playin' fair. I was pretty mad too, when I saw he was always tryin' hard to get it in on Jack, an' he was just fool enough to drink till he'd go silly. Anyhow it could only come to one thing, an' that come mighty sudden. The gambler got to cheatin' awful one night, it was New Year's eve, too, when a lot of fellers was a layin' for 'im an' pretty soon the liveliest, promisc'ous free fight was on that you ever saw. It seemed like bullets was whizzin' in all directions. I saw that card manipulator take aim at Jack, so I tripped up my pard an' he went sprawlin' under the table. The bullet just missed him an' smashed through a lookin'-glass behind the bar. Old Syme kept the Golden Eagle an' he'd just brought out a widder from Marysville to make it seem more homelike for the boys, an' had hired two squaws to help her. Them three was all the women folks in the camp.

“Old Syme told her that he 'lowed it 'ould be pretty rough like, but the boys were all good fellers; an' she 'lowed she didn't mind an' wouldn't be afraid of hardly anything. Maybe she wa'n't afraid, but I reckon she was some rattled that night. Syme had gone out to the corral and when that bullet whizzed through the glass only a few inches from her head she jumped clean over the bar and scooted for the kitchen, screamin' like a bear was after her.

“When the boys saw Jack go down they thought he was shot sure, an' they all made a rush for that gambler, swearin' they'd lynch him then an' there. I knew Jack was all right—only too drunk to get up—an' I didn't want the feller hung if he did cheat at poker an' seven-up, so I yanked him under the bar, chucked him thro' a winder and told him to git! He didn't wait to be told twice an' before the boys had got onto it he was a half a mile up the hill among the chaparral.

“Well, the widder hadn't more 'an got the broken glass swep' up an' her back comb straight when the Yuba stage came prancin' up. It was half an hour late too, but we'd all been too interested in home affairs to notice it before. Course we all went out, for we liked to hear the news from below, and Syme took the mail bag, for he was postmaster.

“‘Hello!’ yells Dutch Dick, the driver; ‘is Jack Howard 'round here? I've brought him a New Year present.’

“‘Here he is,’ said somebody, pushing my pard forward. They'd found out he warn't hurt an' got him out in the cool night air, which kinder revived him.

“‘What ye want?’ says Jack, stupid like.

“‘I don't want *nothin'*’ says Dick, ‘but I've brought you your kid, an' a little daisy she is, too;’ an' he walked straight up to Jack an' put a little girl four or five years old into his arms.

“Jack just stared 'round, helpless like for a minute, an' none of us could do much more. Then Jack muttered like he was talkin' in his sleep: ‘I never had no kids; this here ain't mine.’

“‘Now, look here,’ says the driver, ‘this here kid has been sent up all the way from Sacramento by her mother when she was dyin'. She wanted her brought to her father, John Howard, an' that's you, hain't it?’

“‘I'm not her father, any how,’ says Jack.

“‘Well,’ says Dutch Dick, an' his face was gettin' pretty red by this time, ‘I 'lowed you was about as mean as they make 'em, but to go back on a kid, a poor little gal critter, too, why, I didn't 'pose even a low down, theiven' gambler'd do that.’

“‘He ain't no gambler,’ yelled a dozen men at once, ‘yer off yer rick'nin', Dick.’

“‘I 'low it's that villyan you ought to a-hung,’ says the widder. ‘Come here to me, you poor 'lorn little critter;’ an' she went to take the child.

“‘But the kid shook her head an' says, ‘I want to stay with my daddy.’ An' then she took a firmer grip round Jack's neck and nozzled her face down in his whiskers.

“Just then Syme come out with a lantern an' Dick got a good view of Jack. ‘W'y, no,’ says he, ‘this hain't the gambler.’

“‘He called himself Parker,’ says the widder, ‘but I saw some of his things marked J. Howard.’

“‘Well, who's goin' to take care o' the kid?’ says Dick. ‘I promised to take her to her daddy, but you all say he's skipped out; an' her mother's dead.’

“Everybody was mighty quiet for a minute; then Jack says, ‘This here kid's been brought to me for a New Year gift, an' I'm goin' to keep her.’

“Did he do it? Well, stranger, he did. He took the little thing right up to our cabin an' wouldn't let me carry her narry a step; an' he put her in his bunk an' slep' on the ground himself. After that you never did see any two critters carry on like Jack an' that kid. If he'd been her father forty times over he couldn't 'a' been any fonder of her. An' for her there was nobody on earth like daddy.

“How could he bring up a girl in a minin' camp? I'll tell ye, stranger, how he did it. That widder 'lowed she'd leave Syme's as it was too excitin' like, even if she warn't afeard, an' so we persuaded her to come an' keep house for us an' take care o' the kid. She was kind o' oneasy though, 'bout keepin' house for just two men, so I told her if it would make things any comfortabler she might annex me. She 'lowed that would do and Syme gave us a wedding supper an' my wife an' the two squaws cooked it.

“Well, Jack had teachers up here for that kid and then sent her to Sacramento an' I reckon she got about all that's goin'. An' sing! Why, stranger, no nightingale can't touch her. That's how we call her Bird. Her name's Nellie. Jack sent her to Europe an' he went to bring her home an' she's been givin' concerts all along. But all her travels an' study an' the praise she's got haint spilt her one little bit; an' she's comin' right back here to sing to the boys tomorrow night an' shake hands with every one of 'em.

“What become of her father? Well, now, stranger, you'll think it queer, but it's how things go out here. That mean or'nary gambler is in a good post at Washington. When he got prominent in politics there was some stir 'bout the way he'd treated his kid. He met Jack at Marysville an' wanted him to give her up—she was seventeen then. Well, Jack told him to come up here an' see her an' if she wanted to go to take her. He wouldn't come up with him, 'cause if he had to lose her he didn't want to say no goodbys; an' he wouldn't stand in her light no-how.

“An' she didn't go? Not much, stranger. When she heard the feller's story an' me an' my wife had told our'n, you ought to 'a' seen her cheeks flame an' her eyes flash.

“That gambler got out o' Pancake Cañon most as quick as he did t'other time. Jack came home that night, climbin' 'most as slow as a old man an' lookin' pale an' sick. He came in hesitatin' an' stumblin' till you'd most thought he was drunk. But if you'll b'lieve me he'd never touched a drop since he took the kid. Nellie'd hid on purpose an' when she run to him he just dropped his head on her shoulder an' cried like a baby.

“What's such a crowd gatherin' for? Why, the fellers are all comin' to meet Jack an' Bird. Hurrah! there's the stage! Here they come with Jack an' our girl outside! Hain't she pretty as a pictur', stranger? An' wavin' her little hand an' throwin' kisses at all these old chumps! There, she sees me! Hello, girlie! Hurrah for Birdie! Hurrah for Pancake Cañon! This is the best New Year's eve it's ever had!”

K. P. Q.

LET us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when these stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say, as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, “See! this our father did for us!”—*Ruskin*

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Other Forms of the Interesting Radium Problem

"S. W.," in *Nature*, asks a couple of pertinent questions which, if they throw no light upon one of the problems connected with radium, at least bring them into line with some with which we are all well acquainted.

"When a small magnet in my drawer has been ready to act on a compass any time during the last twenty years, and has not altered its appearance in any appreciable way, I ask, whence comes the continuous magnetic supply?" Let us add that, so far as is known, it has not altered in weight; and that, if the compass had been all that time in a neighboring drawer, the magnet would have been actually manifesting force in holding the needle of the compass steadily deflected.

Suppose we are dealing with an electro-magnet instead of a fixed one; that is, a magnet that is only a magnet while an electric current runs along a wire wrapped round it. To make that electric current, work must be done, coal must be burned, water must fall, the wind must blow; in some way force must be made to disappear somewhere to reappear as electricity.

Let us generate the quantity required to make an electro-magnet equal in strength to "S. W.'s" magnet, by means of coal, running a dynamo. Let it run twenty years. How much coal shall we burn? Allowing for waste of force inevitable in all such transformations, the force generated by the amount of coal we shall burn in twenty years, is equal to that radiated without coal or "any visible means of subsistence" by "S. W.'s" magnet.

Clearly we are confronting a mystery in the case of every magnet; and the mystery of radium is no greater.

Yet though we must consider that the magnet is doing work of a sort in holding the magnetic needle in a strained position, it is also true that, so far, we only know how to use magnets practically as transformers. When the coils of a dynamo are whirled in the magnetic field, the electricity generated in them is theoretically equal (only) in work-doing power to the power we expend in whirling the coils. It is now merely in a convenient form for storage, carriage, etc.

"Again, when a lady has had for a great many years a cedar workbox, which has never failed of its characteristic odor, it is a natural question to ask, whence comes the smell? The statement in books, both of physics and physiology, is that something material is given off from the wood which alights on the olfactory membrane of the nose. This is purely gratuitous, as the statement is without a shadow of proof. . . . If the hypothesis, for it is nothing more, fails, how does the case differ in principle from that of radium?"

The usual text-book example is a grain of musk, not a workbox. And no one has ever shown that the grain is less in weight after radiating scent for twenty years than before. It looks as if scent was like sight—a mode of receiving ether vibrations; and as if a scented body was, so to speak, luminous to the nose. It may also turn out presently that the ether has something to do with hearing.

STUDENT

THE high speed electric car experiments which have been carried out upon the Marienfelde-Zossen line in Germany seem to have been a triumphant success, according to the detailed reports furnished by the American Consul. Upon a recent trial a speed of nearly 126 miles per hour was easily attained, both machinery and roadbed remaining entirely uninjured. The engineers believe that they can easily reach a speed of 140 miles per hour.

According to the present opinion of experts, however, it is not desirable that regular traffic should exceed a speed of 93 miles per hour between Berlin and Hamburg, and they have based their recommendation upon this estimate.

The electric current used was between 13,000 and 14,000 volts, the car having four motors of about 1100 horse-power. The twelve men who accompanied the car upon these experimental trips describe the sensation of so extraordinary a speed as being in no way whatever disagreeable.

The Ever Present Headache and the Coal Tar Powders

THERE are signs of a healthy awakening to the dangers of the general use of the coal-tar derivatives, anti-kammia, acetanilid, phenacetin and the rest. Some years ago there was a number of deaths from these drugs, due to heart failure. This led to the addition of heart stimulants, and the deaths became less numerous. Accordingly the market is full of these combinations, and in every drug store window you may see the "Headache powders" freely on sale, with the added legend, "guaranteed harmless." In nearly all cases these "harmless" powders consist of a coal-tar poison, and some variety of heart stimulant.

The coal-tar products do stop a large proportion of pains. But they do it by lowering the whole organism below the level at which it is sensitive to pain. They take it, let us say, one-tenth to one-quarter of the way down to that level at which there would be death. Along with this the heart is poisoned in another way. Its reserves, or capital, of vitality, are drawn upon—in most cases never to be replaced. The coal-tar poisoning passes and the patient is perhaps as before, less that much capital of heart vitality.

Pain is a symptom. When it occurs, its cause should be hunted for. In the case of our almost universal American headache, the causes are usually late hours; far too little exercise; and overfeeding, especially of sugars, but also of all other things. A walk before breakfast with some athletic exercises, an earlier retirement to bed, fresh air by day and night, a lower house temperature in winter, three smaller meals and a removal of sugar and sweets from the diet, would quickly bring to a final end the vast majority of headaches, and add thousands of years annually to our collective life.

M. D.

The Innate Perversity of Inanimate Objects

A GENTLEMAN writes a curious query to the *Scientific American* respecting the behavior of watches. It appears that he is one of those not very exceptional people whose watches will not go. He lends his errant watches to friends, who find them to do very well. He borrows a steady watch of a friend, and it becomes errant. He sends his watch repeatedly to a watchmaker for cleaning and regulation. In the shop it goes very well, and he perceives that the watchmaker suspects him of neglecting to wind it, since in his case it does admirably.

The *Scientific American* refers the query to a wholesale watchmaking firm. The answer is that the querent probably winds his watch at irregular times, lays it down at bed-time in different positions, and sometimes leaves it hanging in his waistcoat. All of which errors, says the firm, may derange watches.

This may be true. But we venture to maintain that there are people who sin against their watches in all these grievous ways, but whose watches remain steady. And we would also suggest with some confidence, that there are people who do none of these things, whose watches are very errant while in their possession.

We hope that the querent to the *Scientific American* will undertake some researches. We feel that the problem is in line with those others: why some people immediately find lost things; why pencil cases come unscrewed in some pockets; why fountain pens behave differently in different hands, and so on. He should read (we think it was) De Quincey's essay "On the Innate Perversity of Inanimate Objects." But are they inanimate?

QUERENT

WHAT a wonderful place is Chicago! It is not satisfied with a monthly discovery of the elixir of life, but we now learn that one of its science institutions has produced a new food by which human growth can be increased to the extent of sixty per cent. This, at least is the result which is produced upon white rats, and we are assured that the effect will be the same upon human beings. If Chicago will now produce some kind of scientific nutriment which will stimulate a desire to keep the ten commandments, the cup of human attainment will surely be full and we shall owe it all to Chicago.

Here and There Throughout the World



CONGRESS HALL, TOKYO, JAPAN, SHOWING MAIN ENTRANCES

✧ *The Bible in the Nebraska Schools* ✧ THERE is some trouble in Nebraska in consequence of the Supreme Court decision against Bible teaching in the public schools. The people of Lincoln have refused to comply with the judgment and a mandamus has been issued to compel them. These disobedient citizens believe that they are imbued with the spirit of martyrdom, but they are mistaken. The sentiment under which they are acting is one which, if extended, would make all government impossible and which would be the prelude to anarchy. The Supreme Court has not forbidden Bible teaching. It has only forbidden it in a public building, in public time and at the public expense. If these people have a sense of duty which is so keen as to prevent them from obeying the laws of their country, we wonder that they do not expend some of their energy in doing their duty to their children, instead of demanding that it be done by other people at other people's expense. They surely have leisure to teach religion to their own families, although it may be readily admitted that if defiance to the law and Constitution is a part of that religion, their families are certainly better off without it.

✧ *Mommsen & the Strenuous Life* ✧ IN Theodor Mommsen the world has lost another of its intellectual giants. Of late years the great men of the world have seemed like the survivors of a historic battle; they pass away one by one and they are not renewed. Truly, the dead are very many. Mommsen, himself a strong man, believed ardently in the rule of strong men. He believed that the world would do well to recognize that the strong man rules, whether it pleases us to crown him or to leave him in his garret. In such advocacy, Mommsen and Carlyle have planted seed in the soil of human thought which Nature will care for, which she will bring to fruition in her own good time. One of the last acts of Mommsen's strenuous life was an appeal for international fraternity, an effort to close ancient wounds which ought never to have been inflicted, which ought now to be healed.

✧ *France and the Peace of Europe* ✧ THE French Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé, speaking recently to the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, ascribed the existing good feeling between France and England to the peace pronouncement of the Czar five years ago. He took occasion to felicitate his country also on the better understanding which now exists with Italy. Asked as to the action which France was taking to lessen the military burdens of Europe, M. Delcassé replied that his country was taking the best of all possible action by setting a good example, inasmuch as every year witnessed a decrease of French expenditure upon armaments.

✧ *Only Education Can Help Russia* ✧ THE forces of reform in the Russian Empire are not always articulate, but they are none the less alive. Their vitality is shown by the trial of the persons implicated in the recent massacres, and also by the report on the poverty of the peasants, which is in the hands of the Czar. This report is of so radical a nature that it declares education to be the only way in which the misery of the peasants can be removed, and that by no other means can they be strengthened against the tyrannies under which they suffer. Russia's Czar has the power of independent thought and action.

✧ *Gambling and the Police of Paris* ✧ THE Paris police are taking energetic measures against the betting evil which thrives so enormously among the wine shops of the lower class. A series of raids has been organized and they are very seldom unproductive of incriminating evidence. In most European countries the laws against betting were enacted before the mischief had become so colossal as it is now. The result is that the profits are so large that the legal fines are no longer deterrent and a new law will probably be introduced into the French parliament.

✧ *The Pauper Lunatics of London* ✧ LUNACY returns from London are fully as grave as those from some of our own great centers. Last year the County of London was called upon to support nearly 23,000 pauper lunatics, and the number is increasing to the extent of 500 per annum. The London Council has now eight large asylums, several holding over 2000 patients and further accommodation is now being built as fast as possible. These figures refer only to pauper lunatics. Who can estimate the number of lunatics who are not paupers?

✧ *Cuba Honors Memory of Prof. Bovis* ✧ A DISPATCH from Rome indicates that the late Professor Bovis, who distinguished himself as a champion of Cuban independence, is not to be forgotten by the people whose liberty he so strenuously advocated. A special address wrapped in a Cuban flag has been forwarded to Madame Bovis, and the Cuban Government has decided to purchase two complete sets of the Professor's literary works, one of which will be preserved in the National Library and the other in the Havana University.

✧ *Cathedral of Toledo Going to Ruin* ✧ THE great Cathedral of Toledo in Spain which was built in 587 may almost be said to be representative of the ecclesiastical life of the country—and it is in danger of falling. A part of the roof collapsed a few weeks ago, and the remainder is in a condition so perilous that it may collapse at any moment. The Toledo Cathedral is the metropolitan church of Spain. It is 404 feet in length, and has been for long one of the great sights of Spain.



A CHARACTERISTIC LOG CABIN CHURCH AT JUNEAU, ALASKA

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

DEAR CHILDREN: The other day I received a letter from a little Lotus Bud

who lives away off in New Zealand and this is one of the things I read in it: "Dear Cousin Edythe, won't you please tell us what New Year's day is like in Loma-land?"

Well, the picture will tell you better than words how good Mother Nature celebrates New Year's day in Loma-land. She just holds a great reception and her guest of honor is, of course, the sunshine. There are many, many flowers too, for the gardens about the great Homestead and among the little group homes of the Raja Yoga school are bright with bloom the year round.

Only the wild flowers wait; they are just beginning to wake up in their earth homes, I fancy, at New Year's time. It takes several weeks for them to fashion their gowns of pink and white and yellow and blue and purple; and no flower ever thinks of going to one of Mother Nature's receptions without being dressed in her very best. But the grand old eucalyptus trees, just as you see them in the picture, always make it a point to look their handsomest at New Year's time in Loma-land, and when you add to all this real sun-warmed sand to dig in, beautiful little birds for comrades, and the sweet home-life and mother-love that belongs to every real Raja Yoga School the world over—why, what more could be needed to make little boys and girls happy? "Every Raja Yoga School!" I hear some Lotus Bud say, "why, cousin Edythe, I thought there was only one!"

Bless me, there are ever so many. There are several in Cuba, and the Raja Yoga School in San Diego is—well, the sweetest place one can find in a week's journey; and then there is to be one opened in—but that's to be a surprise. Just wait! Some day I shall have such good news for you, for everything that changes little sick children into well ones, and unhappy boys and girls into happy ones, must be good news, of course. And that's just what Raja Yoga does, as you know.

But I am forgetting about New Year's. What do we do in Loma-land? Well, every day is a "kind of" New Year's day in Loma-land, because every morning we just shut the door on the day that is past and we step into the new day like warriors. You see, it isn't Raja Yoga to carry all our worries and regrets over with us into each new day. No, we just carry in our hearts the lessons we learn from

New Year's Day in Loma-land



win if he felt he had to carry with him wherever he might go, all the enemies that he had defeated? How far would a traveler journey if he loved his friends or his beautiful home so much that he felt he couldn't go on a journey without taking them along? No, the wise soldier just carries with him from the battle the wisdom and the strength he has gained, and the wise traveler just carries the sweet picture of home

and friends in his heart, as we might carry a lesson learned or a beautiful song in the memory.

That is the Raja Yoga way and to do that will make every day a real New Year's day—that, and sunshine.

Sunshine is a Raja Yoga secret, too. We know that if

we keep our hearts filled with it—just like a glorious burning light—

some day every child in the world will have sunshine and heart-light, too. Of

course there are millions of little children in the world, and only a few, as yet, are Raja Yogas. But that's nothing.

Have you never seen a great many fires lighted from one little flame?

That's Raja Yoga, and the flame gets larger all the time, too.

So, just as one little boy or girl whose heart is filled with happiness and sunshine and love can bring sunshine into the hearts of ever, ever so many, so

we, in Loma-land, just take the heart-light of one day like New Year's day and light with it every day of the whole year. Now isn't that a splendid way to do? Try it and see what

happy days you will have all the year through! Raja Yoga children all know a great deal about "stumbling-blocks" and about how to lift them out of the way. (A little bird told me the other day about a wonderful new Raja Yoga Symposium that,—oh, it's a

secret, too! I forgot.) But this thinking about one's self at New Year's is one of the "stumbling-blocks" that every true boy and girl must lift out of the way.

It's so easy to do it.

Just think about others!

There is no fun in the world like the fun of being a really, truly Raja Yoga, one's own self.

There won't be a stumbling-block left after awhile, only stairs to climb by, and that would be splendid!

Happy New Year to all the Buds and Blossoms in the world! Happy New Year to the little children everywhere who don't know about Raja Yoga, and so need our love even more. COUSIN EDYTHE

Always Time

THERE is always time to find
Ways of being sweet and kind;
There is always time to share
Smiles and goodness everywhere;
Time to send the frowns away,
Time a gentle word to say;
Time for helpfulness, and time
To assist the weak to climb;
Time to gather a little flower,
Time for friendship any hour;
But there is no time to spare
For unkindness anywhere.—Selected

Students'



Path

THE VISION THAT RECEDES

by S. W. Foss — *Whiffs from Wild Meadows*

FORWARD, on the same old journey, let us follow where she leads,
 Let us chase the beckoning glory of the Vision that Recedes.
 Still abides the same old magic in the waving of her hand,
 Motioning tow'rd higher regions of her misty table-land;
 Still abides the same old purpose still to follow and draw nigh
 To the fulness of the glory of the promise in her eye.
 Down the vista of long valleys, through the brook-melodious meads,
 Up the thunder-blasted mountains, floats the Vision that Recedes.

Onward through the tumbled gorges, onward till the quest is done.
 See! she beckons to new empires tow'rd the setting of the sun.
 See! her robes float in the distance, borne upon the onward breeze,
 Red with kisses of the sunset, white with blanching of the seas.
 See! she beckons, We are coming! We will follow where she leads;
 For we still believe the promise of the Vision that Recedes.
 We will follow where she leads us, through the wild and up the slope,
 Through the many tangled valleys to the table-land of hope.

Through the many tangled valleys we will chase the Vision fair,
 Till we see the golden sunset mingled with her floating hair.
 Yonder, there, beyond the chasm, see her standing in the crest
 Of that twilight girdled mountain at the threshold of the west.
 We will follow without resting, we will follow and draw nigh
 To the fulness of the glory of the promise in her eye.
 There are higher ranges yonder, and she plumes her wings for flight
 Tow'rd those visionary mountains on the borders of the night.
 Tow'rd those visionary mountains let us follow where she leads,
 Let us chase the beckoning-glory of the Vision that Recedes.

Atheism in Fiction

THERE is an atheism of thought which often stands concealed (may be, even from its owner) behind profuse verbal expressions of belief in God or in Providence. And some men have a profound and practical religious faith who with their lips profess an atheism.

In fiction and drama, one comes upon the same thing, especially in those forms belonging to the realm of tragedy. Some examples of these teach lessons of the highest spiritual and philosophic value, yet, it may be, with never a word of religion or philosophy from cover to cover.

All men who have not taken pains to kill it, or whose mode of life is not such as to stifle it, have the primal intuition that justice somehow ultimately prevails in the universe. The old-fashioned novel reflects this intuition in a simple form. Virtue and courage come by their own; the villain falls over a cliff by night. Goethe's version of the mediæval *Faust* legend has the same finale in a yet more popular and elemental way. The devil comes for Faust, and Margaret ascends to heaven. We feel that things end as they should; and the final hint of Faust's ultimate salvation reconciles us to his temporary damnation. We need that hint, because we feel that he was not wholly bad. Had he been so, we should want him swept immediately away.

Nowadays we are beginning to be satisfied with a dramatic retribution for the ill-doer which does not necessarily take so crude a form as an event or calamity. It is enough if an adequate mental condition develops upon him, a despair, misery, loneliness. Our satisfaction rests in a deep intuition, often unconscious, that this mental state is not anything in the nature of retributive revenge, but has a curative tendency. We dimly foreview the man in some future life or state as existing cured of that evil in him for which the pain came about. *Richard the Third* and *Macbeth* were not tragedies so much because the men were killed, as because of the potentially curative mental agony that came upon them. They had to die, not because it was physically painful to do so, or that they might be got out of the way of some one else's happiness, but because death would bring the crown and consummation of their misery.

Indeed, when Shakespeare made them face the ghosts of their victims, he made them in life have a foretaste of the terror and remorse of after-death. Shakespeare's ghosts are an introduction of the living to death and the dead; not of the dead to the living. And we think that in the characters of Hamlet, of Timon of Athens and of Lear, is made to appear a sort of reason and just explanation, of what befel them mentally. The beginnings of the cure are shown through the clouds and smoke. That was the message of Shakespeare—Karma, curative Nemesis.

But no such thing can be said of many of the novels and plays of to-day, whose end is tragedy. Some of the most popular work of the day appears to us to be essentially atheistic, traitorous to the divine law of justice, of compassion, which we feel, which we intuit where we cannot see. In such stories, the misery and calamities are devoid of any inner relation to the characters. Their skill and workmanship and imaginative setting and interest blind us to the utter inconjunction. In one compartment of the authors' mind are so many characters; in another so much misfortune. The contents of the two compartments are emptied into one. From the mixture arise the exhalations of despair and pain, powerfully shown us. But it is not nature; it is not art. It is as if an artist were to mix lurid colors on his palette and put them upon his sketch anyhow. This is teaching godlessness; infusing into weaker minds, nay, into the minds of nearly all readers, the idea that there is no God or law or adjustment in the world. And the poison works the deeper, the more hypnotically, because the idea is not phrased.

STUDENT

The Lesson of Gladstone's Life

COMMENTS on the life of Gladstone, owing to John Morley's recently published Biography, are necessarily rife in the press.

One may read the details of the lives of great men for the sake of adding to one's knowledge of history; or as a character study. And, whether consciously or not, we study all characters with one eye on our own and the other on that of the man studied. Otherwise we have no proper standard of comparison. Though we may seem to be comparing two others, our own as we know it is the yard-stick.

Most of the comments on Gladstone note that the double life—inner and outer—was his key-note. Externally he was of unparalleled diversity of interests, intense in each, and of exhaustless power of work. Within was a center of profound spiritual and religious feeling to which he constantly retreated and from which he sustained his energy. From very youth he built himself upon this spiritual center. Behind the usualness of his religious expressions, we cannot fail to see the mystic; but he made this inner consciousness intensely practical in its effects. Here is an extract from his diary when he was but 26:

March 31. Spoken on the Irish Church—under forty minutes. I cannot help recording here that this matter of speaking is really my strongest religious exercise. On all occasions, and today especially, was forced upon me the humiliating sense of my inability to exercise my reason in the face of the House of Commons; of the necessity of my utterly failing unless God gave me the strength and language. It was, after all, a poor performance, but would have been poorer had He never been in my thoughts as a present and powerful aid.

And another, also from his youthful period:

Spoke thirty to thirty-five minutes on University Bill with more ease than I had hoped, having been more mindful or less unmindful of divine aid.

"*Or less unmindful*" seems to give the entry an exquisite touch of humility. Here is an extract written in connection with a speech that was an appeal for justice towards some oppressed people, when he was 29:

Prayer, earnest for the moment, was wrung from me in my necessity. I hope it was not a blasphemous prayer for support in pleading the cause of justice.

And this was the spirit in which he lived and worked his 90 years. If, in studying his nature, we are inclined to be overwhelmed at the contemplation of so much mental energy, let us remember that the secret is conservation and concentration. If we could measure the work done by our minds and memories in futilities, personalities, mind-wanderings, quarrelings, schemings after nothing, and useless regrets, we should find it not far short of Gladstone's. He used his energy of mind as it came; most of us dribble away ours as it comes. But we need not go on doing so.

STUDENT

HOW TO KNOW

THE rounded world is fair to see,
 Nine times folded in mystery:
 Though baffled seers cannot impart
 The secret of its laboring heart.
 Throb thine with nature's throbbing breast,
 And all is clear from east to west.
 Spirit that lurks each form within
 Beckons to spirit of its kin;
 Self-kindled every atom glows,
 And hints the future which it owes.—*Selected.*

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

What difference is made in Theosophy between the soul and the reasoning man? Surely, the reason is the highest of man's powers, and to get beyond it is to get into a region misty and vague, where there can be no sure foothold. Yet I have heard some say that the reasoning man is not the soul. Where, then, lies the difference?

Answer

Is it not easy to see that there does exist a difference, a great difference, such as that which lies between the workman and his tool, or the musician and his instrument? Back of all our reasoning lies our "Self," which directs, looks on, judges; and it is this "Self" back of which we cannot go, that is the Soul. The reason is but one of its powers, but to get beyond it, back of it, we do not come into anything misty and vague; we get nearer to the soul itself and that which is true and real. It is through the wrong use or the misuse of reason, dropping below it, not rising above it, that we lose foothold and go astray in the realms of phantasy. The worship of the reason as the supreme faculty of man, which has reached such proportions during the past century, has stifled the higher faculties, and has reached its *logical* conclusion in the theory of a mechanical, material universe. Yet there are powers in man that the reason cannot comprehend, and it is through direct knowledge, through feeling, through direct experience that we make true progress.

Let us put reason in its right place, as a valuable servant—not as master; and thus giving freer action to the soul's higher powers, the deeper knowledge of life will become open to us. But this freer action can come only through purification of the nature, which again follows upon the practise of altruism. William Q. Judge has said:

The power to know does not come from book-study nor from mere philosophy, but mostly from the actual practise of altruism in deed, word and thought; for that practise purifies the covers of the soul and permits that light to shine down into the brain-mind.

Question

Do Theosophists approve of pleasure?

Answer

(3) "I am glad I am not a Theosophist, for you Theosophists don't believe in pleasures," said a friend to me some years ago. Upon inquiring the cause of this remark, I found that this person had failed to get another friend, who happened to be a member of this organization, to go with her to "shoot the chutes"—this friend saying that she did not enjoy that exercise and therefore would not waste her time going with her.

"And you are all alike. Not one of you would go with me to shoot the chutes. You know very well *you* wouldn't go with me next Saturday."

"No," I said, "neither would I enjoy that form of pleasure, not because I am a member of the Theosophical Society, but because naturally my pleasure lies in an entirely different direction. If I cared for that particular exercise, I would gladly go with you; but I don't care for it, I shouldn't enjoy it at all. Besides, I have so many other things to occupy my time that I couldn't think of taking time to go with you."

"Well," said she, "that settles it. I shall never be a Theosophist; I shall never join your society, for I should hate to get so I wouldn't enjoy shooting the chutes and all similar pleasures. They are just life to me. Why, I wouldn't live through my week in school, if I didn't have something of the kind to look forward to for my Saturdays and Sundays. I'd simply die."

And she left, and for all I know she is still shooting the chutes; for she never came back to borrow any of our books and magazines as she had been doing for some time.

I believe a true Theosophist will enjoy all right pleasures that come his way; but I do not believe he would be utterly lost and miserable without them, or if circumstances or duty deprived him of them.

I believe a true Theosophist must have found within himself that fount of joy that will make of every duty, small and mean though it may be, a pleasure; that will keep him content and happy, though deprived of all that one ordinarily calls pleasures. He will feel himself to be a part of a great movement, that is destined to bring light and peace and joy to all the dark places in the world; and he knows that every thought he thinks may be of a quality to help on this work.

Because he has felt surging through his entire being, a grander, truer, deeper life, that is not dependent upon externals, but is born of, and nourished by, service to others, he will find his greatest pleasure in "making all humanity feel the grandeur of the life" he has glimpsed—or rather perhaps in being given the opportunity to help, ever so little it may be, in bringing about this result. M. E. B.

(4) A class of people, one of whose principal watchwords is "life is joy," may be pardoned for wondering that the question has been put. A Theosophist would not assume to himself the power to say, "This is right and that is wrong," but he might with truth assert that the theatre and the dance are too often pernicious agents; that much of the music the average person listens to tends to awaken the lower emotional nature; that too often social gayeties are demoralizing in their influence.

But he also knows that each one of these may become a powerful factor for good. Usually, pleasures and divertimento are sought to distract a mind that cannot endure its own companionship and has no other resources to fall back upon. Pleasures are many times an attempt to stimulate an interest in life through festivities and noise and laughter. Men are so separated, one may almost say opposed, in their interests the greater part of the time, that when they do meet in hours of relaxation, the reaction is so great they run to excess; then the music-hall, the ball-room and the athletic field present pictures far from elevating.

But Theosophists nowadays need not speak in the abstract, for they are even now living the life where these same pleasures play an important part—but what a contrast! The hour of pleasure becomes an hour for drawing still closer the same bonds of comradeship that knit us to each other and our purpose during the sterner duties of the day. Because we live on the right footing with each other and in mutual helpfulness, the spirit of emulation and jealousy that mars so much of social life is absent.

In the "Life Beautiful" one can imagine that there would be no line of separation between duty and pleasure; duty would be the joyous expression of our obligations to each other and to the law, and pleasure the duty we owe to our souls of expressing this higher comradeship in the purest way. S. L.

The Kaiser's Sermon

READING the Kaiser's broad and manly address to his sons on the Christian life, on courage, and on conscience, one cannot but look with respect upon the man who uttered it. And one would have said *a priori* that there could hardly be a living Christian who would quarrel with any of it.

And we should have been wrong. The Kaiser forgot to speak about eternal damnation, never mentioned predestination, did not tell the young men that their hearts were by nature black with sin, nor referred even once to blood and vicarious atonement. He merely told them to try to imitate Christ, to try to get Christ's touch on their hearts, to try to act as they thought Christ would wish, to take the living spirit of Christ as their conscience.

For these horrible omissions he is duly taken to task. Thus one religious journal, the *Kirchliches Volksblatt*, lodges its complaint that the Kaiser delivered himself only of generalities, dealt not at all in good old orthodoxy, and taught his sons an "undogmatical Christianity of works." One can imagine the tone in which the word "*works*" would be uttered. To try to take Christ as your living guide is nothing, a mere conceit of the flesh, leads to mere noble conduct and heroic life. *Dogma* is what we want, crusted dogma. STUDENT

"Discounting the Sayings"

SIX years ago, excavations at Oxyrynchus, a buried city of ancient Egypt, resulted in the discovery of some new sayings of Jesus Christ. Further research has unearthed further sayings.

This is very alarming. There is no knowing what uncomfortable things may come up, unsettling, dogma-shattering. Whole systems, edifices of creeds, may be set a-quiver and even laid low, if this sort of thing is allowed to go on.

But there is no way to stop it; Doctors Grenfell and Hunt seem to have no regard whatever for venerable apex-resting pyramids. All that can be done is to discount in advance the value of whatever may forthcome. The early indications of this little move are already to hand. In a recent criticism we read:

The hypothesis that newly discovered sayings ascribed to Jesus should be accepted as authentic will not bear scrutiny.

Why not? Because, among the numerous gospels and records afloat up to the end of the Second century, "only the four gospels now accepted withstood the criticism of the fathers and of the councils of the church." Charges of heresy were already flying about, and the four gospels were selected from among the fifty then extant because they happened to meet the doctrinal approval of the absolutely uncritically minded persons who made the selection. Says *The Am. Encyc. Brit.*, art. "Canon:"

The exact principles that guided the formation of a canon in the earliest centuries *cannot be discovered*. Definite grounds for the reception or rejection of books were not very clearly apprehended. The choice was determined by various circumstances, of which apostolic origin was the chief, *though this itself was insufficiently attested*, for, if it be asked whether all the New Testament writings proceeded from the writers whose names they bear, criticism cannot reply in the affirmative.

In other words, we know that these early fathers were even in error as to the very authorship of the writings which they so unhesitatingly affirmed to be inspired and to be the *only ones* inspired!

Most—and the most valuable—of those collateral records are lost. Discountenanced, mostly, by the early church, they disappeared; it may be, were suppressed; some, it may be, hunted up and destroyed or abstracted. And it may be that fragments of these are coming back in the sayings, anticipatory of the whole works.

Christ, at any rate, said of himself that he taught two doctrines, one for "the multitude," the other containing the "Mysteries of the King-

dom of Heaven." And Valentinus "is recorded as asserting that he had received an esoteric doctrine which Jesus imparted only to the most spiritual among his disciples."

It is that doctrine which we may expect to come out from its (forced) hiding place, and we think it will be found to fit exactly the needs of this hour.

STUDENT

Campanella, Poet and Patriot

AN age in which freedom has become an avowed ideal, ought not to be unmindful of Campanella, the Italian patriot poet who paid for his love of liberty by twenty-seven years of imprisonment. Campanella was born in 1568, two hundred years before Garibaldi, the man of action, gave material and national expression to the inspired dreams of the poet. Campanella wrote of freedom for a world which seemed almost incapable of either wanting it or of understanding it. His own land of Italy was ground between the millstones of Austria and of Spain and the national spirit which was one day to awake so triumphantly hardly stirred in response to a summons which it could not comprehend. How far in advance of his age was Campanella his poem of "The People" is a witness:

The people is a beast of muddy brain,
That knows not its own strength, and therefore stands
Loaded with wood and iron. The powerless hands
Of a mere child guide it with bit and rein;
One kick would be enough to break the chain.
But the beast fears, and what the child demands
It does, nor its own terror understands.
Confused and stupefied by bugbears vain,
Most wonderful! With its own hands
It ties and gags itself, gives itself life and war
For peace doled out by kings from its own store.
Its own are all things between earth and heaven;
But this it knows not, and if one arise
To tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven.

It is good to remember that Campanella eventually found in France the peace and toleration which were denied to him in his own land.

STUDENT

THE American Medical Association has drawn attention to the lists of killed and wounded which are the result of our Fourth of July celebrations. In 1903 not less than 4449 persons were injured upon that occasion. Of this number about 470 persons died, while the accidents involving loss of sight and of limbs were very numerous.

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My son, be not busy about many matters, for if thou meddle much thou shalt not be unpunished; and if thou pursue, thou shalt not overtake; and thou shalt not escape by fleeing.

JAMES CLAY, M. P. for Hull, who had traveled with Disraeli, as a young man, in the East, said to him, "Who would ever have thought that you would be Prime Minister?" "Who, indeed!" replied Disraeli. "But, as we used to say when we were in the East, 'God is great, and now he is greater than ever.'" — *Meynell's Life of Disraeli*

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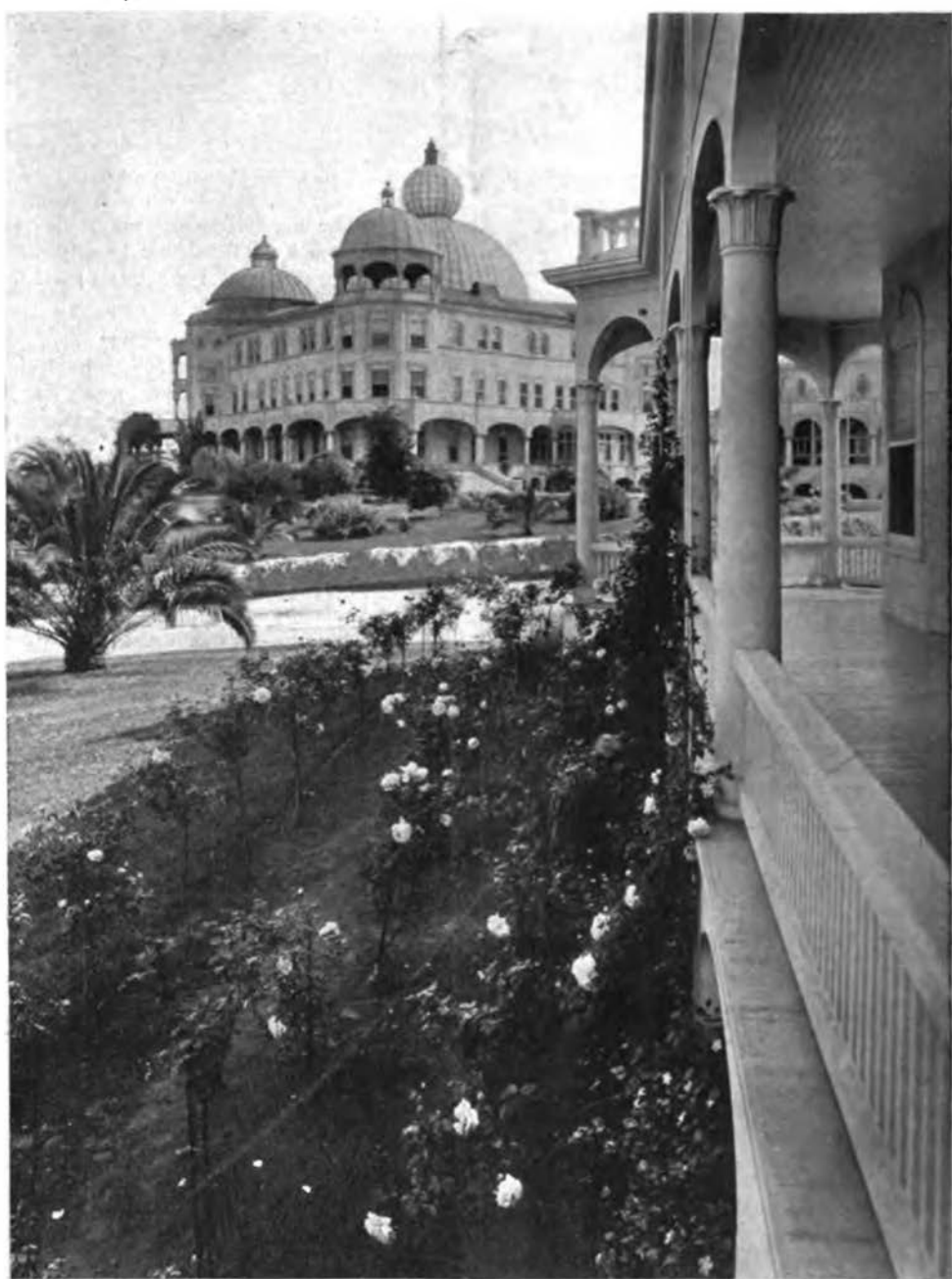
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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Sunday of the Year
Man's Part to Dominate
Fate Will Capitate
Beaconsfield and Reincarnation
Revivals Good and Bad
Lyell Glacier—illustrated
Religious Wars
Goblin Theology
Talamancans of Panama

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Money Kings and Church
Power of Self-Control
Product of Civilization
Child Labor and National
Conscience
White Man's Burden
in Philippines

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

The Irish Harp—illustrated
Empress and Musician
Preeminence of Folk-Song

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Julia Hecht—illustrated
Enid Yandell, Sculptor
Miss Ward, Sculptor
Woman Scenic Artist
Annie Laurie

Page 8—ARCHEOLOGY, ETC.

The Glacial Drift—illustrated
Archeology in California
Egyptians and Stenography
Egypt in America—illustrated

Page 9—NATURE

Nature and the Poet
Higher Education of Corn
Mystic Fruit of the South-
lands—illustrated

Pages 10 & 11—U. S. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Christmas Exercises in San Diego
Observer Notes—illustrated
Crime in Illinois

Page 12—FICTION

Le Roi S'Amuse (verse)
Saving Power of Love
Tribulations of the Clergy
Lincoln's Insight

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Confusion of Scientific
Prophecy
Scientific Conception of Atom
Finsen Light Treatment

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Indian Camp in Utah (illustration)
Armenian Church in Russia
American and English Fleets
Religious Riots in Liverpool
Italy's Monarchs Visit England
Coldness of Christian Europe
German Emperor and Officers
Armed Mission to Tibet
Brain Fag, a New Disease
Oku-no-in (Tomb) Nikko,
Japan (illustration)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Insect Musicians
Lesson in Kindness
In the Arctic Circle
Loma-Land Comrade (illustration)
My Little Cricket (verse)
A Dog Honored

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Which Is Human? (verse)
True Spirit of Religion
Book of Discipline
The Fall of Man
True Freedom (verse)
Students' Column

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

The Ripple of Effect
Great Britain and France
The Reading World
Significance of Salt

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

The Sunday of the Year

WHO shall deny the inherent virtue of an anniversary, and especially of the New Year's anniversary which we may perhaps call the Sunday of the Year? For one moment the world pauses and forgets the disfigurements which it has scrawled upon the page which is turned. For one moment it looks with something akin to hope upon the new page which is opened before it. Has that page been already filled by the unseen hand of fate, or what space can it yet hold for the illuminated records of good will?

In company with the whole world of Christendom we are inclined to

ask ourselves, what shall the New Year bring to us? The pointer upon the dial of futurity seems to veer now one way and now another, as though the winds of Nemesis were uncertain of their course. For these many centuries the world has asked itself that question, and the gifts which have fallen from the lap of destiny are with it yet, and so many of them we would fain forget if we only could. There need have been no uncertainty about the future. Seed-time and harvest have never yet failed, and when we sowed the wind did we not reap the whirlwind?

And so as the New Year is the season for all wholesome change we will ask ourselves no more what the coming year shall bring to us, but

Man's Part to Dominate Nature

rather we will ask what we ourselves shall bring to the New Year. Let us no longer be the recipients but the givers. Let us take the vacant places which are ours by right. Let us ourselves be the creative and the regenerative forces of nature. We will not sit and tremble and wait for the leaden shod events, but we will go out crowned with flowers to meet them, and however threatening they may seem we will charm them into benevolence and garland them into beneficence. We will not crouch and be subservient, but rather we will dominate and rule. We will link ourselves with the inevitable, and whatever things are inevitable shall be done by our will and not against it. No event shall trample upon us nor abash us. Every circumstance shall be our bondsman, and nothing shall anywhere occur which is not our opportunity. What matters it how many bolts shall come out of the blue so long as we have their direction? We will harness them into usefulness, and they shall be no more destructive. If all things are in motion and threaten the world with chaos, it is we who will set a tune, and with our music they shall eddy and whirl themselves into order and harmony. Let us ask for nothing better than an abundance of raw material, no matter how raw nor how rough, that we may the better show our craftsmanship.

Fate Will Capitulate to the Strong

And so the New Year shall find us better ready to welcome the achievements of men and to multiply their hopes into some kind of fruition. For these many centuries the poor worn Sisyphus of mankind has rolled the boulder to the mountain top only to see it once more crash down into the valley, leaving but bruises and ruin in its wake. There must be a great valor hidden somewhere in his hard heart in spite of the ages of folly which have encrusted it. Presently he will learn the secret of that ascent and the task will be done and the debt will be paid. That will be New Year's Day. And so upon this particular anniversary let us resolve to be no more submissive to events, but instead to be those events. The future after all holds nothing more terrible than ourselves, and if there be threats within the darkness they have gone out from ourselves to precede us. Men are the world builders, and in their aspirations is a great creative architecture, and the very stones which bruise their feet are the materials with which they may upbuild the stateliest city ever known on earth. If fate has made war upon humanity, then let humanity make war upon fate and prove that at heart she is a coward, terrifying only the weak and ready to wear any livery which is thrown to her with a strong hand. No matter the seeming with which events are clothed. We will be blind to everything except our opportunities, for truly nothing else exists.

Not then without some meaning, indeed not without some very strong and unswerving intention, we send a glad New Year to all the world.

STUDENT

Lord Beaconsfield and Reincarnation

HARDLY to be expected among the believers in Reincarnation would be Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, yet he did so believe. He was once asked by a great church dignitary if he believed in "grace." "Yes," he said; "I believe in grace as I believe in fortune; and that we get just as much as we have earned for ourselves in past existences, or as others have earned for us in past eras." (Quoted from Wilfrid Meynell's recent biography of Disraeli.)

Incidentally one may perceive that his lordship had no very clear idea of "grace;" for he evidently regards it as something earned, either by ourselves or others. In the latter case it would come under the head of fortune.

But surely the idea of "grace" is that of something *not* earned—an act of pure favor; asked for, it may be, but not as earned recompense. S.

Revivals Good and Bad

IT is pretty generally admitted that revivalism is played out. We imagine there are few who will regret its disappearance.

Its methods are open, of course, to the obvious objections of unhealthy emotionalism, hysteria, and transience of effect with injurious reaction after more or less time.

But though these objections are well taken, there is one more serious than any. The avowed aim of the "revival service" is to arouse the people to "a consciousness of guilt;" that is to say, to awaken *fear*. And fear we take to be no proper part or basis of religion.

The revival sermons speak much of the "new birth." How does that event come about under their influence? It is effected by a method of violent and lurid contrast and antithesis. A series of vivid pictures are drawn, the pigments being "sin," "guilt," "hell," "wrath" and "judgment." There are a few minds in every audience instantly susceptible to the influence of words and tones confidently and hypnotically emitted. These minds succumb to fear at once, and the contagion spreads from them to the less susceptible, breaking down whatever healthy intellectual positivity they may have, so that they too succumb to the verbal pictures and to fear. The infective panic spreads and soon strikes down, with various degrees of completeness, all the persons present.

When the process has gone far enough, another keynote is suddenly sounded with equal power. Another set of verbal pictures are sent in pursuit of the first, obliterating and reversing them. The pigments now used are "grace," "redemption," "atonement," "salvation," "love." Minds rendered utterly negative and non-resistant by fear, with profound relief accept the new pictures, gladly label their fear "repentance," and confidently move under the soothing influence of the new hypnotic current. The whole process is effected below the plane of the intelligence, whose otherwise protective influence has to be paralyzed by the induction of fear. The key to the process is the presence of a multitude of people. There must be a nucleus of intellectually weak, emotional and negative people with whom to start the current.

There is no calling of men to the real "new birth" in this. Fear is *not one of the gateways* to divine life. Fear must be conquered, outgrown, not appeased. It is conquered only by stepping out of that part of the nature where it lives; then it begins to die. The world is humanity's college. What happens is a lesson, not a punishment; a light, calling our attention to some weak or dark spot in our natures; a problem set for healthy use of intuition and understanding; a task set to give us strength; never an act of vengeance; never rooted in "wrath." Let us rise like men to welcome all that comes or shall come, here or hereafter. By this attitude, we calmly step up higher than that region of our nature where fear skulks, where pain is felt. By this royal courage we learn to dwell forevermore in peace and joy.

We men and women who feel fear and suffer pain and love pleasures, feel also in our hearts from time to time the touch, the presence, of something higher. Having felt it, we can encourage it, stopping the rush of thoughts for a minute or so while we hold it and let it breathe throughout our being. Having learned to recognize it, we can create it—or so it seems, for it is always there—night and morning and at other times. At last it will become a constant presence, which is the true "new birth." It is no longer in the man, but the man himself.

But long ere that, it has begun to throw its light on every problem; what fear is, and where arising; the meaning of pain and of life itself; immortality and death. And it shows that its encouragement, as the days go by, eats up weaknesses and lusts and clears the whole path of life. This is the true revival service, and those who wish to serve their fellows will hold it constantly in themselves. We think that the pulpits of the not distant future will contain only such men, men whose egotism has utterly dropped off, egotism spiritual, intellectual, or physical. No other men will be tolerated there, least of all jugglers who play on fear. X.

The Lyell Glacier

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week represents the Lyell Glacier in Alaska, which was named after the eminent scientist, Sir Charles Lyell. From its conformation and direction the Lyell Glacier presents many features of special interest and importance, and is much sought by tourists and scientists.

Religious Wars

WHAT is a "religious war," and how does it differ from an irreligious war? In view of the recent and present condition of eastern Europe these are questions which are often asked among western peoples to whom religion has become merely a custom, if not a fad, and who cannot readily understand how any nation can forsake the sublimities of money-making and actually engage in bloodshed for the sake of religion, and this not only on Sundays, but on week days too.

The question is at once answered by the fact that among eastern peoples, religion is not merely a custom nor a fad. However savage, fanatical, or erroneous their religion may sometimes be, it is none the less the one central and dominant fact of life, overriding all other facts and laying its impress upon every act and thought. The result of this is obvious. Religion becomes a line of division, not only in matters of thought and belief, but in every department of human activity. The votaries of opposing faiths do not merely differ in creed but in every circumstance of life. Every act of their existences brings them into conflict one with another and mutual relations become therefore almost impossible. A religious war is therefore prompted not merely by a bigoted desire to convert, but because the opposing forces are intolerable to one another.

All war, except the war undertaken for abstract justice, is hateful and abominable, whether it be a "religious" war or that other irreligious variety, so well known in Christendom, which has for its object pure and simple theft. The oriental wars of religion are perhaps more ruthless, more merciless, but that again is due to the fact that the opponents often place the same value upon their enemies' lives as upon their own, that is to say, no value whatever. They do not view death as a culminating catastrophe, but rather as an incident, nor do they conceive that life can be extinguished.

War is, as we have said, an abomination, but in our contemptuous perplexity at what is called a religious war let us remember that the same spirit of personal and intimate religion which produces these frightful excesses would, if it were modified, purified and restrained, make all war impossible, alike in the East and in the West. X.

Goblin Theology

WE are not prepared to admit that the theological views of a millionaire are likely to possess a greater measure of divine wisdom than those of ordinary people, but it is certain that they get a wider advertisement. To what extent this is due to their inherent value we may judge from the following gem which is being extensively reproduced throughout the press:

Imagine where you or I would have been if we had not been saved. What service then do we not owe the church?

It seems almost a pity to give further currency to mere silliness, but we fear it is representative of much that passes for Christianity among those who have never learned to think. One of the problems of the future will be to determine how it was ever possible for an institution to obsess humanity with a needless and foolish fear in order that it might pose as a deliverer from a danger which never existed. It is certainly regrettable that these goblin tales should still have the power to terrify grown-up children and that the all-pervading force of money should be used to give them circulation. STUDENT

The Talamancans of Panama

THE *Scientific American* gives an account of an almost unknown people inhabiting the Isthmus of Panama. These are the Talamancans, who occupy a few square miles in the mountains almost midway between the two oceans.

These primitive people remain in the same state as when Columbus came, the surrounding Spanish influence not having succeeded in either exterminating or changing them. They are peaceable and hospitable, live by hunting and domesticating animals, preserve their own language, and are almost unclothed. They build huts which are masterpieces of the art of thatching, and are ruled over by a king who is an absolute despot, and whose power is transmitted by primogeniture.

"The Talamancans present an instance of a nation without doctor, lawyer or priest," having only a functionary called a "sokee," a kind of medicine-man who combines the functions of all three.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Money Kings and the Church

THE voice of the Rev. Frederick E. Hopkins may be as that of one crying in the wilderness, but if so, it is all the more welcome upon that account. Very great reforms have been begun by just such means. Mr. Hopkins thinks that:

In these days, when the church and the masses are in none too close touch, it is unfortunate for any one professing special gifts for spiritual leadership to create the impression that he is doing his best to be a millionaire.

Any man has the right to make money out of almost anything except religion.

The ministry of today needs to cry aloud and spare not that class of men who endeavor to ride a good cause to reach purely selfish ends. Unlimited religious, as well as political authority, is a menace. Self-denial in its best and highest expression means refusing to accept or profit by what one might possibly secure by the power of a selfish will.

It was once said by one not altogether without authority even in the Twentieth century, that it is not possible to serve both God and Mammon. Some of our churches—by no means all—have indeed lived the strenuous life in order to show that it is possible to render this double service. An increasing popular neglect ought now to show them that even the wealth of civilization cannot repeal Divine law. The church which seeks to flatter the world by imitation incurs the contempt of the world, which, however sordid it may be, respects a high ideal and applauds its pursuit. The churches will never fully regain their lost position until they pronounce an eternal divorce between themselves and money-getting; but even the ordinary system of salaries, bad as it is, is harmless in comparison with the mercenary evils against which Mr. Hopkins protests so well. The all-providing law of God, which cares even for the sparrows, can never be successfully preached in churches dependent upon the money market.

STUDENT

The Power of Self- Control

A SPEAKER at a recent Sunday-school meeting in Chicago was entirely right in saying that the ancient Greeks regarded patriotism as a part of religion and no better idea could be given to children than that of responsibility for their country and city. In dealing however with the alcohol question, the speech was perhaps not quite so happy. This question is not to be solved by government regulation. Very few social questions can be solved in this way. Government regulation may often be necessary as a palliative, as an aid, as a temporary substitute, but we must eventually rid our minds of the superstition that government can perform our private duties for us. A government is after all but an agent or representative of the people, it can but voice their will and express their aspiration. The alcohol problem can only be solved by the inculcation of self-restraint. Government action may be useful in aiding those who have lost the power of self-restraint, but if we will but take ourselves in hand in good time the coming generation will not include any such poor unfortunates who have lost free will, which is the essence of our human nature. Sunday-school teachers have a great opportunity as well as a great responsibility. Let them cease to teach so many unimportant trivialities, so many creeds, so many things which children cannot believe, simply because they are not true. Let them teach their charges the habit of self-control and self-denial, not only in respect to certain evils such as alcohol, but because self-control and self-denial are in themselves virtues, irrespective of their application. It is within the power of teachers to so influence the children under their charge that they will go out into the world and into the midst of all temptations absolutely proof against evil. How many teachers there are whose hearts would thrill with joy if they could but realize their power and break away from tradition and custom. A child who can repeat the names of all the kings of Israel and their dates is just as likely to lead a vicious life as the child who never heard of them, but the child who has been taught to discriminate between the higher nature and the lower will go out into life thrice armed against all moral enemies. Our Sunday-school teachers have intelligence and the power of thought, and best of all, very many of them have devotion. Let them use these powers and generations to come shall bless them.

Another Product of Civilization

A YOUNG man, 20 years of age, has just been arrested in New York on his discharge from Bellevue Hospital. This product of Christian civilization has been in confinement practically since his infancy, and the report naively states that he is supposed to be now insane as a result of the solitary confinement which he has undergone. The English language seems to lack the necessary vigor with which to adequately describe the cruel stupidity of which this is one illustration out of very many. We first of all allow a child to become a criminal, and in order to remedy this colossal folly we turn the criminal into a criminal lunatic. We wish that civilization had a collective pair of eyes which it could turn understandingly upon its handiwork. All that now remains for us to do is to take care of this poor ruined human being for the rest of his life which will probably be a long one. An estimate of his cost in money to the community would be interesting and enlightening. We have applied to his case our whole machinery of reformatories, hospitals, policemen, judges and gaols, and the net result is a criminal lunatic. The expenditure seems scarcely justified by the result. X.

Child-Labor and National Conscience

CHAUNCEY B. BREWSTER has preached a sermon in Boston that ought to touch the national conscience. His subject was child-labor, and he is reported as saying:

These reputable men who are receiving their dividends from mills, making money out of child-labor, will meet with a day of reckoning, as surely as there is a curse on money coined out of flesh and blood; out of the aching, failing flesh; out of the thin, impoverished blood of little girls of tender years, who have their rights to pure air and sunshine.

The churches have been by no means conspicuous in their denunciation of this scandal, but Mr. Brewster has done what in him lies to remove a reproach which was lying heavily at their doors. We should have supposed that the protection of children would be recognized as one of the most sacred duties that would fall to the lot of those who profess to follow Christ. We hear a very great deal about the forces which are supposed to menace Christianity; but the charge that the churches are indifferent to the fate of thousands of stunted, tortured and murdered factory children, will weigh more heavily against them than all other accusations put together.

STUDENT

White Man's Burden in Philippines

THE white man's burden is being cheerfully carried in the Philippines. Two years ago there were less than two hundred native instructors who were qualified to teach English. There are now more than two thousand. Criticism of American methods is, of course, only to be expected, the race of critics being not yet entirely extinct. We must, however, confess to some sympathy with the ideas of Dr. A. E. Chamberlain who believes that,

To educate the Filipinos, without using to the full their language and their literature, the thousand-fold stimuli of their environment, their racial temperament and ideals, their past history and natural ambitions for the future, is to stunt them in body, mind and soul.

Enthusiasts generally use strong language, sometimes excessively strong language, and we do not believe that there is any likelihood that the Filipinos will "be stunted in body, mind and soul." It is at the same time essential to remember that every nation has its individuality, which is its priceless possession, and that true education consists in developing that individuality along its own lines. The difference between nations are not only geographical, and it would be as disastrous to try to produce uniformity among the world's peoples as to attempt to force the keys of a piano to produce the same sound. Americans are Americans and Filipinos are Filipinos, and the charm is in the legitimate and natural difference. Let us not try to turn the Filipinos into Americans, but rather into good Filipinos, while we ourselves relax no effort to become good Americans. There is still some small room for progress. STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Irish Harp

THE harp has ever been identified with celestial harmonies, and the rays of truth now permeating man's earth-bound conception of the soul, are beginning to clear away the mists that have for ages dulled his hearing and clouded his vision. Once more the strains of the true immortal harp are sounding soft and clear, waiting to guide him back again to his long forsaken ancestral home.

In ancient legends we read of the harp of Apollo, "the lyre of the radiant god," and the seers of all times and of all peoples have revealed to us that it is the chosen instrument of the gods, of those "redeemed from the earth," who have attuned themselves to receive their divine birth-right in the kingdom of heaven within.

But it is from the legends of the glorious sun-god Apollo, that we learn the true nature of the heavenly harp. Its strings are the magic notes of the soul—compassion, love, unity—that vibrate their silver-toned radiance to the heart of man, ever calling him to claim his divinity. In the far past, when humanity began to wander from its birthplace—realms divine—the memory of those living, undying strains sought to create its counterpart on earth, and one became "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." The most ancient nations have used the harp in their religious ceremonies, and in Erin it has ever been sacred.

Erin's history relates many wars between the gods of Light (the Matha de Danann with their god, Dagda), and the gods of Darkness (the Fomorians, under their god, Lethra). After one of these mighty battles, at which the Fomorians were defeated, the sword of the Lethra fell into the hands of Ogma, a divine champion warrior.

The Fomorians compensated themselves for the loss of this sword by carrying off the harp of Dagda. Lug, the Dagda, and Ogma went in pursuit. When the chiefs of the Fomorians thought they had left the battle-field far behind and were out of danger, they made a halt for the purpose of refreshing themselves. They were gathered together in the banqueting hall, and had hung the harp of the Dagda upon the wall, when in rushed Lug, the Dagda and Ogma. Before they had time to get to their feet the Dagda called out to his harp to come to him. The harp knew its master's voice and leaped straightway from the wall to meet him, killing nine men on its way; and it placed itself in the god's hands who made wonderful music upon it. At that time there were three strains, the execution of which was the distinguishing mark of a great artist. The first produced sleep, the second laughter and the third tears and lamentations.

First of all the Dagda played the third strain, and there was great weeping and wailing among the Fomorian women. Then he played the second, and the women and young men burst into laughter. Then he played the first strain, and the women and children and the warriors fell into a deep sleep. Thereupon Lug, the Dagda and Ogma, seizing the opportunity, went out from the hall and returned safe and sound to their own people, without receiving wound or blow from the Fomorians, who had sought their lives.

In comparatively recent times the music of the Irish harp has filled with inspiration the hearts of the Christian warriors in their Crusades.

When we know the antiquity of its origin we better realize the deep significance of the harp, and when we see it, the emblem of Ireland, speaking to us of the deeply poetic and richly musical nature of the Irish people, whose history as a nation is so full of pathos—we pause—and listen.



IRISH HARP

FRAGMENT

by SIDNEY LANIER

A VELVET flute-note fell down presently
Upon the bosom of that harmony.
And sailed and sailed incessantly.
As if a petal from a wild-rose blown
Had fluttered down upon that pool of tone
And boatwise dropped o' the convex side
And floated down the glassy tide
And clarified and glorified
The solemn spaces where the shadows bide.
From the warm concave of that fluted note
Somewhat, half-song, half-odor, forth did float.
As if a rose might somehow be a throat.

Empress and Musician

THE following story is related of Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria. Glück, while Maria Theresa was still Archduchess, was a young man, and his compositions, just beginning to be known, were the cause of more or less jealousy and ill-natured criticism. At one time a certain trio from one of his operas was to be rendered by three well-known singers, one of whom, at the last moment when the audience had assembled, refused to sing, declaring that the part would ruin her voice.

To the audience this was a disappointment, but to the young composer it was a severe blow. Suddenly a young lady arose, and, accompanied by her husband, advanced to the piano. Addressing the two other singers, she said, "My husband and I have studied this aria, and he thinks that I sing it fairly well. Will you sing it with me?" The singers smiled. They were professionals and the young lady was unknown. The young lady hesitated and then said, in a lower voice, "I'm the Archduchess Maria Theresa." That made a difference. They sang, and, so it is said, a more charming performance of that beautiful aria has rarely been heard. At the conclusion the Archduchess said to her husband, laughingly, "Now, my dear, *now* are you convinced that I could earn my living as a singer?"

It was Maria Theresa who, as Empress of Austria, later gave her patronage to the "wonder-child" Mozart. The tiny Wolfert was very fond of her and said at one time, "I love her. She kissed me just like mother."

Preeminence of the Folk-Song

IT has often been remarked that many of the greatest composers have used folk-songs in their compositions, thus attesting the value of these melodies; also that few if any great composers have succeeded in imitating folk-songs. An explanation given is that the folk-song is not composed, but is a product of gradual growth, being elaborated and added to by successive generations; a process which a single composer can scarcely emulate. To this we might add that the folk-song, being the work of many people, expresses a wide and impersonal spirit, whereas the work of a single composer is often narrowed and tinged by his personality. In fact, the folk-song is the voice of a whole people, and the voice of nature speaking through her denizens. In the folk-song, as in all great works of art, simplicity and beauty become identical. Elaboration and complexity too often conceal a deficiency of essential virtue. Egypt is being made

in a number of European countries to collect and preserve the folk-songs, many of which, except for this precaution, would either disappear or hopelessly degenerate. Just in so far as these folk-songs have sprung from the real heart-life of the people who gave them origin, just in so far as they reflect that which is best in human nature, are they inspirational and true. A few melodies which are dignified by that name are destined to disappear of their own coarseness and inanity. But the true folk-song is a witness and a record that no nation can afford to lose.

In ensemble instrumental work, though individual excellence is a *sine qua non*, individual prominence is intolerable. One of the beauties of such work is the blending of tones. This forces each player to act as an integral part of a whole and coerces him, for the time being, into some measure of self-forgetfulness and harmony. He must bear his own part but he must relate it to the other parts. In choral work these points are still more pronounced, which explains why in both orchestral and choral work, but particularly in the latter, the resultant is often higher than the average.

H. T. P.



"LIFE IS A PROGRESS AND NOT A STATION"

Julia Hecht

"BUT, seriously, I haven't any history," Miss Hecht smiled; "the most important part of my life has been spent at Point Loma, and the last five years have been years filled with the joy that must come from conditions which make possible an ideal musical life."

"But before you came to Point Loma—tell me about your musical study."

"My musical life differed little from the lives of many of my student friends," said Miss Hecht, "until it was darkened by a great disappointment. My health broke down and my cherished dream of music-study in Europe had to be given up. But what seemed to me then such a disappointment was really the greatest blessing. Except for that I should not have come to Point Loma so soon, perhaps not at all. And I am convinced that nowhere else could I have entered into a musical life on the broadest and most spiritual lines."

Miss Hecht's girlhood was spent in the pretty little village of La Porte, Indiana. Music has always been her passion, and she could sing before she could talk. Most of her musical training was received under Carl Wolfssohn, one of the most eminent teachers of piano in America, and before coming to Point Loma she several times played in public with marked success. Great was the teacher's disappointment when Miss Hecht, whom he considered one of his most promising pupils, broke down from nervous overstrain and was obliged to give up all musical work for a number of years. This occurring while she was contemplating a trip to Europe to continue there the study which she early determined to make her life-work, was a severe blow to both pupil and teacher. But it proved to be most fortunate. In 1899 she came to Point Loma, hoping to regain her lost health, and that journey proved to be a turning-point in her career. Shortly afterward she accepted her present position in the Isis Conservatory of Music.

"And your health?" This time the questioner smiled, for Miss Hecht is the picture of health. "You can see for yourself," was her reply. "I found here, of course, the ideal conditions on physical lines, for nowhere can this climate and this ozone-laden air be equaled. But what is of vastly greater importance, I found here all the conditions necessary to a musical life of the fullest, most ideal description. When I came here I was in the depths of unhappiness, almost despair, feeling that I should be grateful, indeed, if I could recover my health. Not only was that restored, but something a thousandfold greater has been added in an ideal musical life."

Miss Hecht's work with the Raja Yoga children is worthy of notice. She has had the advantage of Katherine Tingley's direction and advice, and the results are little less than marvelous. To speak of but one instance—that of a child of seven years who plays difficult compositions from Clementi, Beethoven, Schubert, Mozowski and other composers. And these selections were not merely ground out as exercises might have been. Some of them were played from memory, and with all the *rappor*t and delicacy of shading that characterize genius. I have heard many "child-pianists," but never one whose playing had, quite outside of the matter of advancement, that indescribable artist touch. I have never seen a child in the dozen musical conservatories with which I am familiar, who preserved, in connection with such unusual ability, the sweet unconsciousness of pure childhood. "It is the Raja Yoga training," said Miss Hecht. "I could not do one-half so much for the children except for that."

"Is it possible," I questioned, "that the music schools of the world cannot achieve such results?"

"I would not say that they *cannot*," replied Miss Hecht. "I only know that they *do not*. And yet," she continued, "when you consider the conditions under which the music-study of the world is carried on—how the principal schools are located in the midst of the noise and con-

fusion of great cities, how the very life the students are compelled to lead keeps them under constant nervous strain—one wonders not that the teachers do not accomplish more, but rather that they accomplish so much. Many gifted lives are wrecked year after year just because of the false conditions under which students try to carry on their musical work; and many, who do not utterly break down, struggle through life handicapped from the same cause. My experience with the Raja Yoga children has convinced me that there is more musical genius in the world than we realize, and if musicians from their childhood could study in an environment which was a help rather than a hindrance, I believe that before long all humanity would spring into a new life." E. H. V.

Enid Yandell, Sculptor

IT is estimated that there are, in the United States alone, something like one hundred young women who are professional sculptors, a statement which indicates that one more of the barriers which have shut women out from their possibilities has been broken down. When Harriet Hosmer studied, in the early days, she stood almost alone. Today the woman sculptor finds a comradeship among her sisters that has meant much for her work.

Enid Yandell is a member of this brilliant and younger group. She early gave such evidence of artistic ability that she was sent by her father, Dr. Yandell, one of Kentucky's most famous surgeons, to the Art Academy at Cincinnati. From there she went to the Art Institute, where she became a pupil of Lorado Taft; later to New York, then to Paris. As a pupil of Rodin and of MacMonnies for three years she had unusual opportunities, for Paris is the inspiration of all art students, and she was fortunate in choosing her teachers from that younger and remarkable group whose work has been such a distinct advance over that of their predecessors. Miss Yandell's most remarkable work in point of size is her figure of "Athena," executed for the Tennessee Centennial Exhibition at Nashville. Forty feet it measures from tip to base, and it was completed in the short space of ten months. It is a copy of the Louvre Athena. The work was done in Paris.

But Miss Yandell's most remarkable original work, in some respects, is perhaps the Bajnotti Memorial Fountain, a \$10,000 commission. It is a large central group of figures representing "The Struggle of Life," depicting the struggle of the soul to free itself from the entanglements of its earthly environment and its final triumph over the snares of the intellect and the clamor of the passions. Life is symbolized by a woman, the soul by an angel and the earthly influences by three draped male figures.

Miss Yandell was one of the three women who received medals from the directors of the Chicago World's Fair, chiefly for her sculpturing of the caryatids of the Woman's Building.

Less imposing, but more remarkable in point of design, is a tankard designed by her, the original of which was sold to Mrs. Harriman and a copy of which is in the Vanderbilt family. Miss Yandell is passionately fond of music and has said that the idea of this design came to her while listening to the music of *Les Trois Serpentes*.

Among portrait busts by Miss Yandell are those of Emma Willard and the late Augusta Holmes, of Professor Ricker, of Chancellor Garland of the Vanderbilt University and of John G. Carlisle, Baroness de Brunecker and Governor Goebel of Kentucky. The work upon which she is at present engaged is a large figure of "Victory" for the St. Louis Exposition.

Miss Yandell is a sweet-faced young woman, yet with strong and well marked features. She impresses one at first glance as being possessed of unusual strength of character as well as common sense. In Paris, as elsewhere, she was a favorite with both teachers and pupils. For many years she has exhibited in the Paris Salon although her studio is at present in New York.

A. W. H.

Miss Ward, Sculptor

MISS ELSIE WARD, a young sculptor, has recently won the \$3000 prize for the design for the drinking-fountain to be erected at the St. Louis Exposition, and has received also the commission for a large group representing Daniel Boone and other characters of historical pioneer days.

Miss Ward is of Southern parentage, her ancestors being from Virginia and Kentucky. Like so many who have achieved marked success, she was born on a farm and grew up with "animals and other children," very much as a farmer's daughter usually does. But on that farm was a rich clay deposit. The child early discovered it and began modeling it into the semblance of her beloved pets and would-be portraits of her friends. By a fortunate chance her parents removed to Denver, Colorado, where she had the opportunity of studying under one or two famous European artists who had come to that city for their health.

One of them advised her to enter the Art League of New York and, in no long space of time, with a great deal of courage and very little money, she made her way to New York and began the study with St. Gaudens. Nothing could discourage her. She took care of the modeling room and looked after the supplies to help pay her expenses, and she studied unceasingly.

Those who know the joy that comes to such a teacher as St. Gaudens, when a really promising pupil chances to enter his class, know that Miss Ward received every encouragement and every aid from him. Before long she had won the first prize in a student contest. A little later she studied with Daniel C. French, and during her last year at the Art League she was made a member of the Board of Control.

At last, some five years ago, Miss Ward managed to go to Paris. Her funds were limited, but not so her aspirations and her determination. She remained there a year, winning honors, then returned to America, and at St. Gaudens' request entered his studio in Windsor, Vermont, becoming his pupil and assistant. At the Charleston Exposition she received a prize for a Huguenot group, and later another prize for the group "Mother and Child."

Miss Ward is in earnest. To her art is not a pastime, nor yet a mere enterprise, still less a means of gaining wealth or honor. To her it is something sacred, the expression of all that is best and highest in her nature.

With so much bad art in the world and so many artists who frankly own to motives that are not the highest, it is indeed refreshing to find a young artist so sincere and true in her work as is Miss Ward. The hunger for fame and the desire for the dollar are the two diseases which are the curse of the world of art today. Miss Ward appears to stand securely beyond the blight of either.

MISS JULIA HECHT

of the Isis Conservatory of Music, Point Loma



A Woman Scenic Artist

AMONG the scenic artists of New York one of the most successful is Miss Grace Wishaar, formerly of Seattle. Her success did not, however, come without a struggle. She found a wall of prejudice against woman's work in that profession and encountered a second wall of professional jealousy. From theatre to theatre she went, looking for a chance to show the manager what she could do. Time after time she was refused. At one place all the men who were employed rose in a body and told the manager they would leave if he employed a woman! At another place, where some forty scenic artists and their assistants were engaged, the manager told her frankly, "I would not dare to employ a woman. The men object."

One, however, Mr. Dodge, said, "I will give you a trial." So into his studio Miss Wishaar went, and her work was so satisfactory that she has had more work offered her than she could do ever since. Miss Wishaar is a water colorist and a miniaturist as well. Her miniatures are frequently exhibited, bringing favorable notice. But the scenic work is her delight, and her career began when she was but sixteen. It appears that a certain manager in Seattle, her home, needed a "drop curtain" and Miss Wishaar offered to paint it for him. So successful was she that she soon opened a scenic studio in that city, and later went to New York.

It is interesting to see the slender young woman working way up on the "paint bridge," close to a canvas so huge that one could not possibly see the whole of it at the artist's close range. The departure is a new one. Whether others will follow in this young woman's footsteps remains to be seen. The work is laborious in the extreme, often unpleasant, yet withal fascinating and, to one who is really competent, always a labor of love. E. H.

Annie Laurie

FEW are aware that the "Annie Laurie" of bonnie ancient Maxwellton really existed. So much of romance has clustered about the name that it has taken its place beside the "Chloes" and "Marys" of the old Stuart poets and is usually regarded as fictitious. Yet, far

from being a myth, Annie Laurie was a daughter of the old Scottish family of Cochrane. There are those today who declare that she lives again in the person of her descendant, Lady Grizelle Cochrane.

Among the portraits in Maxwellton House in Forfordshire today hangs a picture of "Annie Laurie," a beautiful face framed in golden hair, whose wonderful hazel eyes make it altogether one of "the fairest that ever sun shone on." It might be taken for a portrait of Lady Grizelle herself. Not long ago she was requested by her family to have her portrait painted, that it might be hung beside that of her famous ancestress. She laughingly replied, "It would be absurd! I was painted once, and though that was many generations ago, surely once should suffice."

NEW ORLEANS, it is said, is the first city to erect a statue in honor of a woman. The statue stands in one of the public squares and is that of Margaret Houghery, a woman whose best garments were a cheap dress and shawl, and who never had on a pair of kid gloves in her life. She was ignorant, as well, barely able to write her name, but no one in the city was a greater benefactor to the city's children or to the poor. From the first, she divided her money with poor children, often giving all she possessed to some family that was in need, and at her death she divided her entire fortune—not a small one—between the charitable institutions of the city. She started without a dollar or a friend, but made a fortune in the milk and bakery business. New Orleans both honors and loves her memory.

MRS. JOSEPH PENNELL will write the authorized biography of James McNeill Whistler, the artist. All of his papers and letters have been given over to her. Mrs. Pennell, as Elizabeth Robins, made a name for herself as a writer, and since her marriage to Joseph Pennell she has continued her work in connection with his. Mr. Pennell is a well-known artist, better known perhaps, from his magazine illustrations than from his sketches. Together, Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have written and illustrated several volumes besides numerous short articles. Both have traveled extensively, particularly throughout southern Europe.

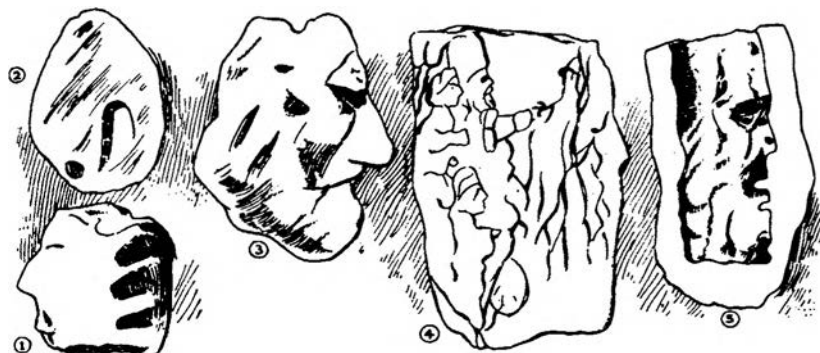
Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Archeology and the Glacial Drift—New Discoveries

MR. FRANCIS W. Doughty of Brooklyn, has made a discovery which is likely to have far reaching effects upon scientific thought in its relation to the age of human life upon the globe. He is, of course, fiercely attacked by those to whom theory is more sacred than fact, but the evidences by which he is fortified seem to be of remarkable strength.

For a long time Mr. Doughty has been engaged in the study of the glacial drift which is found so abundantly throughout America, and of course elsewhere. He has paid special attention to the glacial drift of which Long Island is composed, and in the course of his examination he has found a large number of curiously shaped stones, ordinarily known as clay iron stones, which he believes to have been shaped by human agency.



How far he is justified in his supposition our readers may themselves judge from the illustrations of some of these stones which we reproduce. Mr. Doughty's contentions have been scientifically summarized as follows:

(1) There are to be found in the Drift stone implements of known and unknown patterns; (2) tablets of stone of various shapes, upon which clay has been spread, molded and painted with quaint pictures, groups and scenes; (3) that the so-called clay-iron stones of the Long Island Drift, known mineralogically as hematite, limonite and siderite, and regarded as natural concretions of clay and iron, are, on the contrary, artificially prepared, and of the highest archeological interest possible.

These clay iron stones may be described as consisting of a center of dark red clay which has been coated with other layers of clay of a different nature and color. Both the center and the exterior layers show signs of human manipulation and sometimes the impress of human fingers. Mr. Doughty is himself skilled in the manufacture of artificial stone, and his opinion upon this point is therefore of special value. He has, however, submitted the stones to other authorities who unanimously agree with him in attributing them to human agency.

The tablets are usually of argillite which has been supposed to be of natural formation. Mr. Doughty contends that it is manufactured, and that the clay has been artificially placed upon the slate in various colors and has then been molded into groups and scenes. Not only are the pictures themselves to be found but also the molds with which they were made. The animal figures include those of the turtle, horse, cow, pig, sheep, fox, etc., as well as the now extinct mylodon, and megalosaurus. A large number of them are pierced in such a way as to invariably bring the head to the top when suspended. Mr. Doughty has thousands of these figures and they are open to the inspection of all who are interested.

That a discovery of this nature should meet with opposition from a certain kind of scientist is only to be expected. If these objects are of human manufacture, then man must have existed in America in pre-glacial days, in the Tertiary period, that is to say, before those animals had been evolved from which he himself is supposed to have sprung. For this reason we are told that the figures represented in our illustration, as well as thousands of others which have been collected, are the unaided work of nature and due to the ordinary processes of nature. Not long ago we were told the same thing of the gigantic fossils from which we have now learned so much.

STUDENT

Archeology in California—Branch of National Institute

IT is to be noted that a San Francisco Branch of the Archeological Institute of America has just been organized and will get to work without loss of time. The parent Institute was founded in 1879, and has now over 1200 members. Its work has been varied in nature and always valuable.

We believe that California is destined to be the most important center in America for archeological work, if, indeed, it does not already occupy that position. Californian energy has not occupied itself only with American research. In the domain of Egyptian exploration, Californian scientists are perhaps almost as well known as any others, and Californian museums are already rich in the silent records of Egypt's past.

The increase of organized archeologic work in California will certainly awake a popular interest which can easily be turned to good account. There are large numbers of persons in California whose business it is to travel much in those parts of the State where interesting discoveries may reasonably be expected. The existence of an organization will be an encouragement to such people to promptly report and to preserve whatever of seeming importance or interest may come under their observation, and in this way the science of archeology may be effectively and willingly served by those who have not themselves the leisure to do more than cursorily study a most fascinating science.

Egyptians Used Stenography Ages Ago

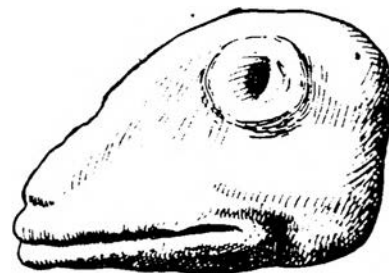
WERE one asked to name an obviously modern invention, we suppose shorthand would come into one's mind as soon as any.

Not at all; they had the art in old Egypt! A papyrus has been discovered by Dr. Grenfell containing a contract for the teaching of it to a slave boy. The business arrangement was quite modern: 40 drachmas were to be paid to the teacher in advance, 40 more on the boy's showing of progress, and another 40 when he had reached proficiency.

Any one who has ever studied Egyptian will not wonder that they had a way of simplifying its complexity. The wonder would be rather in the fact that having invented a shorthand, they ever used anything else.

Egypt in America—Remarkable Find Near Birmingham, Ohio

WE reproduce a photograph of a remarkable discovery which has been made near Birmingham, Ohio. It consists of the head of an animal carved from stone. The body is probably somewhere in the neighborhood, and the finder is excavating in the hope of unearthing it.



The workmanship and design of this carving bear a remarkable resemblance to that of Egypt, as will be at once seen by comparing it with Jupiter Ammon or Zeus Ammon, of which we produce a rough illustration. Another notable feature is that the stone of which this figure consists is found nowhere in the neighborhood, and must have been brought from a distance.

We believe that the discovery will be one of very many which will establish the connection between America and Egypt. To establish the connection will be the first step. The second step will be to show that Egypt obtained both her civilization and her wisdom from America, and not America from Egypt, a contention which has been made and for which, we fully believe, time and research will surely bring ample justification.

STUDENT

Nature

Studies

Nature and the Poet—Matthew Arnold's Miscomprehension

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S poems on Nature present to us a picture of a strong man intensely desiring to know and to understand and yet not daring to reach forth and to take. He was the product of the materialism of the day, which looked only at externals, and he dared not obey the Soul within him, whose imitations he recorded but would not accept.

"In harmony with Nature?"
Restless fool,
Who with such heat dost preach,
What were to thee,
When true, the last impossibility—
To be like Nature strong, like
Nature cool!

How few of us there are who can look straight at Nature and understand her! At the best, we gaze upon our environment as upon some strong and selfish organization with which we must be ever in conflict. We divide the universe into man and Nature and declare an antagonism which exists only within ourselves. When the true poet is born once more among men, he will interpret for us a thousand voices to which we are deaf, or to which we listen only in consternation; he will read for us the riddle of a thousand pictures, which are now only sensuous and whose meaning and message we exclude from our real selves, to which alone they speak understandingly.

Matthew Arnold's poems are almost dreary in miscomprehension, which the sympathy of a moment would have dispelled. He seems to want Nature to stand still and to explain herself, to tell him why she is strong while we are weak; why she seems to taunt us for our infirmity.

Nature will not respond to intellectual questionings, but there is no boon which she will not give through the doors opened by our sympathy. Power and peace are hers to give, and by our imagination we break the barriers which are our weakness, and her strength will fill us with a new vitality straight from the fount of all life. It is not Nature who goes upon her way unheeding and unknowing. It is we who stand upon one side with our self-communings and our futilities; and who will not share in the wisdom which is hers? Calm, indeed, is she; but it is the calmness of knowledge, the tranquillity which comes from obedience to law, with goal assured and path illuminated. The soul of man is the soul of Nature; but we hide away our divinity, gazing out with unseeing eyes, and knowing naught of the realities behind the changeful ghosts which we mistake for Nature.

Ah, child, she cries, that strife divine,
Whence was it, for it is not mine.
There's no effort on my brow—
I do not strive, I do not weep;
I rush with the swift spheres and glow
In joy, and when I will I sleep.
Yet that severe, that earnest air
I saw, I felt it once—but where?
I knew not yet the gauge of time,
Nor wore the manacles of space;
I felt it in some other clime,
I saw it in some other place.
'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God.

There is no strife in Nature, as we understand strife—nor is there strife in the Soul of man. The "heavenly house" is not a far-away beginning nor an unseen ending, and "the gauge of time" and "the manacles of space" are but the futilities which we ourselves have fashioned, in order that having eyes we may see not.

STUDENT

The Higher Education of Corn—Scientific Selections

IT is now some time since work comparable to that of Luther Burbank has been done upon corn. For that matter, the very existence of corn itself, as of all the other cereals, testifies to the fact that unnumbered ages ago humanity itself followed some such methods of selection. For corn, rye, wheat, and the rest, are all of them only modified grasses (*Gramineae*), grasses in which the originally minute seed has, by selection and cultivation, been raised to abnormal size and importance. It would be interesting to know how long corn, left to itself, would require to degenerate into some much simpler grass form.

Of corns there are more than three hundred varieties already, and so there was plenty of room for the special experiments to which we refer. Corn, as food for man and animal, is wanted in various conditions. Its constituents are oil, starch, saline matters, and protein or nitrogenous stuff. And the protein is itself of two kinds: that contained in the germ (the analogue of the yolk of an egg), and that of the rest of the kernel (analogue of the egg white).

It is now found that by scientific selection and breeding, each of these ingredients can be specialized. At any rate it has been done with the starch, the oil, and the protein. And if desired, either product could be got at the expense of the other. This has, of course, nothing to do with the fact that modern methods enable us to separate these ingredients in the gathered grain, whatever their proportions.

It does not seem to be recognized by the corn-growers that for human food it is the *germ* that should be specialized and enlarged. Its starch is little; its oil is thirty-five per cent; and its protein is very rich in saline matters. It is in this that the seed life is highest; it is the center of growth; it is, as it were, the electric battery; it is to the whole grain as is the nucleus to a cell. Hence the large saline element; hence the minute amount of inert starch.

So far, no corn has been produced that will stand any frost whatever. Will not some one "take hold" and produce a variety that will not be open to this objection?

Considering all such plant-work as this, it would certainly seem probable that some one of today who suddenly got the power of looking forward a hundred years, would hardly recognize a large proportion of the contents of the flower and fruit gardens of that date.

STUDENT



LOMA-LAND POMEGRANATE

The Mystic Fruit of the Southlands, the Pomegranate

PROBABLY our Northern readers will be interested in this picture of the pomegranate flower and fruit. It is of special interest because of its importance in the symbolism of the oriental countries. In the Old Testament it is frequently referred to, and the likeness of it was to be freely used in the decorations of the Jewish tabernacle and the robes of the priest. This is probably due to the many mystic numbers supposed to be found in the parts and proportions of the flower and fruit. The blossom is a beautiful orange-red, about an inch and a half long and an inch across. The fruit is as large as a small fist and the seeds are the edible part, each being surrounded by a little sack of red pulp, which looks somewhat like candied cherries. There is an indescribable look of dignified completeness about the ripened pomegranate which makes a person good-natured only to look at it.

STUDENT

A good horse, when he hath found a true master, rejoiceth greatly; exulting in his fullness of strength and yearning for action he obeyeth with eager vehemence; but a reluctant mind maketh a slow foot.—*Chiron, the Centaur*

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

A PHENOMENALLY large audience assembled at the Isis Theatre on last Sunday night, when a number of the Raja Yoga children were announced to be present. The songs which they rendered and which were of unusual excellence, were as follows: "Lost Chord," by Sir Arthur Sullivan; "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Hall," and "Kathleen Mavourneen." The singing of these children seems to give an increased pleasure upon every occasion, and the crowd which entirely filled the Theatre were not backward in expressing their appreciation of the musical treat which was afforded them. The first paper was in the form of a "Christmas Greeting from the Raja Yoga School," and which we are able to produce as follows. It was admirably read by little Margaret Hanson:

"The children of the Raja Yoga School greet you all tonight with love and kind wishes. Christmas time always brings so much happiness to the little boys and girls. We Raja Yoga boys and girls are busy for weeks before, making gifts for other children who have not yet shared all our joys.

"We love Christmas Day. We love to make others happy.

"Of course you all know the pretty little story about the Christ-Child who was born so many years ago. He loved little children.

"Most boys and girls naturally love to do right, but we can try so much harder if we have a good example to follow.

"You know we can all be examples of truth and honor. The Raja Yoga girls and boys are trying to bring the Christ-Child back again to live forever in the hearts of little children.

"He cannot live where there is selfishness, envy and jealousy, or among children who are disagreeable.

"We must make our bodies strong and healthy, our minds pure and our hearts true. Then the Christ-Child is born in each of us—a new light shines in our eyes, and we feel as happy as the birds.

"The Christmas tree, lighted with pretty candles, and laden with gifts, is such a beautiful symbol of the love that always surrounds us and gives us all the good things.

"The world seems so large to a little child, and there are so very many little boys and girls who live in it, that we must all help and share, and so make one Brotherhood. Then the Christ-Child will be like a great shining light and the whole world will be filled with happiness.

"Even little children can bring the Christ-Child into the world. They can bring tidings of peace on earth and good-will toward men."

The second paper was entitled "What Christmas Means to a Raja Yoga Boy," and was delivered by Master Thorley Von Holst:

"It is the business of the Raja Yoga boy or girl to try to find the real meaning in things, and I am sorry to say that modern customs have, I think, almost covered this up for Christmas Day, so that a child would never guess from any thing he sees that there ever was any deeper significance than having a good time. Christmas Day to the average child of parents who are not poor, suggests first a lot of presents which he is going to receive, and secondly a big dinner of which

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Splendid Chorus Singing by the
Raja Yoga Children --- Addresses
by Two Loma-land Children

Reprinted from the San Diego News

he intends to eat all he can possibly hold. Other children get presents, of course; but, strange to say, instead of this exciting and unselfish pleasure, the spirit of desire for possession is so encouraged on Christmas Day that other gifts are apt rather to bring out a feeling of competition. Each one hopes secretly (if he thinks of others at all), that his presents

will compare favorably with or be a little better than any one's else. I say, if he thinks of others at all, for usually the day is one of ecstatic pleasure, but self-absorbed. The child is lost in the satisfaction of his personal gratification. Now, a Raja Yoga boy cannot rest in such an interpretation of Christmas as this implies.

"What is the event we celebrate? And what should be the pure ideal of this day?

"It is the anniversary of a day when Christ was born many hundred years ago. But we know perfectly well that Christ existed not only in Jesus of Nazareth so long ago, but that he exists in each one of us now. In Jesus he was born; in us, as yet, he is unborn. We are conscious of him; he overshadows us; we owe to him what there is of good within ourselves; but he has not yet fully entered our minds and bodies. We have not yet become the Christ. We have not yet found ourselves.

"To let this Christ principle be born within us, is the real object of our lives. So when the anniversary time rolls around of the birthday of a man who actually did this, it is, at least, a time to stop and think of it. What has been done before, can be done again. A noble example arouses our courage. We know that such an overcoming of all the human weaknesses as to surrender them to the Christ and let him enter the body as Master, meant an overcoming by which all the world has been benefited. So when we think of that and what it means, we cannot but have our hearts filled with love and gratitude.

"All this does not imply that a Raja Yoga boy has any inclination to spend Christmas in simply meditating, or does not enjoy all that any child does. But one who feels the meaning behind a thing, enjoys more deeply. We have gifts and pleasures in abundance, and all the pretty myths about Santa Claus are made as real as anywhere; but we know it all means something.

"A little child-brain cannot understand all this, but it can be helped to use its toys and pleasures as the Christ-Child would have used them. They can be made the means to make him more unselfish, more thoughtful of others, rather than the reverse.

"The festivities of Christmas can be made innocent. Instead of being the means of turning our thoughts inward toward ourselves, they may liberate our thoughts so that little by little they may reach out, to our family, to our friends, to those in our country, and finally to all the world.

"As we grow older and learn to give as well as take, we can make our gifts the carrier to each one of the desire that the Christ-Child may come within him, that he may indeed find himself.

"If all, all over the world, should ardently send this desire with every gift, I think the Christ-Child would really come to live among us."

Beautiful and Interesting Christmas Exercises of the Raja Yoga Day School in San Diego

From the San Diego Evening Tribune

AT 7 o'clock Wednesday evening was held the Christmas exercises of the Raja Yoga children in the assembly hall of the school in the Isis theatre building, Fifth street side. Decorators had been busy all day in beautifying the rooms, the corridors and stairs, and by evening, when the lights added their part, the scene was a most beautiful one.

Great masses of palms, smilax and poinsettias in tasteful arrangement made a bower of the entrance down-stairs, while the balustrade was looped and twined with the lighter greenery. The hall itself was hung all about its walls with portieres of pendant smilax, while radiating festoons of the same extended overhead from the central chandelier. The brilliant poinsettias were made use of in the scheme and potted plants in profusion. The arrangements were all kept from the children and a surprise was in store for all as they went into the hall. Of course the feature of the whole scene was the big Christmas tree, the decorations of which were beautiful.

On a table in the hall were a number of presents sent by the children of Point

Loma to their comrades of this city. They included things made by the children in their regular courses, and showed some fine examples of basket weaving and other fancy work. Following was the program:

Song, "Christmas, 1903," School.

Greeting from the Raja Yoga School of Point Loma, Albert Spalding.

Calisthenics, Girls.

Reading from *Ben Hur*, May Ryan.

Raja Yoga Class Work, Primary Grade.

Recitation, Jeanette Dowell.

Spelling match.

Recitation, Eileen Christency.

Recitation, Stewart Reynolds.

Boys' Drill.

Roll of Honor.

Song, "America," School.

Entrance of Santa Claus and distribution of presents.

Presentation of oil paintings to the Raja Yoga Day School.

These paintings include nature studies, Hawaiian landscapes, sketches of New England, and the beautiful flowers of California. They are the work of Miss Edith White, the gifted California artist. These pictures are uniquely framed by the Raja Yoga children of Point Loma.

The hall was crowded by the parents of the school children and the whole affair passed off most successfully.

Observer Notes

THE beautification of the Homestead grounds proceeds apace under the untiring energy of those who have devoted themselves to this work. It would be well if the authorities of some of our American cities could pay a visit to Point Loma and so get an object lesson in practical decoration, and learn how very small an expenditure of money is needed for the production of the best and most lasting results. The effect of reducing to order an untidy corner seems almost magical to those who have never tried it, while the removal of an unsightly or in-



congruous building redeems a landscape. There is after all nothing so practically beautiful as order, and there are very many towns and cities which could secure for themselves a greater charm by cleaning up their back yards than by the most costly and ornate public buildings or the most tasteful public parks. One day we shall recognize these things for ourselves and wonder why we have never done them before.

The improvements at Point Loma are so varied that to describe them would be impossible. There is an endless movement everywhere, and to follow up any particular activity would result in the recognition that something is now being done better than it was before, that something is being made more beautiful than it was before, that some little point of friction has been removed or lubricated, that some time has been saved, and that the opportunity for work has consequently been increased.

With the exception of a few small showers we have had no rain, but all the indications point to a speedy and welcome visitation. The irrigation system upon the Homestead grounds is now, however, so perfect that our land is a green oasis and nothing is allowed to droop for want of water.

The eucalyptus trees are a peculiarly valuable feature of our gardens and especially of the School grounds, and they grow in stature day by day. Apart from their extraordinary health-giving properties they need no irrigation. If they cannot get rain they are satisfied with dew, and if they cannot get dew they make no visible complaint. True it is, that they lie under the accusation of obtaining their nutriment of moisture by dishonest means, and that some other plants make of their proximity an excuse for not growing as they should, but we must leave these arboreal disputes to settle themselves or be settled by others. Perhaps we must not expect to find a perfect moral nature even in eucalyptus trees.

The avenue of pepper trees which stretches from the Homestead away past the amphitheater is showing every day more and more clearly what it will presently be. No tree is more appreciative of attention than the pepper, and no tree responds more quickly to the care of the gardener. It seems but yesterday since the tender shoots were put into the ground and now they have become sturdy young trees, many feet in height and luxuriant in the exquisite feathery leaf which is their great charm. This avenue will be one of the sights of California as it is already one of the most beautiful features of our grounds, with its exquisite curve and the tasteful buildings upon each side.

OBSERVER

Crime in Illinois and Elsewhere

CHICAGO seems to be not unnaturally alarmed at the outbreak of crime which has been so widely chronicled. A mass meeting is to be held at one of the churches in order to decide what can be done to remove a very serious reproach from the city. An assembly of citizens for the common good is always to be welcomed everywhere. It might, however, have been better to hold such a meeting in a public hall rather than in a building devoted to one particular kind of thought, and that thought not always of the most practical or even disinterested kind.

Rabbi Hirsch, as usual, lays his finger upon a weak spot. He says:

Yellow journals, which publish every incident in the daily life of criminals who are awaiting trial for terrible crimes, which describe with minute detail the way in which they eat and sleep and, in short, their every action, are, among other things, responsible for criminals. Unconsciously, perhaps, these newspapers present these criminals to their readers in the light of heroes, and so the newspaper stories are an inspiration to youths who read them to become, as they are led to believe, heroes through the commission of crime.

The science of criminology is, of course, very much in its infancy, if indeed it has yet been born. An age which has so notoriously neglected or mishandled the whole subject of mind, cannot be expected to know much of those sub-mental conditions which produce crime. Most of those who are now so exercised at its increase would be sorely puzzled to define what they mean by crime. To the great majority of persons, crime is simply an infringement of human law, and those who rely upon such a definition are at once confronted by the fact that the criminal acts of one century are not criminal in another, and that the world is never weary of erecting statues to those who were criminals in the age in which they lived. To adopt a purely ethical definition of crime would, however, cause a very serious embarrassment to a large number of "respectable" people, including possibly some of those who are now devising means to purify their cities. Suppose we were to say that all those acts are criminal by which it is attempted to procure a personal advantage at the expense of another. We are compelled to regard crime as either a legal problem or as an ethical one. If the former, then it is not easy to arouse enthusiasm for human codes which have so consistently identified criminals and heroes. If the latter, then we must accept some such definition as the foregoing, and we must recognize that the difficulty of arresting crime is infinitely greater than we supposed.

The fact of the matter is that we are actuated by a spirit of self-protection rather than of abstract virtue. Our attitude toward crime is not the result of comparison with any clearly viewed ideal, but is an expression of distaste for methods and not for motives. We have no objection whatever to gaining personal advantages at the expense of another, but we object to the methods, such as violence, etc., by which that advantage is sometimes gained. With a different education the violent criminal might have become a forger, and then his misdeeds would, perhaps, not receive so much attention as those of the highwayman. With a still more different education he might have become a dishonest—although not legally dishonest—company promoter. The criminal might then have been a member of a church and prominent in his efforts to suppress crime.

What we need is not so much a panacea as a definition of terms and an ideal. When the founder of Christianity was dealing with the subject of law his words were remarkable for simplicity and directness. He said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and He said that *all* law was contained herein. So far from this precept being impracticable, we believe that it is the only refuge for humanity, and we believe that sooner or later humanity must face it, even though as a preliminary we have to recognize that modern society, with its respectabilities and its pieties is largely criminal, and that our human criminal code applies to methods and not to motives. It does not punish robbery, for instance, but it does punish certain methods of robbery. It does not punish murder unless the murder is committed in some more or less specified way.

We sincerely hope that Chicago, and other cities, will be successful in stemming the torrent of crime. We hope that sensational journals can be persuaded not to inflame the neurotics who swarm in our midst. But most of all, we hope to see a keener civic sense, a keener ethical perception and a keener hearing of that inward and divine monitor which is not afraid to say, even to the best of us, "Thou art the man." X.

LE ROI S'AMUSE

by H. H. BASHFORD

WHEN I draw the curtains I am king;
 King am I and emperor and lord,
 And the ghosts
 Gather meekly to my scepter at a word.

When I draw the curtains I am king.
 Arbiter of all that is to be,
 And my dreams
 At my bidding compass mountains, span the sea.

When I draw the curtains I am king;
 Youth is mine, immortal, unafraid,
 And the crown
 That is clasped about my forehead cannot fade.

When I draw the curtains I am king;
 Love is mine, old love that cannot die,
 And the years
 Shrink away before its stainless majesty.

When I draw the curtains I am king;
 I, the slave, am emperor and lord,
 And a world
 Does me homage with a humble sweet accord.

Ah! when I draw the curtains I am king.

The Saving Power of Love



YOU will hardly hold to your silly ideas that the world is ruled by justice after this," and Frances flung herself down on the sofa with her face in her hands, and began to sob, stopping now and then to further rail at a cruel fate.

Moira did not reply. The blow they had received was a severe one, and perchance meant loss of home and separation for the little family, but she never wavered in her trust in the "good law" which "brings to each one that which is his due in perfect equity." Only a few months back had Theosophy come into her life, and her heart was full of thankfulness for that steadfast rock on which to rest her feet in the hour of trial. Presently their brother came in.

"I see you have heard the news already," with a glance at Frances; "the pater is quite broken up," he added gloomily. "Told me to be off home and tell you, and not to expect him till late tonight."

Moira rose and came over beside him, and he put his arm across her shoulders as they stood together, for they were great chums, these two. "I will go back with you to the office after lunch," she said presently. "I don't like to think of him there alone, Dick."

"Father said there was no use in me coming back today, there was nothing to do," returned Dick hesitatingly.

Frances dried her eyes as the lunch-bell rang, to return to the attack at its conclusion.

"If instead of railing at Moira's ideas you thought a little less of yourself and more of others," Dick was finally provoked into saying hotly; "it's to be hoped you will have a quieter tongue and more cheerful face for the pater tonight."

"For love of him let us make an effort to be cheerful," said Moira, softly. "He has always been such a dear, good father to us and worked so hard that we might have comfort and luxury, and if we show great disappointment it will break his heart. Come down to the office with me and help to cheer him up."

"I couldn't," replied Frances tearfully. "It's too hard to be reduced to beggary. I suppose we shall have to live in some poky little cottage in a back street. How can I feel cheerful? Of course, I'm sorry for father as well as you."

"You show it, then," said Dick grimly and left the room, and Moira, finding it impossible to arouse her from her self-absorption, followed him.

Moira found it difficult to keep up a brave heart as the train whirled her along towards the office. Her heart ached for the pretty, selfish, spoilt little sister she had left behind, and for her father. It was sad for Dick, too, just growing to manhood; but then he and she didn't look at life the same as the others, and they would manage to find something somehow. But her father, a sensitive, warm-hearted man, he would feel the changed position keenly, for his life was bound up in his children and work.

A sudden thought struck a chill to her heart, and as the train stopped, sent her flying swiftly up the office steps. A gentleman was speaking to the head clerk, who looked troubled. "Master gave strict orders he was not to be disturbed," she heard him saying, and her trouble grew deeper as with quick steps she crossed the outer office and knocked firmly upon the inner door.

"I am engaged," her father's voice replied.

"It is I, father, Moira," she answered, "and I must see you; please let me in."

There was the sound of rustling papers, a short delay that seemed an eternity to

the girl, then the key turned in the lock and Moira grasping the handle swiftly opened the door and entered the room. "Why did you come?" he enquired fretfully. "I told Dick —"

Moira, with a sharp heart-pang, noted the trembling fingers that told of nerves all unstrung. "Father dear," she asked pleadingly, "how could I leave you all alone to bear our trouble, thinking and thinking, as I knew you would, until your dear head would be in a whirl," and she threw her arms round him and kissed him affectionately. "What does the loss of the money matter, dear? we are all young and strong; let us put a brave face upon it. 'The gods help those who help themselves,' you know."

With a restless movement Mr. Morton knocked over a pile of papers that were heaped upon the corner of the table, and with them a tiny bottle which they had hidden. Both stooped to pick it up, but Moira was the quicker. Her shocked eyes met his defiant ones, then fell on a letter addressed to her on the table. There was another knock at the door and Moira hastily slipped the bottle into her hand-bag. The old clerk stood hesitatingly upon the threshold.

"Please, sir," he began, "there is a gentleman here who says he has most important business and he must see you."

"Must is just the word," said a cheery voice over his shoulder, and the stranger Moira had passed in the doorway, stood within. The old clerk promptly vanished. "I see you have forgotten me, Dick; but then you had not the same incentive to remember," he added gravely. The elder man put his hand to his head, looking about him in a bewildered way. "I'm Robert Williams who, thanks to your helping hand when all the world seemed against him, can count more dollars his own by many thousands than cents in the old days."

Moira quickly grasped the situation and rose. "Father, dear, since the gentleman is an old friend of yours I hope I shall have the pleasure of welcoming you both home to dinner tonight."

"I shall be delighted," replied the stranger, bowing low as he opened the door.

The Mortons did not lose their home, for with the addition of a wealthy partner to the firm the crisis was averted, and the business largely increased. Moira has been Mrs. Williams many years now, and a firm adherent to the philosophy of life, which her husband brought back with him and his fortune from California.

The incident of the father's temptation in his hour of trial remained a secret between the three, but often the two men feel in their hearts that the happiness of the prosperous present would not have been theirs but for the devoted unselfish love of a noble-hearted woman.

E. I. W.

Tribulations of the Clergy

A COUNTRY clergyman who had delivered an eloquent appeal on behalf of a foreign mission one Sunday was surprised on entering the village store the following week to be greeted with marked coldness by the worthy dame who kept it. On asking the reason of this strange treatment, the good woman produced a half-crown from a drawer, and, throwing it down before the astonished rector, exclaimed, "I marked that half-crown and put it in the plate last Sunday, and here it is back again in my shop! I knowed well them niggers never got the money!"—*Exchange*

The story is told of a Scotch preacher who gave his people long, strong sermons and delivered them in a remarkably deliberate manner. One Sunday he asked a friend who was visiting him to occupy his pulpit in the morning.

"An' were you satisfied wi' my preaching?" asked his friend as they walked home from the kirk.

"Weel," said his host slowly, "it was a fair discourse, Will'm; a fair discourse, but it pained me at the last to see the folk looking so fresh and wide-awake. I mistrust 'twasna sae long nor sae sound as it should hae been."

A lot of unclaimed freight was recently sold at Liverpool. Among the goods there turned out to be some hundreds of manuscript sermons written by a once famous clergyman. The purchaser discovered some very curious notes on the margins such as the following:—"Deliver this passage in solemn tone," "Scornful smile after the word 'never,'" "Close Bible with violent slam after this passage," "Contemplate the ceiling in attitude of adoration at this point," "Sarcastic wave of the hand."—*Exchange*

Lincoln's Insight

THE truth is, unless I am greatly mistaken, Abraham Lincoln never studied hard at any period of his life. He did not need to study *hard*. With him a single reading was sufficient to afford a clear insight into any ordinary subject. It almost seemed as if, in a previous existence, he had acquired a knowledge of things, and in this life he needed only to refresh his memory, now by reading and now by colloquy with others.—*From Recollections of Abraham Lincoln by Gibson William Harris.*

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

The Strange Confusions of Modern Scientific Prophecy

WE know that a prophet has no honor in his own country, and one sometimes doubts whether he ought to have it in any other country, at any rate a prophet in matters scientific. Yet it is very difficult to resist the temptation to prophesy. Professor Newcomb has recently called attention to an article that appeared in *Harper's* in 1856. This depicted some features of life in A. D. 3000. It is easier to prophesy 1,000 years ahead than 30, and the writer of the article casts his vision so far ahead that he omitted to predict the telephone, which was just in front of his nose.

Professor Newcomb is not deterred by this, and makes a sort of prophecy of a negative kind himself. He says: "So far as mere material progress is concerned, it may be doubtful whether anything so epoch-making as the steam-engine or the telegraph is held in store for us by the future." A curious doubt, in view of what almost every week brings forth!

Pessimism produces a school of prophecy of its own. Not so long ago, we were told that extinction faced us because the coal supply would shortly fail. It is welcome to do so. We have learned to use oil. We have learned the capacities of the eucalyptus tree as fuel. More than all, we are beginning to get electricity from wave and wind and sun and falling water, and to use it to get heat with.

We were presented with arguments and calculations showing that the heat of the sun was generated by his steady contraction, and that the time-limit to the future possibilities of this was about ten million years. Before that we should have frozen to death.

But then they carried the argument backward, and showed that according to the rate of contraction they had assumed, twenty million years ago that which is now the sun was a nebula filling what is now the solar system. To which the geologists replied that it was nonsense, for "the study of the earth . . . makes it certain that the earth must have existed much in its present condition for hundreds of millions of years." (Newcomb.) There is no evidence that the sun's supply of heat has diminished his bulk; nor any present telling whence he derives it; no more than there is any present telling where a bit of radium gets the heat it radiates, or evidence that it loses bulk in so doing.

Malthus told us that we should ultimately starve to death, because population always tended to outrun subsistence, being a geometrical or multiplied increase while subsistence was an arithmetical or merely added increase. Now science has taught us how, by adding the right kind of bacteria to it, to make even sterile and sterilized sand a rich soil—the kind of bacteria that absorb nitrogen from the air and make of it food for the plants. And Professor Nobbe, of Tharandt, in Saxony, has trees *a quarter of a century old* that have never touched *any* kind of soil. Their roots hang down in large vessels of water. In water their seeds were placed twenty-five years ago, and soon sprouted. Once a month the Professor dissolves in the water a small quantity of a mixture of chlorate of potassium, phosphate of iron and three or four other chemicals—in fact, exactly those which the plant needs. What else it wants, it gets from the air. Has not the Malthus difficulty vanished? Indeed, it was probably never more than a delusive, mind-catching formula.

The universe is not so badly looked after as these prophets would have us think. Its underlying purpose, to be a nursery and school and spiritual university for human, and then superhuman, life, is not going to be stultified just as it begins to work out. Deity is not to be imagined as objurgating itself for having forgotten to make the sun last long enough to allow the vast plan to come to fruit. On the whole, we may safely prophesy that what is, of good or useful, will grow from more to more; and that what will be will also include the rich growth of countless seeds of whose existence and character we have now no suspicion or conception.

STUDENT

IT MAY be that the humble glowworms and fireflies are destined to place science upon the track of a discovery which would be of inestimable benefit to mankind. Certainly the method by which these little insects produce a cold light ought not for long to be beyond our reach.

Modern Science's New Conception of the Atom

THE new conception of the atom affords an interesting example of the steady approach made by science to the teachings of Theosophy as we had them from H. P. Blavatsky.

Sir Oliver Lodge has pointed out that the electrical theory of the atom—largely due to a study of the behavior of radium—involves the consequence that each and every atom is in a process of slow disintegration. It is returning to that root of matter years ago named Protyle by Crookes.

Said H. P. Blavatsky fifteen years ago: "The matter of which the objects (of the phenomenal world) are composed is continually returning to the primordial condition of matter, where it is invisible to mortal eyes. The earth, water, air and fire that we think we see are respectively only the effects produced on our senses by the primordial matter held in either of the combinations that bring about the vibration properly belonging to those classes."

If evolution be going on in the inorganic world as well as in the organic—also a Theosophical postulate—it would seem necessary to assume that if some atoms are disintegrating, others are forming; or that if an atom is giving up its substance at one pole, at the other it is drawing in from the primordial to replace that which it loses—in fact, feeding and excreting. Very slow changes in its constitution, thus coming about, would allow of the process of evolution. And it might easily be imagined that atoms forming part of the body of man would, during their sojourn with him, find their evolutionary changes greatly quickened by reason of the incessant electric and magnetic phenomena attendant upon thought.

STUDENT

The Finsen Light Treatment Is Proving Beneficial

THE Finsen "Light Cure" proceeds steadily upon its beneficial work, rarely failing in a large group of previously almost or quite incurable diseases of the skin. Most of these are lupus, cancer and rodent ulcer; but there are also a number of lesser maladies.

Meantime, the price of the apparatus goes down. The newer lamps now cost only \$75, and \$7.50 a year to run. But it is said that a lamp has just been made costing but \$15, and doing the work of previous lamps in one-third of the time.

Strong diffuse sunlight itself will kill bacteria in a few hours, but not when they are embedded in the skin. The light must therefore be concentrated by a lens, and the lens must cut off the red or heat rays. This is accomplished by using a hollow glass lens about a foot in diameter, filled with a water solution of the blue ammonia-sulphate of copper. But where sunlight cannot be got, the electric light is used in the form of the arc. The lenses (of quartz) are in a tube, and between them, for chilling the rays, is distilled water constantly changed.

At the Finsen Institute in Copenhagen, this treatment has been used eight years. Down to the end of last year the number of cases treated was 804. Half were entirely cured; 200 nearly so.

M. D.

WE learn that some researches are about to be undertaken at one of our laboratories in order to settle the question, upon how little albuminous food an average man doing a fair day's work can support his strength and health.

The question is very important. Nearly all people eat much more than they need. Their vitality is wasted in digesting the surplus; the products of its imperfect digestion derange the organs and dull every activity of consciousness; and some sort of chronic or acute disease is steadily brought into being—but this is never attributed to its proper cause.

The people who fasted for weeks, on public exhibition, did us—if we only would accept it—an immense service. But we will not see. We live on with muddy minds, muddy feelings, dim and imperfect faculties, half formed and unnamed diseases, when we might reverse it all in a few weeks. We wish well to their researches, but we have little hope that their investigations will diminish the universal load of alimentary excess by an ounce in two continents.

HYGIENIST

Here and There Throughout the World



AN INDIAN CAMP NEAR OGDEN, UTAH

The Armenian Church in Russia THE stream of religious sentiment in Russia seems to run with very considerable force. As a protest against the seizure by the Government of some religious property belonging to the Armenian church, a committee has been formed which announces its intention of assassinating some thirty Russian officials. Religious zeal is, of course, a virtue, but the church which summons assassination to its aid seems to be somewhat lacking in that inward and spiritual grace which ought to characterize it. If the Armenian Christians retaliate in this way for the loss of some of their property they need not be surprised if the Government confiscates the remainder. Assassination has never yet been a cure for anything, and its advocacy by Christians in defense of material property is singularly hateful and insanely futile.

American & English Fleets to Maneuver A SUGGESTION has been made for joint maneuvers of the American and English fleets in West Indian waters. The spectacle would certainly be one of intense interest and might be followed by the happiest results. Mr. Archibald S. Hurd, the English author of *Naval Efficiency*, says of the project:

British sailors have a very sincere admiration for the navy of the United States, and I believe such joint maneuvers would be productive only of good. We on this side realize that the American fleet is certain to be a great naval force in the near future. Naval power is largely a question of a long purse, natural resources and technical skill. In these respects no other nations have the staying power of Great Britain and the United States.

Religious Riots in Liverpool, England LIVERPOOL is rapidly acquiring a reputation for religious riots and disturbances. One of the inexplicable stupidities of human nature is the superstition that the cause of religion can by any possibility be served by physical violence. It is not possible to render a greater service to religious error than by the resort to violence, nor is it possible to more effectively resist it than by toleration. Well may the Liverpool magistrate have remarked, "Now let us get out of the atmosphere of religion," after he had disposed of a number of cases of brutal assault which were the result of the rival theologies.

Italian Monarchs Visit Great Britain THE visit to England of the King and Queen of Italy has been uniformly pleasant, and it is certain to result in an increase of friendliness among the great European powers. The King was accompanied by Signor Titoni, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and during his visit to the English Foreign office international affairs were amicably discussed. The ancient comradeship between England and Italy is not likely to be disturbed, and the personal character of the King and Queen of Italy must be reckoned with as one of the forces which make for the fraternity of nations.

The Coldness of Christian Europe MR. HALES is the trusted and reliable correspondent of a great European newspaper. He is now in Macedonia and writing from that sink of blood and misery he says:

We know for an actual certainty that in the mountains there must now be from 60,000 to 70,000 people roaming wild and homeless, existing how they can, dying where they must. They will not rot in the snow; wolves will be the sextons.

These people are Christians and they live in Christian Europe which does not seem to care one straw how or where they die, or whether the wolves which destroy them are quadrupeds or bipeds. They themselves have probably no more earnest prayer than that they may fall into the power of the beasts rather than into that of men.

German Emperor and Army Officers THE German Emperor is laying a somewhat heavy hand upon those petty officers who have been found guilty of ill-treating the private soldiers under their command. At the same time he has expressed the eminently sensible opinion that the commanders of regiments are more to blame than the petty officers, and he has followed this up by entirely disgracing the Colonel of one of the regiments in which some very abominable abuses had been committed. The General of Division also received from the Emperor a forcible expression of Imperial views by which we trust he will profit.

The British Armed Mission to Thibet THE British armed mission into Thibet will be watched with some interest. Thibet is an almost entirely unknown country and no one can safely predict either an easy march upon the one hand or a stubborn resistance upon the other. The causes of the invasion seem at the moment to be a little obscure, but Thibet occupies the unenviable position of being a buffer state between two powerful countries. Apart from the questionable fighting capacity of its people, the mission may confidently anticipate the hostile forces of nature in the shape of intense cold and a rugged and inhospitable country.

Brain Fag, the New London Disease A LONDON contemporary draws attention to a new ailment called Brain Fag, which is attacking "the higher strata of society," whatever that may be, and we fear that the complaint is by no means confined to London. The chief symptom is "a condition so languid and lifeless that only the use of alcoholic stimulants restores the body to normal." This is certainly a serious state of affairs for "the higher strata of society," and we trust the medical profession and the police will give to it the attention which it deserves. But why call it brain fag? We do not see how it can be.



OKU-NO-IN (TOMB) NIKKO JAPAN

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Insect Musicians

IN Japan, it is said, there are tiny insects that sing, and their trills and musical notes are so harmonious that they are often kept as household pets, much as we keep canary-birds. Some people keep them in tiny cages of bamboo, and hang them in the rooms or on the verandas of their houses.

One insect called *suzumushi*, or "insect bell," gives forth sounds like delicate bell-notes. It is difficult to believe music so exquisite could come from a rather ugly black beetle, but such is the case. Another, the *kirigirisu*, is like a large grasshopper. The *enam-korogi* resembles a cricket. Then there is the *kautau*, which sings only at midnight, and the *kanetetaki*, whose musical notes resemble the ticking of a distant clock.

In Tokyo there are merchants who deal in these little creatures just as in our country bird-fanciers deal in song-birds.

I wonder if we have not musical insects also? There are those who say that we have many, but that we are not able to hear their musical notes because of their extreme delicacy. The cricket and katydid—is it not probable they are just like the big bass-voles in an orchestra, and that there are other insects whose exquisite tones are like beautiful violin or flute-notes?

We already know that there are colors in Nature which we cannot yet see. Would it be so strange if we should discover that there are sounds which we cannot yet hear?

E. M.

A Lesson in Kindness

DEAR CHILDREN: I am a Lotus Bud and I live in Canada. The other day I saw something that made my heart glad. A vehicle filled with people and drawn by four handsome horses was coming up the street when suddenly one of the horses fell. The driver shouted at it; he whipped it. Although the poor animal was entangled in the harness and could not move, the driver sat still and made no effort to help it. Suddenly a lady approached. "Give me your whip!" she said, and the driver, too astonished to demur, handed it to her. "Now," said she, in a determined voice, "get down and cut the harness and help the poor horse upon its feet!" She held up the whip in a threatening manner and the driver obeyed. In a few moments the horse was extricated and was on its feet. Then she took some biscuits out of her satchel and gave one to each horse. You should have seen them prick up their ears and nod their pretty heads! And then the vehicle passed on. There were several men in it besides the driver. I wonder what they thought! ETHEL.

DEAR CHILDREN: Let me tell you about a rook who died of grief. It was in Essex during the recent floods, when all the roadways were like rivers. On a stump near our house sat this poor old rook, paying no attention to the people who were going past, but occasionally giving forth a mournful sound like a deep sigh. There he sat all day. The next morning there he was, dead. Did he die of a broken heart? W.

In the Arctic Circle

MY DEAR LOTUS BUDS: Here I am, away up North at Point Barrow, the home of the Esquimaux, where it is night the winter through and day all summer. And how the Buds and Blossoms of this far-away land have crept into my heart! Bright and happy, to see them having one of their frolicsome dances in the Northern Lights makes one half believe them to be a troop of little furry-coated Brownies. They wear bear-skin coats, of course, and deer-skin mittens, and sometimes glossy fox-tails fastened to their coats. *Kioya ke, kioya ke* runs their queer little song, and they tell me it means, "Welcome, welcome, Northern Lights!"

Then they have a snowball game which they play, not as we do, but with their feet. The great aim is to keep the ball in the air as long as possible. And to see them "slide down hill!" On sleds? No. Boards? No. On their knees—think of it!

And when they are tired of outdoor games, then they go into their queer little homes and, by the light of a seal-oil lamp, play with their toys—tiny canoes, drums and dolls. A favorite game is played with a string, much as we play "cats' cradle." Not so different from ourselves, are they, spite of their brown faces, their little beady eyes, their queer customs and their shut-in lives? They are Buds and Blossoms, too, not so beautiful and strong as if they knew about Raja Yoga, but still

with the same love in their little hearts and the same light in their eyes. Why not send them a letter some time—or at least a big, beautiful Golden Boat?

A LOTUS GROUP TEACHER.

A Dog Honored

A SOCIETY met recently, in Paris, for the purpose of paying honor to those who had befriended animals. It was the Paris Society for the Protection of Animals, and the Minister of Agriculture was the chairman of the meeting. Awards were distributed to many cabmen who treated their horses particularly well, and also to policemen who had arrested those who ill-treated horses. But the one who received the greatest honor of all was Tram, a beautiful great shepherd dog. Tram has saved a number of people, among them his master, from drowning; he has saved several children from accidents, and has even found objects which his owner had lost. His

award was a handsome collar, and the great audience applauded as he bounded about the platform and barked with delight when the collar was clasped about his neck.

DEAR CHILDREN: A few evenings ago I arranged some flowers in a large, shallow dish. Around the edge one row hung its little heads merrily over, and another row close to these, the center being filled in with flowers and leaves. In the morning I noticed that all the flowers were standing nearly upright on their stems, having left the edge to come closer to their brothers and sisters in the center of the dish. Do flowers know about Brotherhood? A. W. H.



ONE OF OUR LOMA-LAND COMRADES

MY LITTLE CRICKET

I HAVE a cavalier.
At dusk he draweth near,
To wait outside my wicket.
I hear him draw his bow,
He playeth soft and low,
Hid in the maple thicket.

The listening leaves are stirred,
The dreaming flowers have heard
His strain from out the shadow.
The broad moon, white and still,
Climbeth the dusky hill,
The mists dance in the shadow.

My faithful cavalier,
At dusk he draweth near,
To wait outside my wicket.
I hear him draw his bow,
He playeth soft and low,
My dusky little cricket! --- Selected

Students'



Path

WHICH IS HUMAN, WHICH DIVINE?

by EMERSON

THIS is he, who, felled by foes,
 Sprung harmless up, refreshed by blows:
 He to captivity was sold,
 But him no prison bars would hold:
 Though they sealed him in a rock,
 Mountain chains he can unlock:
 Thrown to lions for their meat,
 The crouching lion kissed his feet:
 Bound to the stake, no flames appalled,
 But arched o'er him an honoring vault.
 This is he men miscall fate,
 Threading dark ways, arriving late,
 But ever coming in time to crown
 The truth, and hurl wrongdoers down.
 He is the oldest and best known,
 More near than aught thou call'st thy own,
 Yet, greeted in another's eyes,
 Disconcerts with glad surprise.
 This is Jove, who, deaf to prayers,
 Floods with blessings unawares.
 Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line,
 Severing rightly his from thine,
 Which is human, which divine.

The True Spirit of Religion

THAT the pure in heart can alone see and commune with the pure Divinity, was the sublime instruction of ancient sages as well as of inspired prophets. It is, indeed, the lesson of daily experience. To understand a great and good Being we must have the seeds of the same excellence. How quickly, by what an instinct, do accordant minds recognize one another; no attraction is so powerful as that which subsists between the truly wise and good; whilst the brightest excellence is lost on those who have nothing congenial in their own breasts. God becomes a real Being to us, in proportion as His own nature is enfolded within us. To a man who is growing in the likeness of God, faith begins even here to change into vision. He carries within himself a proof of a Deity, which can only be understood by experience. He more than believes, he feels the Divine presence; and gradually rises to an intercourse with his Maker, to which it is not irreverent to apply the name of friendship and intimacy. The Apostle John intended to express this truth, when he tells us that he, in whom a principle of Divine charity or benevolence has become a habit and life, "dwells in God and God in him."

It is plain, too, that likeness to God is the true and only preparation for the enjoyment of the universe. In proportion as we approach and resemble the mind of God, we are brought into harmony with the creation; for, in that proportion, we possess the principles from which the universe sprang; we carry within ourselves the perfections of which its beauty, magnificence, order, benevolent adaptations, and boundless purposes, are the results and manifestations. God unfolds Himself in His works to a kindred mind. --- *W. E. Channing*

THIS quotation expresses the ideas of the essential divinity of man and of the immanence of the Deity in all the universe very clearly; but there is unfortunately a point where this lofty conception falls short and begins to be tinctured with the old dogmatic idea of the personal God of theology. "He feels the Divine presence; and gradually rises to an intercourse with his Maker, to which it is not irreverent to apply the name of friendship and intimacy." This is where the devotee is only too apt to cease the expansion of his nature and fall back into an attitude of self-satisfaction. In our nature there are many powers and grades of powers, ranging from the highest and purest unification with the divine and abstraction from self, down to the most personal and debased condition. "Only the heart can see and commune with the pure Divinity;" and should the unenlightened mind step in with a stereotyped picture of man as the craven sinner and Christ as the personal mediator between him and a personal Deity, then the light from the heart may be dimmed.

It would be well to study the further teachings of the ancient sages, regarding the nature of man and the universe; for the science of antiquity did not run counter to true religion, as the materialistic science of today does, but explained it and was explained by it.

There are many noble souls in the churches, in whom this light from the heart shines, but their creeds confine them instead of helping, and they have difficulty in effecting a workable compromise between what

they see to be true and what they consider themselves bound to believe.

If such people dared to say out all that they find in their heart, they would be obliged to make short work of many narrow dogmatic conceptions. The knowledge that God dwells in us ought to give us back the dignity of the ancient sages, and set us free from the craven and self-debasing attitude towards God which has been grafted upon our minds through so many generations.

The Book of Discipline

THE proceedings at a recent meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the east are of such a nature as to cause a feeling almost akin to hopelessness. We are told that a "violent stir" was caused by a proposal to expunge from the "book of discipline"—whatever that may be—the paragraph which prohibits dancing, card-playing and theatre going. An animated discussion ensued, and it was eventually decided to postpone the frivolous argument to the "quadrennial session general," when the waste of time is to be resumed.

What manner of men are these who are violently stirred at the idea of leaving such matters as theatre going and dancing to the good sense and the conscience of the people? If they are so agitated by puerilities of this kind, what mental cataclysms may we not expect should they ever happen to hear of such things as child-labor, and the increase of suicide and insanity? It may, of course, be that matters of this kind are altogether beneath the attention of the Methodist Episcopal Church, or perhaps they are merely postponed until such real essentials as the Amusement Code have been definitely settled.

In the Methodist Episcopal Church there must surely be many men who lament such childishness as this and who are eager to make their influence felt against the real evils of the day. If such men would but be more audible they would not only render the most substantial service to their church but they would find an enthusiastic support and following from the congregations. There were never such opportunities for real men as there are now. Are they to be wasted? X.

MAN is his own star: and the soul that can
 Reader an honest and a perfect man,
 Commands all light, all influence, all fate:
 Nothing to him falls early or too late.
 Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.—*Beaumont and Fletcher*

The Fall of Man

THE Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage has expressed himself with some freedom upon the story of the Garden of Eden and the fall of man.

He says that "evolution has forever removed these stories and kindred ones to the land of myth where they belong." It appears further that Dr. Savage believes that we have already heard too much about the fall of man and that it is now time to pay more attention to the ascent of man, and to do what in us lies to hasten that process. He tells us that there are thousands of churches where these stories have been quietly laid upon one side, and while it is gratifying to hear this, it would be still more gratifying if ministers were to openly denounce these myths which have been so perniciously misunderstood. Something more than silence is needed to correct dangerous errors into which men have been born and in which they have been educated. So far from their being ignored by enlightened ministers we would suggest that they ought not to be ignored so long as any human minds are enslaved by them, so long as an antiquated theology maintains its destructive hold upon any human minds. We have had too much of the policy of silence in the presence of dogma. We want more speech, strong speech, denunciatory speech. We want the churches to tell men that they are free, that the Garden of Eden is in front of them, that their sufferings are from within themselves as also is their salvation and that no curse can lie upon them from a long dead past. There can surely be no more sublime privilege than to lift the loads from the backs of others.

If ministers of intelligence did but realize how real is that load and how heavy where perhaps they least expect it, they would rise to their opportunities, and they would become liberators. But this cannot be done by silence; it must be done by speech. STUDENT

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TRUE FREEDOM

Some verses from an unacknowledged poem by LORD TENNYSON

A FREEMAN is, I doubt not, freest here;
The single voice may speak his mind aloud;
An honest isolation need not fear
The Court, the Church, the Parliament, the crowd.
No, nor the Press! and look you well to that—
We must not dread in you the nameless autocrat.

I feel the thousand cankers of our State,
I fain would shake their triple-folded case.
The hogs who can believe in nothing great,
Snoring bedridden in the down of Peace
Over their scrips and shares, their meats and wine,
With stony smirks at all things human and divine!

Poor soul! behold her: what decorous calm!
She, with her week-day worldliness sufficed,
Stands in her pew and hums her decent psalm
With decent dippings at the name of Christ!
And she has mov'd in that smooth way so long,
She hardly can believe that she shall suffer wrong.

Alas, our youth, so clever yet so small,
This dilettanti deep in nature's plan,
Who make the emphatic One, by whom is all,
An essence less concentrated than a man!
Better wild Mahmud's war-cry once again!
O fools, we want a manlike God and Godlike men!

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

What relation does Theosophy hold to the progress of the World?

Answer

To the average mind, progress means advancement in material and intellectual knowledge, with perhaps a little consideration for such discoveries as have been made in psychology. The world prides itself on this progress, and fails to see that the real problems of existence have been left untouched. Life is regarded only from the selfish, personal standpoint, and even those who are religiously inclined, hold "individual salvation" as the highest aim. Birth and death are mysteries, and the cause of sin and suffering in the world is held to be beyond all possibility of human knowledge.

For many centuries a narrow and bigoted religious conception has limited the view of past civilizations, shut out the accumulated wisdom of the ages and left the world in spiritual darkness. Because of this, our civilization has had an anomalous development of great material and intellectual advancement with a corresponding increase in selfishness and evil. What we call "reason" holds sway, uninfluenced by religions which are unable to present a scientific basis for the ethics they would teach.

It was in the height of such conditions that Theosophy was again presented to the world in its purity. The preliminary efforts of its great teachers have already been the means of advancing human thought along higher lines; even religious creeds are endeavoring to amend their teachings in order to retain their influence; the best scientific minds are gathering their inspiration from it; and so-called "advance-thought" schemes, hait their fads and isms with its teachings.

Today, Theosophy marks the record of the path of true progress. But the enemies to progress, seeing its inevitable adoption, use portions of it to serve their own ends; some of its teachings are offered for sale under some name which is expected to appeal to purchasers; these enemies to progress cover up the source of their knowledge, and invariably vitiate whatever of truth they may have stolen.

Fortunately for humanity, a strong safeguard exists in the organization founded by Katherine Tingley, the successor of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, "The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society." Its students and their practical Theosophic life under her teaching and direction, hold the truth as it was and is given—pure and undiluted. It is to her, to her teachings and demonstrations of true progress that the world must look for the necessary steps and the right direction, for Theosophy as a living power in the lives of men alone merits the name of Progress.

R. C.

(2) A thought that has often come to sadden earnest thinkers and workers in the world has been of the apparent gaps in the continuity of human progress. The more that is known of the history of the human race, the more certain are we of the rise and fall of nations and civilizations. Students must acknowledge that the key to the harmonic progression of humanity, if there be any, is at least unknown to them. Facts pour in from all quarters of the earth to confuse the theories concerning men and races, that have seemed stable enough for many books to be written about them, but the world at large is still in comparative darkness about man's place in the universe, his progress to the present state, and his future. Nothing is known of the thread of his life that runs through all, bridging all gaps—even that of death—which has been widely believed to divide us forever from further labor in earth-life.

To lovers of truth and light, who cannot be bound by any theory or creed, but seek the star of human progress, Theosophy offers the key. Theosophy tells of the path by which in gradual steps man has come to his present state and points out the way he must travel to realize his destiny. The great lost knowledge of cyclical law, explains the rise and fall in the affairs of men, and in fact each successive stage in the growth of men and nations.

The knowledge that man *is* a soul, reborn in earth-life countless times dissipates further the darkness and robs death of its sting. The life of humanity is found to be a continuous development governed by law, the knowledge of which has never been lost, but only obscured to the many at certain stages.

It is knowledge of the law, the opportunity to begin to work with the law that The Universal Brotherhood Organization offers to the world at this time. Thus will Theosophy discover to man the heart life that persists through all, and is the golden thread of human progress. M. M. T.

(3) Theosophy and what it stands for, may be compared to the charioteer, who guides and controls the movements of his steeds. Without this guiding hand the horses would undoubtedly run, but they might run riot. Abundance of activity there would be, but without the purposeful master, the end of the journey would never be reached.

Life, in infinite variety and luxuriant abundance is being constantly poured into the human arena. Like a river that is overflowing, like the verdure in the tropics it is bursting forth at every spot, from the illimitable and inexhaustible inner world, to be arranged, ordered, evolved according to the plan.

It is the soul which must handle all this untrained energy, and the soul is the living expression of Theosophy.

Every atom of this undeveloped life is charged with its share of soul-energy, and so has its little individual guidance. But as all belong together, each in his own place, there is, there can be, no perfect progress until the concentrated soul-energy, in the person of the charioteer, draws up firmly his reins, which he has spun from his own fiber, and which lead out to every atom of this overflowing life, forming a web of soul nerve-stuff; and until they answer to his touch.

Without this there must be confusion, and even the seeming progress will be lost. But when he sits in command, the mighty caravan moves, and moves forward.

G. V. P.

ON two days, it stands not to run from thy grave,
The appointed and the unappointed day:
On the first, neither balm nor physician can save,
Nor thee, on the second, the universe a-lay.—From the Persian

Japanese Courtesy

IF a government press censorship must exist, it is well to conduct it upon lines of courtesy. We learn from Mr. Brownell's book on *The Heart of Japan* that the Japanese authorities have brought this art to perfection. When the censor recognizes the painful necessity of suspending a paper he uses the following formula:

Deign honorably to cease honorably publishing august paper. Honorable editor, honorable publisher, honorable chief printer, deign honorably to enter august jail.

Mr. Brownell tells us that "the honorable editor, with his honorable co-workers, bow low before the messenger of the censor, acknowledging the honor of the august notification, and then accompany him to the honorable jail, chatting the meanwhile of the weather, or of the flower shows, or of the effects of the floods on the rice crop. Centuries of breeding under Japanese etiquette have rendered it impossible for them to show annoyance. They do not know how."

The Ripple of Effect

THERE is a clause in Lyman Abbott's recent "appreciation" of Henry Ward Beecher, which we ought all of us to keep carefully in mind. He refers to his friend as one "whose influence will outlive his fame."

The influence of the least of us is unqualifiedly eternal; the fame of the greatest of us has but the duration of a moment. The voice of some unknown man rises from a crowd in a public park, uttering a protest against an impure illusion or innuendo from the platform. No one knows whence it came; the man had never before emerged, and may never again emerge, from utter obscurity. But the protest did its work. It stopped impurity; it set one man thinking; it woke by example the courage of another.

Where is the ripple going to stop? An eye that could see spiritual effects could watch it broadening, generation after generation, till at last there would be no man born on the planet whose character had not been touched and raised.

One may think that as the long drama of life on this earth begins to draw to its close, and a relatively perfect humanity is almost ready to enter upon some grander cycle of being elsewhere, humanity's true aristocracy may have come into view and recognition. Amidst it will be some few of those whom short-sighted fame has crowned with a crown by then long since dust. But the greater number by far will be of those to whom fame has never offered, or who have never accepted, that crown. It will be of those whose voices, age after age, have been heard in the crowd, or whose deeds have been wholly unnoted by any multitude at all, the centers of the widening ripples. Any word or deed, spoken or done with courage by any of us today and forgotten tomorrow, will not only come then assuredly into view, but, by the deepest tendency of our nature, begets the next—and so forwards through our days and years and lifetimes.

Great Britain and France

FRANCE and England literally, observe, buy panic of each other; they pay, each of them, for ten thousand thousand pounds worth of terror a year. Now suppose, instead of buying these ten millions' worth of panic annually they made up their minds to be at peace with each other, and buy ten millions' worth of knowledge annually; and that each nation spent its ten thousand thousand pounds a year in founding libraries, royal art galleries, royal museums, royal gardens, and places of rest. Might it not be better for both French and English?—*Ruskin*

The Reading World

ONE learns several things from a study of *What the World Reads*. Professor Otlet of Brussels has given us a very valuable list of figures on this point. Per million inhabitants: Germany publishes 350 books a year, France nearly as many, Switzerland also nearly as many, Belgium nearly as many; then come Italy and Sweden with 300 each, Norway with 250, Great Britain with 170, Russia and America with about 80 each, and Spain last with 66.

But the ratios alter when we come to newspapers and periodicals. Germany publishes one of these to 3 books, America 3 to one book, Great Britain 5 to 7, France one to 2, Switzerland one to 1½, Belgium one to 2½, Spain one to 1. America is therefore the newspaper reader of the world. She does not allow herself time for many books as yet.

"In creative works England leads the world," says Mr. A. Growall, editor of *The Publisher's Weekly*, commenting upon Prof. Otlet's figures, "having by far the largest output of novels, romances and works of pure imagination." "In Germany educational works, theological works and books for the young predominate. The largest number of historical works appear in France, and Italy leads in religious publications."

Japan occupies an extraordinary position in respect of books and pamphlets, namely at the head of the list with Germany, or just second to Germany. No better proof could be got of her determination to come up to the civilized front ranks.

OBSERVER

PERSPECTIVE in life, as in art, gives clearer vision—the right perspective.

The Significance of Salt

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DEC	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
21	29.760	66	50	54	45	.00	E	7
22	29.846	64	47	53	53	.00	E	5
23	29.888	62	47	51	51	.00	NE	1
24	30.016	59	48	51	48	.00	E	5
25	30.050	64	49	58	52	.00	E	4
26	30.042	72	51	56	53	.00	E	2
27	29.926	71	55	60	53	.00	E	5

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

The Artist's Fault

A little girl, to whom was shown a picture of Christian martyrs in a den of beasts, observed that there was one poor lion who had no martyr. The artist of that picture had evidently failed to convey the impression warranted by the history of the scene, and had created instead a fine sympathetic study of the king of beasts set off by a background of the degenerate human form. The lions were the more imposing from the purely physical point of view, and hence commanded all the sympathy.

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Well With the World
Bird Millinery
Ireland at the Cross-Roads
Cigarettes and Sunday-School
Records of a Dying Tribe
World Needs Men
Bertramstown—illustrated

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Enlightened View of History
Worse Than Death
Why Food is Adulterated
Observation in Children
Prayer and Money-Grabbing
Treatment of Convicts

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

What Does Leadership Mean?
French National Hymn (verse)
Phase of Selfishness

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Women in Journalism
Thus It Is (verse)
Women's Clubs
Chicago Woman's Club
For the Birds
Women in Germany
Mother and Child (illustration)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

The Ancient Celt
Ancient Irish Forts
Egyptian Castle (illustration)

Page 9—NATURE

How Animals Classify Us
An Oyster Adapts Itself
Under the Leaves (verse)
Luncheon in Camp
Closer Study of Nature
Loma-land Sunset—illustrated

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Secretary-General's Letter
Man's Nature
Gospels and "Sayings"

Page 12—FICTION

How to Pray (verse)
Way Over There in the Mountains

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Radium and H. P. Blavatsky
Force of Speech
New Book on Galileo
Glass House of Science

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Yasha-Mon Gate at Nikko,
Japan (illustration)
Restraining Workingmen
Prussian Protestants
Dr. Workman Scales the Himalayas
Some Wise Indians
International Exhibition in Russia
Women Monsters in Budapest
Colors Cure Insanity
Spanish Books in California
Loubet to Visit St. Louis
New Religion in Europe
Fears Gerry's Methods

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Hester and the Flowers
Loma-Land Play-Hour—
illustrated
Words to Boys
Queer Little House (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

King and Mason (verse)
Statistics of Conversions
A Simple Creed
Panama
Wages (verse)
Students' Column

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Lombroso on the Criminal Instinct

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

It Is Well With the World

LET us begin the New Year with a conviction that it is well with the world and that a divine ideal is surely unfolding itself in the human mind. The pessimist, because he looks only upon the surface, will lament the storm and stress which surround us, but to the optimist the storm is but the evidence of the strength of human advance and of the tidal force which foams over the obstacles which it intends to destroy. To the true student of human affairs it grows increasingly evident that the struggle between good and evil has entered upon a new and an enlarged phase. There is no longer the mere skir-

mishing to which we have been accustomed, and which we have mistaken for the battle. The outposts upon both sides have been driven in and to both forces has come a mutual recognition of identity and of purpose. The strong hand of destiny has affixed labels to human movements and he must indeed be blind who cannot distinguish between the broad flood of main and persisting intention and the petty streams of human measures, which are but its tributaries and feeders.

In identifying with ecclesiasticism the power which wills that man shall be enslaved, we use the term in no narrow or restricted sense. There is an ecclesiasticism of science as well as of theology, and there

■ The Eccle- siasticism of Science ■

is both a science and a theology which opposes ecclesiasticism with all the fervor which we could desire. In using this term we refer to the force under whatever name it may masquerade, which has for its object the imposition of a mold upon human minds, the force which consciously intends to make the mind inflexible in the presence of new truth. The ecclesiasticism of theology is, of course, more dangerous than that of science, because it is defending a position which has never yet been effectively assailed, while the other merely covets a power of which it has barely yet tasted the sweets. We believe that mankind has not only begun to recognize its own ability to advance, but that it has also identified the armed forces of inertia which are determined that there shall be no advance if progress can by any possibility be averted. Our watchwords of freedom have after all been little more than a narcotic. Only as we wake from slumber and begin to stretch our mental limbs do we realize how actual are the bonds which have been laid upon them. Only with the desire to move comes the perception of restraint. And now a new order of consciousness has incarnated in humanity, and under its progressive stress we are beginning to idealize. Upon every side we see that men are stretching out their hands toward

■ The Past Must Bury Its Dead ■

the radiant pictures which have touched their dreams, and which have aroused them to a fresh energy. A new order of ages, a new heaven and a new earth have become possibilities, because their wondrous reflections have been seen, however dimly. Small wonder if the ideals of the soul have become distorted in brain minds too long inured to unreceptiveness, small wonder if men stumble awhile in the dazzling light which seems at first as darkness. From the old to the new is a passage which opens with perplexity, and there must be many a glance backward at custom which we have grown to love, and at the mental habits which have been a veil before the sunshine. But the past has been full of the dead, and it must bury its dead.

The light which has come into the world will not leave its work undone. It has been laid as a hot iron to our eyes, as a hot iron it has left a brand upon our hearts. It has awakened the world from its lethargy, and the turmoil which has followed its call to vigilance and arms will be followed by order and determination. Bonds are not broken without effort and conflict. Never yet has the road to freedom been broad and easy to the feet. Never yet has the birth of an ideal been a painless one. But we will recognize that humanity does not fight as do those

The Path Is Narrow and Strenuous

without hope. We will recognize the unending purpose of the ages of which the stream sometimes runs so tranquilly underground while men sleep in the sunshine, and which sometimes bursts into view and carries humanity onward upon a torrent which none can turn aside. This truly is the "Law which makes for righteousness," which breaks down the molds of mind, overthrowing those who have fashioned them and setting free those who sit in darkness. Well shall it be for mankind if it can recognize the destructive power which saves, and that other power which breathes deceptive words of peace and which would have men sleep on and dream the dreams of death. X.

Bird Millinery

THE London Humanitarian League has at any rate the courage of its convictions. It has introduced a bill into Parliament which provides for the prosecution and summary punishment of any one found guilty of wearing the plumage of rare and beautiful birds. The bill also provides that the offending article shall be seized and confiscated. The bill has of course no chance of becoming law, but its introduction may none the less serve a useful purpose.

Ireland at the Cross-Roads

MR. FILSON YOUNG has sketched for us a picture of Ireland which he calls "Ireland at the Cross-Roads." The author evidently loves his subject, and because he writes as a lover and not as a mentor, it may be that he will be heard, and that the thought which he inspires will be a fruitful one. We are all tired of hearing Ireland scolded because her ways do not happen to be our ways. We are tired of hearing the prophets of despair, and we are beginning to long for some authoritative voice which will tell them that their wares are no longer in demand—in Ireland or elsewhere.

As may be judged from the title which Mr. Young has given to his work, he believes that Ireland stands at the parting of the ways. He says that she is "ready now, as I believe she has never been ready before, to be guided and directed in a more prosperous way." Of that work it is not the intention here to attempt a critique nor a description of the two ways which Mr. Young believes to lie in front of the Irish people. Perhaps the most religious people upon earth, they have for centuries fixed their eyes upon a far-away Kingdom of Heaven, and they have never yet realized that of all pieties the most worthy is that which recognizes that the disordered stones which lie at their very feet are the only materials out of which that eternal kingdom can in any way be builded. The poetry and the imagination of the Irish people have carried them into a divine future, but is not the present equally divine? Is it the mission of religion to attain or to transmute, to abandon or to change and to glorify?

Mr. Young says that Ireland, "encompassed by estranging seas, brooding on her own tragic fate, lies outside the range of affairs and beyond the world's notice or interest." This is perhaps a word of pessimism which the author might have modified. Ireland is not outside the range of affairs, although a very stupid world may seem momentarily neglectful of those "affairs" in which she is preëminent and in which a glorious future may lie. The world may yet awake to the fact that it is itself starving for that very poetry and imagination of which Ireland has ever been the storehouse; and if the day should come when humanity cries out to Ireland for aid, it would not be the first time in history that a nation has discovered with surprise its own great possessions, the treasures of its mental soil.

It may be that through suffering Ireland has been led the more speedily to the turning of the ways. Happy, indeed, are they who suffer if they can but see the great intent which lies behind the seeming severity and the great opportunities which are never altogether veiled by the strong, swift wings of pain.

Bull-Fighting by Description

BULL-fighting has not yet become popular in America, but this is not for lack of journalistic stimulus, and it might well seem as though some of our newspapers were a little envious of the facilities afforded by one or two European countries for this abominable amusement. A Chicago newspaper prints from the pen of its special correspondent in Spain a long and lurid account of a fight between a lion and a bull with details calculated to shock the feelings of a vivisector. This description is of course copied into other newspapers, so that their readers may have the double satisfaction of pharisaical comments upon European depravity and at the same time in imagination gather around the Spanish arena and participate in a depraved and brutalizing excitement. Newspapers are now so universal that it is practically impossible to keep them even from the youngest classes of the community who are thus mentally fed upon cruelty and hypocrisy and all too often given a start upon the road to crime.

STUDENT

Cigarettes and Sunday-Schools

THE injunction to go out into the highways and compel them to come in, is illustrated in a somewhat distorted manner by a story which emanates from an English town. The boys of the neighborhood, being somewhat coy in their attendance at Sunday-school, are induced to a more regular appearance by the gift of packets of cigarettes. The scheme is naturally very successful, large numbers of names having been added to the register. We assume that the destruction of the pupils' bodies is of small importance compared with the "salvation of their souls."

STUDENT

A Vital Problem

A QUESTION of soul-stirring import has rent asunder the Congregationalists of Massachusetts. We are told that the controversy has been bitter, and that pamphlets, sketches and letters have been poured forth upon both sides. There has, however, been no bloodshed. The cause of this domestic strife is the problem of true heirship, spiritually and historically, to the Pilgrim Fathers. Two rival sections claim the laurels, and they seem to have been worked up, or down, to that point of fraternal hatred to which only theologians can ascend, or descend. They have now appealed to the General Conference, which, to its credit, seems to think that the question is a small one compared to that of Christian unity, and that it might be well to let the dead bury its dead.

We are reminded of that equally famous theologic controversy which raged some few centuries ago as to the number of angels that could dance upon the point of a needle. Then, as now, the depths of the theologic mind were stirred, and theologic missiles hurtled through the theologic air. We forget how the question was settled, but it must have been well handled, seeing that the earth still revolves upon its axis. This corresponding and latter-day problem will, we trust, be likewise solved, so that the disputing churches may be restored to their natural labors of founding the Kingdom of Christ upon earth, from which they have been momentarily and reluctantly diverted.

STUDENT

Taking the Records of a Dying Tribe

THE New York Museum of Natural History has hit upon an ingenious and somewhat unusual method of securing exhibits of contrivances used by the Indians of Vancouver Island. An old Indian was brought to New York for the purpose of superintending the construction of models of the various forms of fish-traps, deadfalls, etc., used by the hunters of his people. There were twenty-three models made, each a copy of some form of trap actually used by them. The fish-traps are all based upon the idea of letting the fish get easily into a place it could not get out of. It seems that the Indians used no nets, probably because of the lack of suitable cordage material for making them, sinew or tree-bark being wholly unfit. The animal-traps were all variations of the deadfall. There is probably very little essential difference between these things among different tribes throughout the whole of Canada and the northern part of the United States. The needs were everywhere similar and the resources also, and naturally the resulting contrivances would be. Some of the fish-traps may still be seen in small streams, even in fairly-well settled districts.

There is something pitiful about the idea of this old man thus recording the habits of a tribe of which few beside himself yet remain. His presence in New York on this errand was in itself a picturesque episode in museum exploration, and it would seem as though the plan must yield better results than the usual system of searching.

STUDENT

The World Needs Men

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME of New York was recently received at a Greek society dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria. In response to the toast "The Duty of the Citizen," he said:

After my fifteen years of public life in this city, it is hard for me to talk about anything but the need of decency in public life; and educated men, you men of the colleges and universities, are under peculiar obligations to furnish that decency. Ethics alone won't do it. Thinking beautiful thoughts and embalming them in quarterly reviews won't do it. How far do you suppose Christianity would have gone if the principles had not been incarnated in one loving personality, in a Leader? Without that Leadership we should have had merely another school of ethics.

It is not enough to believe in decency. You must get out and fight for it; and if your own sense of honor doesn't force you to do that, nothing will.

Bertramstown, Johannesburg

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week represents a bird's-eye view of Bertramstown, one of the suburbs of Johannesburg. The latter city is well known as the commercial center of the South African gold mines, and during the recent war it was the center of much of the hostile operations in the Transvaal.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

An Enlightened View of History

PROFESSOR HAECKEL'S *Riddle of the Universe* deals with the problem of education in a manner which is not so popular today as it will be in a few years' time, when public ideals will have somewhat changed for the better. Everything which this eminent thinker may say is of course worthy of attention, but his remarks upon the study of history are especially enlightening and have already made a marked impression. History, he tells us, concerns itself far too much with kings and rulers and not enough with the mass of the people who are usually but ill-represented by those who act in their name. We want to know more of the mental changes in the life of the nation, the nature of those changes, and from what causes they were born. We want to know more of popular movements and of the forces which produced them. We want to understand the heart-beats of a people and whether they were for good or evil. We want to know about the ebb and the flow of conscience, and how it has operated in the dealings of man with man.

If we were to study history in some such way as this, we should find that geographical boundaries and limitations became less and less noticeable. For human thought there are no custom-houses and no frontiers. An idea laughs at all our politics, passing easily under them and over them. Ideas are, after all, the true life of men, and all else is but their effect, too often distorted by prejudice and pride and ignorance. What is now called history is responsible for most of the animosities of the world and for all the falseness of its patriotisms. A true history would introduce us for the first time to a true patriotism which can be nothing else but the recognition of a geographical specialization of duty and of moral obligation, and not at all of self-interest. True patriotism indicates to us the natural and peculiar field for our self-sacrifice and not for our self-assertion. History ought to be the artillery which moral intelligence brings to bear for the destruction of illegitimate boundaries; it ought to level the ground for the advance of our common humanity. The extent to which it accentuates the boundaries and increases the obstructions is the extent of our inability to grasp its meaning and our unwillingness to apply it.

STUDENT

Worse Than the Death Sentence

THAT a man should be allowed to remain in prison under sentence of death for four years, is a legal scandal and it ought to be made impossible. This is the fate of a man named Ross, now in San Quentin. That no pains should be spared to secure justice is right and proper, but these long delays are usually due to no such cause but are the result of legal legerdemain and a horrible juggling with technicalities. Individuals are, of course, not to blame except for tolerating a system which turns life and death into a forensic game and encourages crimes by creating innumerable back stairways to immunity.

The man who has passed through a four-years ordeal such as this has suffered death a hundred times, and the law that plays with its prisoner as a cat plays with a mouse, is unworthy of American civilization. None of the civilizations which we are accustomed to call effete would tolerate such a thing. Why do we?

STUDENT

Why Our Food Is Adulterated

A MEDICAL contemporary "fails to see the reason" why more efficient steps are not taken to prevent the adulteration of food by so-called preservatives. Our scientific friends should reflect a little, and they will no longer "fail to see the reason" why human life, often in its most helpless forms, is denied the protection to which it has a sacred right. The God Moloch—although it may be a slander—is said to have demanded the sacrifice of children. The more real modern Moloch of Gold demands and receives a similar propitiation, and there seems to be no effective force to overthrow its temples and to trample upon its altars. The medical writer in question will receive illumination upon this and very many other murderous abuses if he will realize that they pay, they pay.

STUDENT

Power of Observation in Children

A RECENT writer on education has been conducting some experiments with a view to ascertaining the extent to which the power of observation had been developed in a certain number of children. Out of thirty-eight children only three knew that a coat of arms was painted over their school-room door. Some believed that it was colored yellow, while others held that it was painted black. All of them had noticed cows passing on their way to the slaughter-house, but only two out of twenty-eight knew that a cow's hoof was cloven. Questioned as to the rainbow, one child of twelve years of age thought that "it was mostly white and brown." Many of the children could not describe the way to the Town Hall, to the Post-office, nor to the Parish church, although these buildings were close to their homes.

Education which does not include the power of observation is largely wasted. We might very well dispense with a great deal that children are taught as useless to them now and hereafter, but the power of accurate observation is a teacher that will accompany them all through life, making that life not merely wise but beautiful.

We are told by a writer who was familiar with the life-story of the late Herbert Spencer, that the great philosopher's father seemed to be quite indifferent to the education which his son was receiving so long as he was taught to draw. By the art of drawing, the powers of observation are peculiarly called forth and this object once obtained all other things would be added.

STUDENT

Prayer and Money Grabbing

TRULY the children of darkness are wiser than the children of light. Some recent proceedings in reference to a defunct public company in which immense sums of money seem to have been lost, disclosed the fact that the stockholders' meetings were opened with prayer, while one of the officers of the company was well known for his activities in the Sunday-school. This combination of God and Mammon was naturally successful in extracting money from the pockets of the pious, to which there seems little likelihood of its ever returning. We are told that a committee has been appointed to see that justice is done. To a certain extent justice has already been done, and the religious people who have lost their money may have learned that even prayer and Sunday-school teachers cannot persuade the Deity to favorably interfere in the affairs of money-making companies. It is a nauseating picture, and, it is to be feared, by no means a solitary one.

X.

Intelligent Treatment of Convicts

IN the presence of an almost universal increase of crime, it is pleasant to turn from those who advocate a mere accentuation of the bad old methods of retributive punishment to those who recognize that a new and more enlightened departure is necessary. Along the latter lines an experiment has now been inaugurated at a great English prison. It is based upon the recognition that up to the age of twenty-one a truly criminal character cannot have been formed, and that those who have lapsed into crime before that age can be and ought to be reclaimed. For the purpose of this experiment a department of the prison has been set aside. Its occupants will be specially taught the virtues of cleanliness as a preliminary step to self-respect. They will also be taught to read and write, and they will be given a trade. The results so far have been of the happiest description, so much so that the Prison Commissioners are justified in their description of the experiment as "the most important work of prison reform for the future." That it will be a continued success goes without saying. If it is conducted without the interference of faddists and fossils, it will solve one of the most distressingly dangerous problems of the age.

It is time for civilization to grow away from panic and also from penal cruelty. The noisy people who cry out for the mere infliction of increased pain ought to be ignored. They are usually the very people who are most acquiescent in those features of our social system which a more intelligent legal code would classify as crimes.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

What Does Leadership Mean?

AN interesting case, brought by one of the violinists of a certain orchestra against the conductor of the same orchestra, has recently been decided in one of the New York courts in favor of the latter. Concerning it, the conductor says:

Unimportant as this matter may appear to be to the general public, it has a deeper significance than appears on the surface. In Europe such a suit as this would be practically impossible, for there a conductor would hardly be placed in a position where he would find it difficult to induce the members of his orchestra to follow his suggestions with regard to the musical selections rendered. The member of my orchestra, who has recently lost the suit which he brought against me, is pleased to say that my conception of the Mozart symphony in E flat is not in accordance with tradition. The remark *per se* I ignore, because, generally speaking, in musical interpretation there is no such thing as tradition. In fact, it becomes with some a convenient excuse for intellectual sluggishness and absence of spontaneity. In order to give adequate expression to any musical composition, it is necessary to imbue it with genuine, pulsating life—to recreate it, as it were, for no one has yet invented a system of notation capable of expressing more than the bare framework of that which is vitally essential in a musical work. To quote the opinion of but one of the great composers, Liszt, we find that he says in the preface to his *Symphonic Poems*: "In spite of my endeavor to make clear my literal meaning, nevertheless I must confess that much of it, perhaps even its very essence, cannot be expressed in symbolical notation. These works can be rightly interpreted only when they find on the part of the conductor artistic inspiration and sympathy, and on the part of conductor and players a unified, harmonious and vitally sympathetic interpretation."

The point at issue in this controversy was ostensibly whether the conductor of the orchestra or the player in question was most capable of deciding upon the phrasing of the first theme of Mozart's symphony in E flat. The real issue was whether the conductor of an orchestra is its conductor actually as well as in name, or whether any individual in the ranks, be such an one narrow but well-intentioned or merely quarrelsome, has the right to ruin the whole performance at his personal whim or caprice.

The condition of humanity today is a fair sample of what will happen to any collection of units when left entirely without the unifying influence of a leader on right lines. The one absolute condition for the production of any work of art which calls for the combined efforts of a number of people is that these place themselves willingly and enthusiastically and impersonally under the direction of some one who becomes their leader. That one, for the sake of the whole, must reserve unquestioned authority as to all matters concerning the particular work in hand. Otherwise, everything will go to pieces.

It would be difficult to find, among the potentates of the world, one whose word is so absolute and unquestioned as, for instance, the *dicta* of any of our really great stage directors concerning the staging of the one particular drama under their direction.

Where would the Chicago orchestra be today had Theodore Thomas ever, even for once, found it necessary to concede to the disintegrating tendencies of any one of his members, even though that one might have been able to play his particular instrument some twenty-five times better than Mr. Thomas could do?

Where would be the Symphony Orchestras of New York and Boston, the wonderful Philharmonic, the Joachim Quartet, that cannot be surpassed in Europe—what would these have amounted to without

a leader who knew how to lead and players who knew how to follow?

There is a deep and fundamental law which the recent suit has, in a measure, served to reveal. It is time that we recognized it.

If the work is worthy—whether it be art or music or philanthropy matters not—and the leader true, then let us put aside our pet and personal prejudices and find our true places in the ranks.

If, however, our prejudices are dearer to us than principle, then let us quietly withdraw. We shall not be missed.

To do otherwise—to remain in the rank and file of a body that is steadily advancing under a worthy and courageous leader toward the consummation of some great and noble work, merely that we may indulge our love of power or our propensity for finding fault—is an assault upon a Universal Law which will, when it gets ready, teach us better by the stress of penalty and of pain.

STUDENT

FRENCH NATIONAL HYMN

From the French of ROGET DE LISLE

YE Sons of Freedom, wake to glory:
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise:
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath!
March on! March on!
All hearts resolved on Victory or death!
O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing!
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath!
March on! March on!
All hearts resolved on Victory or death!

tended merely for the select few, a great mistake has been made somewhere in the divine plan, in distributing so lavishly among the masses such benefits as air, light, sunshine and the affections of the human heart. A.

FEW buildings in Europe have a greater interest for the thoughtful tourist than the old Flemish town-halls which were built in pre-Renaissance times and have, to a great extent, fallen into decay. Recently the Municipal Art Association of Brussels has taken up the work of restoring them. The Ypres Town Hall is already being restored, and work is soon to be begun on the Dudenarde "Maison de Ville." It was an exact copy of this famous building which was erected to serve as the Belgian building at the Paris Exhibition in 1900. The original building is famous for the exquisitely minute sculptures of the façade. At a distance they resemble the finest lace.

THE artistic production of a single tone and the ability to reproduce it at will is a great achievement.—E. T. Myer

A Common Phase of Selfishness

FROM a current magazine we clip the following:

Among the charming properties of the Roentgen rays is, it is said, that of artificially ageing violins. A new instrument exposed for a few hours to the rays is supposed to acquire the rich tone which it has been thought only the mellowing influence of centuries could impart.

The writer, with a cynicism worthy of a more desperate cause, adds:

Hereafter anyone may be as great an interpreter as Wagner or Seidl if he will only submit his baton for half an hour to the action of the Roentgen rays.

The above remarks were evidently called forth by the writer's anxiety lest the market be flooded with violins which really are criminally modern but yet which, owing to their remarkable qualities, will be mistaken for genuinely "old" violins—as if an old violin were necessarily a good one.

One might quickly criticise if the process described does not give the results claimed, for those who make such claims become, in that case, parties to fraud. But this contingency appears not to concern in the least the writer of the criticism. What worries him into ill humor is the awful prospect that there might possibly come to be within humanity's reach hundreds, perhaps thousands, of good violins instead of merely scores. This argues a curious kind of philosophy. If the best things of life are in-



IT IS FOR YOU TO DARE ALL

—Emerson

"THE partialities of women are needed," said Emerson many years ago, "to balance the partialities of men." When Emerson uttered these words what might have been termed the "Woman Movement" was then in its infancy. Today no contrast could be more complete than that between the situation of women then and now. Many factors have worked to accomplish this, among them the women's clubs, but it would be impossible to trace particular results to particular causes in this case, because the whole woman movement has been afloat, so to speak, upon the great general tide of advance. In one field alone has women accomplished wonders in the way of being recognized, and that is in the field of journalism. When thirty years ago it was almost impossible to find in the newspapers any particular reference to women's work or women's interests beyond, of course, fashion notes, today scarcely a department exists that is not conducted with the end in view of pleasing women readers.

It was a great advance when some bold editor ventured to have a "Woman's Department." At first it was modestly tucked away in a corner, and its contents consisted mainly of "receipts," receipts for cooking this or that, or for keeping the mirrors shining, or for removing fly-specks from furniture, etc.; all important to be sure; but the absence of other matter was a clear indication of the boundaries placed by the editor upon "woman's sphere." Then this department increased in size and changed somewhat in the character of its reading matter. The home, and woman's work in the home, came to be considered as of greater importance than editors had heretofore dreamed, and the "Woman's Department" began to branch out into a broader life and one of greater usefulness. It was not long before there came to be woman editors for this department and a new life followed this new departure.

Those who know something of the lives of women in the country—those who live on the small farms, whose lives are filled with work, crowded with care and yet oppressed with loneliness—need not be told that a woman's department in the weekly paper opened out to them a new life. They read its articles and discussed them. For the first time to many women there came a feeling that, after all, their work was important as well as necessary, perhaps even interesting. With that feeling, life itself began to take on a new dignity. These women were doubtless unconscious of the fact that that was the case, but the home gave its own proof. For it must not be forgotten that in many a country home the woman is excluded to an extreme degree, and often her one outlook upon life is through the window of the weekly paper. That is less frequently the case today than twenty-five years ago, and the woman's departments in our papers have been an important factor in making the change. Many a little country woman's club, reading circle or study class owes its existence to the suggestion given in some woman's department. Many a country girl has found her way to college by the light of the inspiration of some article in the "Woman's Page." Many a funeral parlor, "kept for company," has been thrown open to the members of the family and to the sunlight because of some suggestion read by the house-mother and followed.

But at the present time it is quite impossible to limit woman's work to one department in any paper or magazine. Her touch is recognized in all. Along educational lines her influence is more wide-reaching than one dreams, until one follows the telegraphic and other reports in the daily papers. In civic work—look for a moment at the reforms carried

Women in Journalism

through by our women's clubs, reforms in matters of education and philanthropy, such as the securing of women physicians in insane asylums, the appointment of matrons in police stations, the influence of women in the juvenile courts, the establishing of vacation schools, etc. All these things the newspapers chronicle, and it is impossible, therefore, that there should not be the woman influence on every page. It is due partly, perhaps, to the increasing number of young women who are entering the newspaper field. Some of our best newspaper and magazine writers are today found among our women. Their influence is greater than they dream, and the thought of this should be enough to lead every one among them to approach her work with reverence and with care.

Each word written has its weight for evil or for good. The barest sentence that fills the most inconspicuous corner may change the course of a whole life. Not one of us but can recall some critical period in our lives when we stood at the parting of the ways. We were not conscious of it at the time, perhaps. More than likely we did not dream of the momentous results that would follow the taking of a single step in either direction. A word or a sentence came before our eyes—the outlook changed, a new ideal entered our minds, a greater hope. We stepped outward and upward. Or, on the other hand, a word here, a word there, had its weight in leading us to take the wrong course, to make the wrong choice.

Did women writers realize the extent of their influence, they would approach their work with less unconcern than is often now the case. A gospel of hope may be preached even in the report of a conference or the "write-up" of a fire, not in the bare words, but in that which one feels written between the lines. Greater opportunities involve greater responsibilities, and responsibilities which react on others as well as on ourselves. Women, in entering a broader life and a work which so much affects public thought as does newspaper work, must, if they are true women, grow into a deeper realization of their responsibility, day after day.

STUDENT

THUS IT IS

by JOHANNA AMEROSIUS

ONCE unto me a rose thou gavest,—
Meseems today again I take
The bud; and as a sharp thorn pierced me,
You trembling asked, "Oh, does it ache?"

You took your kerchief, that wound binding,
'Twas white and soft as fair snowflake:
I laughed away your childlike terror,
And only said, "It does not ache."

But when you bruised my heart so sorely
I longed my kind all to forsake,
Like stricken deer, you never thought of
Asking the question: "Does it ache?"

A WELL-KNOWN woman physician recently said, "Health is just as contagious, more so, I think, than disease. Both as physicians and as women we study disease too much and health too little. During all our student years we devote one, perhaps two, hours a week to the study of physiology or hygiene; all the rest of the time we are studying disease. Is that method thoroughly rational? And do those of us who are really working for humanity realize the potency of simple good health? Take the temperance cause, for instance. It is useless to talk temperance after your third cup of tea, or your one too many helpings of pie or roast beef. What is dyspepsia or a sluggish liver but the label that our own intemperate appetites place upon our bodies? Such ailments are unchristian and disgraceful. I hope to live to see the day when it will be considered as ill-bred to ask after last month's dyspepsia or last week's sick head-ache as it would be to make inquiry of a reformed ex-convict as to his former experience in the penitentiary."

A PROMINENT figure at the meeting of the Iowa State Bar Association held a few months ago in Des Moines, was Miss Grace Ballantyne. Among other guests was Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court. Miss Ballantyne is noted for the victories she has won in some hotly contested court cases.

Women's Clubs

ONE of the signs of the times is the gradual branching out of women's clubs along lines of humanitarian work. First organized, in most cases, for literary study and personal culture, they have so broadened, year by year, in their aims and the scope of their work, that, to many clubs, the original ideal must seem like something foreign. It is to the women's clubs that we owe the departments of manual training and domestic economy in many of our public schools. It is club-women who have done most to preserve our bird-life and to secure to children the education that will render them humane in the treatment of animals. They have organized school-children's savings banks, vacation schools, supplied books, clothing and food to needy children, libraries for homes and schools, rest-rooms for teachers, lecture courses, works of art for school-rooms and many of the poorer class of homes. One Illinois club has paid the university tuition of something like a score of girls; others have been instrumental in preserving historic landmarks. The tendency of all evolution at the present time is from the purely personal toward the universal. Those who move with this tide step into enormous opportunities. Those who hesitate, or selfishly work against it, are destined in the end to be swept down by it and possibly destroyed.

Chicago Woman's Club

YEAR by year grows the tendency among members of women's clubs to step out of purely literary work into the broader ways of practical philanthropy and social reform. The Chicago Woman's Club, while from its inception giving attention, through various committees, to practical humanitarian work, made a new departure during the recent hot season. The terrible infant mortality in the poorer districts of Chicago, as well as all great cities, is a matter which forces itself upon the attention of every woman who has a heart, summer after summer. Babies in the slums die like flies as soon as the heat becomes intense. In studying this question the members of the Woman's Club discovered that, while poverty and ignorance were the two main causes, the most tangible cause was usually impure milk.

It is well known that no other article of food may be so deceptive when judged merely by appearances, none other may be doctored with preservatives, from borax to formaldehyde, with so little danger of detection from the unexpert, and no article of food is better adapted for carrying and propagating germs of disease. With their usual determination, certain members decided, at a meeting held some time ago, to make an effort, at least, to furnish pure milk to families in the poorest districts, and if need be, to erect a bottling and sterilizing plant. Besides this there were to be established milk depots at various places in the tenement districts where pure milk may be purchased at cost.

For many years the Chicago Woman's Club has been a recognized agent of sensible and judicious reform. Its members have secured the passage of new laws and the enforcement of old ones in many instances, as, for example, in the problems of juvenile crime and punishment, and child labor.

A NEW departure has been made by Mrs. Alfred Clifford Barney, one of the society leaders of Washington. She gave a house-warming reception to all those who had had a share in the building of her new house artists, artisans and laborers. The house itself was designed in all its details by Mrs. Barney and she personally superintended the building of it.

PERSONAL limitations must not obscure the possibilities of the hour and the criticism of the cynic should not be allowed to paralyze our efforts.

KATHERINE TINGLEY



A LOMA-LAND MOTHER AND CHILD

For the Birds

THE Roxbourn Club of Roxbury, Massachusetts, is engaged in one line of work which might be adopted to great advantage by other clubs the length and breadth of the land. During the last year its Tree Committee has planted something like one hundred trees, among them many of the mulberry and mountain ash. The latter was chosen as being adapted to sustain bird life. Through its year book the club appeals to club women everywhere to think of the birds when trees are planted about their homes or in the streets of their cities.

Here and there we see signs of an increased interest in the preservation of our song birds, and an increased reverence for bird-life. The Legislatures of many States have passed laws which have for their object the protection of birds, and at last fashion decrees that women shall no longer deck their bonnets with slaughtered innocents. When one thinks of humanity's sordidness, its selfishness, its push and greed, one comes back to nature and nature's ministers—for such birds

are—with a feeling of utter thankfulness. As Katherine Tingley has said, "There are times when the sorrows and the sins of humanity so press on my heart, that if I could not look out at the blue sky, the glorious trees, the flowers and the birds, I could not bear the picture."

STUDENT

Women in Germany

MRS. FENWICK MILLER writes in the London *Daily News* of recent date:

The idea of higher education, the opening of newer and wider occupations, any idea of independence for wives, and so on, is all extremely unpopular in Germany. Our two noble-minded and great-hearted Princesses who married to live in Germany, the late Princess Royal, the

Empress Frederick, and Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, did what they could to make a beginning for German women to step out into a wider life; and the educational institutes which they founded, and the benevolent organizations which they supported, were unquestionably the first step through the tangle of masculine prejudice and arrogance for German women.

That clever English woman, Mrs. Austin (wife of John Stuart Mill's friend, John Austin, whose lectures on jurisprudence she wrote out and published), tells indignantly in 1841 of the state of affairs that she, accustomed to the society of the greatest thinkers of the day in England and France, found in Germany. She says: "The condition of German women, their intelligence and moral station, is so immeasurably lower than the condition of English women, that it must take a long time to bring them up to our level. Imagine that it is the universal custom in what they call society for the men to go into a separate room, or if there is none to assemble in a corner while the women sit round the table. No man thinks of talking to a lady. I have told them that I am not accustomed to be insulted in this way, and that if such men as — have not disdained to speak to me as if I were not quite a fool, I will not take such an assumption of superiority at the hands of little Court Chamberlains, etc. Not that I want or value their conversation, but my English blood boils at seeing women so degraded; we in England are oppressed, but not contemned."

The codification of German laws three or four years ago even took away the rights that the women of some of the various States affected previously possessed, and riveted more firmly than before the chains of the rest.

RECENTLY eight highly educated Polish women, all members of a well-known woman's club, were fined at Guesen, Province of Posen, for refusing to submit to the police a copy in the German language, of the constitution of their club. They offered to furnish the authorities with a copy of the document in Polish, but their offer was refused. Is this one of the signs of the times?

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

The Ancient Celt—What Archeology May Teach Us

IT would seem as if our time would presently want a new word. Archeology is one form of the *study* of the spirit of the past, of the consciousness and life of the past. The word we want is to express *in practise* the consciousness of the past. Both tendencies mark the stirring of the past from its sleep.

"The stirring of the past"—is that a mere metaphor, a useful phrase in a peroration of a speech at some national festival, a sonorous half-line in a patriotic poem? Or is it something more definite? As the present is moved to go back to the past, can we in the same real sense say: so is the past moved to come forward into the present?

"The present" is made up of ourselves—of men. So was the past. Where are its men?

Remains of old and evidently splendid civilizations are daily being unearthed. And when we consider the destructiveness of time's hand; and that with advancing knowledge, the period when such civilizations bloomed is being constantly pushed back, we can understand that we have as yet but a poor idea of what they were at their height.

And there are other civilizations behind us whose remains are not represented by implements, and architecture and sculpture; but by legend and myth almost solely.

Especially is this true of Celtic and pre-Celtic epochs. May not the whole mass of Celtic legend, myth, and tradition, as we have it, whether from Iceland, Ireland, Brittany, Wales, and Cornwall, be but the remains, the indices of a civilization that was; standing to it as do the stone remains of the Aztecs and Egyptians to the old civilizations of Mexico, Peru, and Egypt? Furthermore, looking with dim and almost unseeing eyes into the past, we must expect to meet with their own peculiar traces of civilization to which our own is no guide, civilizations that never marked their course in stone and iron. Our own civilization, which we almost unconsciously use as key to all others, is a material one, and one of intellect.

May there not have been old civilizations which were spiritual, and of feeling? And if there were, it is clear that their remains would be wholly different from those which our archeologists study. It would be precisely among legends and myths that we should have to look.

Yet these, as we said, would be but indices from which we should have to infer and construct, as Cuvier inferred and constructed an extinct animal from a bone. The people might have lived in huts or tents, and walked half naked. They may have carved nothing on stone.

Yet they may have known in feeling, in direct intuition, what we speculate on and hope for. Their religion may have been their life. It may have stood to ours as does the feeling of a man who loves humanity to the speculative intellection of some cold-hearted, over-brained writer on ethics. And with some it may also have taken a perfect intellectual dress as well, and yet have left no written or recorded trace. It may have known the meaning of life, the mysteries of the soul and the after-life, have faced and understood God in and beyond Nature where we but speculate and reason. It may have seen that to which our mentality is blind. And the myths and legends may mark but the survival in poetic form of what were to those people direct acts of feeling.

Where are their men? Where are the wise and great of any and all past epochs? Is there no significance in the world-wide impulse to get back the past, and get back to the past? It burns in some hearts strongly,

and inspires a peculiar and poetic patriotism, such as we now see in Iceland, Wales and Ireland. There is something of it in the poetry of the neo-Gaelic and neo-Irish movements. Indeed, its most marked sign is the attempt to re-live, in feeling, the old Celtic life; to get back to the old Celtic heart and soul. Little enough from the prehistoric Celtic life has thus far come to us; what little there is, is overlaid by Scandinavian and Romance strata, or comes to us feebly through Roman veils. But all signs point to some far more perfect recovery of this bygone Celtic and perchance pre-Celtic past.

H.

Remains of Four Hundred Ancient Irish Forts

THE ancient people of Clare, in Ireland, must have been of a war-like disposition if we may judge from the remains of the forts which they built. From *Wakeman's Irish Antiquities* we learn that the remains of no less than four hundred of these fortifications are

known to exist. The most astonishing is perhaps that of Moghane, a few miles south of Ennis. There are three stone ramparts, of which the greatest dimensions are 650 feet. The united length of the walls is nearly 8000 feet, and the area enclosed is nearly twenty-seven acres. The estimated quantity of stone used in this remarkable structure is no less than 1,177,000 cubic feet. The fort known as Ængus, on the coast of Ineshmore, is perhaps still more wonderful and justifies Petrie's description of it as "the most magnificent barbaric monument now extant in Europe." It stands on the edge of cliffs nearly three hundred feet in height, and seems originally to have consisted of four enclosures. The inner wall is eighteen feet high and twelve feet, nine inches thick.



ANCIENT CASTLE AT DAREHIEB, EGYPT

The shape is that of a horse-shoe, although some authorities believe that it was originally circular, and acquired its present form through the falling away of portions of the cliff upon which it stands.

Another interesting fort is that of Dunbeg, which was made by building a massive wall or rampart across a headland. This rampart varies in thickness from fifteen to twenty-five feet. Wakeman tells us that,

Near the middle the wall is cut by a passage, the entrance of which is three and a half feet high, three feet wide at the bottom and two feet at the top. The passage widens to about eight feet, and becomes corbelled. The original entrance was seven feet wide, but it was thus reduced, and a barricade about four feet thick added, leaving a space between it and the original wall to the right and left of the entrance for defense with a heavy timber log. The recess to the right was larger than that to the left, to receive the log when not in use. A hole in the top of the wall opened into the recess, in order to wedge the block when in position. About half way through the wall were similar recesses for like purposes. Two guard-rooms in the wall opened into the court within.

It is not easy to understand why fortifications of such great strength should be needed to resist enemies unprovided with artillery.

X.

THE discovery in America of various prehistoric flint mines has been curiously paralleled by an almost precisely similar discovery in England. It was made during the construction of a new railway line near High Wycombe, and the nature of the quarry cannot be questioned. The chipped flints lie in every direction, while some of the larger blocks bear unmistakable evidence of the pick. Archeologists who have visited the place are of opinion that the quarry was in use for a great many years, and that it was the source of the finished implements which have been found in the vicinity in very considerable numbers.

Nature

Studies

How May Lower Animals Classify Us?

MY tentmate is a little brown lizard, whose share of the housekeeping is to catch the flies and other insects of an agreeable flavor. Sometimes he gets thirsty and runs out as though in search of water. Then I spill some on the floor and he comes and drinks. He views my proceedings with the utmost interest and seems to be particularly fascinated by the toilet operations. He is absolutely speechless with astonishment when an article of clothing is donned or doffed, and takes so evident a scientific interest in me that it would be well worth much effort to be able for a moment to see through his eyes. His conclusions would probably be something like this: "Here is a huge creature whose vast bulk when he walks, shakes the very floor of the great cotton cave where I live. He is so slow in his motions that he certainly cannot catch flies, and it is a wonder what the creature feeds upon. As he stands upon his two hinder feet, and has a great quantity of black grass upon the top and sides of what is probably his head it is perfectly self-evident that he cannot possess any form of intelligence and it is therefore necessary to refer all his motions to reflex action, though the connections between causes and effects are sometimes very difficult to determine. He can remove portions of himself and reattach them. A chart of the reflex impulses which cause this action is now being prepared. On the whole, he appears to be a harmless beast, although his roar is most terrifying." It is my hope that by the time my little friend completes his observations of me that we will have become friends, and understand each other better.

N. L.

Even an Oyster May Adapt Itself

AMONG some oddities brought up from the sea by one of the students, was a large abalone shell, long empty, in which a colony of rock oysters had settled. Some had grown in such a way as to use the old shell as one of their own. They had merely covered as much space as they required with a film of shell material, thick enough to glaze it perfectly smooth. This layer was welded on to the large shell and was in size and form exactly what their own shell would naturally have been, and was covered by a perfectly ordinary outer, movable shell. Some smaller oysters of the same sort had attached themselves later, between the others where there was no room to lie flat, so they stood out with both shells of the natural style.

Those which lay flat had simply obtained a much stronger shell than usual at much less trouble. If a man were to adapt his house so cleverly and artistically to its surroundings we would admire his taste and skill, but as they were only oysters we are to consider it merely as reflex action, quite automatically orthodox.

N. L.

UNDER THE LEAVES

by FANNY F. BATES, in *Great Thoughts*

OFT have I walked these woodland paths,
Without the blest foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds were growing.

Today the south wind sweeps away
The types of Autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet *Arbutus* flowers—
Spring's children pure and tender.

O prophet souls, with lips of bloom,
Outvying in their beauty
The pearly tints of ocean shells,
Ye teach me faith and duty.

Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
With Love's divine foreknowing,
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees the sweet flowers growing.



A LOMA-LAND SUNSET

THIS beautiful sunset view is typical of those to be seen almost every evening from the heights of Loma-land, only the picture fails to give the rich wealth of color. Of course the sunrises are splendid; a stretch of bay with the port city spread upon its curving shores, with a white, hazy sea of light mist spread over all, and, far beyond, the great mountains piled range on range, all dim with the purple haze of distance; the sun could not rise dully over such a scene. But the sunsets have a charm all their own, when the myriad colors of boundless sea and sky, embossed with gleaming kelp and strewn with clouds, when all burst into a blaze of contrasting and blending colors, beauty seems too tame a word, and splendor sounds too coarse. And nearly always the sun changes its apparent form, just before disappearing, and takes what we call "the temple shape" of dome surmounting dome; though sometimes it assumes a pyramidal or a boat form.

W.

An Informal Luncheon in Camp

AFAMILY of field-mice lives under my doorstep and this evening one of them made me a call. I offered cracker-crumbs as refreshments and they proved satisfactory. A piece of apple, however, was utterly disdained, and water seemed so repugnant that even wet crumbs were not accepted. The supply of cracker being constantly replenished, my little visitor filled his cheek-pouches nearly to bursting, went off to unload, and was back in less than half a minute. That seemed impossible, so it may have been another one, though there was only one at a time, and the two, if there were two, were so exactly alike that I could not tell one from the other. The number of times those little pouches were filled was marvelous. Comparatively speaking, they were enormous sacks, reaching back to the shoulders, and when they were full they made the face look quite ridiculous, and entirely hid the tiny front feet.

One would think that these tiny creatures would discover every seed and leave none to grow, but they do not. Indeed, they left a full sowing of oats in the fields last year so that there was a crop without sowing, besides lots of weeds to the seeds

of which they would have been perfectly welcome. He is back again, now, for another load of crumbs; beginning to be tired, but staying with his good fortune like a business man.

N. L.

Wanted—A Closer Study. of Nature

IN a recent newspaper some one displayed his ignorance by suggesting that "cow-slips" were so called from the idea that cattle are fond of them, although, as he points out, cattle do *not* eat them. We would suggest that he consider the name "cow's-lips" a little more carefully. The real reason for

the name is, as many a farmer boy knows, the resemblance of the odor of these flowers to that of a cow's breath.

About on a par with the above was a paragraph announcing the discovery of an easy way to make butter by filtering the cream. The moisture being thus removed the residue would be all ready for the market. The plausible inventor evidently forgot that butter is cream which has been, in some way, *pounded* so as to break the fat-globules, and that *dried* cream is not such a product. A great deal of such fantastic nonsense is done by space-writers who go unrebuked because those who know better don't take the trouble to correct it.

PRO

A HORSE which is untamed, or is badly treated, may be kept by a strong fence; but if he were well taught and well treated, he would stay in his place without any fence. Therefore, it is known that if people are fenced about with many laws, they receive scant justice.—*Cheron the Centaur*.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

ISIS Theatre was again crowded last Sunday evening, the occasion being a special New Year's program by The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. The evening's service was most interesting and enjoyable, the various numbers of the splendid program being warmly encoored by an appreciative audience. The children of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma played a prominent part in the service, being led by Mr. Neresheimer through several of their most delightful musical numbers. Their part of the program included the special chorus of Joachim Raff's exquisite song, "Sunset," with string quintette accompaniment by students of the Isis Conservatory of Music; the "Angelus," and other favorite selections.

Another special feature was the recitation of a group of poems by Mrs. Jessie E. Southwick of the Boston School of Oratory, one of the best-known reciters in the East. The poems she selected were:

- "Ring Out Wild Bells," Tennyson.
- "The Dawn," by Edward Howard Griggs.
- "Life and Song," by Sidney Lanier.
- "The Bugle Song," by Tennyson.

And in answering the final encore she recited most effectively "The Swiss Good Night."

The students of Isis Conservatory of Music gave "Jadassohn's Sextette," for piano and strings, in three movements: (a) Allegro, (b) Adagio, (c) Allegretto.

Master Albert Spalding presented an admirable address entitled "A Raja Yoga New Year's Greeting." It was delivered in that clear, strong and dignified man-

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Large Audience Delighted With
Fine New Year's Program --- Mrs.
Southwick and Raja Yoga Children

Reprinted from the San Diego News

ner so characteristic of the youthful Loma-Land orators. He spoke as follows:

The Raja Yoga boys and girls send their New Year's Greeting to you all. It is their wish that San Diego shall be more richly blessed than ever before. So many good things have happened to San Diego during the past year.

We boys have taken much interest in this city and the citizens. We honor justice and truth. Raja Yoga teaches us that an ideal city can be built by honest, unselfish men and women. We shall live to see San Diego a great center of education.

The Raja Yoga boys and girls do not wait until New Year's Day to make new resolutions. We are taught that each day begins a new year in our lives. If we resolve to rid ourselves of a bad habit, and fail, we are not discouraged, but try again.

Raja Yoga teaches us that today should be better than yesterday, that the mistakes of yesterday are valuable lessons to us today.

This new year let us start in with fresh courage. Let us erase our past mistakes, and profit by the experience we have gained through them.

Our aim should be to lead a life that will help the world, not one that will be a hindrance. We need more self-control. Our tempers and passions too often get the best of us. Sometimes a week's perseverance to overcome a fault is just knocked all to pieces when we lose control for one minute and have a temper.

We must show more love to the people about us. It is brotherhood to show them their mistakes, but do not let us forget our own faults. One of our Raja Yoga quotations says: "Be more severe with yourself than with others; be more charitable toward others than toward yourself."

✻ ✻ A Letter from the Secretary-General to "Camp and Plant" ✻ ✻

THE following extract from *Camp and Plant*, 28th of November, 1903, will be read with interest:

A LETTER FROM LOMA-LAND

Camp and Plant takes pleasure in printing the following letter from Mr. F. M. Pierce, Secretary-General of The Universal Brotherhood. No one regrets more than the writer any inaccuracies, if there be such, which may have been contained in the article on "Point Loma and the Theosophists," which was printed in *Camp and Plant* for September 12th, 1903, and which was based upon personal observations and upon statements made by residents of the colony and officers of The Universal Brotherhood. It was written not in the spirit of criticism, but rather in that of setting forth the facts and conditions as they appeared:

POINT LOMA, California, October 14th, 1903

Editor Camp and Plant—DEAR SIR: The paper by Dr. Corwin appearing in your issue of September 12th, has been read with appreciation, because of its intelligent and apparently friendly presentation of such points as a casual visitor might observe in a two hours' visit here, regarding our great Institution and world-wide work; and it is regrettable that the doctor did not avail himself of the suggestion of our guide, "To make an appointment with some of our busy officials, who would gladly take the time to show him the Raja Yoga School and its workings, and explain to an extent the methods and workings of our Institution." His available time, it is presumed, made this inconvenient, though he gladly accepted the suggestion and said he would do so.

Had so sensible and evidently so fair-minded a man done this thing, necessary to writing intelligently of anything new to him, and especially of a great humanitarian work like this, it would have enabled him to write harmoniously, one part with another, avoiding the evident errors into which he stumbled on several minor and some vital points. As he in general commends the work, judged from results he saw evident, of course it cannot be faulty basically nor in method, for good results cannot fruit from bad methods, foundation or purpose.

His errors began with the introductory paragraph, by suggesting an absurdity of antique memory, for which he found no basis among us during his cursory visit.

Second: If the entering of open spacious grounds, and the sound of a bugle blown by the gate guard to notify the guide to be on hand to escort and explain to the entering visitors, suggested an "air of mystery and unreality," it must have been the mystery of suggested law and order, with its appropriate courtesy, both of which are practised and required here. Unusual, certainly! but none the less right and proper to well ordered life.

Third, and vital: Idle or malignant gossips may have informed the good doctor

that "a person joining the Order gives up all his worldly possessions and asks no questions;" but be assured that none of our members, nor any outsider who has taken the pains to inform himself, ever gave voice to such absurd falsehoods. The basis and superstructure of this Organization are the "voluntary" offerings of services, time and money to the work, and absolute freedom to withdraw oneself and services at will. The only compulsory requisite during membership is an active, clean, pure, upbuilding daily life. When this ceases—the honest effort to so live—then the autocrat power of the Leader is exercised, and invariably, in striking the name of the weakling from our roll of membership. Would not all organizations, both secular and religious, be safer and more efficient in their respective fields if thus conducted? Ours is an organization of intelligence based upon and conducted by "practical" intelligence in every department.

Fourth, and vital: The doctor implies that "there is but one—Katherine Tingley—in the organization who dispenses funds, and that she renders no account of expenditures." The facts are that Katherine Tingley absolutely refuses to receive funds from any one for any purpose! But she does of her own private monies contribute thousands of dollars every year to the general work, besides her entire time, unremitting labor and very life. Her reward is the consciousness of having done her utmost duty to her fellows—even those who ignorantly or maliciously slander her.

All funds are received, handled, banked, checked out and disposed of by myself as treasurer, and under the supervision and direction of a financial board which I ceaselessly require to do its full duty. Its chairman, Mr. Clark Thurston, but recently President of the American Screw Company, Providence, Rhode Island, being a business man of national and international repute, of unquestioned honor and sagacity, insures that he will neither be hoodwinked nor loan himself to the unintelligence of anything which can in the slightest be questioned, save by ignorance and maliciousness.

I am not lacking the same reputation as the past head of several large and successful business concerns, one of which was the Ingersoll Rock Drill Company, now the Ingersoll-Sergeant; and many of the leading mining machinery concerns of Denver know me in connection with the Kennedy and Pierce Machinery Company some fifteen years ago.

This is mentioned as presumptive evidence, at least, of the business practicality, experience, intelligence, level-headed sanity and integrity, which are the basis and outworking of this Universal Brotherhood Organization in every department of its individual and organic life throughout the world. We are not "theorists," but "doers" of right work, for we all have learned how in battling for ourselves, and now find real life and its substantial happiness in doing this for others, weaker and

less experienced than ourselves. What other kind of people can do other than to "theorize" about "doing" real uplifting work for humanity? let me ask.

Fifth, and *not* vital, is the insertion of the imaginary names of two cats, "Isis" and "Osiris." Kindness to animals, even to the degenerate specimens on two legs sometimes called human, is among the numerous virtues we are guilty of practicing, but we do not burden them with other than ordinary cat names for people to make themselves absurd over.

Sixth: We have no "Italian" or other national colony. The Universal Brotherhood Organization is essentially an "Autocracy of Intelligence" from top to bottom, and as such it commends itself to the careful and unprejudiced examination of all who are intelligently attempting to wrestle with the great economic, ed-

ucational, social and moral—yes, even with the broadly spiritual problems of the day; for here at Point Loma they have already been solved, and *practically!* For we are living out their solution in "peace and good-will," which proves our *established* success.

Believing in Dr. Corwin's right intentions as a gentleman of honor, we feel that he will be glad to have this additional information wherewith to correct his own erroneous impressions, and of the numerous readers of your publication, among whom the doctor is doing such a magnificent work—so exceptional and commendable in the labor undertakings of our large corporations. The spread of error among any people on any subject results in evil to them. Yours faithfully,

F. M. PIERCE, *Secretary-General, Universal Brotherhood*

Man's Nature & Theologic Science

PROFESSOR ELIE METCHNIKOFF of the Pasteur Institute is one of those scientists for whom the boundaries of his legitimate sphere are all too small. He represents that element in the scientific world which, with all due respect, we would call the conceited element. He and those of his kind remind us of the precocious child who, having said something clever, must at once be silenced for fear he shall be encouraged by applause to say something foolish. Professor Metchnikoff has shone so brilliantly in the world of material science that he is encouraged by applause to believe himself similarly luminous in the realm of mental science. That is his point of error.

The Professor has written a book which he calls *The Nature of Man*. Had he entitled his work *The Physical Nature of Man*, and confined himself to his subject, he would doubtless have been saved from many mistakes of which we trust he will repent in due season. He tells us for instance that the instinctive fear of death is only absent in fanatics and in simple or primitive persons. He does not submit this as a theory or offer it to us for our consideration. He simply tells us that it is so with the same easy confidence which he would display in describing the shape of a bone or the direction of a nerve. He might, however, have expanded his dogma so that we could better appreciate its circular form. He might have said that all persons who are not afraid to die are fanatics or simple and primitive people; we should then have been better prepared to digest the formula that the fear of death is only absent in the classes named. We might still have asked for a definition of the word fanatic, a definition which must evidently be sufficiently wide to include nearly all the greatest men and women who have ever lived, and who have found at any rate one point of agreement in their tranquil contemplation of death. If the world's saviors, reformers, philosophers and poets are all fanatics we must either regard fanaticism as the highest of virtues or beg the Professor to deign to revise his terminology. It would be still more satisfactory if he would momentarily stoop into the domain of historical fact and so ascertain for himself that so far from the fear of death being either natural or universal it is, like so many features of Pasteurism itself, simply a mental aberration of very modern origin and existing in a very limited locality. It is in fact a disease. But Professor Metchnikoff does not stop here. He hastens to tell us that "the idea of a future life is not supported by a single fact, while there is much evidence against it." How strange it is that those who have been drilled in the rigid accuracy of the laboratory are the first to throw off all pretence of accuracy as soon as the laboratory door is closed. It is however unfortunate that they carry their popular reputation for accuracy with them and so deceive many. That reputation should certainly be left in the laboratory inasmuch as they lamentably cease to deserve it as soon as they get outside. Without entering too deeply into a question so profound we would like once more to ask the Professor for a definition. What does he mean by a fact and what is his idea of evidence? Is it a fact that the existence of life after death has been the immemorial belief of the whole human race and does that immemorial belief constitute evidence or does it not? In asserting that it does constitute evidence, and of the strongest kind, we are supported by the ablest thought of the century although it is so self-evident as to need no support.

With so brief a glance we must leave a book which is certainly the result of good intention. The scientific arrogance which is its defect is due to the system and not to the individual, but we none the less regret the influence which it may have upon minds which are still too immature to discriminate between authority and dogmatism.

STUDENT

The "Sayings" and the Gospels

WE have more than once referred to certain gospels that were afloat during the early Christian centuries which are now lost, but are, so to speak, exhibiting a tendency to be found.

But in addition to formal gospels, it would seem reasonable to suppose that notes of isolated sayings and conversations of Jesus must have been taken by some of the apostles and hearers. These also are exhibiting the same tendency.

In consequence of recent and forthcoming finds, it is not too much to hope that after another few years we may be able to supplement with heretofore undreamed-of completeness the meager bits we now possess of the teachings of one to whom we already owe so very much.

It is probable that in the vitally interesting *Pistis Sophia*—a fairly recent find—we have the previously missing *Gospel of Philip*.

There are several gospels of which we know something, but which must be found in their entirety if we are to regain the full doctrine taught by Jesus Christ and complete our picture of him.

There is the Gospel according to the Hebrews, in use among the mystical Ebionites.

There is the Gospel according to the Egyptians. This, as also a Clementine Gospel, as also one of the "sayings" of Christ just found by Dr. Grenfell in Egypt, contains an answer given by Jesus to a question as to when the "Kingdom" he had spoken of would be realized. Christ's answer is:

When ye shall trample on the garment of shame; when the two shall be one and the male as the female, neither male nor female.

There is the Gospel of Thomas. This is believed to have related to the childhood of Jesus. It must not be confounded with the recently unearthed "sayings," which appear to be notes taken by Thomas of Christ's lectures and talk. The first of the "sayings" is known to be contained in part in the Gospel according to the Hebrews, and greatly inflames one's wish for the speedy finding of that gospel. It runs:

Let not him that seeketh cease from his search until he find, and when he finds he shall wonder; wondering, he shall reach the Kingdom of Heaven, and when he reaches the Kingdom he shall have rest.

These "sayings" are evidently part of the same set as was published in 1897, and no one who knows anything of the spirit of orthodoxy will doubt that from that inspiration a determined attempt will be made to have it that the "sayings" are not notes taken by the disciple Thomas, but of much later date. In fact, the attempt is already in hand.

There are also the Gospels of Basilides, (who says that Matthew communicated to him certain very esoteric teachings of Jesus), of Bartholomew, of Matthias, of Apelles, and the one used by Marcion.

Others, too, were once afloat. It is clear that by the time the four now canonical Gospels became fixed in that position, the stream of teaching that had issued from Christ had been assimilated in parts by various bodies of people, each taking that to which it was inclined, or was within its comprehension; and that there are many of these parts or aspects which have not reached us through the canonical Gospels. What we have there is as much as was understood by, or as much as harmonized with the predilections of, the men who ultimately fixed the canon. So we await the rest. In the meantime, the "sayings" found by Dr. Grenfell will be published in 1904.

STUDENT

I AM not one who has disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of a freeman by the actions of a slave; but, by the grace of God, I have kept my life unsullied.—*Milton's Defence of the People of England.*

Some More or Less Valuable Information on How to Pray

by SAM WALTER FOSB—Selected

"THE proper way for man to pray,"
Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,
"And the only proper attitude,
Is down upon his knees."

"No, I should say the way to pray,"
Said Rev. Dr. Wise,
"Is standing straight, with outstretched arms
And rapt and upturned eyes."

"Oh, no, no, no!" said Elder Slow,
"Such posture is too proud;
A man should pray with eyes fast closed
And head contritely bowed."

"It seems to me his hands should be
Ansterey clasped in front,
With both thumbs pointing to the ground."
Said Rev. Dr. Blunt.

"Las' year I fell in Hodgkin's well,
Head first," said Teddy Brown,
"With both my heels a-stickin' up,
My head a-piatin' down;

"An' I made prayer right then an' there---
Best prayer I ever said,
The prayin'at prayer I ever prayed,
A-standin' on my head."

Way Over There in the Mountains



AY over there in the mountains is a snug little homestead, resting half way up one of the great, kindly, protective monsters of the chain. Although it is absolutely alone, (the trail has to be followed for more than fifteen miles before the nearest neighbor is reached) there is an air of complete safety and peace to be felt in the presence of those majestic many colored guardians, in the soft yet cheery silence, broken now and then by the far away noise of the breakers on the coast, in the glorious sunlight, with the shadow thrown by an occasional turkey buzzard flitting across the face of the mountains as, with heavy, slow-moving wings, he glides quickly through the golden air. So that when Garth Manville turned in the saddle for a final wave of the hand and a shouted "good-bye," he felt fairly comfortable in his mind as to his enforced absence of a few days from his wife and children. "Nothing *can* harm them," he said to himself as the little homestead slipped from his sight, "and a week will soon fly around."

Four days had passed, and it was with a happy heart that Kate Manville ticked off the days in her mind as she moved quickly about the kitchen, removing the remains of the evening meal, and keeping up a running stream of fun and laughter with her four children.

There was Kate, the eldest girl, called Kitten, aged ten, and the joy of her father's heart; then came mischievous, impudent, manly little Bobbie, aged eight; then the delicate, big-eyed Hugh, lame, and for that reason, the very core of his mother's heart; and last, Poppet, the baby, nearly two, a bunch of dimples, curls and kisses.

"Say, Kitten, you'll have to hurry up with dad's 'surprise' if you want to have it finished against he comes home," said Mrs. Manville. "Four days are gone now, and you are not half through, are you?"

"I know, mother dear," said Kitten, "but it is so *'stremely* difficult to remember all the time, that dad's fingers are bigger'n mine. I made this little place to hold the matches, twice over, 'cos I *would* make it just big enough for me, I *couldn't* remember; but now I've made it all right 'cos I've used two candles to measure it by, so dad can for sure get two fingers in, don't you think, mother?"

"Why, yes, dearie," said her mother, with great difficulty keeping back a smile, "that was quite a lovely idea, and the 'surprise' *will* be a surprise to him when he sees it."

She bent over the table to examine the curious work of art on which the child had expended so much time and patience. It was a kind of "hold all" for a smoker, and contained a pocket large enough to hold quite three matches, a little piece of sand paper, feather-stitched on, on which to strike the three matches, another little receptacle for cigarette ends, and again another for fresh tobacco "for when he's used up the cigarette ends." This was all her own idea, and was to be presented to dad on his return.

"That's getting on famously," said mother with a loving pat on the bright head.

"Why, Bobby, man, you've forgotten to bring in the kindling wood. No, never mind, I'll go," as the boy started to run to the yard, "you look after Poppet," and giving her patient little Hugh a tender kiss as she passed, she went through the door, turning back on some unaccountable impulse to kiss them all again, and with a strangely full heart.

"Why, mother dear," laughed Kitten, "seems like you're going away."

"So I am, all the way to the kindling pile," she laughed back.

The sun's setting rays were thrown with a warm glow directly into the shed in which was the wood pile. And with her eyes dazzled by the shimmering light, she took up the basket and with both hands began to fill it with wood, smiling to herself as she heard the children shouting with laughter at some of Bobbie's pranks or Poppet's funny ways.

"Bless them, my darlings," she whispered. Then, in a flash, the smile fixed itself, the color faded from her face, and she stood rigid, with open lips and staring eyes, too dazzled by the light to see from whence came that sound which is so often the forerunner of a terrible death. There it was again, a rattle, and then a long hissing sound like that of steam escaping from a valve. A sharp, sudden prick on her instep! And there at her very feet lay the angry reptile which she had disturbed.

Quick as thought she threw a heavy billet at it, but with a quicker movement it slid into the pile and was lost to sight.

Then in one vivid moment there flashed across her mind all that this tiny pin-prick meant. Her husband—away for three whole days yet, no one within helping distance, and the helpless little children—oh, she could not think of it. "God in heaven, Father of mercy!" she cried, "show me what to do! Oh, my little children, my little children!" and then again came from the house a merry peal of laughter which made her shiver with agony. In frantic haste she filled her basket, and with a powerful effort she calmed herself, and from the kitchen door called to Kitten.

"Kitten, darling, listen. Mother has to go away really this time, and you will have to take her place till dad comes home." And then she told the half-frightened child how to manage. "Don't be frightened, darling. Nothing can harm you; dad will soon be back, and I *have* to go away tonight—but I will make plenty of cake and bread before I go, so you will not need a fire; and do not go outside the door for *anything* till dad is home. And tell dad—tell dad,"—Here the hard lump in her throat caught her voice, and little Kitten threw her arms around her mother's neck and sobbed. "Oh, mother, what is it, what is it? I'm frightened!" And the mother's arms tightened around the little form, feeling that it was for the last time—that it was the last time she would feel the loving, clinging arms around her neck.

"My girlie, it's nothing; only I didn't—quite—like going away without saying good-bye to dad. I will leave him a note. Now be my brave little woman, and we'll get the children to bed so I can begin my work."

Never had the mother fingers flown more quickly over the undressing and bathing of the little ones. And who can tell of the suffering of that mother's heart, as at the completion of each little task she whispered, "For the last time, for the last time!" And when she bent over the bed of her lame Hughie, she could almost have prayed that she might take him with her. But there was no time to linger over the loved little figures now sleeping so soundly—she must work, work, work while she could stand; and soon the smell of baking bread and cake filled the air, and a passer-by, chancing to look into that cheerful fire-lit kitchen, and to see the busy figure passing quickly to and fro, would never have guessed of the tragedy that was being acted in that quiet little home.

The time flew by, pain and fatigue again and again would nearly overpower her. Once she fell, then breathing, "God help me to finish!" she raised herself to her feet and with one more heartbroken, yearning look at her children, one more kiss filled with the love of the years to come when she would still be "gone away," the burning tears pouring down her face, she tenderly raised Hughie's head and smoothed his pillow, and the little fellow half opening his eyes smiled and put one fragile arm around her neck.

"O God," she murmured, "let it be soon, I suffer so to leave them!"

Midnight saw the piles of cooked food on the table, the fire deadened with water and a little note on the window sill: "My husband, please God, you will find our darlings safe. I have been bitten by a rattlesnake. Do not let the children go near the wood pile—it is in there. My love, my dearest love, I am going away now to the"—and here the writing became illegible.

The morning broke. The sun shot up over the mountains, the children stirred. Little Kitten fully dressed, came into the kitchen full of importance, and with a strong sense of responsibility. Then she suddenly cried out:

"Bobbie, Bobbie, come here, dear old Mumsie hasn't gone away after all. She was so tired after baking all these things that she's gone to sleep on the floor."

"Don't wake her," said Bobbie, "let's put a pillow under her head and we'll creep and creep, so's not to 'sturb her, and we'll eat our bre'kfas' in whispers. Aren't you glad she isn't gone?"

It was so, she lay sleeping peacefully and naturally where she had fallen.

The noble self-sacrifice of the mother had worked in another direction too, it had worked the poison out of her system and she awoke from her long sleep to a life of love and happiness to which she thought she had said good-by forever.

"There is one thing, Garth, that we can never be too thankful for," she said to her husband, "and that is that Bobbie forgot to go to the wood pile." A. C.

✧ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✧

Study of Radium Corroborates H. P. Blavatsky's Teachings

H. P. BLAVATSKY, the founder of the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood, spoke with true prevision when she said that though her message would be rejected for a while, yet "in the Twentieth century of our era scholars would begin to recognize that the doctrine has neither been invented nor exaggerated, but, on the contrary, simply outlined." And now we find archeology awakening to the knowledge that advanced civilizations existed in far-off times, hitherto thought to be absolutely barbarous. Also, in physics and chemistry our ideas are extending so rapidly that the "mighty atom" has almost ceased to be considered a material thing at all, but is being transmuted in scientific imagination into a whirling center of electric energy.

Further confirmations of the Theosophical teachings as to the nature of matter are coming thick and fast by means of the "Miracle of Radium," as Mr. Vernon Boys, the President of the Mathematical and Physical section of the British Association, calls it. This "unorthodox" metal is seemingly the means by which, as H. P. Blavatsky anticipated, a great rent would be torn in the veil of materialism in the early years of the Twentieth century. It has quite lately been discovered, by Sir W. Ramsay, that the element helium, the lightest of the gases, is being continuously evolved from Radium, transmuted or decomposed through a series of "break-downs" or changes in its atoms. It is also considered that the highly volatile helium, and perhaps other constituents of the globe, are flying off into space, owing to the attraction of the earth being too feeble to pull against the high velocity of their molecules. No doubt they will be captured by some other planet or center of attraction. Perhaps the terrestrial helium gravitates to the sun and forms the corona which is suspected by science to be partly composed of it. In this connection, though long before scientific men had any experimental basis to speculate upon, H. P. Blavatsky said:

The atmosphere of our earth, as of every other globe, has become, so to say, a crucible of its own. . . . There is a perpetual exchange taking place in space of molecules, or of atoms rather, correlating, and thus changing their combining equivalents on every planet.

Further, in connection with the transformation of the dense element radium into the extremely light element helium, the following quotation from one of the monumental works of the same teacher, published fifteen years ago, will prove decidedly interesting as an unmistakable prophecy of the researches and conclusions of science today:

This leads to the direct inference that . . . even the metals themselves on earth are formed owing to the condensation of hydrogen or some other primitive matter, some ancestral cousin to "helium" perhaps, or some yet unknown stuff.

This is the problem that chemistry is trying to solve; and it must succeed sooner or later in the task, accepting *volens volens*, when it does, the esoteric teaching.

With the rapid return of the old teaching and the advance of modern thought towards the wisdom of the ancients, it cannot be long before science recognizes that conscious Life is at the base of all substance. Already many of the teachings of the past are being recognized as true as far as they relate to the physical plane. With the knowledge that eternal life is inherent in every atom, our eyes must open to the sensitive nature of everything around us, and an infinitely greater sense of responsibility will inspire us. Every particle of our bodies, as it remains for a time immersed in our consciousness, is stamped ineffaceably with the character of our thoughts, and who dares to limit the distance at which they may affect other minds or "matter" for good or ill? R.

Wherein the Force of Speech Consists

NOW that it is scientifically discovered that the human brain is an electrical instrument, capable of sending or receiving impressions direct, we seem to be in a fair way to solve the mystery of "expression" or "tone" in the voice. If electricity can be made to follow a ray of light, why not a ray of sound as well? It certainly seems reasonable to suppose that the intangible "tone" which gives life and meaning to the voice, often conveying more than the spoken words, is the feeling,

the emotional condition of the speaker flashed along the current of his voice. The uttered voice is the exercise of the desire to communicate, but we, in our mental blindness, have lost sight of the fact that spoken words are only intellectual and are, by themselves, wholly incapable of appealing directly to the emotions as the tone does. Screams of rage or pain, the purring chuckle of pleasure or the whine of desire; pleased or not according to the prospects of attainment; all these express the essential facts more plainly, and very much more quickly, than a wordy statement could possibly do. The tone expresses the condition, the words designate the cause. And the tone is also a means of communicating to, or arousing in others the condition of our own minds.

Sooner or later it will be recognized that voices have psychological effects similar to the physical effects of drugs. When this is known evil will have lost half its power. S. E.

A New Book on "Galileo: His Life and Work"

A NEW book upon *Galileo: His Life and Work*, makes us better acquainted with a philosopher whom the world has delighted to honor. The author, Professor Fabie, calls him "one of the earliest and perhaps one of the greatest of the experimental philosophers of the modern world." The fact that the true motion of the earth was most accurately known and measured ages before the time of Galileo, detracts nothing whatever from the fame of the Florentine martyr. He at any rate re-discovered a great truth and gave it to a world not more than now unwilling to receive anything without the stamp of recognized and bigoted authority. That he had to suffer for his temerity goes of course without saying. Truth-finders must still suffer, not by fire and sword but in ways no less painful and none the less deserving of our sympathy and aid.

We cannot help wishing that Galileo had not detracted from his glory by a recantation, although we are far from understanding the crushing force which was directed against him, the psychology of superstition from which he so nearly extricated himself. "I do not," he says, "refuse to call these thoughts of mine chimeras, dreams, paralogisms and vain imaginations, submitting the whole to the absolute wisdom of my superiors."

The story of Galileo is a story of failure which from its very beauty has been transmitted into triumph. And so, in the words of his memorial stone in Santa Croce we may offer our tribute to the "holy memory and well spent pious life" of Tommaso Galileo.

The Glass House in Which Modern Science Dwells

CAN it be that the ancients knew something of chemistry after all? "What!" we can hear the scientific youth saying; "why they divided matter into four absurd elements, fire, air, earth and water!" Let us be careful before we laugh too much. It is true that fire, air, earth and water, as we know them, are not elements; that fire is incandescent particles of matter, that air is a mixture, that earth is many varying mixtures, that water is a compound. But some of the things we have discovered and named elements, have also turned out compounds or mixtures; and it may yet appear that helium is but gaseous radium. And at this moment, whilst adding to the number of "elements" every year (in fifty years we have added about thirty), we are about to find that there is not a real element among the whole lot. In fifty years, moreover, our present idea of the atom may look as absurd as what we supposed to have been the Greek philosopher's idea of an element looks to us. And it is quite likely that the case is worse for us, and that there is nothing at all in the ancient conception for us to laugh at.

"Element" may have meant *state*; and their "earth, air, water, and fire" may have been matter in solid, fluid, gaseous or incandescent condition. "Chaos" was when matter was in none of these states; "cosmos" resulted from the assumption by matter of all of them.

It seems that, living as they do in the very flimsiest of glass houses, our scientists are very careless at what they cast their numerous stones.

STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World



THE FAMOUS YASHA-MON GATE AT NIKKO, JAPAN

Restrain French Workingmen THE manager of some large factories in France hit upon a neat method of inducing some of his workmen to spend less on alcohol. Two days before each pay-day the men were furnished with slips of paper, stating the exact amount of money to which they would become entitled. The wives, of course, knew of these slips, and the workmen could not conceal them without thereby betraying a preformed intention to drink more than their income at all warranted. Such cases are comparatively rare, and much waste of money was thus saved. It was found to be no small support to those easily led to drink excessively, that their wives would know the exact amount spent.

Prussian Protestants and Duelling THE General Synod of the State Protestant Church of Prussia is indignant, from which it might be supposed, erroneously in this case, that impious hands have been raised against their revenues. No; their ire has been aroused by a suggestion that the practice of duelling is opposed to Christian principles. The General Synod believes that duelling is allowable and righteous. We have heard a good deal lately about the revision of creeds, and we would suggest to the General Synod of the State Protestant Church of Prussia, that they cultivate consistency and proceed forthwith to a revision of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount.

Dr. Workman Scales Himalayas THE greatest altitude ever reached in recorded history has been climbed by Dr. W. H. Workman in the Northwest Himalayas, being 23,394 feet. With his wife, a friend and two guides, and a number of coolies, Dr. Workman traversed various glaciers, pitching tents from time to time. Being summer, the weather was favorable, and the only obstacle to still further ascent seems to have been mountain sickness on the part of the coolies, who could not be made to go any higher. Ultimately, Dr. Workman with the two guides reached the above altitude, which is 300 feet higher than the summit of Aconcagua.

Some Wise Indians in New York State THE National Indian Association has just celebrated an anniversary in the University Place Presbyterian Church at New York. One of the speakers stated that very many Indians are living in ease on the incomes derived from leasing their lands, and that the remedy for this is to instil a certain amount of selfishness into them by education. Putting upon one side the high compliment to Indian nature, which is thus implied, the speaker need be under no apprehension. If contact with white civilization will not induce the desired selfishness it is certain that nothing else will or can.

International Exhibition in Russia THE Czarina contemplates a novel international exhibition at the St. Petersburg Winter Palace. This is to be an exhibition of child-life, and is intended to represent the period of childhood from birth to school-days, and to comprise every known method of teaching and physical development. The idea is, of course, an admirable one, but it ought certainly to include moral as well as mental and physical education. The world needs morality more than it does mentality, and we are not without hope that its children will one day be universally blessed by a combination of the two—that is to say by Raja Yoga.

Women Monsters in Budapest FIVE women have been arrested in Budapest on a charge of poisoning their husbands. It appears that they are members of a club which has been formed for the purpose of facilitating such crimes, and that a district coroner is also a member, his function being to supply the poison and to arrange for a suitable verdict. It is of course easy to express horror at such a disclosure, but how many people realize that crimes like this are but the fruition of a loss of moral sense which is more and more pervading every community and every nation, and which may or may not take the form of legal crime.

Insanity Cured by Colors in Italy THE authorities of the hospital for the insane at Al-les-Andra in Italy have now made special arrangements for the use of color as a cure for insanity. Blue is the remedy for violent mania, while red has been found to have a marked and beneficial effect upon melancholia. There can be no doubt that the happiest results would follow upon an extension of this system and that by its means a key might be found to the use of color, not only in cases of insanity but of very many other diseases.

Spanish Books in California MANY rare and valuable Spanish books are finding their way into the public libraries of California. Most of these books come from Mexico, but not a few are direct from Madrid. The libraries of Spain are said to be far richer in ancient books than is usually supposed. These libraries have been practically inaccessible for various reasons, but when their contents are disclosed a new light will probably be thrown upon history and much that is valuable in philosophy and science will be given to the world.

French President to Visit St. Louis WE hope we shall hear more of the contemplated visit of President Loubet to the St. Louis Exposition. No doubt there are many official formalities to be overcome or satisfied, but such a visit as this would have an immeasurable influence for good and would enable the American people to show that they have not forgotten the ancient amity which unites the two Republics, an amity which rests upon something more substantial than treaties, more durable than trade convention.

A New Religion Evolved in Europe EUROPE has evolved a new religion which is to be known as "Free Thought," and its apostles have begun their propaganda in the usual way by lively attacks upon every one else. It seems that these people desire to worship the "God of Reason," to which there can of course be no possible objection. We can only express the hope that this new deity will persuade his followers to act reasonably, but current reports seem to indicate a bad beginning.

Fears Methods of the Gerry Society WE note that Herr Von Veesey objects to bring his famous little violinist son to America. He would like to do so, says the *New York Musical Courier*, were it not that "he has been told about the Gerry Society," and fears lest the boy should be treated by that body in accordance with its now familiar methods.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Hester and the Flowers

IT was early morning and Hester, as she walked slowly along the garden path, felt that never before had she loved the flowers so well.

They seemed so very, very beautiful, that thrill after thrill kept rising in her heart as she passed them.

"I wonder what makes people feel nearer to the flowers and trees at one time more than another!" said she to herself. "I have never loved them so much before, and it makes me feel so happy, and it doesn't seem as though I ought to be when I was so naughty and horrid yesterday. Nursie said I was the naughtiest girl she had ever known.

"How is it, I wonder! Of course I was sorry and ashamed but I *was* naughty. I do long to be like Auntie. She is always like a queen, but she told me she, too, feels naughty sometimes, but not nearly so often as when she was a little girl and that is because she hated so much to feel a coward, and being anything she didn't want to be, always made her feel like one. She wanted to feel noble and brave, and getting into moods and tempers made her feel like being conquered, so she just wouldn't have it.

"I feel like that too, but I suppose Auntie didn't go on being so stupid as I am.

"It is really stupid not to be yourself. There is no need for anyone going on being what they hate and are ashamed of.

"Auntie says we can learn from the flowers. They always grow into the most beautiful thing they can become. I wonder! Perhaps that is the reason I feel near to them! I really am trying to grow into my most beautiful longings—to be like Auntie! And Auntie says when people think the same and have the same longings in their hearts they are very near to one another, they really become united.

"So perhaps it is the same with flowers. I do believe it is!" A. P. D.

The Play Hour in Loma-Land

HAPPY as the day is long are the Raja Yoga children at Loma-land. The play hour always finds them out of doors beside their little homes, playing with dollies, perhaps, or romping on the grass. Every morning they have their "exercises;" that is, their callisthenic drill. The picture was taken while they were drilling, playing they were great, strong forest trees, with waving, leafy tops. Some of the children in the picture were among the "Eleven Cuban Children," of whom you have heard so much.

They have come to love their Loma-land home better than any home in the world.

Every morning they rise with the birdies and with the sun, and begin the day's duty and lessons and play.

AUNT ESTHER

Some Words to Boys

Extract from a paper read at Isis Theatre by one of the young boys of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma

BOYS, let us stop being selfish and disrespectful. Let us face our faults and then conquer them; and let us stop trying to deceive ourselves into thinking that it does not matter what we do. It *does* matter a great deal. We would laugh at a farmer who said it didn't matter what kind of seeds he planted in the Spring, he would have a fine harvest anyway. Yet that is what careless and selfish boys say every day by their actions.

Let us stop demanding so much from our parents and begin to help them now, not wait until we are men. We may make some mistakes at first, but we should acknowledge them and then try even harder, not invent excuses to hide behind.

It is by purifying our own characters and helping others that we can fit ourselves for the great work that will rest on us in the future.

How much use can a boy expect to be to his nation if he spends his boyhood running the streets, playing truant from his school, smoking cigarettes and being disrespectful to his parents?

No one who does not build up a strong and pure character in his youth can expect to do

great things when he is a man. And when we read history we see that our great men became great because they began right when they were boys. Think of George Washington, and President Lincoln, and Thomas Paine, and Lafayette, and William Q. Judge.

They honored their fathers and mothers when they were boys, and they had self-respect.

And we boys of the Twentieth century can do even greater deeds and be even more useful to our nation if we will begin as they did and build strong characters while we are young.

I would not feel this so deeply if I had not had the advantage of Raja Yoga. And while all boys cannot have these advantages, all have opportunities to do their best every day, and that will build character.

Boys do not realize how much our nation needs them now, and how much it will need

them in the future. If they did, they would try harder to be self-respecting and pure.

THERE are a number of butterfly farms in France, and an effort is being made to acclimatize species that belong to other countries.

The farms have oak, ailanthus, pine and plum trees, and castor oil plants, on the leaves of which the caterpillars feed. Cocoons are hatched on branches protected by gauze, and, for the sake of uniform temperature, the insects are often kept in a room until after the first moulting, when they are placed on bushes in the open air, protected by coverings of tulle. A beautiful idea, isn't it?



SOME LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL AT PLAY NEAR THEIR GROUP HOME

THE QUEER LITTLE HOUSE

THERE'S a queer little house on the bush so green,
Its walls are a rosy red,
All built in a circle, with never a roof
But the blue sky overhead.

In the very middle the mother stands,
Around her the fathers keep
Their watch, while in a green room at her feet,
The dear little babies sleep.

The beautiful house is a red, red rose,
The mother a pistil small,
And the yellow stamens are fathers bold,
That grow by the rosy wall.

The children are seeds in a cozy room ---
Some day they'll open the door
And build for themselves such a dainty house,
As their parents had before.--- Selected



KING AND MASON

Some stanzas from *The Palace*, copyrighted 1903 by RUDYARD KIPLING: *The Five Nations*, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York

WHEN I was a King and a Mason---a Master proven and skilled---
I cleared me ground for a palace such as a King should build.
I decreed and dug down to my levels. Presently under the sill,
I came on the wreck of a palace such as a King had built.

There was no worth in the fashion---there was no wit in the plan---
Hither and thither, aimless, the ruined fottings ran.
Masonry, brute, mishandled, but carved on every stone:
"After me cometh a Builder; tell him I, too, have known."

When I was a King and a Mason---in the open noon of my pride,
They sent me a word from the Darkness---they whispered and called me aside.
They said: "The end is forbidden." They said: "Thy use is fulfilled.
And thy palace shall stand as that other's---the spoil of a King who shall build."

I called my men from my trenches, my quarries, my wharves and my shears.
All I had wrought I abandoned to the faith of the faithless years;
Only I cut on the timber, only I carved on the stone:
"After me cometh a Builder; tell him I, too, have known!"

Statistics of Conversion

SOMEWHAT to our surprise, we find that statistics are procurable which will tell you---given your age---what are your chances of conversion. We must confess that we did not know that the actuary had invaded this peculiar field.

A Chicago pastor, the Rev. William Barton of Oak Park, recently made some remarkable statements about the phenomena of conversion, saying that they were "based on the tables of expectancy in statistics of evangelists, prepared by experts; which are, to their field, what mortality tables are to life-insurance companies." Clearly, therefore, there is no gainsaying statements which have so indubitable a foundation. We turn eagerly to see what they are. The most noteworthy outcome of Dr. Barton's researches is this, in his own words:

There is little chance of converting any man after he has reached the age of 23.

What then is the best age for converting him?

In the spiritually perfect period of human life. Between the ages of 12 and 17. The spiritual period of girls is 16 years, and that of the boys 17. This is the giggling and gum-chewing age of girls, and the awkward age of boys.

We should hardly have thought that a specially spiritual period of life would be marked by a tendency to giggle and chew gum; but we fear that our notions of spirituality and those of Dr. Barton are rather far apart. He appears to identify spirituality with susceptibility, with impressionability, which conditions do, of course, obtain at the ages mentioned. And Dr. Barton very properly says that,

Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the teaching of a child to distinguish the coarsening influence of such things as low vaudeville and the penny arcade, with its indecent pictures.

It is precisely because the nervous system is in that unstable condition that we object to its being submitted to the influences that lead to conversion. We object to a strong and hypnotic appeal to its emotions. We protest against its being thrown into a state of terror about its fate "hereafter;" or to its being introduced to a conception of God as a Power whose "wrath" is to be appeased. We maintain that the coming manhood and womanhood of the child is hurt at its life center by any such manipulations. And we maintain, also, that the very fact that "there is little chance of converting any man after he has reached the age of 23"---that is after he has reached the age when he can *think!*---throws a very unfavorable light upon this same "conversion."

Teach the child religion as soon as you like, the religion of his own

nature. Teach him that whilst he himself is divine, he has in him something evil, and awaken in him the joy of fighting and overcoming that. Then, from what he knows of himself, teach him of that from which the divine self of him came, that which is in all the universe. And he will grow up, penetrated with the thought of that conscious Presence, looking for it in nature and finding its touch in his own heart. In a word, he will grow up knowing God and himself even more fully as he ripens into manhood's thinking and into manhood's powers, needing no "conversion" and incapable of fear.

STUDENT

A Simple Creed

THE *Memoirs of M. de Blowitz*, just published, will not repay a very fervently close perusal. He was a journalist pure and simple, and lived in events as they moved on from day to day. But he had a sort of philosophy of life, which he condenses into one page of the book. And this philosophy included the idea of Reincarnation, at any rate so far as great men are concerned. Everything, he says, moves by a fixed law, and man is master of his own destiny only because he can accept or refuse, by his own intervention and action, the place he should fill and the path traced out for him by the general decree, which regulates the movements of every creature. . . .

. . . . We know at what time the comet moving in infinite space will reappear, and that the smallest stars, whose existence escapes us, obey the fixed law which governs the universe. Under various names, in changing circumstances, by successive and coördinate evolutions, the great geniuses known to the world, those whose names have escaped oblivion, reappear. Moses is reflected in Confucius, Mohammed in John Huss, Cyrus lives again in Cæsar, and Cæsar in Napoleon. Attila is repeated in Peter the Great, and Frederic the Second in Bismarck, Louis le Débonnaire in Philip VII, and Catalina in Boulanger.

He considers that "Charlemagne and Joan of Arc alone have not yet reappeared"---why? Because authority and modesty have vanished, and it will be the duty of these two to revive respectively the two vanished virtues! But why is it alone "the great geniuses" that reincarnate? What of us humble people?

I cannot suppose that anything to do with mankind goes by chance, and that every individuality composing it is not governed by a definite and inflexible plan. The great men whose names escape oblivion are like the planets which we know by name, and which stand out from among the multitude of stars without names.

We do not know whether M. de Blowitz pressed his analogy logically, and permitted smaller persons also to reincarnate.

In the matter of conduct, M. de Blowitz tried to put into practise his view that the Universe and its individual inhabitants were governed by "a Supreme Power," acting through immutable law. He "endeavored to divine the intentions and designs of the Supreme Will . . . to enter on the path which it seemed to point out." And he looked for that guidance in the apparently accidental events and coincidences of life, regarding them as pointers. If the way unexpectedly cleared for a particular course of action, he took that to be the way marked out for him. The world would go better if we all had such a belief, and studied the "accidents" of our lives in the same spirit. We should find the "accidents" fewer and fewer, for they would more and more obviously translate themselves into opportunities and warnings.

OBSERVER

Panama

A CONTEMPORARY prints the following facts about Panama, which will be read with interest:

Panama has an area of 31,571 square miles---nearly the size of the state of Maine.

Its population is 285,000, almost the same as that of the District of Columbia.

Its commerce, including both imports and exports, amounts to about \$3,000,000 a year. That is about \$11 for each inhabitant. The rest of Colombia has a foreign trade of less than \$1 a head.

Colon and Panama, its principal ports, have mixed populations of 3,000 and 25,000 respectively.

The United States leads all nations in the amount of its trade with Panama.

A weekly steamer connects Panama with San Francisco.

Cable lines connect both Colon and Panama with the United States.

Between Panama and Colon two passenger trains run daily, distance forty-seven miles, time three hours.

Silver is standard Panama money.

WAGES

by TENNYSON

GLORY of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
 Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—
 Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
 Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she,
 Give her the glory of going on and still to be.

The wages of sin is death; if the wages of virtue be dust,
 Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
 She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
 To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky,
 Give her the wages of going on and not to die.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

What view do you, as Theosophists, take of criticism?
 There is so much harm done, so many lives wrecked, so much talent is nipped in the bud by harsh criticism and condemnation, that surely there is need to revise our standard of judgment.

Answer

(1) "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye and considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye. . . . Thou hypocrite, first pull out the beam from thine own eye and then thou shalt see clearly to take out the mote from thy brother's eye."

A complete answer to the question is contained in these words of Jesus, and the means shown whereby we can attain to a position that will enable us to pass right judgment. And except where at least an attempt is made to follow Christ's injunction, our criticism is not only worthless, it is harmful. Is there not also a lesson to be learned from the use of the word "brother" in the above quotation? If we realized that it is our brother whom we were criticising, would it not make us more temperate, more careful to be just and impartial? Theosophy does not teach us to exercise our judgment and discrimination less, but more; it teaches balance, harmony, it insists that judgment shall be judgment so far as in us lies and not partiality. It teaches us to recognize in ourselves the same human nature and the same divine nature as in our fellows, with the same tendencies towards evil, but also the same promptings towards good. And the injunction given by H. P. Blavatsky, to be more severe with ourselves than with our fellows; to be more charitable towards the weaknesses of others than towards our own would, if followed, prove a safeguard against harsh and unjust criticism.

There can be no true standard of criticism which does not recognize the brotherhood of man, and work with that as a basis and towards it as an end. When we learn that we are our brother's keeper, that "the sin and shame of the world are our sin and shame," when our hearts are touched with divine compassion, and our lives actuated by the spirit of helpfulness, we can then criticise justly and helpfully. But shall we then call it criticism? Perhaps there will be a new word, and instead of being mainly destructive, it will be constructive.

(2) This is a power of the mind which has played a conspicuous part in the progress of knowledge, from the darkness of the middle age of Europe. Like all other powers of the mind it may be used rightly or wrongly. It is the power of judging which presupposes knowledge on the part of the critic of the subject or object of it. The power of analysis, synthesis and comparison are necessary to its use. It is a power which in Europe slumbered for a thousand years, while enlightenment was in abeyance; but for a thousand years its use has been gradually broadened. But if criticism be not balanced by good judgment and directed by a sincere desire to help, it leads to censure and personalities, whereas the right use of it is a calm and impersonal application not only to the fine arts, music and science, but to the problems of daily life. That criticism which is simply fault-finding, should certainly be protested against, but that criticism which, in a helpful spirit, seeks to get at and understand hidden motive, is legitimate and a necessary safeguard. It is a part of that vigilance which is the price of safety externally; and internally applied to oneself, by it we search our own thoughts and motives to the awakening of the right alertness, but not of base suspicions. The

right use of criticism will tend to make not only oneself more careful of one's own thoughts, and more thoughtful of the power and value of words as a means of expression, but will also serve as a check to the fever of imagination in self and in others, which leads to exaggeration. The tendency and aim of right criticism is toward truth and better endeavor.

H. P. P.

(3) Criticism may be either helpful or harmful, according to the spirit and manner in which it is made. It affects directly the one who is criticised and the one who criticises, besides having to some extent a universal influence.

In general, we should criticise acts and not persons. Then we should make fewer mistakes. We are not always sure of the authors of certain acts, even though we think we are, and may ascribe them to the wrong source and do an injustice. And even when we are sure of the authors of the acts we criticise, we are by no means sure of their motives, and of all that impels them so to act; and to condemn or criticise harshly the person would be doing wrong to them and harm to ourselves. We should be making the conditions that would justly lay us liable to the same condemnation. All criticism should be made with knowledge and in the spirit of helpfulness, and then it will be a power for good.

There is a little danger of our being too critical of our own actions, and when we feel inclined to criticise others we should do well to scrutinize closely ourselves, and see if we do not find the same fault there, and we surely shall. When we have corrected it in ourselves we shall know how to help others to do the same. We can then work with sympathy as well as with knowledge. All criticism that arises out of selfishness and ignorance does harm. Unless we know, we have no right to criticise. But that criticism which arises out of wisdom and compassion is most beneficent, and we should give it hearty welcome when it pertains to our acts.

B. W.

(4) It seems to be accepted as an axiom that criticism is necessarily condemnation. It would be a sort of sacrilege to criticise favorably. The reason which is often ascribed to such unfavorable comment is that we fear to feed the vanity of the other person by too much praise, quite overlooking the fact that our fault-finding is only too frequently feeding our own vanity and jealousy. It is one of the marks of true greatness to be able to reprove without offense, or to praise without flattery. This is possible only when the criticism given is moderate and temperate as well as just. We cannot listen patiently to absolute condemnation, nor without shame to unlimited praise. The kind of criticism which we value and pay heed to is that which, while it points out a fault, recognizes whatever efforts may have been made in the right direction, and also our limitations; and while it praises holds up to our gaze the yet un-reached ideal. Then, too, the critic should continually remember with all humility that in the same circumstances, and acting under the same limitations of ability and knowledge, he might have committed those same acts which are now the object of his criticism. Criticism that is to be helpful must still further have the quality of good judgment. The man who ascribes our successes to the wrong causes is scarcely less contemptible in our sight than the man who charges our failures to the wrong errors. But he who, with true discrimination and just moderation, points out our errors of action, quickly becomes to us a mirror wherein we stand revealed to ourselves.

R. W.

A CORONER'S verdict states that a certain woman died because she thought she had been poisoned. She had not been poisoned, and her imagination was quite at fault, but it was as fatally efficacious as the most active of real poisons.

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		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
28	29.860	72	55	60	52	.00	E	4
29	29.838	69	50	55	49	.00	E	8
30	29.894	69	53	60	53	.00	E	7
31	29.898	69	48	54	52	.00	SE	3
1	29.844	63	49	53	53	.00	E	7
2	29.858	62	49	54	52	.00	E	5
3	29.826	63	45	49	49	.00	E	gentle

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Not a Philosophical Age

Many optimistic writers would fain make of this mercantile century of ours an age of philosophy and call it its *renaissance*. We fail to find outside of our Society any attempt at philosophical revival, unless the word "philosophy" is made to lose its original meaning. For wherever we turn we find a cold sneer at true philosophy. A sceptic can never aspire to that title. He who is capable of imagining the universe with its handmaiden Nature fortuitous, and hatched like the black hen of the fable, out of a self-created egg hanging in space, has neither the power of thinking nor the spiritual faculty of perceiving abstract truths, which power and faculty are the first requisites of a philosophical mind.—H. P. Blavatsky (in 1889)

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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Men, Not Nations, Make War

Men Love to Fight
Battle for Humanity
Murdered Macedonia
To Discourage Hunting
The Pass of Glencoe—illustrated
Prescription for Long Life
White Aggressors

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Juvenile Crime
Moving Picture Exhibitions
Religious Newspapers
Real Cost of War

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

The Scotch Bagpipe
Goethe and Mendelssohn
Landscape by Corot (illustration)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

In Maoriland—illustrated
Reform
Victim of Child-Marriage

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Hidden Treasures of Central Asia
American Prehistoric Animals
Thunder Bird Totem at Fort Rupert (illustration)

Page 9—NATURE

Needs of Plant Life
Flower and Flame (verse)
Wild Folk of the Woods
Hungry Times for Birds
Bananas in Mexico (illustration)

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Two Concentrations
Observer Notes
Life Is Joy and Joy Is Life
Another Heretic
"Mens Ecclesiastica"

Page 12—FICTION

Not An Isolated Instance

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Medicine and Men
Earthquakes and Volcanoes
Intelligence in Matter
Dogmas of Science

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Africa's Gold Industry (illustration)
A Lion-Tamer's Fate
Model Town for Scotland
Red Rain in Europe
Funeral of Spencer
Lawmakers to Visit Canada
Congo Reports Confirmed
Straight Jacket Abolished in Italy
Infanticide in Germany
Czar Rebukes Cruelty
Manila Post-office Curio at St. Louis
Apaches Make Fine Baskets
Increase of 13 Millions

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Fairy Tales of a Queen
Loma-land Teacher and Pupil (illustration)
Bees of Loma-land
Little-Oh-Deer (verse)
The Prisoner's Mouse

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Looking for God (verse)
Halls of Tara
Teachings of Druidism
Brilliant (verse)
Students' Column
School Theology

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Religious Text
The Ideal of Culture

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Miscellany

Men, Not Nations, Make War

AT the moment of writing there are many millions of men who are preparing themselves for war, and before these words are read the first and fatal move may have been taken, from which it will be impossible to recede. The columns of our newspapers are filled with speculations as to international interests and the claims and counter claims of rival governments. To however great an extent some few individuals may pose as the representatives of vast masses of their fellow-men, however weightily they may impose their wills upon their respective nations the fact remains that those nations are composed of the men who will do

the actual fighting, of the women who will do the weeping, and of the children who must go out in the world under the dark shadow of orphanhood. If it were at all possible to look into the hearts of men—and even the humblest fighting unit is as divinely human as the statesman—we should like to know the cause for which these millions of men thus hold themselves in readiness to fight, and especially the cause which animates the hosts who are seen now in battle array. These men are largely drawn from the classes which have but small share in the material prosperity of their nation. Do they believe that as a result of war that share can by any possibility be increased, can by any possibility be anything else than diminished? They cannot possibly believe it. Can they suppose that any one of the hardships, that any one of the restrictions under which they now labor, can be removed by war? Such a supposition is surely incredible. The period at which we have arrived is

Victory But Little Better Than Defeat

peculiarly a period of peace movements, of which the propaganda has permeated the civilized world, and of which the arguments must be well known to all who have the intelligence to understand them. That national war is national calamity, and that victory is but one grade less calamitous than defeat has been proved up to the hilt, and even amongst the most ignorant there can be found few who would deny propositions which have become so self-evident. We have been told that humanity is eager to escape from the supposed compulsion of war, and that it was but necessary to point out a more excellent way to secure for it an unanimous adhesion which would forever relegate war to its proper position among the things which have been. We have been assured that the fighting masses of every nation have been deluded into the belief that their material interests will be advanced by conflict, and that it is but necessary to show that this is indeed a delusion to wean them from the error of their ways. But it has now been shown conclusively and beyond

Because Men Love to Fight

all possibility of contradiction, that all legitimate material interests suffer from warfare, and that generations yet unborn must be poorer alike in wealth and in health because of it. How then shall we account for the sinister fact that nations still spring to arms not only with the same readiness as ever, but with an avidity to which every year of our Christian era seems to add? It is a question which we shall do well to answer and to answer rightly, if we would see peace upon earth, and the love of peace within men's hearts.

But to answer it aright we must go far below the surface of things, far beyond the mere intellectual measures which we have supposed to be sufficient. We must recognize that warfare continues its hateful existence, not because those who fight are forced into bloodshed against their will, not because they have been deluded with regard to their material interests, not because they choose war as the lesser of two threatening evils. We are forced into the perception that men fight for none of these causes, but rather because they love fighting for its own sake, as an end in itself and not as a means. Man is essentially a fighter and he must

Let the Battles Be for Humanity

remain so if his evolution is to continue. If he is not fighting against the lower forces of his own nature, or against the social evils of which he is alike the creator and the victim, he will fight for evil and for the base ideals which pass current in the world. The love of fighting is a natural force diverted into evil, a force which can never be extinguished, but which can most surely be directed into pure and regenerative channels. Herein lies the true work of the reformer, whose mind is large enough to recognize that it is men themselves who need to be changed and not merely methods. War-cries and the call to arms will not disappear from the world, but they can be sounded once more for high ideals and in support of a new chivalry, which allows no wrong to go unredressed, no injustice to be triumphant.

Then we shall at last see that perfect valor which comes only to the pure in heart.

STUDENT

AN experiment which promises to transform into a garden one of the now waste places of the earth is that which is being carried on in a corner of San Diego county, where a young date plantation is being carefully watched. If the experiment proves as successful here as in the Salt River Valley and elsewhere in Arizona great tracts of the Colorado Desert will be planted with this most valuable fruit.

Murdered Macedonia

WE have already quoted from the letters of Mr. A. G. Hales, written from Eastern Europe and within sight of the horrors which he describes. It will not, however, be amiss to give our readers a still further extract in order that they may understand something of the events in the presence of which the whole of Christendom seems to be so passive and so impotent. Mr. Hales says:

It is beyond question that since the 20th of last July fully eight and thirty thousand souls have perished, and of these nine-tenths are women and little ones. . . . In the mountains there must be from 60,000 to 70,000 people roaming wild and homeless. . . . They will not rot in the snow; the wolves will be the sextons.

Christian men, Christian women, Christian infants, all perishing because in Christian England, Christian France, Christian America, there is not enough of the old-time manhood to bid this devil's work cease. . . . Our fathers had bigger hearts and bolder. . . . I tell you that hour by hour, day by day, I get this news hot from the lips of couriers from the snow-covered hills, news of men and women perishing like vermin.

Is there an ascertainable law which governs the waves of popular indignation and sympathy which are so refreshing, however unintelligent they may sometimes be? Within the last few months a large section of this country has been aroused to a white heat of denunciation because of the massacre of Jews in a Russian town. However diabolical and detestable that wicked outrage may have been, what was it in comparison with the long drawn-out horrors in Macedonia? The former was the result of a brute passion on the part of the populace, it was speedy, and it was repressed and denounced. The misery in Macedonia, even in its most acute phases, has been going on for months, is going on now, and is likely to continue. Around this blood-drenched cockpit, filled with murdered, outraged, tortured women and children, the nations of Christendom have placidly grouped themselves with the cruelty of the vivisector, but without his interest. Any one of the Christian nations of the world could have stopped this holocaust in twenty-four hours without difficulty and without expense. Not one of them seems to care whether it is stopped or not so long as their interests and their revenues are unmolested. We hear very much of the dangers which threaten Christianity, but who can doubt that the despair of these slaughtered thousands in Macedonia, of the hunted and outraged women with their mutilated and murdered babies, must arise like an incense around the throne of a blasphemed God, crying aloud for justice and for retribution, not upon the human hyenas who have but acted according to their kind, but upon the smug self-interests and the abominable theologies which have allowed these things to be done, which have preserved the ring of murder and which have held the garments of the assassin. X.

To Discourage Hunting

A PROMINENT American whose experience gives weight to his judgment has recently said that in matters of sentiment—using that word in its best sense—the world is led neither by America nor England, but by France. We are reminded of this by the reports of the movement against hunting which owes its inception to that brilliant writer Pierre Loti, and which is receiving a surprising amount of support in a country where the chase ranks high amongst national amusements. Pierre Loti says that he has never touched a gun since he wounded a monkey which “died in his arms in an attitude of confidence and an infant's pose.” Many other eminent writers have joined in this most worthy crusade against cruelty. “What use is it anyhow?” asks one:

Does it contribute to health? Certainly not. It is well for man to amuse himself and while there are innocent amusements there are horrible ones, and these should be abolished. Modern conscience exacts it. It says man is not a sultan to use all living creatures for his pleasure. Is blood necessary to train the eye and arm? Time will come when hunting must be abolished. Indeed, future historians will be astonished to learn that in the Twentieth century pacific, honest people sallied forth with guns on their arms, filled with balls and powder, to massacre hundreds of innocent birds and animals as a means of distraction.

There are, of course, many different kinds of hunting. The most popular consists of killing merely for the sake of killing, and is usually undertaken by those who have the keenest concern for their own physical comfort. Such a movement as that which has been started in Paris is a gratifying evidence of an upward move in public feeling. S.

The Pass of Glencoe

OUR frontispiece represents the Pass of Glencoe, one of the most notorious spots of Scotch history; the scene of a tragedy almost unsurpassed in the annals of Great Britain. Macaulay says:

In the Gaelic tongue, Glencoe signifies the Glen of Weeping; and in truth that pass is the most dreary and melancholy of all the Scottish passes, the very Valley of the Shadow of Death. Mists and storms brood over it through the greater part of the finest summer; and even on those rare days when the sun is bright, and when there is no cloud in the sky, the impression made by the landscape is awful.

During the early part of the reign of William and Mary, Glencoe was the home of Mac Ian and his clan Donald. Surrounded as they were by unfriendly and hostile tribes, their internal broils added materially to the turbulence which had been caused by the misgovernment of James II and the accession of William and Mary. The English government had made strenuous efforts to secure the allegiance of the Highland clans, and the announcement had finally been made that those who submitted on or before December 31, 1691, would be fully pardoned and amnestied, while those who were still in resistance would be treated as enemies and traitors. Mac Ian, while fully intending to make the inevitable submission, gratified his pride by postponing this act until the very last moment. On repairing, however, to Fort William, he found to his consternation that there was no magistrate available who was empowered to administer the prescribed oath. Journeying in hot haste to Inverary, he was delayed by inclement weather, and did not arrive until January 6th. The oath was none the less administered to him, but not in time to prevent the despatch of advices to Argyle and Breadalbane, his hereditary enemies, that Mac Ian had neglected the proffered means of grace. Eager to gratify their hatred, these noblemen arranged for a midnight massacre of the inhabitants of Glencoe, which was carried out with every circumstance of ruthless cruelty. The Glen was secretly surrounded, men, women and children were put to the sword, and the most terrible of all chapters was added to a record already overburdened with violence and tragedy. STUDENT

A Prescription for Long Life

OF the various prescriptions for living 100 years there is almost no end. One of the simplest and best that we have seen is given by Dr. Sir Hermann Weber, who, as already an octogenarian, and a hale one, has some title to speak. The elements of it are:

Early rising. Probably we all wake for a moment close to sunrise, or before. But we neglect it, and finally hardly notice it at all, drifting into a dreamful state that is neither sleep nor waking, throughout which vitality seems to be steadily lost.

Eating slowly a minimum of food, of which meat is a very small ingredient.

Persistent cheerfulness, and even joviality.

Much *fresh air* at all times, and exercise therein. And one whole day a week devoted to a long walk, during which very little food is eaten, mainly fresh fruit. Sir Hermann states that as much as seven pounds of useless weight is lost during this day. Alcohol he condemns. And he finally winds up:

“Then again—cheerfulness and a happy mind. ‘A merry heart does good like a medicine; and a broken spirit drieth the bones.’”

“A merry heart” is generating an order of electricity to which the elixirs and magnetic belts will hardly make pretence, an electricity which is life itself. Mark Tapley has found the philosopher's stone, and merely not worrying is but the negative half of it. M. D.

White Aggressors

IN the fatal fight with Indians which recently occurred in Wyoming, the Department of the Interior asserts that the whites were the aggressors. It seems that the Indians were trespassing, and for this heinous offence twelve were killed and about the same number wounded. Is the matter to be allowed to rest here, and are the Indians to understand that they have no redress except a pronouncement from a State Department? If the case was reversed and two dozen whites had been killed or wounded, we should hear enough of “massacres,” Indian treachery, etc., and retribution would be speedy and unstinted. X.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Juvenile Crime and Sociology

THE boy murderers of Chicago have set us a problem in sociology, which it will not be easy to solve. The difficulty is not, however, an intellectual one, but it arises from the fact that the more closely we examine it the more unmistakeably do we see that the finger of accusation points at ourselves and at the system which we have created. Here are a number of boys who have been educated in the heart of a Christian country, and who have been surrounded with the average conditions of that country, and who yet seem to be absolutely devoid of morality and to rival all lower animals in ferocity and greed. It is, of course, easy to denounce them and to kill them, as being outside the pale of human pity, but our very readiness to do this is due to a feeling of self-reproach, which we would banish at all costs. The fact remains that these boys have grown from a soil which favored their growth, that all hideous elements in their natures have been furnished by that soil, and that however effectively we may pluck the fruit and destroy it, so long as the social fields remain the same we may expect these growths with the regularity of the seasons.

Let us clearly understand the accusations under which these boys are lying and the crimes for which they are to suffer. They are accused of robbery and murder, but do we use these terms according to their legal and narrow definition, or in that wider sense which we universally recognize as the Law of God? We know very well that acts of robbery and of murder are generally sanctioned and permitted as parts of our social system, and we know equally well that the murder and the robbery which we permit are ethically indistinguishable from the murder and the robbery which we punish. We know very well that a war of aggression constitutes wholesale robbery and murder, and to such wars the world is not only well accustomed, but it is also in the habit of invoking the divine aid for their special success. It seems, then, that Christian nations regularly commit crimes which are ethically identical with those of these boys, but upon a scale infinitely larger. They not only commit the same crimes but they seek to make an accomplice of their God. All this we shall see clearly enough when we have wiped the hypocrisy from our eyes. We shall see more than this. We shall see that very much that we now call commerce and finance is robbery unadulterated, and that the human misery and the human death therefrom resulting, is murder unadulterated, and committed with a long drawn out cruelty in comparison with which the revolver bullet is merciful and kind. The mill owner who employs children in such a way that they prematurely die has murdered those children in order that he may possess himself of the only valuables which they have, their labor and their strength. These things are true and we know they are true, and we shall do well to recognize that these Chicago boys are not accused of robbery and murder as such—because we generally practice and approve of these things, but because they have robbed and murdered in a particular way.

These boys are presumably to be killed in a Christian country in spite of Christ's explicit and direct command to the contrary. That is bad enough for us and for them, but let us at any rate pray that even upon this pathway of evil we be spared the crowning infamy of hypocrisy.

STUDENT

The Moving Picture and Exhibitions

WE hope that there will be a contagion about the action of the Chicago authorities in deciding to keep a watchful eye upon the moving picture exhibitions which are becoming so much a feature of our large cities. These exhibitions may be made of the highest educative value. They may also be debasing and corrupting to the last degree. As usual, we are assured by self-interested parties that liberty is threatened. We fully agree that it certainly is threatened when showmen are allowed to demoralize young boys by realistic pictures of shameful crimes, and thus to manufacture criminals who must be cared for at the expense of the community. The action of the Chicago authorities is a movement in the direction of liberty and we hope that it will be imitated and extended elsewhere.

STUDENT

Religious & Dogmatic Newspapers

SEVERAL religious newspapers are asking themselves the question whether religious journalism is, or is not "played out." There is, of course, the usual difficulty about defining our terms, and a question of this kind cannot possibly be answered until we know what is meant by a religious newspaper. There are many journals calling themselves by this name, which seem to have no right whatever to it. The newspaper which devotes itself to upholding some particular kind of dogma, the newspaper which is a mere record of the theologic opinions, communicants and incomes of some one church, has no claim whatever to be called religious. It is a trade organ, pure and simple, and its influence is opposed to true religion rather than in favor of it. Upon the other hand there are many journals which make no claim whatever to be religious, but which none the less are so in the best sense of the word, inasmuch as they represent interests and thoughts which are above the average instead of below it. The existence of an avowed religious journal, as such, is a perpetuation of the ancient mischief which regarded religion as something apart from the work-a-day world, as something to be kept distinct from the thoughts and the occupations of the week. We are now beginning to learn that whatever is not religious, in the best sense of the word, has no right to exist at all; that what is morally wrong on Sunday is probably equally wrong on Monday, and that the real mission of religion is so to blend itself with human life that it is never absent from it.

The true religious journal is the one which recognizes that it has a moral duty to perform for the community, but which does not say so; the journal which confidently assumes the existence of moral ideas in its readers and appeals to those ideas; the journal which helps men to live instead of to die. So far from this kind of journalism being "played out," we wish we could be sure that it has, in any general sense, been "played in."

STUDENT

The Real Cost of War

A GREAT war brings with it many side issues which we are apt to overlook. We think that we have reached the end of the chapter when we have counted up the killed, wounded and missing and when the financial cost has been reckoned and paid. But there is a tragical undercurrent of which we lose sight, there are unidentified spectres which for long years keep step with our civilization, staining it and degrading it. Some of these social tragedies have been indicated in the *British Medical Journal* as a result of the Boer war. Thus in the years 1901 and 1902 the lunacy returns showed a terrible increase. What wonder that war and lunacy should go hand in hand? Murder statistics went up with frightful rapidity, and, again, what wonder that respect for human life should wane and that the passions of individuals should be fanned by the passions of nations. The murder of newly born children at one time showed an increase of over six per cent. We presume these were the children from whom the bread winners had been taken. The writer says:

Combining homicidal, suicidal and sexual offences under one heading as crimes of an impulsive or passional kind, the temporary decrease of these in the winter of 1899 was followed by their increase to a normal level in 1900, and in December, 1900, there was an increase of 12.5 per cent, and in the following year the increase was 9 per cent.

Let us remember that every one of these registered crimes is but one visible ripple from the stone which is cast into the pool of human hate. Countless other ripples, unregistered, unmarked, unclassified, flow outward and onward, the burden of tragedy is lifted upon the shoulders of heredity and is carried on over the sea of human life, and because of this and every war, the shores which we have not yet reached must be covered far and wide with human wrecks. If we but realized the cost of it all, if we could but see the total of the bill which we must face, we should so lock and bar the gateways of war that only sublime and selfless duty could ever again throw them open.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Scotch Bagpipe

TO the average American the bagpipe stands for all that is shrill and uneuphonious, for outside of Scotland it is rarely well played. More than that, it seems to be invariably out of harmony with its environment, and ourselves out of harmony with it. There are those who declare that, musically, it ranks above the banjo—which we might be quite willing to believe—even above the mandolin and guitar. Yet when do we hear it when it does not seem hopelessly out of place?

Probably that is not the fault of the bagpipe. Vernon Blackburn writes interestingly of it in the *London Musical Times*, pointing out that while, as an interpreter of the light or the humorous in Scotch music, it makes little appeal, it finds rich and wholly appropriate expression in death music, the dirges of the people of that brave and many-hilled land. He says:

The musical wail of the Gaelic Muse is among the ineffable realizations of tragedy in the world. She touches the depth and height of sorrow; and fit companion in that expressed grief is her national instrument.

As you wait by the coffin of the dead, you hear the dim sound of the Coronach as it grows keener to your hearing. The pedal note is a long monotone of grief, an enduring moan for the thing that has been. The melancholy and windlike harmonies that are blown above that note hither and thither fall to the varying mood of the mourner, who finds, it may be for the first time, with wonder and dismay, that to the human heart even the sense of loss must, in its acutest knowledge of the present, take a relief and a change which seem almost a treachery. Such music as this, thus played, and on this instrument, once more, in its gloomy and magnificent completion, shows that in the mourning over the dead Scotland triumphed unto the attainment of the culmination of her musical art.

THE most unique and possibly the most valuable collection of Whistler's etchings extant belongs to the artist, Mortimer Menpes.

It does not include many of the later etchings, but it contains very many of the undeniably best; "most of them," says Menpes himself, "being first impressions in the most perfect condition, with the bloom upon them." Certain of the dry-points are unique in their perfection. One of these is "My Mother," the artist's mother standing, as pathetic in its simplicity and as simple in its beauty as Whistler's painting of his mother that was purchased many years ago for the Luxembourg. The crowds that fill the Leicester Galleries, London, today, for the purpose of seeing these etchings are a curious commentary upon certain critics of a generation ago, who were wont to declare that Whistler painted by throwing palette and brushes at the canvas, and that his etchings were intelligible only when upside down.

THE theme of a recently published novel is the life history of a certain musician who had two souls. But why do so many musicians, who presumably possess one, contrive to keep that one so strenuously in the background?

Goethe and Mendelssohn

RELLSTAB, the great musical critic of his day, and a contemporary of Goethe, the old man, and Mendelssohn, the young boy, gives us the following fascinating picture of an episode in Mendelssohn's life:

"Goethe went out and after a few minutes returned with some manuscript music in his hand. 'There is something from my own collection, Felix; now we will try you. Can you play this?' He laid the sheet, covered with clear and small notes upon the desk. It was Mozart's writing. Felix's countenance glowed visibly at the sight of the name. With perfect security he played the manuscript at sight, although not one to be easily read. The skill was as great as if he had known it for years, so secure, so clear, so well considered.

"'Well,' said Goethe, 'that is nothing. Others can do that. Now, here is something that will gauge you.' Jestingly he brought out another leaf and laid it on the desk. It had indeed a remarkable look. One could scarcely tell whether they were notes or a page lined and spattered with ink in countless places. Felix burst into a laugh of wonder.

'Is that writing?' he asked. Then suddenly he grew earnest as Goethe said, 'Guess, if you can, who wrote it.' Zelter (young Mendelssohn's teacher), advanced to the instrument and, looking over

the lad's shoulders said, 'That is Beethoven's; one could see that a mile away. He always writes as if he used a broomstick for a pen, and then brushed down the fresh notes with his sleeve!'

"At the name of Beethoven Felix became visibly earnest, yes, more than earnest; a holy awe was disclosed in his features. He looked upon the manuscript without turning away his eyes, and then a visible gleam of surprise played over his features. This lasted but a few seconds, for Goethe allowed no time for preparation; he would have the lad sharply tested. 'Did I not say to you that this would catch you?' he said. 'But try it; show me what you can do.'

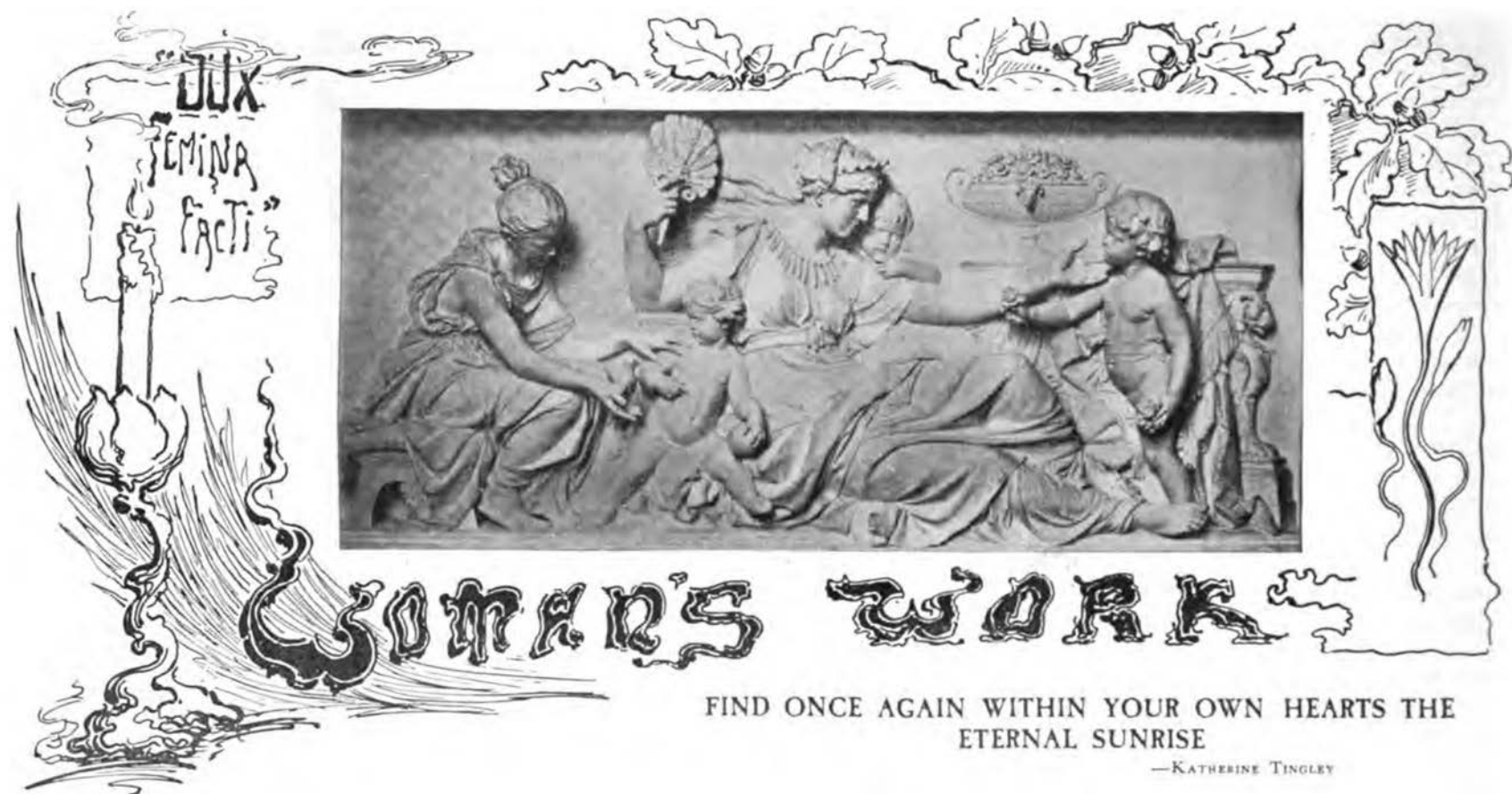
Felix began to play. It was a simple song, but the notes had been so rubbed out and scratched over that it required wonderful skill to read them at a glance. Felix often had to correct himself, laughing when he would strike a false note and then correcting himself with a 'not so!' Then he cried, 'Now I will play it as it should be!' and the second time he did not fail a single note. 'That is Beethoven, Beethoven alone!' he cried, as he fell into the true melodic movement, which revealed to him the characteristics of the great master. And with this last trial Goethe surrendered."

A NEW musical instrument, invented by Severino Perez, was recently shown to a group of musicians in Madrid. It somewhat resembles a flute in which the part of the lungs is taken by an air-box, with a metallic plate against which the lips silently make the vowel movements. The sounds resemble those produced by the voice; the range is three and one-half octaves. The inventor holds that its use will make possible now unknown harmonies.



LANDSCAPE BY COROT (LOUVRE, PARIS)

If the difficulty of estimating the age of the music of the Lowlands is great, it is as nothing compared to what is met with in considering that of the Highlands. When a Gael speaks of an ancient air he seems to measure its age not by centuries; he carries us back to prehistoric times for its composition. . . . The airs are simple, wild and irregular, and before their beauty can be perceived they must be sung or hummed over again and again.—*Selected*



In Maoriland

MOST of the authors who have written about the Maori people have not been very well fitted for the task. They have been limited to the notions of the missionary or else by the materialistic ideas of many so-called scientists, who believe the first races were apes, then savages, etc. A few later students seem to be getting nearer to the right lines, and the facts now coming to light regarding this interesting people are quite different from those of former days. But all authors agree in the opinion that the Maori is brave, honest, truthful and most compassionate.

These qualities were especially shown in their wars with Europeans. Perhaps no people ever withstood the English troops with greater valor and craft than did the Maori. Their fortifications could not have been surpassed by Europeans skilled in the art of fortification. In war they were very open and brave. "I will fight you on such a day," was the open, chivalrous method of the Maori.

The investigations of late authors point to the Maori as having come from some place in the direction of Southern India—from Egypt, or may be before that—to New Zealand by way of the Straits-Settlement, Northern Australia, etc. Katherine Tingley holds that the Maori is an off-shoot of the ancient Egyptians. There is so great a similarity between the language spoken by the Maori, Samoan and Hawaiian, that it is said they can understand each other to this day without very much difficulty. The Maori word for Love, *Aroha*, and the Hawaiian *Aloha*, is an example of the similarity of speech. They possess, in part at least, many of the teachings given by H. P. Blavatsky—*e. g.*, about the North and the Sacred Lands there, and many other things. They have always taught the immortality of the soul, and their distinction of the different parts of man is very similar to the old Egyptian.

The men still, but especially those of the last generation, are fine types of manhood in many cases. The old chief was, in features, very like the ancient Roman. The women are, as a rule, not so well formed, but there are some notable exceptions.

It is a matter of record that with the Maori native after marriage, there is hardly ever a case of infidelity. The tattooing after marriage distinguishes the married women from the young girls.

A very notable fact is that while, generally speaking, so-called savage races vanish before the white man, the Maori of late is rather increasing. Perhaps no native people has ever been treated so well, in many respects, by the white rulers as the Maori. In fact, he has been particularly favored, and has suffered from it. In New Zealand the Maori have

for a long time been members of both the lower and upper houses of Parliament, and the present Maori King, Mahutu, has lately been made a member of the Cabinet.

Maoriland is full of interesting spots, famed in Maori song and story. In the Hot Lake district in the North Island, is the classic lake of Rotorua. Here the Maori natives hold their aquatic contests. The sacred island of Mokoia rises from its waters, and it is said that around this spot "cluster legends and stories that would make a Maori *Iliad*, had they a Homer." One legend is told of how the beautiful Hinemoa swam across the lake to the Island of Mokoia, at the sound of her lover's lute, a distance of perhaps one and one-half miles. She was pretty cold when she arrived, but there was quite close to the shore a pool of hot water in which she had a bath. This is known still as Hinemoa's Bath. It is within about three feet or so of the lake, and those who have taken a dip in it say it is a curious experience to sit up to the neck in the hot water, and feel the little waves of the lake water, fresh and cold, now and then splashing over your head.

Through all these charming stories runs a delicate strain, telling of woman's unselfish and enduring love, and man's noblest and most heroic deeds. Surely the secret of the increasing prosperity of the Maori lies in the fact that they are renewing their old customs and holding to the higher ideals of their ancient days.

E. C. S.

HOW we have suffered, been almost strangled, by the ideas of other minds which we have allowed to settle over ours. It is as if some cruel and mighty arbiter had formed a cast-iron mould of thought and thrown it around the minds of the people, saying, "Thus far shall you think, and no further;" "So shall you regard life and not otherwise;" "In these grooves you shall think and act, and there remain." But cast-iron is soft and flexible, in comparison with the rigidity of custom, and is transparent in comparison with the pall of darkness which surrounds the mental life.

G. V. P.

IT is interesting to know that of the memorial windows placed in the All Souls' Church at Biltmore, the Vanderbilt country estate at Asheville, North Carolina, seven were designed by Helen Maitland Armstrong. The windows are elaborate, the designs being carried out in stained glass. Miss Armstrong is but one of many young women in this country who are engaged in this line of work. Many of the handsomest windows to be found in the churches and public buildings of our great cities have been designed by young women artists.

Reform

WE begin to realize the necessity of reform. This means much. It is the awakening of the mind to conditions which threaten our very existence; conditions which are so perverse of the divine law, so contrary to nature's beneficent healthfulness and blessing, that rogues, criminals and fools usurp today these human temples—these glorious living temples of the living God. The arrogance and presumption of our age forbid the search for absolute knowledge. Our civilization has its strength and its weakness; it means advance, yet builds upon quicksands. The strength of our times is given to cultivate and refine the human mind.

The air is replete with reforms—reforms in education, reforms in creeds or dogmas, reforms in diet, civil and civic reforms. The root reform, from which should radiate all others, is that of a more perfect art of life. We are conscious enough of a yearning for better results, yet how slow we are to recognize that the cause of our failure is rooted deep in self. So deep is it bedded in the human mind, so subtle is its power, it holds fast to individuals, then binds them together with the strong, remorseless bonds of a common accepted ignorance and prejudice. Upon this rotten foundation is constructed a fortress almost impregnable to any advancing thought, and this fortress is surrounded by the deadly ditch of self-satisfaction. Nearly all fall into the suffocation of this moat. It takes a brave one to attempt to cross the muddy, slimy divide.

Emerson says in one of his poems, *Blight*, "I am weary of the surfaces—give me truth."

O yes! our great ones—our poets and philosophers—have ever urged the search. The sacred, spiritual books of the world keep before us the truth that the law—the divine, immutable law—demands that we seek, "and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened." The *Bhagavad Gita* repeats this message, adding its power to enforce the law: "Seek this wisdom—by doing service, by strong search, by questions and by humility."

There is much to learn. The statement I make here is a statement of fact. I offer here no pet theory of salvation. But I state that in repeating the written law, "Seek, and ye shall find," there is a common enemy that knows no distinction of wealth, or care, or moral influence; that works subtly, and untiringly, with determined zeal to pervert the children of men. And we, in our self-satisfaction, keep right along in the same old way, fixed in our ignorance, building asylums, prisons and schools of reform.

O women of today, pioneer a great reform! Free your minds from darkening prejudices and the psychology of accepted methods as to the care and protection of children, and *really protect them*. From nature's productive bosom are created both poisons and their antidotes. God alone is beneficent. Nature is a manifestation of God; but, as manifested, nature exists for the evolution of the finite to the infinite. Through that process is fashioned, by and through nature, the fruit of the tree of knowledge—which is both good and evil. As there is nothing inorganic in nature, and as the universe is embodied consciousness, space is teeming with organic centers of force sprung from nature. Added to these whirling centers are those emanated by the human—Man, created in the image of God—of the God-force, whose part is to spiritualize matter.

This is the work of evolution. This is to be accomplished. This is the meaning of life. No one lives to himself alone. From the known we must reason to the unknown. "Vaster is the Inner than the Outer; greater is the Unseen than the Seen." Let us, as women, live by the guidance of the Soul!

KATHERINE RICHMOND GREEN

A Victim of Child-Marriage

SUKHIVA VANNERJEE, twenty-seven years of age, but a grandmother of several children, is expected to arrive in Los Angeles today with Mrs. Josephine Holmes, of this city, founder of the Indo-American Woman's Restoration League, says the *Los Angeles Herald*.

Sukhiva Vannerjee is a Hindoo woman, who has suffered the excruciating tortures hurled at the child-wives of her country. She was married to a man thirty years of age when she was but six. At the time of her marriage she was taken to the house of her husband, who cross-questioned her on several matters in order to ascertain whether the girl was to his liking or not. He decided to take her and she was turned over to her mother-in-law. The mother-in-law gave her the menial work of the household to do and made her life as much of a burden as possible. Contrary to the custom of this country, the wife is made to obey the mother-in-law.

At the age of eleven years the girl gave birth to a child. It was a girl, and the wrath of the irate mother-in-law knew no bounds. It is considered a disgrace in India to give birth to a daughter.

Two years later the girl was unfortunate enough to displease her mother-in-law in the same manner. Another girl was born.

Unable to control her temper any longer, the old woman ordered her son to get rid of his wife. The gallant husband, fearful of displeasing his mother, drove the girl out of the house and into the dense forests of the country.

For several days the child wandered through the jungles until the roaring of wild animals and screeching of birds drove her mad. She was discovered in her pitiable condition by agents of a commercial company doing business in India, and taken back to her home.

When she arrived at her home her parents were afraid of taking her into their house, but handed her a scant supply of food through a window. They were punished the following day for their kindness. Later on the girl was picked up by missionaries, who cared for her until she was asked by Mrs. Holmes to come to this country. Mrs.

Holmes says that she intends keeping the woman in Los Angeles, in order that she may study medicine.

After listening to the pitiful story told by the woman, the Chicago branch of the Indo-American Woman's Restoration League is up in arms and will take immediate steps to abolish the outrageous custom of child-wives.

[And is it THIS, THE CUSTOM OF CHILD-MARRIAGE, which is endorsed by a certain woman who calls herself a teacher of "occultism," and by members of a certain society which presumes to call itself "Theosophical?"—A. V.]

A CURIOUS occupation for women is chain-making, an industry that exists, however, in some parts of England, although little known. The "Anvil yards," or "hearths," as the little smiths upon which these women work are called, are chiefly set up in neglected out-of-the-way places. From morning until night they toil, the young girl of twelve, her mother, even her grandmother, hammering into shape and then welding the chain-links. Nearly all the small chains are made by women, of whom, in the Cradley district, there are nearly one thousand workers.

It is reported that the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce is to open its doors to women, admitting them to membership. It would be not merely a just but a wise step, for in no State do women occupy a more honorable and honored position as factors in the world of commerce and industry than in California.



A MAORI TYPE

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archaeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Hidden Treasures and Ancient Glories of Central Asia

SPEAKING of the ancient civilizations, mightier than our own, whose traces, so long lost, are now being everywhere discovered, H. P. Blavatsky, writing many years ago, said:

The traces of an immense civilization, even in Central Asia, are still to be found. This civilization is undeniably *prehistoric*. And how can there be civilization without a literature in some form, with annals or chronicles? Common sense alone ought to supplement the broken links in the history of departed nations. The gigantic, unbroken wall of the mountains that hem in the whole table-land of Tibet, from the upper course of the river Khuan-Khé down to the Kara-Korum hills, witnessed a civilization during millenniums of years, and would have strange secrets to tell mankind. The eastern and central portions of those regions . . . were once upon a time covered with cities that could well vie with Babylon. A whole geological period has swept over the land, since those cities breathed their last, as the mounds of shifting sand and the sterile and now-dead soil of the immense central plains of the basin of Tarim testify.

The border-lands alone are superficially known to the traveler. Within those table-lands of sand there is water, and fresh oases are found blooming there, wherein no European foot has ever yet ventured, or trodden the now treacherous soil. Among these verdant oases there are some which are entirely inaccessible even to the native profane traveler. Hurricanes may "tear up the sands and sweep whole plains away," they are powerless to destroy that which is beyond their reach.

Built deep in the bowels of the earth, the subterranean stores are secure; and as their entrances are concealed in such oases, there is little fear that any one should discover them.

Sven Hedin's *Central Asia and Tibet*, just published, affords ample verification of these statements of H. P. Blavatsky, both as to visible remains and the rumors of concealed treasures. It will be noticed that the regions visited by the explorer are the very same as those mentioned by H. P. Blavatsky.

This book is said to form perhaps the most magnificent record of exploration since Livingstone and Stanley, and has all the advantages which numerous illustrations produced by the most up-to-date facilities in photography can give. The traveler spent three years in his explorations, the real work of which began at Kashgar, in Eastern Turkestan, whence he journeyed by caravan to the Tarim river, mentioned in our quotation above. Floating down this river through the desert, he finds himself in a land of mystery and romance. We quote from a review in the *London Daily News*:

It was a still, peaceful journey through a lonely land, varied by the excitements of fighting the gathering ice and journeys through "the enchanted forest" and "the land of everlasting twilight." At the end a district is attained of forlorn loneliness, sand-dunes, and a vast desert, with not a vestige of life or habitation, and the temperature sinking thirty degrees below freezing—a kind of vision of one of the scenes of *Dante's Inferno*. Here the travelers disembarked, after what the author enthusiastically calls "our peaceful and fairylike journey." "I had been carried, as it were, on a triumphal car to the very heart of Asia, and which ever way I turned there was the unknown beckoning me with its finger." He met his caravan and went into winter quarters; and from this center started a series of expeditions into the desert in the almost incredible cold. It was a strange land of sand and thorns, like the land Percival came upon in his quest of the Holy Grail, weirdly depicted in the photographs as a kind of great ocean of waste sands, "an ocean of desolation."

"Tales about towns and treasure said to be buried in the desert were incessantly being repeated to me, but although I questioned the natives exhaustively, I was unable to obtain any definite or trustworthy information about it. They were afraid I should go to the place and discover all the gold which their wild imaginations depicted as lying hidden underneath the sand-dunes."

There are mysterious stories also of a moving tower of blue pottery, which shifted over the desert, and of ghosts that haunt the ruins of ancient cities. The indomitable traveler pushes on, though the thermometer registers fifty-eight degrees

of frost, and he is in the saddle ten hours, with breath freezing on the face, and the eyes blocked with tiny icicles. One of the weirdest sights found in these lonely regions were bodies in coffins, still preserved, though buried for three years, of some unknown Russian people—mysterious dead, whose names and origins alike had been forgotten in "their last long rest in the wilderness." All the winter and following spring the author is wandering in these wild wastes, among unknown lakes and the ruins of dead cities and clay towers of a civilization long passed away.

Next the traveler strikes out for the highlands between the Himalayas and the Kwenlun, "the most stupendous swelling on the face of the earth," and finds rivers, lakes, and mountains nameless and unexplored. Then he makes journeys across the desert of Gobi, and examines the ruined towns of Lou-lan.

Amid the chaos of a region, forgotten alike as it seemed of God and man, there are weird evidences of old things, unmistakable highways and traces of shadowy people that have vanished from the earth. The record of the ruined towns of Lou-lan and its evidences of these old races is one of the most interesting portions of the volume. He finds here clay towers, copper lamps, ruined houses and Buddhist temples. There are even tablets of wood in which every letter is sharp cut and distinct, written in India ink, but in no known language.

Finally a dash for Lhasa is made, but, as usual, the Thibeto-Chinese government is found to be fully aware of the project, and the adventurer is politely but firmly bowed out. Says the gorgeous Chinese official:

"You need not think you can frighten me. I am going to do my duty. I have just had express orders from the Dalai Lama with regard to you, and I know better than you do what I have got to do. You will not go to Lhasa. You will not go another day, not another step, towards Lhasa. If you do you will lose your heads," and he drew his hand significantly across his throat. He added that if he allowed us to go he would lose his own life. "It doesn't matter in the least who you are, or where you come from. Your actions are in the highest degree suspicious. You have slunk in by a back road, and must go back to your headquarters."

STUDENT



THUNDER BIRD TOTEM AT FORT RUPERT, VANCOUVER

Prehistoric Animals in America

IT will not be the fault of the American Museum of Natural History if we remain uninformed as to the early animal life upon the American continent. The work of the Museum has been extensive and successful and a very large consignment of fossil and other remains will soon be available for public inspection.

Four separate expeditions have been hard at work but the most important seems to have been that to the Bone Calcine Quarry in Wyoming. Excavations have been carried on here for many years and so far from the ground becoming exhausted the discoveries have grown more plentiful and more valuable. Professor Osborn, the chief of the Department of Paleontology speaks enthusiastically of the results which have been secured. Among these are the fore-legs of the allosaurus and also remains of the plated stegosaurus, the great four-legged lizard and very many other extinct reptiles. The Professor accounts for the richness of the locality by the fact that thousands of years ago there was a bar in a Surassic stream which caused the accumulation which is now delighting his heart.

The expedition to Fort Bridges was hardly less successful. Two entirely new animals were discovered in addition to the remains of six hundred other animals now extinct. The fossils of extinct varieties of the horse have come to light in considerable quantities including the three-toed horse which had the dimensions of a Virginia deer. The nearly complete skeleton of a camel was also found. An expedition to South Dakota was especially fruitful in marine skeletons, including minosaurs. Complete skeletons were found of the most perfect description, the average length being about 40 feet.

STUDENT

Nature

Studies

What Conditions Are Essential to Plant Life?

IT is generally supposed that plants, ordinary plants anyhow, require four elements for their successful growth—air, earth, sunlight and water—but the exceptions now known are so many that we must amend the list and say that plant life may be sustained by any three out of the four, and there are some forms which seem to require only two.

The orchids are air plants, requiring no earth; the lichens need no soil, and many fungus growths require no sunlight, in fact it kills them. In addition to these natural divisions we find also that many sorts of plants which ordinarily use the four elements can, at a pinch, do quite thriftily on three. A curious instance of this offered itself some time ago, in the form of a wild tobacco plant, or *nicotiana*, which was growing in a four-quart tin pail about one-third full of soil. In that locality, far away from Point Loma, the summers are not only absolutely rainless but also extremely hot, so that the young plant seemed to be facing certain failure in its attempt to grow.

Nevertheless it did grow into a handsome, well-branched plant about three feet high, with every evidence of good health. The pail was moved several times to be sure that no root had crept through a hole into the equally arid soil beneath.

At last it was taken out and examined, when it was found that the roots were very well grown, quite filling the earth in the pail.

With the soil all removed the plant was left to an apparently as good opportunity of living and thriving in the open air.

Instead of doing so, however, it drooped at once, and soon died. The earth in the pail must have been frequently heated by the sun to 150° Fahrenheit, and was as dry as flour; yet a large and juicy herb grew therein and found that parched earth necessary to its life.

But why?

What nourishment did it secure from the soil, and how was it obtained?

Or was its rooting in the earth a necessary part or factor in a current of vital force? Did it constitute an image electrically precipitated from the atmosphere, under the guidance of the elves?

THE middle of December in California valleys and lowlands means the beginning of the plant season. The mahogany bushes have their buds all ready to open, the violets are blooming wherever they have had a little water, and from the black, shapeless roots the fern fronds are beginning to uncurl their dainty beauty, glad to arouse themselves after the long dry summer.

Everything is gathering itself for the rush when the rains come. Then there will be a transformation so swift as to astonish even one accustomed to the rapid springtime of northern latitudes. All the open spaces will be sheets of purple, white and gold—acres of it—and many of the bushes will soon look like snowdrifts in their fleecy, feathery covering of clematis. Then the air will be full of the hum of bees and the clatter of birds. Nooks of ferny sward and flowering shrubs will marvelously appear where the long summer has now left only bare brownness. Everything will renew its life in the welcome rain.

FLOWER AND FLAME

by ETHELWYN WETHERALD

BETWEEN the flowering and the flaming woods,
All greening in the rain,
The fields unfold,
The sun upon the grain
Outpours its gold,
And sweet with bloom and dew are nature's moods,
Between the flowering and the flaming woods.

Between the flaming and the flowering woods
The wind bemoans a host
Of withered leaves,
The winter is a ghost
That grieves and grieves
Around a ruined house where none intrudes,
Between the flaming and the flowering woods.

O woods that break in flower or in flame,
My winged days and hours
Shall meet their doom
Like to your leaves and flowers;
Let not your bloom
And brightness put my flying years to shame,
O woods that break in flower or in flame!



AS THEY GROW IN MEXICO

Some Wild Folk of the Northern Woods

LAST summer our holidays were spent at a wilder part of the lake shore than previously, and we had an opportunity to become acquainted with some of "the little wild folk" of the woods, and especially the squirrels.

To see a little squirrel on a tree-branch near our cabin, his whole body quivering, and scolding at the top of his lungs, one would think that *we* had no right in the woods at all. But they soon forgot their anger when their bright eyes and sharp noses told them that there were nuts to be had by coming a little nearer to the strangers.

They usually preferred to take a nut and run up a tree to what was, to their idea, a safe distance; but sometimes, if we stood very quietly in the doorway, we had the pleasure of seeing them enjoying their meal.

They have so much curiosity, always want to know what is going on, and when we were at the playground near the cabin, we often saw them jumping from branch to branch, coming nearer and nearer in the hope of getting something to eat.

Until the acorns ripen they will eat bread and crackers if no nuts are given them, but after the acorns become eatable they rather disdain bread, but they always have a keen relish for raspberries and blackberries. Great games of tag they used to have, up and down a tree, around another and back and forth so fast that the eye could scarcely follow them. It is truly wonderful how so much energy can be developed from a few acorns. They did not seem to be a bit friendly toward the chipmunks with whom *we* were on such very good terms, but perhaps they had their own reasons. We hope that next season we can teach them to eat from our hands, as we hear that others have done. We cannot understand how any one could have the heart to hurt such happy little creatures which do no harm. Y.

These Are Hungry Times for the Birds

THIS is the hardest time of year for the wild birds and many are dying from hunger. In fierce silence the struggle for existence continues day by day. There are no battles to the death, no conquests, but those who find food live, and those who do not find food die.

All the daisy heads and such, have been picked clean months ago; the cypress cones have been nearly worn out by repeated searchers for seeds. There is no life in the vegetation, it is all dormant until the rains come, consequently there are no insects that any self-respecting bird could eat. It is really wonderful how they live at all under so many difficulties and adversities.

Of course, the northern and eastern birds are just beginning their troubles. The snow has not been long on the ground and the hedges yet hold rose-apples, and many other such sources of food are still accessible. Here at Point Loma they have literally worn out every food-supply during the summer, and are making shift the best they can until the rains bring life and activity to all wild life. Whether the cause of their privation be snow or dryness, it is now that every bird-lover should do the best possible to feed them until natural resources are available. The kitchen soft-scraps; or dry pieces of bread ground or pounded as small as wheat grains will give heavenly joy to many hungry little birds.

NATURE-LOVER

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

A GOOD audience was present on Sunday night at Isis Theatre to hear the two addresses which had been previously announced, and the music of the Isis Conservatory students, which was fully up to the usual standard. Miss Bonn's paper was on "The Spirit of Childhood." Some few passages which we reproduce, will serve to

give an idea of a very beautiful appeal for the preservation of the child spirit: "Do we, who love children, ever consider the source of the wonder-light about them? Ever ponder the secret of their brightness and beauty and joy? And have we not, most of us, come to accept the fact and think it natural, that as children grow up and become men and women, they lose their divine something that they brought here with them?"

"But is it right, is it natural, that growth should mean the loss of what is most precious?"

"This spirit is the divine heritage of childhood, it is like spring time and the dawn—a beginning, a hope, a promise. And what of the broken promises we see around us? Who is responsible for them? No one can escape, for it is time that we were awakening to the fact that in the higher sense, each man is his brother's keeper."

"Think what the world would be if we could keep this beautiful spirit of childhood, and let it shine through us to the end! Some have done it, and they are like stars in the darkness of the night. For is not this spirit the presence of the soul, the immortal part of us, the source of light and love and power, which dwells in the child and shines through it in brightness and joy and love and purity—until the clamor of the world deafens it, and the selfishness of man blinds it, and the lower nature of the child, growing strong through its education and environment rises to stifle it. 'Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.' Is it not plain what this means, and do we not wish to enter? To give up some of the surfeiting pleasures of the body for the joys of the soul?"

"Men and women, who have become sodden with materiality, and encrusted with avarice and selfishness and sensuality, look back, oh, look back through the years, to that green time when your hearts were pure and loving, when you held out your little hands in trust, and when your mother believed that nothing so beautiful had yet come on earth as that which the future held in store for you—look back, and if the picture has not altogether faded out, if you can catch one glimpse of it, surely it will enter your heart and soften it, and refresh it with love toward your fellow beings. Let humanity regain the child-heart it has lost, and again there will be heard on earth the celestial music, and eternal youth will be ours as we hear in our hearts the refrain, 'Peace on earth, good will towards men.'"

The Rev. Mr. Neill's address on "Brotherhood and War" was a particularly beautiful and scholarly production, which was listened to with intense interest and appreciation, and of which we reproduce a few sentences:

"In the golden age of long ago men did not slay each other, nor did they prey

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Interesting Addresses by Miss Bonn and Rev. Mr. Neill—Music by Students of Isis Conservatory

Reprinted from the San Diego News

upon the lower animals. According to the legend which Ovid recorded in his *Metamorphoses*, the earth, too, was regarded with a tender and sacred feeling, and the rude plowshare had not as yet torn the bosom of the earth, but men lived on the bounty of nature, as supplied by the trees and plants. Why did not that happy condition of things continue? If

Brotherhood be the great basic law of Nature, as we believe it is, why did the brotherhood cease? What set man at variance with his brother? What made strife begin? We can only reply that the golden age did wane, and then passed away as the result of selfish desire. We cannot say why it was that man, being entirely without any selfish feelings, should, in time, grow selfish, but such is the fact.

"We see that unity underlies the phenomena of the natural world—unity of purpose; unity of life; unity of force. We feel there must be unity underlying human life also, and that happiness is the result of living in harmony with the Great Law, which is stamped on the very heart of all creation. We perceive that unhappiness is, and for ever must be, the result of living at variance with this fundamental principle of our being, and the being of all things. The Message, or one of the great messages which Theosophy now brings to the world, is this: that Brotherhood is the basic, or universal, law. Other forms of religion have brought the same message. In the New Testament we read, 'One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.' And again, 'Ye are many members in one body.' It was regarded by Jesus as the summing up of all religion, 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.' But never before has the full scientific, philosophical proof of Brotherhood been so clearly and forcibly given as in this age. I do not forget that 'an ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory;' and that the best way of teaching Brotherhood is to be brotherly—without this nothing else avails much—we are but the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal."

"Look at the world today. Look not only at the wars which have been lately, or now threaten, but look at the terrible greed, the fearful selfishness, which is the seed, and of which war is the fruit. How many people think that the chief end of life is to gain as much gold as you can, no matter how you get it—no matter who loses and suffers! How many are there who can see that to injure another injures oneself most of all? Would that all could see that all unbrotherly action leads to suffering—leads to war in some form."

"The thing ever to keep in mind is that hate, selfishness, unbrotherliness, is supreme folly, and will bring misery to the doer. It is our duty, therefore, to help our brother in the best way possible to kill out the hate; to change it into love, and to transmute the selfishness into self-sacrifice."

"If we will but do our best, and keep doing it, we can all do more than we think in bringing back the golden age, and in preparing the hearts of our brothers, the whole world over, for that reign of peace, and love, and joy, when we shall all feel and move in perfect harmony—many members in one body."

The Two Concentrations

Three Minute Lodge Paper

THERE is a higher concentration than that of thought; namely, that of feeling. The two stand in no necessary relation to each other. High character is possible without the first, but not without the second. And a strong character consists of the second. Strength is not necessarily height and nobility.

It is quite common to meet men of utterly unselfish and duty-loving nature—men who are blessings to their neighborhood and to their dependents—whose minds are of the last possibility of incompetence. These men may take a week to learn five sentences by heart, and an hour to write a one-page letter, because they cannot restrain their minds from straying in every direction. But with their feelings it is quite otherwise. In feeling they never stray, never are impatient with their subordinates, never have aimless moods, never lose their large brotherliness, never become bitter, or caustic, never slacken towards their duties.

They do not rank high in the common opinion, because we mostly reckon men by their minds rather than their characters. These men will not slip on the path of human evolution. They may go forward slowly, but they do not turn aside to the places where the wrecks happen. And because they are not obscured by the clouds of selfishness, they often see where others must reason. They are nearer self-knowledge, and it is often but a veritable humility that prevents them grasping their minds by set practise and discipline and so achieving concentration there also.

Notes by the Observer

THE rains promise but hold off, showing how the good things of nature have some of the characteristics of the things which we are pleased to call evil.

We have been encircled with rain clouds which have advanced upon us in battalions only to again withdraw as though some great army were carrying out evolutions before a decisive action. Almost can one believe that the dust dry hillsides are watching the weather with something of the same intelligence as men, and that expectation and hope are characteristics also of the plant world. Certain it is that the hillsides are already somewhat greener than their wont as though with invisible hand they were grasping an advance supply of the moisture which hangs so tantalizingly overhead. Some forms of plant life are refusing to wait for the rain and are already beginning to send forth shoots. They at any rate will do their part. They will learn how to do without and so by a brave independence persuade the fortune which glances and stands aloof.

One of our cañons rejoices after the rain in an unusual display of fern life making a brave show of maiden hair and the commoner varieties. Before the rain the cañon sides are dry and leafless, the withered fern leaves of last year alone showing the wealth of life which lies beneath. Turning aside the soil with careful hands we see that the tight coiled fronds are beginning to uncurl themselves, and if by accident we should snap one of them—and how fragile they are—a bead of sap exudes, showing that they at any rate know of a water supply. Yet the soil in which they are

buried is as dry as the summer sun can make it and the ferns themselves will tell nothing of the love which they have learned in silence. Very carefully we will dig up some of these roots and plant them in a box within a tent and so see what we can do to encourage them by artificial heat and occasional water. May be they will repay our kindness by greater speed of growth and by an added delicacy and beauty.

To eastern ears the idea of Christmas and New Years in a tent will come as something of a surprise, whatever theoretical knowledge we may possess of the climate of California. Yet there is many and many a student at Point Loma who sat under canvas on Christmas day with the tent flaps drawn back for the cooling ocean breeze and in that most enviable of positions read the newspaper accounts of snow and sleet and rain in less favored quarters. Overhead was the brilliant blue of a cloudless California sky. In front perhaps, is the cañon, its rugged sides tapering away as it nears the ocean which stretches away right and left as far as the eye can see, a vast rippling field of color, while the medley of its sounds comes up from the shore but half a mile away where its waters are awash upon the pebbles, chattering of the things which they knew long ago and wondering why men will never, never understand. Tent life has truly a charm which is indescribable and those who are so favored as to share in it wear a certain air of superiority toward their comrades who have not yet escaped from mere rooms and who have never seen the tent roof swell up as the evening breeze passes beneath it like the sail of a ship which is in no hurry whatever so long as it moves. But the uninitiated one may ask, how about the

rains, and to such we would reply that a canvas roof should be as weather tight as the more orthodox roof of wood. The tent homes of Point Loma have two roofs, each on its own frame and thus separated one from another. The outer cover has been saturated in oil and from its surface the water will run as from the proverbial back of the proverbial duck. Those who have never lived in a tent probably do not know that we have here the only absolutely perfect system of ventilation without draught, and without this we must remain strangers to the correct sensations of awaking in the morning. The canvas is just sufficiently porous to make the inside air as fresh and pure as the outside and we thus ensure all the advantages of an entirely outdoor life without any of its disadvantages. There is now a little city of tents upon the crown of the hill, tents which have a serious purpose in life, with their strong wooden frames and floors and double roofs, while nearer the Homestead and upon the slope which faces the ocean there are yet other tents, veritable homes, and full of the tranquil energy of home life. Close at hand is the new Industrial building, immense in size, vast in its ambition, hive-like in its activity. At the moment of writing the observer has inspected it only from the outside and through its open windows. The powers that be may one day extend to him an invitation to enter and become acquainted with the ways of making the many most beautiful things of which it is the birthplace. The beautiful and the useful are here most indissolubly joined upon the principle that the full development of utility necessarily implies the beautiful, and that nothing can be wholly beautiful if it lack the element of utility.

“LIFE IS JOY!” This is the short and simple statement of a truth. Let us read it backwards, “Joy

is Life!” We are accustomed to think so many other things are life, that the simplicity and directness of a true statement seems absurd, at first. “Life is Joy,” is such a statement. Now we pause to ask, what is life? There is the answer, “Joy!” Do we dare to think that pain and sorrow, misery and strife are life? Are worry, doubt, anxiety, fear and longing, life? Is the confinement in prison, or hospital or asylum, life?

We know they are not life. Are the overcrowded heads and empty hearts life? Are the deceptions, excitements, rush and restlessness and all but craziness of modern society life? We know they are only the signs of imperfect existence.

What are we? Are we only jabbering animals with insatiate desires, whose gratification only increases them and brings about restlessness, sickness, lunacy and destruction? Are we only brain minds whose function is endless suspicion, jealousy, envy, cruel judgments and their resultant fear? Let us look round the world and see if we are not living a huge nightmare. Everywhere we see the terrible struggle for existence and nearly everybody striving for money as if its possession were life. In every civilized country prisons, hospitals and asylums are increasing in number and size to accommodate the mentally, physically or morally unsound. Modern education has multiplied its subjects of learning, modern religions have increased the number of sects and modern science is making wonderful discoveries. Yet in spite of these the ugly side of life has increased. Any one with a little insight can see that the result of the past methods of life spell ultimate destruction.

It is at such a critical moment in the world's history as this that a world Leader comes to stem the tide of vicious destruction. And what simple, beautiful means Katherine Tingley uses. She announces “Life is Joy.” At first we do not hear it. Then it seems absurd, because we know that our life so far has not been joy. We've had some moments we thought were joy, and we found we had to pay a big

✻ Life Is Joy and Joy Is Life ✻

Read at a recent public meeting of U. B. Lodge No. 1, Sydney, Australia

price for those moments in after effects of pain, loss, worry or fear. Next we begin to wonder if life really is joy! Then we

conclude it ought to be. But if we continue our old way of living, it never will be joy, for we have been living on narrow, selfish, personal lines, vainly imagining that how we lived our life did not affect our neighbor nor fellow citizen.

Now, Theosophy teaches us that we are not really separate, and that it is because we have tried to live a separate, disunited, irresponsible life that the world has got into the state it has—all the result of ignorance and selfishness. In this we have been aided by the teaching of our time. But the great teaching of Theosophy brings hope, of which joy is the offspring. It declares us to be divine souls, all collectively forming the one world; that as souls we can think for ourselves, and that by living on brotherly lines, becoming more and more unselfish we can conquer our failings and realize the true joy, which is real life. The soul is our real self, and as we listen and heed its admonitions we become master in our own tenement—our body; we will feel and know it is the practice of the virtues; of love, of gratitude, and of brotherhood that brings true joy, of which real life—soul-life is made. How our hearts will thrill with love and gratitude to those great messengers of Truth, Light and Liberation, who rebrought us Theosophy and showed us once more how to live the life beautiful, and to know life is joy. We will aid and bear our share of the responsibility, and the joy will spread to all, till the great human family shall know its unity and interdependence as true souls.

It is not the seeking for joy for our individual selves that brings joy. That would be only a higher form of selfishness and only accentuate the paralyzing and fear, creating sentiment of separateness. It is the whole that requires help and healing—the whole world—and if we will think of ourselves as intrinsic parts of the whole and live our life as joyous, brotherly, courageous souls for the whole, endeavoring to do our daily duties simply and gladly as soul-set tasks, we catch a little of the meaning of Theosophy's message of true joy which is Life. S. A. A.

Another Heretic

THE great social evils of the day having at length been overcome, a number of Methodist clergymen in the east have found the necessary leisure to bring a charge of heresy against Dr. Borden P. Bowne, Professor of Philosophy in Boston University. The precise nature of Professor Bowne's heresy we are unable to discover, but it would seem that his views on the atonement are not sufficiently stupid, and it is moreover whispered that his views are not in accord with those of Professor Townsend, who believes that heaven is a cube, because the “length and the breadth and the height of it are equal,” and that each side of it is about as long as the railroad from Boston to Omaha. We trust, however, that the accusation of unorthodoxy upon this latter point is untrue. People are so malicious.

The New York *Independent* says that “it would be fun to hear the trial.” We think that there would be a good deal of tragedy mingled with the fun. Tragical, indeed, it is, that at such a time as this, when the world is at death grips with the forces of social destruction, it should be possible for a handful of obscure people to raise themselves into notoriety by an attack upon such a man as Professor Bowne. X.

“Mens Ecclesiastica”

TO the following extract from the writings of Macaulay we might give a wider application than the eminent historian intended. It admirably expresses the ecclesiastical state of mind, both in its theologic and scientific varieties:

“Now, in the mind of Mr. — reason has no place at all, as either leader or follower, as either sovereign or slave. He does not seem to know what an argument is. He never uses arguments himself. He never troubles himself to answer the arguments of his opponents. It has never occurred to him that a man ought to be able to give some better account of the way in which he has arrived at his opinions, than merely that it is his will and pleasure to hold them. It has never occurred to him that there is a difference between assertion and demonstration, that a rumor does not always prove a fact, that a single fact, when proved, is hardly foundation enough for a theory, that two contradictory propositions cannot be undeniable truths, that to beg the question is not the way to settle it, or that when an objection is raised it ought to be met with something more convincing than ‘scoundrel’ and ‘block-head.’”



MISS BYRD, I hope you have some money for me this morning," cried the sharp-faced, shrill-voiced landlady, as Esther was opening the hall door to pass out.

The lodger turned a frightened face toward Mrs. Lamb—sadly misnamed—but then she was as poor as her lodgers, and had as hard a time as any of them in eking out a bare subsistence.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Lamb, but I haven't found anything to do yet." Mrs. Lamb tossed her head and sniffed incredulously. Esther turned to escape, but the shrill voice pursued her:

"I guess you're not very anxious to do anything. Where do you get your fine clothes and eating? You get money somewhere for that, and I want what's due to me out of it, too. D'ye hear?"

Esther did hear, as she closed the door and ran down the steps to the sidewalk. The "fine clothes" were a cloth cape and a muff, relics of better days, and her "eating" had for days been stale bread with a little cheese and weak tea.

It was bitter winter weather and the girl was alone in a great city, friendless and penniless, where poverty and loneliness are ever accentuated by contrast with the gayety and affluence around one.

Pausing at a news stand where a kindly old woman permitted her to look over a paper, for she could not afford even the few cents to buy one, she hastily jotted down a few of the most promising advertisements and started out on her weary round.

Her first call was at a dry-goods establishment where a score had already been before her. Then a clerk was wanted in a bookstore. Had she any experience in that line? Then why had she applied? The holiday season was approaching and only experts were wanted. Next a shoe store was tried and then a toy store, but always with the same want of success. The places were already filled or only experienced hands were wanted.

So the day went by, one of the days she and thousands like her are constantly passing. Esther had walked all day as she could not pay car fare, nor had she the wherewithal to buy a dinner though she was faint for want of food.

The dusk was gathering when she turned her lagging steps toward home. Home! What a very mockery the word seemed to her now. Perhaps the door of the small cold room on the garret floor would be barred against her. If so, what could she do? As if in answer to her thought, a handsome carriage drew up to the curbstone beside her. In it sat a woman, large, fair, handsome, richly dressed, with the sparkle of diamonds about her person. She smiled at Esther and beckoned her to approach. But the girl shuddered and drew back into the nearest doorway.

"What! not ready yet?" whispered the occupant of the carriage. "Ah! well, a little longer and you will be glad to come to me. You are cold and weary and heartsick. Why keep up the useless struggle? You are bound to fail at last. Take this, girl, and buy a dinner."

As she spoke, she held out a piece of silver, but the girl shook her head and shrank further back.

"Oh! well, please yourself," said the woman with a shrug and a good-humored smile, and the carriage rolled away.

Esther stood a moment, weak and despairing, and then she was startled by a wheedling voice behind her:

"What would the young lady like? Would she puy someding, or may pe sell someding?"

Turning around the girl found that she stood in the doorway of a pawn-shop, and the proprietor stood smiling and rubbing his fat hands together. Yes, she might sell her muff or mantle or both. She must have food and a bed, and her worn old shawl would do to wrap around her.

When Esther reached her lodging-house her teeth were chattering with cold; but she put a few dollars into the eager hand of Mrs. Lamb, and passing on up the four long flights of stairs, she soon had her teakettle merrily bubbling over the little coal-oil stove, and dined luxuriously on the slices of boiled ham and the hot rolls she had brought home with her.

That night Esther missed the heavy warm mantle, for she had used it to supplement the insufficient covering of her bed. Next day being Sunday, she could not go out to seek employment, so she busied herself with her pen. Perhaps some one would pay something for her poor little stories and sketches; but in the end this effort proved futile as all the others.

On Monday, she resumed her weary tramp and by the middle of the week had secured the agency of a recently published book. But securing subscribers was the work she soon came to heartily loathe. To force herself into private houses required more effrontery than Esther had counted on; and to enter the places of business was even worse. To state her errand and meet the cool, careless stare of lounging men, or the hasty, impatient glance of the busy was something that made her face burn and her heart beat to suffocation.

Some men put down their names with the most unmistakable its-only-to-get-rid-of-you air; others with a sort of pitying manner and others still with an air of easy

Not an Isolated Instance

jocularity that was almost unendurable. Then the books had to be delivered and the money collected, which was not the least fatiguing or trying part.

At the end of a month, Esther found that her health and strength was failing, and that Mrs. Lamb was again clamoring for money which she could not pay, as what she had earned had scarcely sufficed to keep her in food.

So Esther was obliged to give up the book agency and it happened one day that she found herself seated in a long, dimly lighted, basement room, along with a hundred other girls and women, where garments were cut and made-up to be sold in the rooms above. A parcel of blue and white muslin was put into Esther's hands.

"What am I to do?" she asked of a girl who sat next her.

"O, just baste it," was the reply.

After working awhile Esther again ventured to address her neighbor, and learned that the girls who had machines stitched for those who had none, and all were paid by the piece for what they could do during the week.

The air was close and stifling, most of the workers, hurried, haggard and careworn. But some young girls who had homes and friends were only working to earn a little spending money for trifles they coveted. The forewoman treated these with more consideration than the others. She often spoke insultingly to the hardest workers and dismissed them for what seemed to Esther the most trivial causes.

She herself was soon made to feel that she was no favorite. She was often kept waiting while stitching was done for those who came after her, and although she carried work home to do evenings, her account on Saturday night never came up to enough to cover her expenses. She knew the pieces she did were not counted correctly, and at last, when she ventured to expostulate that she did not receive what was her just due, was told that she need not come again as there would be no work for her in future.

Where could she turn next? With a million human beings around her, she was alone. There was no one to pity or aid. She had wandered aimlessly on until the low, lopping murmur of the river fell upon her ear. Ah, that was it. There was the place for her. She walked slowly along the wharf. How black and cold the water looked—darker by contrast with the twinkling lights. But no matter! it would soon be over. It *must* be ended now, for there was absolutely no way or means of renewing the contest. Everything had failed—she had come to the end—there was no use in hesitating, the sooner the thing is over the better. At that moment, as the girl stepped on the edge of the pier, a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder.

"See here, young woman," said the burly policeman, "I've been follerin' you for some time an' I don't like your actions. It's mighty suspicious like, you down here alone this time o'night. Now if you don't want to be run in you better git home on double quick time. Come now, face about an' move on, 'less you want me to take you."

Esther turned and sped swiftly up the nearest street leading from the wharf. Here was a new terror menacing her; to be arrested! taken to a police station—locked up—perhaps with drunken and dissolute women.

She walked on rapidly until she found herself in wide, well-lighted streets again, and then a sense of her friendless condition again pressed upon her. She was fainting with weariness and hunger. What should she do? Where could she go?

And then again the temptress came. Again the luxurious carriage drew up beside her and the handsome, smiling face looked out.

"Come, child," said the kindly voice, "you must come now with me. There's nothing else, you see. Come, it's no use to struggle any longer; get into the carriage."

Then in the mind of the girl rose two pictures—one, the dark, dreadful road along which she had so painfully groped and stumbled. The cold, the hunger, the scanty raiment, the cruel taunts and bitter insults, the hardness, the cruelty, the injustice. The other, warmth, light, luxury and ease; but at the end, what?

With a low, stifled moan she turned away. As she did so, she stumbled and half fell against a tall man. Instantly his arms were about her and he whispered brokenly:

"Esther! Esther! Thank God, found at last!"

"O Frank! Take care of me, I'm so tired!" she moaned piteously. "I thought you were dead."

"But you see I'm not. They got some other fellow's name mixed up with mine. When I got back from the Philippines, expecting we'd be married right away, I found your uncle had failed and was dead, and you'd gone to the city, thinking me dead. I've been two months looking for you. Come, little girl, how tired and ill you look! We'll go to a hotel now and you can tell me all your story, and when you're rested and ready we'll be married and see about getting settled in a little home of our own."

"O Frank! there *is* a God; and just now I thought there wasn't," said Esther an hour later as they sat at a well-spread table before a blazing fire.

"And remembering what you have suffered," he replied, "we will do all we can to make the world a better place for poor friendless girls and women."

K. P. Q.

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Medicines and Men—Nature Is the True Physician

ADAILY contemporary reproduces a letter from a correspondent upon the subject of the true value of medicines in which he refers to the two classes of the community who are the firmest believers in the efficacy of drugs. These two classes, he says, are the aristocratic, and the very poor. With all due deference to the holder of very sensible opinions we think he would have been better advised to say the very ignorant, instead of the very poor. The poor, especially in great cities, often resort to drugs not because they have a supreme faith in them but because the natural remedies of fresh air and good food are out of reach. The aristocratic classes usually take medicine, not because they are unaware of nature's laws, but because they have no intention of keeping them. They are too generally, the peculiar representatives of that perverted civilization which has been wittily described as the effort to acquire luxuries and to dispense with necessities. The writer continues:

In many serious diseases, such as fevers, consumption, and cancer, it is a settled thing that there is no hope of cure by drugs, and that Nature is the only doctor. It is beginning to be understood that the old-fashioned simples, that were the stock-in-trade of the Lady Bountifuls who prescribed for the ailments of their tenants, or the old woman's remedies, as they are sometimes called, have been displaced for the most part by powerful poisons, heroic remedies which more often than not mean murder.

The effort to imagine the conditions of an ideal civilization is one which has been made by many writers with more or less edifying success. In that ideal civilization the healing art will probably not be greatly needed, not only because the laws of material nature will be more faithfully observed, but also because the human mind will no longer be allowed to passionately destroy its habitation. Before bodily diseases finally disappear they will be known by other names such as greed, discontent, hate and ambition. Then we shall recognize that the true malady has laid hold upon the body, not with the appearance of the first physical symptoms, but at the moment when the mind allowed some shattering thought to explode within its dwelling, changing or destroying the subtle avenues of the force which we call life. Obedience to the material laws of nature will not come by rule nor schedule, but because the mind has acquired the habit of asserting its identity with nature. There will be a law of gravitation in all human affairs and it will be obeyed because it is the law. To acquire health by the taking of medicines may now be sometimes necessary, but let us then recognize it for what it is, as the lesser of two evils, and let us do what we can to make straight the path for the ideal life wherein tranquility and joy shall be the creators and the guardians of health.

STUDENT

Problems of Earthquakes and Volcanic Phenomena

THE study of earthquakes and volcanoes still presents many problems which we can do but little more than record and some such problems have just been furnished by Mauna Loa, the celebrated volcano upon the Island of Hawaii. Mauna Loa has been in eruption for some time past, and sailors believe that this activity is in some way responsible for an extraordinary ocean whirlpool about twelve miles southwest of the Island of Koohalawe. This whirlpool is ten miles in length and five miles wide and is moving with considerable velocity. A still more remarkable phenomena occurred off the southern coast of Hawaii and therefore in immediate proximity to the volcano. Upon one occasion, recently, the tide went out as usual and remained out for twenty-four hours. It then returned with unusual rapidity and rose many feet higher than ordinary. The seismic events of the last few years have certainly added very largely to our knowledge, but there is still much to be discovered and understood.

STUDENT

IT HAS now been shown that hay-fever is not due to local mechanical irritation of the nasal mucus membrane by the pollen of grasses, but to a poison soluble in water residing in the pollen. This is absorbed from the surface of the membrane into the blood, affecting the whole system.

Intelligence and Matter—An Enlightened View of Consciousness

PROFESSOR SHALER of Harvard University has advanced some theories with regard to plant intelligence which are not yet likely to meet with general acceptance, but which are none the less a prelude of a new order of thought. He protests against the idea that intelligence—that is to say, consciousness—is necessarily confined to the human kingdom, and he writes:

Looking toward the organic world in the manner above suggested, seeing that an unprejudiced view of life affords no warrant for the notion that automata anywhere exist, tracing as we may down to the lowest grade of the animal series what is fair evidence of actions which we have to believe to be guided by some form of intelligence, seeing there is reason to conclude plants are derived from the same primitive stock as animals, we are in no condition to say intelligence cannot exist among them. In fact, all we can discern supports the view that throughout the organic realm the intelligence that finds its fullest expression in man is everywhere at work.

This is of course eminently Theosophic, but why draw the line at plant-life, or at what we are pleased to call the organic? Why exclude the mineral kingdom, or what we call inorganic? However coy science may be, she must presently recognize that matter without life and consciousness is an impossibility. Who now shall draw for us the line between animal and vegetable, or between vegetable and mineral? and why must we suppose the infusion or the evolution at some given point of the new element of consciousness? Is it less logical to suppose that consciousness upon the one hand and matter upon the other are the constituents which go to make up the whole of manifested nature? When we have reached that point, we shall begin to understand that matter is the index to the evolutionary point which has been reached by the consciousness which it encloses, and that the brain of man is complex because the consciousness of man has evolved that complexity as a necessity for its own expression. We may be unwilling to grasp the key which Theosophy offers to us, but until we do so, we may continue to peep through the key-hole and through the crevices, but we shall never open the door.

STUDENT

Dogmas of Science—Can Consciousness Be Abolished?

THE recent execution of three brothers by electrocution has afforded an opportunity to an eminent brain specialist to make a post-mortem examination. While he seems to have discovered nothing remarkable in either case, he naturally seizes the opportunity to make an authoritative statement upon a subject of which he can know nothing. He says "the instantaneous abolition of consciousness naturally renders the death a painless one." If consciousness is indeed abolished, there can of course be no pain; but by what right can any one profess to say that consciousness is destroyed because the instrument which that consciousness used for a particular purpose is put out of action? We might as well say that the skill of the mechanic is destroyed because he has broken his tools. The placid dogmatism of some scientists transcends that of the average theologian and is just as dangerous. We are not now very far from the recognition that consciousness is indestructible and in no way dependent upon the vehicle which it may temporarily use, and with that recognition will come the abolition of capital punishment as being not only cruel, but entirely useless and mischievous.

THERE appears to be yet another mystery connected with migratory birds. A student of this matter, Father Victor, states as a result of several years observation that they are never to be found settling in places where there is epidemic or endemic disease, and that their chosen spots are the very healthiest to be found. Thus they evidently have a sense that man lacks, but which it appears to us that he ought to have. They feel the presence of cholera, yellow fever, plague, or what not, as we detect a smell. Indeed it may be by the sense of smell in a very enhanced degree that they know of these fermentations. Many diseases are characterized by special odor, easily noted in a room, and once noted, not easily forgotten. And an extension of this might detect even the whole local area of a disease.

STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World



THE GOLD INDUSTRY, SOUTH AFRICA
Searching the native operatives at the Pitt mouth in the famous Rand district

The Fate of a German Lion Tamer

WE wonder if it would be too great an interference with the theoretical liberty of the subject to suggest that performers be not allowed to enter the cages of wild animals in the presence of the public. A woman in a German menagerie has just been torn to pieces by a lion in full view of a great crowd of people which included her own children. Of course we read vivid accounts of the horror and consternation of the spectators. Nevertheless the great majority of them were attracted by this very possibility. Even without the elements of a tragedy the sight of performing lions is unnatural and revolting and ought to be discouraged.

Scotland to Have a Model Town

ANDREW CARNEGIE is determined to make a model town of his birthplace in Scotland. The pursuit of ideals is of course an eminently worthy one and the attempt to create model communities is greatly to be encouraged. It may, none the less, be advantageously pointed out that model towns must be created and maintained by model people and that to confine our efforts to material conditions is merely to build a beautiful engine and ruin it with bad fuel. If we were to turn our attention to the evolution of the model man he would himself create the model city and the money which he would need to do it would be surprisingly small in quantity.

Red Rain in Europe from African Plains

DURING the last few years the mysterious red rain has made its appearance in many parts of Europe and it is now reported from Capua, Salerno, Naples and throughout Sicily. The peasantry are considerably disturbed, believing it to presage a national calamity, but prosaic science explains the phenomenon as being due to sand and volcanic ashes which have blown across the Mediterranean from the African desert.

The Funeral of Herbert Spencer

HERBERT SPENCER is not to be buried in Westminster Abbey. The authorities have been approached upon the subject but have entirely declined to accede to the request. There may, of course, be a legitimate reason for this decision and one in no way due to the religious beliefs of the great philosopher. Certain it is, that his own wishes would have been averse to anything in the nature of ceremonial or display.

English Lawmakers to Visit Canada

A NUMBER of members of the English Parliament are arranging for a tour through Canada. It is proposed that Washington be included in the trip in order that the members may have an opportunity to pay their respects to President Roosevelt. It is to be hoped that this will be done.

Reports of Congo Horror Confirmed

THE reports of atrocities upon Congo natives has been fully confirmed by Roger Casement, British Consul, who has made a long tour of investigation through the country. His report will show that the most horrible outrages are committed by European officials, and that slavery and barbarism exist in their most revolting forms. The great need of civilized governments in their dealings with natives is for officials who can be trusted not to be cruel. We are gradually learning that the opportunity for cruelty and the commission of cruelty are practically synonymous terms.

The Straight Jacket Abolished in Italy

It seems that we may have something to learn even from effete Europe. The King of Italy has just signed a decree abolishing the use of the strait-jacket in Italian prisons. Inasmuch as we in America profess to find that this torture is still necessary, we must conclude either that our criminals are of a worse order, or that we are still behind the Italians in prison management. And yet there are those amongst us who cry out for still further ferocity in the criminal code and in its administration.

Infanticide in Germany & Britain

DURING the last ten years no less than fifteen thousand babies were "overlaid" in bed and killed in Great Britain. In all these cases evidence was produced to show that the tragedy was done unintentionally, but it is none the less fatally easy in this way to dispose of little new-born children whom nobody wants. We do not know what are the statistics for other countries. In Germany, at any rate, it has been made illegal to sleep with any child under two years of age and there is therefore no mortality in that country from so preventable a cause.

The Czar Rebukes Cruelty & Violence

THE Governor-General of Kieff has been compulsorily retired by direct order of the Czar for the violent manner in which he repressed the riots which recently broke out in his district. The Czar is reputed to have said: "I cannot have that man at Kieff any longer. His hands are stained with human blood." An action such as this fully illustrates the humanitarian policy of the Russian ruler, a policy which cannot fail of its effect in mitigating the elements which make for discord throughout the vast empire which he rules.

Manila Post-office Curio at St. Louis

A POST-OFFICE curiosity from Manila will be exhibited at the St. Louis Exhibition. This consists of a chart which was hung upon the walls and which bore the names of those for whom mail matter was awaiting delivery. If the name did not appear upon this list there was no advantage in enquiring at the delivery window. Similar contrivances are said to be still in use in Spain and in some parts of South America.

The Yuma Apaches Make Fine Baskets

THE occupation of basket-making is very general among Indian tribes. It is said, however, that the Yuma Apaches surpass all others in the fineness of the stitches, the colors of the material and the beauty of the design. A very large quantity of this basket-work has a religious significance, and much good work waits to be done in the intelligent and sympathetic interpretation of the designs.

Increase of 13 Millions in Ten Years

THE United States Census authorities have just issued an interesting publication from which it appears that during the years from 1890 to 1900 the increase in population in the United States proper was 13,046,861 or 20.7 per cent. This increase is nearly twice that of any European country and is only exceeded by Argentina. These figures, of course, are exclusive of Alaska.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Fairy Tales of a Queen

DEAR CHILDREN: Did you ever hear of a really truly Queen who wrote really truly fairy stories? There is such a Queen, and she lives today, in far-away Roumania. Her name is Elizabeth, but to all the stories she writes she signs the name "Carmen Sylva," and that is the name I like best.

This Queen is much beloved by her subjects, and once upon a time the National Superintendent of Schools in Roumania came to her and begged her to write a book for his school-children, something that he could offer to them as a prize. The Queen loves to help others more than anything else in the world, so she began to write, and in just a few weeks the book was finished, a book of fairy-tales. She has written many books since that time and many other fairy-tales—and she has made little children all over the world happy by the word-pictures she has painted, about little Hans; about brave little Arnold and the Fairy; about the Harp-girl, Carma; about the wonderful things that happened one Christmas-time away up in the Eifel mountains; about the children and the Swan-lake, and ever so many more. But to me the most beautiful of all her fairy-tales is the story of her own life. When she was a little girl, even in Kings' castles—for Queen Elizabeth of Roumania was born a Princess—they had no matches, as we have, and no electric lights, for no one had in those days discovered the way to make them. But they did have what the little Princess Elizabeth cared for very much more—great, glorious forest trees all about her home, among them the beautiful silver-linden. She called the flowers and trees her brothers. She tells us that the linden tree told her many stories that only birds and little children could possibly understand.

All winter long she used to feed the birds that fluttered about the castle windows, and all summer long she fed them under the forest trees, talking with them as if they were all little comrades together. She tells us what great friends the blind-worms were, and how, when she talked to them, they would lift up their wee heads and twinkle their bright golden eyes quite as if they understood. And then the glow-worms! Often would the little Princess Elizabeth place several in her hair and pretend that she had a coronet of sparkling diamonds. It was such fun! But she never took them away from their forest home as some do, and this is what she herself wrote about them, many years after she played under the big beeches near her castle home on the Rhine: "I think glow-worms are sad at being carried far away, for their lamps are nothing but love-signals which the little comrades light to let each other know where they may be. . . . One sees how much cleverer such little creatures are than any of us. It



A RAJA YOGA TEACHER AND PUPIL IN ONE OF THE LOMA-LAND ROSE GARDENS

LITTLE-OH-DEAR

by EUGENE FIELD

SEE, what a wonderful garden is here,
Planted and trimmed for my Little-Oh-Deard!
Posies so gaudy and grass of such brown—
Search ye the country and hunt ye the town
And never ye'll meet with a garden so queer
As this one I've made for my Little-Oh-Deard!

Marigolds white and buttercups blue,
Lilies all dabbled with honey and dew,
The cactus that trails over trellis and wall,
Roses and pansies and violets—all
Make proper obeisance and reverent cheer
When into the garden steps Little-Oh-Deard.

And up at the top of that lavender-tree
A silver-bird singeth as only can she;
For, ever and only, she singeth the song
"I love you—I love you!" the happy day long—
Then the echo—the echo that smiteth me here!
"I love you, I love you," my Little-Oh-Deard!

The garden may wither, the silver-bird fly—
But what careth my little precious, or I?
From her pathway of flowers that in springtime upstart
She walketh the tenderer way in my heart.
And, oh, it is always the summer-time here
With that song of "I love you," my Little-Oh-Deard!

took men centuries to find out such a light as this, and then they called it electricity. These little insects found it out by love, and give it no name at all!"

Do you wonder that this little Princess grew up to be such a sweet, beautiful, kind and helpful woman? Do you wonder that when she became a Queen all her people rejoiced and said, "She is kind, she loves us!" AUNT EDYTHE

The Bees of Loma-Land

DEAR CHILDREN: Did you ever watch a honey-bee? The children of the Raja Yoga School go every afternoon to the bee-hives east of Group House No. 2, and there make the acquaintance of the bees of Loma-land.

Recently a new variety has come to the bee-hives—a full swarm. Where they came from no one knows, but evidently from some part of Loma-land where they may have been waiting—who knows—for the students to come here and build them a little home. In one curious respect they differ from the other bees; they always prefer the purple flowers. They will pass by the sweetest blossoms of yellow or white or pink to hover about purple flowers, even if far in the distance, and less sweet.

Did you know that bees have five eyes? Well, they have, two of them placed on the sides of the head for use out of doors, the other three placed on top, for use in the dark hive. Is that not curious?

There is a tradition—and I think it is true—that bees were brought to man on this earth from another planet by the Wise Ones, those who live only to help humanity. This was many ages ago. However that may be, we do know that bees are wonderful little teachers and that they have a life of their own, which is regulated in a marvelous way. We know that they are law-makers and never law-breakers, and that they could teach us many lessons in order, in industry, in punctuality and in brotherhood.

All of the great peoples of the world have kept bees. The Egyptians kept them and so did the Greeks. And they are part of the life of Loma-land.

AUNT ESTHER

The Prisoner's Mouse

DEAR BUDS AND BLOSSOMS: Papa was on a railway carriage, a little while ago. We live in England. Suddenly one of the passengers jumped up and said, "Oh, I've lost my mouse!" Then he explained that

the mouse was a pet mouse. Papa helped him look for it and they found it in a corner. The little mouse cuddled down in the man's pocket.

The man who took the tickets told papa that the mouse man was a prisoner who had just been discharged from prison. He found the mouse in his cell one day and fed it crumbs, and it remained with him.

Students'



Path

LOOKING FOR GOD

by FREDERICK D. HUNTINGTON

THE parish priest of austerity,
Climbed up in a high church steeple
To be nearer God
So that he might hand
His word down to his people.

And in sermon script
He daily wrote
What he thought was sent from heaven,
And he dropped this down on his people's heads
Two times one day in seven.

In his age God cried,
Come down and die,
And he called from out the steeple,
"Where art thou, Lord?"
And the Lord replied,
"Down here among my people."

The Halls of Tara

THERE was a time when the Hill of Tara was the chief nerve center of Irish life, both civil and religious. History and authentic tradition will carry us back a long way, but at the very dawn of history Tara was ancient. We may, indeed, reasonably believe that King Dermot, against whom the curse of St. Ruadan was launched, nearly fifteen hundred years ago, was as ignorant of the origin of Tara as are we today. Otherwise that curse would, perhaps, have been unavailing in laying desolate and deserted the erstwhile seat of Ireland's learning and Ireland's power.

The Hill of Tara is in County Meath. Time itself has shown an unwonted reverence for this ancient glory of Erin, and the centuries in their passage have perhaps done more to preserve and to bury than to destroy. A succession of circular mounds marks today the spot whereon stood the royal residences of the kings, and a rich tradition ascribes to these mounds the various functions for which they were once famous. The most important of these structures is that known as Rath-na-Riagh, measuring from north to south no less than 853 feet. A ditch and rampart enclose it, and inside the enclosure is the place of meeting where, every three years, was held the great gathering known as the *Feis of Tearnhair*.

Next perhaps in importance is the Banqueting Hall of Tara, the Teach Miodhchuarta which consists now of two lines running north and south with openings which show the places once occupied by the doorways. This capacious hall measured in length 759 feet, and the magnificent scenes once enacted therein have been preserved by tradition.

Among the remaining ruins we may mention those of the Rath na Seanadh or the Rath of the Synods. Close at hand, are the forts known as Rath Grainne and Fothach Rath Grainne, the former having belonged to Grainne, daughter of King Cormac Mac Art and wife of Fin Mac Coul.

The Hill of Tara possesses a pillar stone, perhaps the most remarkable of its kind which exists. It now stands in the center of the Forradh, but previous to 1824 it stood within the enclosure known as the Rath-na-Riagh. There seem to be some good reasons to believe that this stone is the actual Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, upon which all Irish kings were crowned, the true coronation stone, which is now supposed to be at Westminster after having been removed from Ireland to Scotland for the coronation of Fergus Mac Earc. George Petrie refers to a manuscript of the Tenth century in which the coronation stone is spoken of as being still at Tara, although its removal from Ireland to Scotland is supposed to have been accomplished in the Sixth century. He remarks:

It is in the highest degree improbable that, to gratify the desire of a colony, the Irish would have voluntarily parted with a monument so venerable for its antiquity and deemed essential to the legitimate succession of their own kings.

Whether the true Lia Fail is to be found at Tara or at Westminster will, perhaps, never be finally decided, but we are not without hope that archeological research, which is becoming increasingly active, may yet somewhat restore the buried records of Tara and the beautiful country of which it was the heart and the glory.

There is a tendency in human affairs to repeat what is good and beautiful. With the desolation of Tara began the desolation of the Irish nation. In the supremacy of Tara lay the seed of an united and central government from which all glorious possibilities might have sprung. With the fall of Tara came the dominance of the tribal system, disharmony and disintegration. Maybe the ancient harp has not lost its power of melody if but the master hand shall strike its strings once more.

STUDENT

Teachings of Druidism

THE current opinion that Druidism has left no record of itself except in stone, may or may not be correct. If as Cæsar says there were poems which every Druid had to learn, is it not likely that at any rate fragments of this old literature should have persisted orally to the days of the earliest extant MSS., and in MS. form even to our own day? Among the oldest Welsh literary remains are some seventy-seven poems attributed to Taliesin, supposedly a Sixth century bard. But this name would seem to be rather an initiation title, such as is still given in the Gorsedd of Bards in Wales, rather than the name of an individual. These poems are for the most part evidently pre-Christian, and so archaic as to be unintelligible; yet passages in them are not without interest to the student. Such passages as, for instance:

"I am a Druid, I am a mason, I am a serpent."

"I have been in many a shape
Before I attained a congenial form," etc.

One of the most interesting figures in recent Welsh history is that of Iolo Morganwg, a bard and clergyman of the Eighteenth century. Iolo declared himself to be the occupant of the chair of Glamorgan, a chair of the Bardic School which had, as he claimed, remained intact and secret from Druid days. He published several books purporting to embody the teachings of the Chair, and to have been handed down first orally and then in MS. by his predecessors. These are supposed by the critics to have been a literary forgery on the lines of Chatterton; but there are those who doubt whether little Wales in the Eighteenth century could have produced a genius capable of inventing such teachings, which are, it must be confessed, a sublime presentation of the Theosophy of all ages. Again, that such teachings did come down is distinctly suggested by the fact that the famous hymn to the God Hu Gadarn, "The Smallest of the small is Hu Gadarn," was written by Iolo Goch, the bard and friend of Owen Glendower, in the Fifteenth century, by numerous references in poems of that period.

STUDENT

FOR we know not every morrow can be sad,
So forgetting all the sorrow we have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years,
Just be glad.—*Selected*

Bribery No Use

A BALTIMORE girl was to have a lawn fete in honor of her eighth birthday, which occurred last week, and all her little companions were invited. It was a momentous occasion to the tiny hostess. All indications pointed to a joyful fete, save the weather. Although the afternoon when the entertainment occurred proved all the most exacting hostess could desire, the morning broke with heavy clouds and occasional gusts of rain.

The little girl was in despair. She drew her mother aside. "Now, mamma," said she, "I don't want this repeated, but I lay awake half the night praying for a clear day. I prayed straight to the Lord, and I told him if he would give me a clear day I'd give him a quarter, and now look at this rain. He don't get my quarter!" — *Baltimore Sun*.

BRILLIANTS

Selected

FOR the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.—*F. W. Faber*

TENDER handed, stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains,
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures ---
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg graters
And the rogues obey you well.—*Aaron Hill*

I READ on the porch of a palace bold,
In a purple tablet letters cast ---
A house though a million winters old,
A house of earth comes down at last;
Then quarry thy stones from the crystal All,
And build the dome that shall not fall.—*Ibn Jemini*

WHO are the blest?
They who have kept their sympathies awake,
And scattered joy for more than custom's sake;
Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,
Gentle in thought, benevolent in deed;
Whose looks have power to make dissension cease;
Whose smiles are pleasant, and whose words are peace.—*Anon*

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question The Theosophical teaching of Brotherhood and Altruism must, I think, appeal to very many in this age of competitive warfare, but even when we try to be unselfish do we not all have, as it were, a selfish mental reservation that of course we intend to look out for ourselves, and that it would not be right to jeopardize our interests by our unselfishness? And I have wondered whether to become really unselfish one would have to give up his individuality.—*Extract from a letter*

Answer No doubt very many people do make the mental reservation referred to, and just to that extent they are selfish and not unselfish. But at times they forget it, or something within them makes them act unselfishly in spite of it. Such a reservation can have origin only in the lower nature, but when the higher nature has sway, it pays no heed but acts entirely independent of any calculations or intentions of the lower. It is true also that our lives are compounded of the good and the bad, but we all know from actual experience that we live most truly, most happily, when we follow the dictates of the higher and hold the lower in subjection. In such case our life is fuller, richer. How then can the question come up of the fear of losing anything really worth having by being unselfish? Which of our real interests could be so jeopardized? Are we not frightening ourselves with a shadow and putting ourselves under the dominion of the lower nature by admitting such a thought?

Most truly, unselfishness implies the giving up or rather the domination of the lower nature, but this is not the individuality, though to most of us it seems such an important factor in our make-up and sometimes, indeed, to be our real self. It is natural that it should call out against anything that threatens its existence, but one or the other, either it or the higher nature, must give way and we must choose which it shall be.

What is the individuality? According to Theosophical teachings it is the real, immortal man, the soul. If, then, it be real and immortal, how can it perish, and how can we, by doing right, by living nobly and unselfishly, give up our real selves. No, but there is a danger of losing our real self by being selfish and by living evil, sordid lives.

The word individual means indivisible, and that which we possess in common with all men, the divine spark, indissoluble, indivisible, eternal is the true Individual. Do we lose this as we become unselfish? We have hardly yet come to know it. The only way in which we can know it and realize it, is through unselfishness, devotion to the interests of others, regard for the welfare of the whole, "and not by seeking to confer benefits on one's own unimportant personality" [not individuality], to use H. P. Blavatsky's words.

Let me give a simple illustration which has been used again and again, but which more clearly than anything else will, I think, answer the question. Does the musician lose his individuality in a great orchestra? Does he not, on the contrary, become a sharer in the larger life, adding to it, but in a greater degree partaking of it? In a perfect orchestra the whole power of the whole orchestra exists for each one of the musicians; for the time being he becomes the orchestra and the orchestra becomes him. Has he lost anything? Has he not rather gained immeasurably? And so it is in the great orchestra of life; the conscious life and power of the whole lies waiting for us to take up and use when we have attuned our hearts and minds to the deeper harmonies of life.

Instead of jeopardizing our interests by unselfishness, we jeopardize them by selfishness, and stifle the natural impulses of the higher nature, and the wider life, the true individual life, can never be ours until we burst the narrow bonds of self and live a life of Brotherhood and Altruism.

School Theology

A PLEA which has been recently made in this country for denominational schools is based upon the statement that "we are bringing up all over this broad land a lusty set of young pagans who, 'sooner or later, they or their children, will make havoc of our institutions.'" Before we allow forebodings of this kind to make our flesh creep, let us first ask for the ecclesiastical definition of paganism, and let us also remind ourselves that even in the Twentieth century there are still some few institutions of which havoc might be made with a very solid advantage to the community.

The *Outlook* has, however, an inconvenient thirst for evidence as well as for definitions. The editors have therefore written to nineteen American colleges asking whether they have noticed any difference in the moral character of the students who have come from the common schools as compared with those from the church and denominational schools. Needless to say that these nineteen American colleges are almost unanimous in saying that there is a difference in the moral character of these schools and that it is in favor of the common or undenominational education.

This is exactly what we should expect and is a support to our contention that the theology of the denominational schools is in no way an aid but an enemy to religion. We say this in no unkind sense but only from a well reasoned conviction that as creed and dogma come in by the door, religion and morality fly out at the window. The theology of the denominational school does not actually teach that creed is everything and conduct nothing, but the weight and dominance which it gives to creed inevitably lead to that conclusion.

The President of Cornell University is especially illuminating in his reply to the question put by the *Outlook*. He states that out of nearly 600 freshmen 65 per cent of those trained in the common schools declared themselves as church members, while of those trained in private or denominational schools only 56 per cent were church members. Well may the learned President declare his disbelief that "the American people will ever consent to vote public moneys for denominational schools."

The President of Leland Stanford Junior University is no less emphatic in saying that the character of students from the common schools is higher than that of those from the denominational, while the President of Tulane sees no difference between the two classes except that the pupils of the public schools seem to have a wider view and to be on more intimate terms with the life about them. The country is indebted to the *Outlook* for its enterprise in thus obtaining a body of opinion so wide and so authoritative.

STUDENT

THE city of Brussels has limited the speed of motor cars to three and a quarter miles an hour. The regulations say that these cars "may not advance" beyond that speed, but, as a Belgian humorist points out, there is nothing to prevent cars running backwards at any speed they please.

Religious Tests

WE have already drawn attention to the statement of the Chancellor of the New York University to the effect that every university freshman should be required to know by heart the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, a church catechism and a score of the psalms and hymns. In our charity we supposed this suggestion to be but a fossilized piece of persecution miraculously preserved from the middle ages as a reminder of the spiritual night from which we had emerged. But we were mistaken. The inquisition drum was not beaten in vain and the summons to persecute has aroused a corresponding yearning in many an ecclesiastical breast. The *Church Standard* is thrilled with delight, while the *Churchman* thinks it greatly to be desired that every student should know these things. It may or may not be desirable, but that is not the point. The suggestion is that unless a student knows these things he shall be deprived of University education, that is to say that he shall be persecuted in the good old way. The *Presbyterian* is no less delighted at the thought that even at this eleventh hour it may be possible to revive a system of religious tests and disabilities. They would like, they say, to see the officials of all our universities and colleges take a like stand. No doubt they would. The love of persecution is the basis of ecclesiasticism, indestructible, ineradicable.

So far as the Presbyterian body especially is concerned, we should have supposed that the extent to which they have themselves been persecuted in past times would have lit within them a fire for religious equality which nothing could have extinguished. It has had no such effect except in certain magnificent exceptions. Let us imagine what would happen if the spirit of the age should once more allow of the authoritative intolerance for which these newspapers seem to yearn. How long would the denominations be satisfied with the persecution of outsiders, and how long would it be before they would light the fires for one another? They would do it today were they not restrained by that very liberal spirit which they themselves are accustomed to describe as the enemy of religion. It is that liberal spirit—which is sincerely religious because it is sincerely liberal—which protects them from one another, which protects the weaker from the stronger. We are perfectly aware that the churches contain many enlightened men whose hatred of tyranny is as sincere as we could wish. We can only regret that they are not more articulate and that they are not yet in a position to prevent expressions of intolerance which profess to be representative of their churches.

STUDENT

The Ideal of Culture

A RECENT lecture by Dr. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, on "The Ideal of Culture," must have implanted the seeds of new ideas in some of his hearers. It was, of course, strongly opposed to current and popular ideas upon culture. Otherwise it would not have been worth hearing. The keynote of the whole lecture was perhaps contained in the one sentence, "It is the ability to do without that makes men rich and strong."

The ability to do without, that is to say, the wish to do without, is perhaps the faculty which of all others is today the one most out of sight. The aim of modern civilization is to acquire and to possess, and how many are there who recognize that the culture which they profess to seek can be shown in no other way than by behavior? Culture is a mental attitude which enables us to turn ourselves understandingly towards every condition which awaits us, instead of being a veneer for times and seasons, or an external polish for the concealment of the inferiority beneath. Culture is a recognition of our supreme adaptability, the assurance of our rightful place in nature, the power to perceive that we are eternally at home, and that neither space nor time can remove us from its friendly bounds. No hostility can ever await the man of culture. Misfortune is for him but the kindly hint that something within himself is out of place, the knowledge of his ignorance is but nature's gracious invitation to know all things without money and without price.

And so the mark of culture is an unbreakable tranquillity as becomes one who sits always within a home circle. All personal possessions to such an one become a loss, because they are a denial of his ownership of all those greater things which can belong to no man personally. He to whom the whole of nature is a living voice of wisdom takes no heed to grasp some infinitesimal part of nature and to imprison it within four walls that he may call it his. He thereby does but grasp at a shadow, and the substance which was his becomes his no longer. By our material acquisitions we but multiply our poverty, but to him who has learned to do without, all the vast store-houses of nature are thrown open and personal desires are lost for ever in the plenitude of real possession.

There is nothing in nature which has not its affinity in man, and the doors which open upon unsuspected vistas of knowledge are all within ourselves. We may open them whenever we will, but, first of all, we must clear away the debris of the personal treasures which we have mistaken for the real, the abiding, and the true.

STUDENT

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But Harold was asleep.

His mama gently aroused him. "Harold, don't be naughty. Be a good boy, now, and thank Jesus for the nice home you have, the warm clothing and fire to keep you warm, and a mama and papa to love you. Think of the poor little boys who are hungry and cold tonight, no mama to love them, no warm bed to go to, and"—

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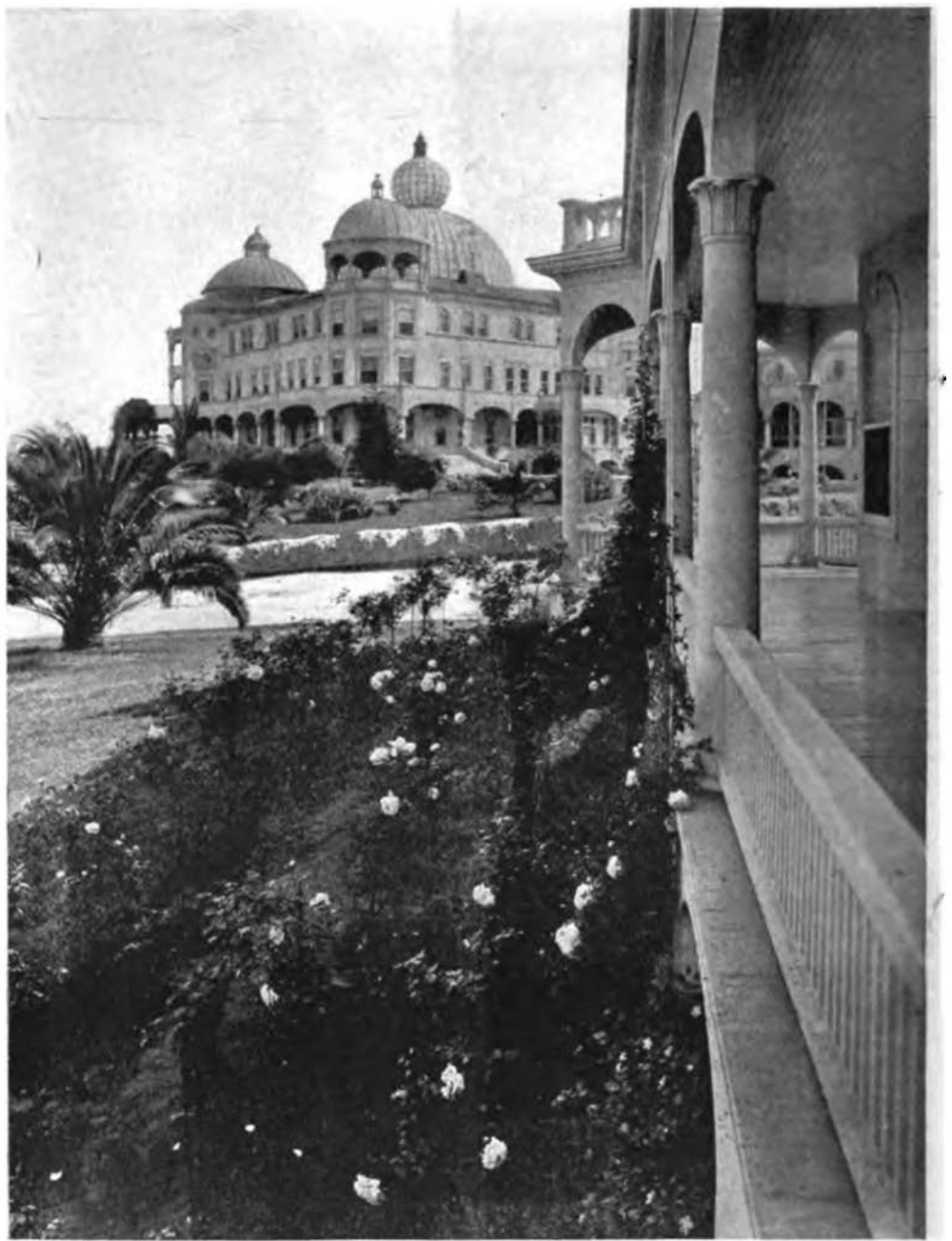
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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3 — EDITORIAL

Common Interests of Humanity
Samurai of Japan
To Recover the Gospel
Lutetia Urbs Parisiorum
Portuguese East Africa — illustrated

Page 4 — XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

When and What to Teach
Opium in Prisons
Poor Joke of a Jurist
Crime and Punishments
Methodism and Self-Denial
Church and Child-Labor

Page 5 — ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Parsifal and Voice of the Critic
Orchestration of Chopin's Music — illustrated
The Music of Ireland

Pages 6 & 7 — WOMAN'S WORK

Egypt's New Aurora
Woman Lawyer 4,000 Years Ago
Devil's Glen, Ireland — illustrated
Events Unfold

Page 8 — ARCHEOLOGY, ETC.

Changeful Verdicts
Wanted — Prehistoric History
Palace of Knossos
Samoan Chieftain (illustration)

Page 9 — NATURE

Sea and Shore by Night
Ways of Monkey Life
A State That Breathes
Willamette Sunset (illustration)
Concerning Flight of Birds

Pages 10 & 11 — U. S. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Language of the Soul
The Woman Question
Raja Yoga Day School
Country Life in Ireland (illustration)

Page 12 — FICTION

A Real Incident in Pioneer Life

Page 13 — XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

When the Atom Is Mastered
What Then?
German Scientists
Exigencies of War

Page 14 — THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Indian Doctor Healing Sick (illustration)
China's Great Famine
Uncleanliness and Plague
Democracy and Plutocracy in the United States
Germany's Army
Kruger's Big Diamond
Increase of Crime in Egypt
Penalty for French Chemists
Algebra in Russia
Size of the Louvre

Page 15 — CHILDREN'S HOUR

Our Houses
About a Mongoose
Lotus Buds at Lunch in Group
Home (illustration)
The Snowflake (verse)
A Robin's Nest

Pages 16 & 17 — STUDENTS' PATH

From the Welsh (verse)
The Real Mysticism
Peace Movements
Right or Wrong
Won the Crown (verse)
Students' Column
Indian Women's Short Teeth
Treatment of Insane
Life of Gladstone

Page 18 — MISCELLANEOUS

Cry of Children (verse)
School Education

Pages 19 & 20 — ADVERTISEMENTS

Miscellany

Common Interests of Humanity

WHO can doubt that the crisis toward which so much of humanity seems now to be moving must also affect America? Science has thrown a bridge across the geographical distances which once were so effective and so formidable, and the nations of the world are no longer able, even were they willing, to preserve the isolation which might seem to be a safeguard. We must perforce live in sight of one another and the common interests of humanity must ever be stronger than political considerations. What part will America play and by what standard will she measure her actions?

It is not merely an unwarrantable pride which makes us believe that America represents, potentially, if not actually, the aspirations of mankind. Somewhere deep within the heart of every human unit in America is the fire of enterprise, and hope and daring which drove its possessor or his forefathers away from the old world and into the new. These things may now be dormant, they may be overlaid by the crust of mean and sordid living, but they are none the less there, otherwise the American nation would not now be upon American soil. Somewhere within the nation must slumber a great and worthy ideal, the ideal of liberty and of progress which was its dawn, and such ideals as this do not quickly nor easily die. How best can we revive it; how best can we fulfill the responsibilities which weigh no less heavily upon the individual because they are national and vast? This at least we can do. We can ask ourselves if our own lives give anything of beauty to our land and

Build First the Individual Character

if we would willingly believe that the national character is as we know our own characters to be. And inasmuch as we ask this question within the secrecy of our own hearts there is no need for the self-excuse that we are but doing as others do, that we are but following a crowd. To the eyes of the great Law no man's identity can be lost in a crowd, the great Law which has filled the records of the world with the wrecks of kingdoms, of empires and of republics. In the flush of material triumph we have forgotten that the civilization which would be permanent must be internal as well as external and that without this equilibrium it cannot exist. Unless there is a civilization of the heart nothing else can at all avail. Nature will have no unbalanced civilization, but will sweep it away in her own manner which cannot be resisted nor hindered. If we would harness the forces of nature so also must we put a curb upon the forces of self. Compensation there must be and we must choose between balance and shipwreck. Of that interior civilization, the civilization of

Men Not Afraid to Think

the heart, the index and the guide is man's attitude to man. A nation is such but in name unless there be the cohesion of brotherhood among its members. The absence of that cohesion is nature's sentence of dissolution. No Sinai thunders are needed; the law works automatically. Destiny is a word which we apply to our country as though it were a force which places us beyond the moral laws which govern success. It is we say the destiny of America to lead the world in international progress and freedom, and this will indeed be true when we have once more arisen to the height where destiny dwells. Destiny does not descend upon nations but nations may rise into the sphere of destiny, as indeed they may also sink to those other realms where other and destructive destinies are ruling. Unto those higher regions we cannot attain unless our ship of state be made buoyant by aspiration. In the days that that are coming America will need all the great and the strong men which she possesses. She will need men who are not afraid to think, men who are willing to be carried onward by the will of nature which is a spiritual and a divine will. Nature has her own test for the great and for the strong and she will bear such to the surface by other machinery than that of which we know. There is a spiritual force of gravity which carries into the front rank of leadership those who are wise enough to do all duties great and small, for this is the secret of power and the conquest of fate.

Ten righteous men would have saved the Cities of the Plain and who shall place a limit to the contagion of one noble life? STUDENT

Samurai of Japan

COMPARATIVELY few people are aware that the feudal system in a very pronounced form existed in Japan until 1867, and consequently that very large numbers of the people are still saturated with its ideas and its traditions. Like all systems which have been outworn, the Japanese feudal system contained many elements which were in themselves permanently good, but which have necessarily been swept away with the abuses in which they were encrusted. The caste of the Samurai, the fighting caste, for example, had many features which were in every way admirable, and to its teachings the Japanese army owes the characteristics which make it so formidable a force. The training of the Samurai began with infancy, and its whole object was to build up the character rather than to develop the intellect. The pupil must be so

trained that he could tranquilly and worthily meet every condition which might confront him, that he might know "how to die when it was right to die, and how to strike when it was right to strike."

In such a system of discipline the inculcation of courage took naturally a very prominent place. The children were taught to rise before dawn and without food, to walk barefoot through the snow to school. To confess either to hunger or fatigue was a disgrace, and even with young children such precepts were practically applied and were not allowed to be merely theoretical. In one of the most popular of Japanese plays the little Prince of Sendai is made to say to his companion, as the two famishing boys watch the sparrows:

Look at those tiny birds, how wide their yellow beaks are open, how eagerly they eat; but for a Samurai when his stomach is empty, it is a disgrace to feel hunger.

It is especially interesting to notice that self-control in the presence of pain was taught to the Samurai as being not only in itself the duty of a man, but it was also recommended as a matter of courtesy towards others whose happiness might be marred by the sight or knowledge of another's troubles. The training of the Samurai was thus of a kind not only to develop a magnificent soldier, but it was likely to produce the ideal man, morally as well as physically. To seek revenge was far below the dignity of a Samurai. Injuries against himself he must unfailingly forgive, unless they affected his honor, which it was his duty to protect. Honor indeed became something of a fetish and a superstition, and from its undue growth many errors eventually sprung. Kamazawa is the author of a noble precept which found practical expression in the life of the Samurai. He said:

When others blame thee, blame them not; when others are angry with thee, return not anger. Joy cometh only as passion and desire part.

How eloquent, too, are the references to the "tenderness of a warrior," which are found in this wonderful code. With the disappearance of the Samurai training the world will be visibly poorer, if indeed it does disappear, instead of merely reincarnating in other garb and in another land. Beneath and beyond the crudities of an ancient civilization we see here an ideal which the world cannot afford to lose. We see a system of training which is intended to dislodge from the mind of the child everything which cannot be cultured into magnificence. We see a splendid picture displayed before the imagination of the child in which there is nothing base and nothing unworthy. Here we find a true order of character. It may be soiled, perhaps brutalized, by the hand of time, but it is none the less instinct with nobility and resplendent with an ideal which must glorify all nations in which it is permitted to dwell. X.

To Recover the Gospel

THE *Recovery and Restatement of the Gospel*, by Dr. Loran David Osborn, is an effort in the right direction, although the path upon which the author seeks to walk is somewhat narrow, and his visible horizon is more restricted than it need be. The aim of Dr. Osborn is to discriminate between Christianity and Theology, and to restore the former to the position which it occupied before it was dethroned and uncrowned by political and ecclesiastical agencies and ambitions. The author points out that what is usually called the historical development of the religion of Jesus is nothing more nor less than its defacement, and that to see it in its true colors we must get behind its historical record and look upon it as it actually was. The most pleasing feature of the book is the emphasis which it lays upon the radical difference between Christianity and the religion of the churches. That difference is, of course, so pronounced that there are hardly any points of resemblance between them, as must be painfully obvious to anyone who will honestly compare the actual teachings of Jesus with the theology which has been ponderously built around them.

All this has, of course, been done most copiously by H. P. Blavatsky, with a greater wealth of knowledge and detail than is possessed by any other writer. Christianity can never be understood without the science of comparative religion and without a recognition that humanity has existed for untold ages before the birth of Jesus. If we start upon our quest with the incredible and untenable theory that mankind was left without spiritual light or guidance through these unfathomed vistas of

years and until the Christian era, we shall not do very much to elucidate our problem. The fundamental laws of the Soul do not vary from age to age, although they may be presented in different and varying facets in accord with the needs of times and peoples.

STUDENT

Lutetia Urbs Parisiorum

LUTETIA was a city of the Parisii. Even in the days of the Roman conquest of Gaul, Lutetia, a large town on the island of the same name, was an important place. A center of commerce for traders going both north and south, it slowly grew until about the time of Charlemagne, when, under his masterly direction it rapidly took, perhaps, the most prominent place among the cities of France. Those were troublous times, and the evidences of this are still apparent in the remains of the fortifications, and even in the very aspect of Paris itself. It was not many centuries before Paris became the heart of all French life and energy, and until a few score of years ago, to speak of France was to speak of Paris. During the days when France struggled with England for dominion over her own people, when many parts of France preferred the English power to that even of Paris, then Paris was the heart and soul of the country, and it grew more so with every passing score of years. About the time of the great Revolution, France was absorbed in its principal city, and it was only about the moment which Victor Hugo has so graphically described in his *Histoire d'un Crime* that the provinces first began to feel that they, too, represented France, and the greater part of France. The country under the present Republican Government, has incessantly aimed at accentuating this feeling, and here the student of affairs may see a very curious and interesting anomaly—an apparent anomaly, at any rate. That is, that while power is decentralized so far as the capital is concerned, and while the nerve force and blood of the national life are diverted from the heart of the country—Paris—yet by that very condition, France is stronger and more united in national feeling than ever before. France is now for Frenchmen, not merely for Parisians. It promises well for the people, for it has awakened them to a sense of national responsibility which they did not have before. At no time in France's history, possibly, does her outlook appear so bright. Napoleon's conquests, coming after the Revolution, when Frenchmen saw that they, and not England, possessed the key to European peace, or European war, had the effect of instilling into their hearts a worship of national unity, which latterly has taken the direction of an international understanding, a fraternity of the peoples of Europe, which has had a most salutary effect on their neighbors. Behind the present Government stands an united body of patriotic Frenchmen, who are at the same time earnest and devoted Masons. Their one object, and it is proved past cavil by recent events, is not only to keep their Fatherland well in the forefront of European civilization, but also to promote in every way a better understanding between the peoples of the Continent. The Franco-Prussian war has this glorious responsibility to its account, for then the statesmen of the country realized how near they came to a national downfall. They believed Napoleon III was more a son of the church than a good Frenchman. Is not the trend of events very perceptible indeed? France is, however, still in a very critical period, and all well-wishers of the country can watch with interest events which will be forthcoming in France in the next ten years, and after.

Why should not Americans, especially, feel a keen interest in what takes place in France? There is not a little which unites the two countries in numerous ways; there is one thing preeminently which calls American attention to what passes in France, and that is the religious congregations. They are abandoning France and transporting their power and influence—where? To England and America. G. P.

In Portuguese East Africa

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week represents the buildings of a native hut at Quillimane, in Portuguese East Africa, at the mouth of the Zambesi River. A finished structure is seen to the right, these huts being characteristic of the Kaffir homes which abound throughout the country. Quillimane is one of the Paradises of the South African hunter, the territory abounding in elephants, lions, hartebeestes and occasional giraffes.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

When and What to Teach

THE writings of Mr. H. G. Wells often produce a feeling of uncertainty as to whether or not they must be taken seriously. The weight of prejudice and custom sits very lightly upon his shoulders, and he has therefore a buoyancy of judgment which may not inexcusably be confused with extravagance. With a recent remark of his upon the education of children we are, however, in very full agreement. He says:

I know very well there are a good many misguided persons who imagine that the less the brain is exercised in the earlier years the better for the child. I have heard myself ridiculous talk about the inadvisability of educating a child till it is ten or twelve years of age. *It is pernicious nonsense, and comes originally from that fountain of errors, Rousseau. Provided the right things are taught, and in the right way, all children are greedy of knowledge of all kinds.* They are always "wanting to know," and the lamentable thing is that their parents, owing to their own inadequate education, are seldom capable of satisfying their thirst for information, even in elementary subjects.

The methods which Mr. Wells advocates are fortunately fast growing in favor. Education is not now so generally regarded as the preparation of mental *pate de foie gras* in which the victim's feet are to be nailed to the ground while he is forcibly gorged by a machine. We are beginning to recognize that the mind of a child possesses an appetite of its own fully equal to its bodily appetite, and that the child who needs to be mentally or physically fed by compulsion, is either seriously ill or is receiving the wrong kind of food, and usually the latter. Education does not consist in giving the child something which it has not got and does not want, but rather in placing within its reach the mental nutriment which it needs, and in seeing to it that the lower forces of its own nature do not prevent its acquisition. For this reason no education can possibly be effective which is not also ethical. The child must be taught to discriminate between its real needs and the mere animal clamorings with which those needs are so often confused.

STUDENT

The Opium Traffic in the Prisons

THE resources of civilization ought not surely to be altogether exhausted by the fruitless effort to prevent prisoners from obtaining opium. It would, however, seem that we are here confronted with a problem which cannot be solved, at any rate by those whose business it is to solve it. At a certain prison we are told that the opium evil is one of the worst with which the officials have to contend. The officers are constantly in fear of the possible act of some opium crazed convict, who frequently attempts murder for some real or imaginary wrong. The obvious remedy is to prevent the convicts from getting any opium, and the assurance that this cannot be done with the machinery of a prison is a tax upon our credulity of a somewhat severe nature. Some light is thrown upon the problem by the further statement which has the tint of childlike simplicity that the drug is smuggled into the prison through the connivance of certain officers, and that handsome profits are said to be realized by those who are engaged in the traffic. That some one is making a handsome profit is so obvious that it can hardly be called an explanation, although some persons may think it a very valid excuse. Let us hope that a trust has not been already formed and that to put a cessation to the profits may not prove to be too great an interference with vested interests.

STUDENT

Poor Joke of a New York Jurist

A NEW YORK Judge has pronounced the sapient opinion that one of the main causes of juvenile crime is the failure of parents to provide their children with pocket-money. It is surprising to find that what is perhaps the greatest problem of the day has a solution so simple, and that the murderous exploits of boy-bandits and the like, of which our newspapers are so full, could be ended by a trifling weekly donation of a few cents. Let us by all means give our children whatever they ask for, in order that they may be spared the necessity of taking it by force.

STUDENT

Crime and Its Punishments

AN epidemic of crime invariably produces a number of social wiseacres who are confident that the only possible remedy is to devise a series of new and ferocious punishments. These people seem to write grammatically and to spell correctly, and their ignorance in other directions is therefore the more surprising. There is no better established principle of penology than that the punishment which is of a revengeful nature never succeeds and the reason is not far to seek. A vindictive scale of punishment invariably excites the sympathies of the jury who refuse to deliver verdicts which they know will be followed by penalties of which they disapprove. Capital punishment, for instance, for all offences except murder, has been abolished for this very reason, not only on the score of humanity, but because it was found to defeat the ends of justice. The people who thus advertise their own ferocity in print are themselves providing illustrations of the same spirit which actuates the violent criminal.

STUDENT

Methodism and Self-Denial

THE Methodist Body is still exercised in mind over the proposal to permit a little more latitude in the matter of dancing and theatres. One prominent eastern minister expressed himself as follows:

What we want is quality, not quantity. Is cross-bearing to be banished from church life? Indulgent church life always has been a failure. When Methodism abandons self-denial and courts favor from the applause of pleasure-loving persons it will be left forlorn on a tideless beach and will rust under every sun and become a byword for hissing mankind and inexpressible sorrow to the Lord.

The fate which is so graphically described in the concluding sentences would already have overtaken Methodism but for the devotion of some of its adherents who have resolutely entered into the real conflict between good and evil, and who have therefore found no time to play with such straws as these.

Self-denial is of little value unless it is carried out in the service of others. Of still less value is it when it consists of abstaining from social agencies which might be powerful engines of social reform. If the stage is not all that it should be the blame rests with the modern Pharisees who have passed by upon the other side of the road instead of exercising a wise discrimination, which would be an encouragement to the good and a rebuke to the bad. There was one who stood at the street corner and thanked God that he was not as other men, but we are now commonly agreed that that man's cause for thankfulness was somewhat slender.

STUDENT

The Church & the Labor of Children

A PROMINENT Milwaukee clergyman has lectured upon the evils of child labor and his forcible language certainly leaves nothing to be desired. He says:

To strike a death-blow at this monstrous evil of child labor we will have to look to our educational institutions, our public schools and colleges, an untrammelled press, fearless statesmen and preachers.

It would, of course, be a magnificent thing to enlist these powerful agencies to the side of good, and especially the agency of the churches. The speaker was, however, nearer to the mark when he referred to public opinion as the real engine which alone can make a breach in this fortress of cruel greed:

As public opinion in the past has played such an important role in diminishing the number of child laborers, we must look to the cultivation of a still more satisfactory public opinion in the future if we are to practically abolish child labor.

The churches are, probably, themselves unaware—for their own credit we hope so—of how immediately a reform would follow upon an united effort on their part. If they were but imbued with what we may call a more enlightened spirit of self-interest, which is perhaps all we can at present hope for, they would recognize how public sentiment would leap to meet them and to follow them upon such a question as this, and how immeasurably they would gain by a general recognition that their force is, after all, one which makes for righteousness, the righteousness which exalteth a nation.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

"Parsifal" and the Voice of the Critic

QUEEN VICTORIA, although under the influence of the Italian School of music which prevailed in her youth, was one of the foremost to encourage Wagner at a time when he was almost in despair from neglect and harsh criticism. Wagner once said of her to Klindworth, after one of his concerts which the Queen and Prince Consort attended, "The Royal Pair were almost the only ones who showed me any kindness or any real appreciation."

That was many years ago at the time when one who knew a wee bit about human nature might have easily predicted the storm of ill-natured and abusive criticism that burst upon Richard Wagner's head. He spoke as one who loved humanity, who knew something of that now desecrated temple of the human heart. He had seen the vision—the vision that John saw on Patmos, the vision that Dante saw, the vision that has guided every real teacher and has led them to count all sacrifice as joy—"A new heaven and a new earth," builded on a universal brotherhood; a new humanity to whom love should be not a shrouded excuse for sensuality, but a gateway unto the life that is compassion absolute.

Wagner saw the glory of the soul's long pilgrimage and never once did he lose sight of the sunlight that flooded the mountain top. He was one of the few of his day who read in the old legend of "The Grail," humanity's own heart story. This he dramatized in *Parsifal*, the perfectest expression of his life.

Parsifal has recently been presented in New York. The press criticisms have been interesting, to say the least. If Wagner himself lived in a "miasma of rudeness," what about his fame?

One of the most mystic and withal sweetest touches in the whole drama is Wagner's picture of Parsifal when, at sight of the wounded swan, compassion touches his heart and opens before him the portals of the warrior life. It is purer in its beauty, fuller in its message, than even his meeting with the wounded Amfortas. Yet the critic of one of the largest dailies in America sneers at the "pity doctrine preached in the pother made over the killing of a swan!" Would to God we had a little more "pity doctrine" in our great cities, and a little less of the doctrine of jealousy and greed. "Kundry," says another critic, "is the deputed and bewitched instrument of a Wahnfried Cagliostro"—Cagliostro, whose name the Twentieth century is doubtless destined to drag out of the slime with which the jealous, the sensual and the insane have covered it.

And still another critic groans because "nowhere in *Parsifal* do we see the primeval man and woman gaze upon one another in the naked, barbaric splendor of desire. Instead, we see a man who is incapable of passion, who loves no woman as men love, who knows but one impulse—an inane pity!"

This critic is honest, at least—that is what we want—flesh and desire. No wonder Wagner was persecuted. Every teacher who dares to challenge the "barbaric splendor" of the world's ideal (which is a reasonably low ideal) has invited the bitterest persecution and ever will—until humanity is purified. The lawsuit and the passion for the dollar did their tragic best, before *Parsifal* was presented, to dull our perception to its message. What was so well begun our critics—that is, some of them—will beautifully finish.

A. V.

The Orchestration of Chopin's Music

WHEN George Sand prophesied that in time Chopin's piano compositions would be orchestrated, few believed her. It was the poetry of the musician's soul which appealed so to her own—so said those who smiled at her extravagant praise of Chopin's music. George Sand might pronounce the final word upon a poem—but upon a musical work—no. Thus said the critics.

Time, however, and the serener impulses of the human heart, have been known to bring to pass prophecies even more remote than George Sand's; and now that hers has been realized, one wonders chiefly that no one thought of it before.

Chopin's life was pathetic, even tragic, in its simple beauty, labyrinthine in its search for the heart's ideal, stainless its trust in that law whose mission it is to place the Life Beautiful within the grasp of the courageous and the pure in heart. And his life has recently been dramatized in the form of an opera, the words by an Italian poet, the music, Chopin's own, orchestrated. The opera has already been presented in Milan.

The first scene is laid in Poland on Christmas eve, the second in Paris, with Chopin at the height of his fame, the third, in dreary, storm-swept Majorca.

To the libretto, Chopin's own music, adapted and orchestrated, adds the final dramatic touch. One of the duos is taken from his Berceuse in C flat, and during Chopin's death in the last act, the music rendered by the orchestra is the Nocturne in F minor. Those who have heard the opera, say that the effect of singing the melodies of his piano compositions is magical.

These are George Sand's words, her criticism overdrawn doubtless, but certainly, at this time, interesting:

Un jour viendra où on orchestrera sa musique sans rien changer à sa partition de piano, et où tout le monde saura que ce génie aussi vaste, aussi complet, aussi savant que celui des plus grandes maîtres qu'ils était assimilés, a gardé une individualité encore plus exquise que celle de Sébastien Bach, encore plus puissante que celle de Beethoven, encore plus dramatique que celle de Weber. Il est tous les trois ensemble, et il est encore lui-même.



FREDERICK CHOPIN

The Music of Ireland

ONE of the signs of the times is the present effort being made by a few loyal men to bring about a revival of ancient Irish music.

That Ireland once had a richly musical life will be proven before the passing of many years. What we ordinarily consider history takes no account of this, to be sure; but history, in the usual sense of the term, is a very youthful aid, indeed, to the student of truth. What our archeologists are beginning, not alone in Ireland, but all over the world, and particularly in America, students of the true philosophy of life will yet finish.

The present movement is part, naturally, of the general *renaissance* of the literature and ancient artisanship of that old land; and now a regular musical festival is held in Dublin, known as the "Feis Ceoil," the chief aim of which is the reclamation of Erin's traditional music. Through its efforts some seven thousand ancient melodies have been rescued from virtual oblivion.

Enough has been done even at this date to show that the musical standard of ancient Ireland was high.

STUDENT



The New Aurora in Egypt

ONE of the most complicated but vital problems of today in the "Woman Movement," is the enfranchisement of Eastern women, and the pity of it all is that habits and customs have brought about the now existing conditions, not the religions.

The contrast in the life of the Eastern and Western woman is daily becoming more noticeable, and that this is growing apparent to the Eastern mind is evidenced by a movement which is already now under way in Egypt. This movement, which has been started by a group of advanced, energetic young men, is to restore, if possible, the former glory of Egypt. They recognize that in order to make their effort a successful one, woman must become an active factor again in the life of the country. They realize that she cannot do this until she has regained her former freedom from environment, as was the case when Egypt led the world in greatness. In that day woman took an equal position with man.

Mr. Attia Wahbey, the leader of this group of young men, has delivered some very eloquent lectures on this subject before the Egyptian Institute. He states most emphatically that no other people of antiquity recognized so fully the rights of woman, as did the ancient Egyptians under the Pharaohs. He appeals to the modern Egyptian woman to awaken to this knowledge, regain the self-respect of the ancient woman, and hopes that "like the ancient statue of Memnon, she will respond to the rays of the new Aurora." All those who have the welfare of humanity at heart will certainly wish success to such a glorious effort, which would result in a new era for Egypt.

While Egypt seems the most ancient of the countries in that Eastern world, yet she is very closely in touch with the evolving modern Western world. The flood of travel during the winter months carries thousands of visitors there annually from the West. The continual presence of cultured Western women, especially the American and English, though often extreme types, cannot but present a new and interesting phase of womanhood to the Oriental mind.

The next step taken in this remarkable movement in Egypt will prob-

ably be the sending of Egyptian women to America to be educated.

Recently three Greek maidens were sent to this country to spend four years in study to become nurses. On their return to Greece they will take positions as matrons in hospitals. While the condition of woman in modern Greece is far in advance of what it is in many countries, especially in the Orient, yet we consider the above incident as one of the "signs of the times." It is but a step from Greece to Egypt, and in the recurring cycles of events, the past may repeat itself in the present.

While it is true that as yet, perhaps, but a few sense the rays of the "New Aurora," still the consciousness of the lofty purpose of the endeavor must be so fully recognized and felt by all who are active in the matter, that it will give a wonderful impetus towards ultimate success.

The unusual aspect of this movement in Egypt is, that instead of being a "woman movement," started by women for women, it is in reality a "man movement," instituted with the same purpose in view, the uplifting of women.

Does not the necessity for such a work afford pitiful proof that the power of woman has become so helpless and atrophied through abused habits and customs that she is unable to make this effort for herself?

The fact that men have at last awakened to this vital truth, that their country can achieve its greatest glory and fulfillment only when its women are developed on higher lines, augurs untold promise for the future of Egypt. E. C. S.

A Woman Lawyer 4,000 Years Ago

WHOWER said that a civilization could be tested by the amount of education it permitted to its women was probably merely designing a compliment to our own epoch. But tried by that test, we must admit that we have only recently come up to a point reached in Babylonian civilization 4,000 years ago. Vincent Schell, investigating some relics of a school in the ruins of an ancient Babylonian city (Seapur), a school in which, just as today, were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geometry, grammar and weights and measures, finds evidence that girls got about the same education as boys. The school course occupied from 7 to 14 years. Moreover, the profession of law, at any rate, was open to women. One of them, Amat Baon by name, attained great eminence in legal learning; and Father Schell found contracts in which both the language and law had been revised by her. C.

The Devil's Glen, County Wicklow

Be ye wise as serpents

COUNTY Wicklow has been called the garden of Ireland, and among its poet-sung glades is the Devil's Glen. From the shady pathway that winds along the edge of the river, richly wooded slopes tower high and grand. It is a spot where nature has chosen to freely bestow her gifts. But, through all the seasons, from the silent winter with its mysterious inner life, that finds rebirth in the unfolding mantle of spring, through the summer with its wealth of foliage and flowers, to autumn resplendent in her farewell robes, there is something apart; something which thrills the heart with a strange awakening as though it throbbed in the presence of an unseen spirit; and slowly the imagination is unchained from the beauties that come and go and in its freedom wonders how such a favored spot received its name.

Judging from the many places of interest baptized in honor of the Devil, Erin must be a favorite abode of his satanic majesty. But it may be that the name honors the serpent, the "Dragon of Wisdom," found in every religion and philosophy as the symbol of Regeneration and Immortality. "I am a serpent, I am a Druid," was a saying of the wise men in Erin—men, descendants of mighty races wise in soul-knowledge, the guardians and preservers of the sacred fires.

Who knows but the immortal presence of these ancient Druids and Priestesses still lingers, breathing hope and courage through the stillness that echoes the voice of the soul? for mankind has suffered long in its search for the knowledge of good and evil which tempted Eve to renounce unconscious bliss in the garden of Eden.

May it not be that the fruit which Eve chose for us is ripening and bringing us near to the destiny foretold by the serpent, and that the light bearing humanity's divinity is already clearing away the blinding mists, so that our eyes "shall be opened."

A. P. D.

QUEEN AMELIA of Portugal has always been one of the most progressive women in the unprogressive country over which her husband rules. Recently she has taken her degree as Doctor of Medicine. For many years she has written articles on various scientific subjects, and has also published a volume of poems. She is passionately fond of animals and dogs, and is said to be the most humane as well as the most energetic woman in the kingdom.

MISS ZARROHIE KARALGIAN, who is the daughter of Dr. S. C. Karalgian of Adabozar, Turkey, recently graduated from the Chicago University School of Medicine. She has already sailed for Constantinople, where she will enter upon a practice among the women of her native land. This will bring to hundreds of women benefits which, so iron-clad are eastern customs, they have never yet received.

THE recent report of the London census shows that in London alone there are 252,371 more women than men. In the British Colonies there are some three millions more men than women. The principal reason given is the continual stream of male emigration. In the United States, by the report of 1901, there is an excess of nearly two million men.

ONE of six women receiving last year the degree of Doctor of Medicine from Johns Hopkins University is Miss Margaret Long, daughter of John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy. Miss Long formerly took the degree of A. B., at Smith College.

Events Unfold

THOSE who indulge in prophesies, if not regarded with derision, at least are not apt to be considered seriously. Yet it is not so very difficult to observe which way the wind is blowing, and some have the power of reading the signs of the times.

To those who are dozing, nature may seem to move abruptly. But as a matter of fact all of her processes take place smoothly, gently. There are no sudden upheavals, and no sudden reformations. Silently, steadily an unbroken chain of effects follows an unbroken chain of causes. Events unfold themselves after a natural sequence, and moments of crises are but the results of one more step, neither longer nor shorter than the others. We cast the sands of time into the balance, grain by

grain, and lo! in a twinkling it turns. In this connection it is interesting and suggestive to observe that news items of a certain character regarding women, are occurring more and more frequently in our daily papers. The following are examples:

An article headed "A Jury of Women," calls attention to the fact that for the first time in the history of the United States, a jury of women sat in Chicago recently.

Another entitled, "Woman's Grasp of the Law," tells of a young woman who leads the junior law class in New York University, in competition with nearly 200 men. Moreover, in this article, Professor Ashley, dean of the school, states that

since he has been connected with the school there has been no class in which the most brilliant man has not been rivalled or surpassed by a woman. "I might mention," he says, "a number of instances of girls with exceptionally fine legal minds. The most brilliant student in law we have ever had at the University was a woman. Some of our students are stenographers in down-town offices. For these we have a night class. The girls are very much in earnest. Tired though they are from their day's work, they come here evening after evening, sacrificing almost all social pleasures."

And this rather new development does not represent, in the professor's mind at least, an abnormal, diseased growth of some sort, for he adds that the characteristics suggested by the word "strong-minded" have been wholly absent from most of their best women students. Something else is happening. What is it?

G.

WOMEN, who see the light a great life throws
Across our darkness! --- light that grows and grows!
Let us, too, serve the world as God desired,
With broad devotion, that each soul bestows
In honor of the helpers of mankind.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman

SIGNORA RINA MONTI recalls the golden age of learning for Italian women. She is the first woman in modern times to be appointed to a University chair in Italy. She has the chair of zoology and comparative anatomy at Messina, and that of professor extraordinary of comparative anatomy at Bologna.—*Exchange*

THE Egyptians have an odd way of choosing a baby's name. They light three candles, giving a name to each, but they always call one after some deified or exalted person. The baby is called by the name borne by the candle which burns longest.—*Selected*

THE French Government has complimented the Marquise de Wentworth of New York by purchasing for the Luxembourg her portrait of the late Chalmel-Lecour, former President of the Senate.



DEVIL'S GLEN, COUNTY WICKLOW, IRELAND, WHERE MRS. TIGHE LIVED

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

The Changeful Verdicts of the Ethnological World

THE changeful verdicts of ethnological science are very perplexing to a humble student who merely desires to know facts. For as a rule these contradictory verdicts are given quite positively. For instance, as to the origin of the Red Indians of our western coast, Retzius, "the founder of scientific craniology," connected them with the Mongolians of Asia. Virchow called this in question. Then a little race, the Tchuktchis, on the northeast coast of Siberia was discovered. It was perceived from their characteristics that they might be a link between the Mongols of Eastern Asia and the Red Indians of West America. Accordingly the theory that our Red Indians immigrated from Asia revived again, the migration being by way of Bering's Straits. It confidently flourished alongside of its opposite; for (says *The New American Encyclopedia Britannica*), "It may be asserted with some confidence that there is nothing in the physical and mental condition of the aboriginal Americans which requires us to postulate for them a foreign origin."

Then Lieutenant Palander asserted that these Tchuktchis "undoubtedly" descended from the Greenland Eskimo. This shook up the immigration theory, for it had been agreed that the Eskimo, on account of the shape of their heads, could not be related to the western Indian. So the link, the Tchuktchis, ceased to be regarded as a link.

Now comes Dr. Franz Boas, curator of ethnology of the American museum of natural history. He asserts that the Eskimo, and the other "isolated tribes of east Siberia, and those of the northwest coast of America, are one race, similar in type, and with many elements of culture in common." This, accordingly, stands unabashed beside the other assertion that the types are dissimilar. What shall we do? Dr. Boas considers that the remains of one race occupy "the northeastern part of the Old World and the northwestern part of the new."

While the difficulty is settling, we may stand a little ahead and remind our readers that according to the history of our globe and races thereon, given by Theosophy, there was once a double connection between Asia and the two Americas: one northward, where are now the Aleutian Islands and Bering Straits, between Siberia and Alaska; and the other from India and Siam, across the Pacific to South America. Hence the connection between—and once unity of—the inland Chinaman and northwest Red Indian. They are the remains of a civilization of vast remoteness, to us at present almost incomprehensible, shared also by the pre-Aryan population of India.

The civilization of prehistoric Mexico and Peru, of which traces and remains have been coming to light was, we believe, far later, Aryan, and connected with that of Egypt. But even this was enormously anterior to any date which science would so far be willing to assign to it. For science, emancipated as she thinks herself, is still under the remains of the influence of Archbishop Usher and his 4004 years. STUDENT

SOME of the earliest history of Venice is likely to be disclosed by the reconstruction operations now being carried out upon the floor of the Basilica. Remains of ancient buildings have come to light, including a crypt and a tomb, and Signor Manfredi, the architect, believes that these finds may result in a very important addition to our historic knowledge of Venice.

Wanted—A "Prehistoric" History—Facts Await Collation

ARCHEOLOGICAL discoveries follow each other with such startling rapidity that even the most earnest student can barely keep himself abreast with the facts; still less can he attempt any coordination of the elements which are already sufficient in quantity to justify a new history of humanity which will conclude where our existing histories begin. Sooner or later, however, this work will have to be done. It is not enough for us to know that great civilizations once existed in America, that Egypt had already a history which antedated her first Dynasty, that there are ruined cities scattered throughout Asia about which even myth and tradition are silent, that the story of a nation is being excavated from the mounds of Crete. It is not enough for us to know that in every quarter of the world the spade of the archeologist is disclosing traces of a humanity more ancient than we have ever imagined, of civilizations more splendid than those of today, of a wisdom to which we

have not yet attained. We need some attempt to arrange these discoveries in chronological order, we need to know the relation borne to one another by those various parts of a humanity to which we are slowly and wondrously being introduced. This is, of course, necessarily a matter of time. It is one thing to make an archeological discovery and it is quite another to decipher the inscriptions, historical and otherwise, which may be disclosed. The Babylonian libraries will certainly take many years to translate and the interpretation of the Cretan records will be a labor of very considerable difficulty. The same delay is inevitable in many other quarters, and we must wait in patience for the historical digest which must be so powerful a support for the teachings which Theosophy has advanced. STUDENT



MATAAFA, A CELEBRATED SAMOAN CHIEFTAIN

The Ancient Palace at Knossos

SIGNOR TARANELLI, Italian archeologist, has written a very interesting account of the discoveries in Crete to which we have already drawn attention. He seems to believe that the origin of the people represented by the astonishing remains which they have left, is too remote even for conjecture. He holds that they had already reached a position of importance during the

Twelfth Egyptian Dynasty, and were perhaps at their height about fifteen centuries before Christ, coming to a violent end six hundred years later. Signor Taranelli is not satisfied with Mr. Evans' identification of the palace at Knossos with the fabled labyrinth, and also joins issue with him on various other points. The fact, however, remains that in Crete we have the remains of a civilization which, at any rate externally, must have been of very great development and of which the origin seems entirely lost. Upon this, however, we may receive an unexpected illumination from the patient work which is being so steadily carried on. STUDENT

It is satisfactory to learn that Dr. Arthur Evans, the explorer of Minoan antiquities in Crete, is establishing a museum at Candia, where these priceless relics can be stored in the possession of the Cretans, instead of being appropriated by one or more of the great national museums belonging to the great powers.

THE opening of a tumulus at Buttelborn near Frankfort, has disclosed the perfect skeleton of a Merovingian Warrior, and with it were found all his weapons, including dagger, lance, bronze belt, and knife.

Nature

Studies

The Sea and the Shore by Night—Communings With Nature

THE ocean always seems more tremendous by night than by day. But to understand how true this is, you must not be satisfied with listening to it from the top of the hill. Choose a dark night and the darker the better, and go down on to the shore. It is an experience not soon to be forgotten, unless the element of imagination has been quite omitted from your make-up. By night a different order of vitality seems to possess both land and sea. Nature has just put away her sunlit candor and is doing something secretly. The night noises, the animal noises seem to suggest a thousand other furtive activities which make no noise. Instinctively we quiet our footsteps and as for speaking aloud, it would be a profanation and an intrusion.

Nature by day, knowing herself to be observed, has borrowed color from the sunlight, and the warmth of the sun has summoned forth all creatures who love it. But at night it would seem that a more serious and a more mysterious work has to be done. The great life of nature seems nearer to us than by day. It presses upon us from all sides, from above and from below, as though it no longer needed the covering of its forms but was out abroad, all pervasive, so subtle and so mysterious. Almost we expect it to take voice and to be communicative, confidential. At such times, more than at any other we feel our own artificiality which forces us to stand outside the charmed circle of life, to be spectators, intruders and not participants. If we could but break down that artificiality for one moment, the isolation which now seems so crushing, what wisdom might not come to us out of the darkness, which would not then be vastly reproachful as it is now.

But let us go very gently down the pathway which is at the end of the cañon and then, descending a few roughly cut steps, we are on the shore. The inclination to be silent is greater now than ever. A single sound and the sea might find us out, might find out that it is being watched when it too, like the land, is doing the things which it does not do by sunlight. Who can question that the language of the sea by night is not the language of the sea by day? The waves and the cliffs are discussing the eternal question of their boundary marks but their speech is more earnest, more intense. They seem to speak more confidentially, now whispering to each other with a seething ripple, and now raising their voices with persistence and strenuously. After a while the waves will give it up and slip away seaward chattering to the pebbles as they go, and the breakers out beyond, the great sea-horses, will stamp their white feet upon the uncovered rocks and rush onward to the land. Only the cliffs are unmoved, silent, pondering darkly upon what the waves have said to them. But the waves will triumph in the end.

Come, let us go back. The soul of the sea is abroad and it is calling, calling, calling, and we are deaf indeed if we cannot hear amid its tumbling harmonies a human voice which rises far away where the waves break upon the outer rocks, a human voice which has borrowed something of the fierceness of the sea, something of the restlessness which is its guiding law. Or is it that the soul of man can claim kinship with the sea and translate into human speech its purpose? STUDENT

SOMETIMES a horse is unruly and plunges about merely because he has nothing else to do; and many a colt has become vicious for want of a well-fitting harness.
—*Precepts of Chiron the Centaur*

The Ways of the Monkey—Experiments by Prof. Garner

PROFESSOR GARNER is determined to solve the problem of monkey talk if patience and perseverance can do it. Without doubt he deserves an even fuller measure of success than he has yet won. It will be remembered that upon his last expedition the Professor furnished himself with a large cage in which he suspended himself in the forests of the Gaboon District in Africa, in order to record simian conversation which went on around him. The resulting vocabulary was certainly remarkable, and its accuracy was proved by experiments upon monkeys in captivity. Upon the present occasion the Professor's outfit is more elaborate. He has provided himself with some very delicate instruments, including one of the most beautiful phonographic instruments ever manufactured, and which was specially prepared for him by Edison. It is Professor Garner's intention not only to observe the language of monkeys, but to study them psychologically, with a view to determining their ability to distinguish between various forms, colors and sounds.

Experiments of this nature are, of course, of intense interest as likely to add largely to our scientific knowledge. They have, moreover, an ethical value, as indeed has all worthy research. Anything which seems to narrow the gulf between animal and man, is to be warmly welcomed as tending to create the sympathy which is the most effective enemy of cruelty. X.

A State That Breathes With Life & Joy

IF ever a State might be said to breathe, that State is California. It has a magnificent lung action, says the *Sunset Magazine*. Deep and long-drawn are the breaths of ocean air taken by the great valleys. And you can almost see this breathing if you will go to the top of any of the hills bordering the Bay of San Francisco. In general, air movement or wind is initiated by difference of temperature. Therefore, on summer afternoons while the broad ocean lies tranquilly sleeping at a temperature of 55° F., the inland valleys are basking in the same sunlight, but

the air a few feet above ground is quivering at a temperature of 100° F. In other words, there is a temperature gradient of 1° per mile, and this brings about a marked movement of the air, the motion being from the cool to the warm locality.

Interesting Facts Concerning the Flight of Birds

THE speed at which birds fly has long been the subject of conjecture and wonder. It has now been shown that the northern blue throat, for instance, travels from Central Africa to the German Sea, a distance of 1600 miles, in the space of nine hours. It appears to make a start after sunset and to arrive in its summer home before sunrise on the following morning.

The reason for the migration of birds is still a mystery. A recent authority has pointed out that the causes for migration which are usually given, in no way apply in very many instances. The ancients were accustomed to draw auguries from the flight of birds, and if superstition is the result of ignorance we may, perhaps, draw some small satisfaction from our possession of the ignorance without the superstition, at any rate without the same kind of superstition. X.

How the Big Basin redwoods were saved from the sawmill is told in a very interesting and instructive article in this month's *Out West*.



SUNSET ON WILLAMETTE RIVER, OREGON

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE Universal Brotherhood Organization at Isis Theatre had a particularly large audience on Sunday night. The program was even more excellent than usual, as in addition to the music by the Isis Conservatory students two very admirable papers were announced, one being by Mrs. Grace G. Bohn on *Parsifal* and the second by a lady student on "The Woman Question." Mrs. Southwick, of the Boston School of Oratory, was also present and gave some masterly recitations in the manner in which Isis audiences are already so delightfully familiar. Mrs. Southwick is always sure of a warm welcome in San Diego. Mrs. Bohn's address on *Parsifal* was evidently the work of a profound student, and it was especially appropriate in view of the recent production of this drama upon the American stage, and the widespread interest which has been evoked. She said:

"Probably no one has ever read the mystery-drama of *Parsifal* understandingly who has not wished that others, too, might glimpse its great ideals, for it pictures an ideal of which humanity has been deprived for ages through its own carelessness and its own fault.

"Thinking back to the days of the mystery-dramas of Æschylus, when all Greece was touched and lifted by the truths they taught, the student of *Parsifal* realizes that if this great drama could be placed before the public under the right conditions and in the right way, the sunlight would exist for the many that now exists only for the few.

"*Parsifal*, at last, is before the public. And what have the critics done for us? Have they brought us nearer to the true ideal than we were before? Unfortunately for the public, too many writers prefer to say the brilliant thing rather than the true thing, and some, it must be confessed, cannot recognize the truth when they see it. For it must be borne in mind that where one has been able to witness the performance of *Parsifal* in Bayreuth or New York, a thousand have gained their idea of the drama from the criticisms in the daily paper and the reports of the lawsuit and the protests of the ministers. What, after all, have we gotten from this *Parsifal* performance, the Grail ideal or something else?

"What is *Parsifal*? It is what the ancients would have called a mystery-drama, that is, a drama that pictures the struggles, the temptations, and the conquests of the human soul, in symbol of course, for the symbol is the language of the soul and only those who live the heart-life can read it. In *Parsifal* Wagner has placed before us the pure ideals humanity has held in its heart since time began, the ideal of the soul's long search for the Grail, the pilgrimage toward the goal of the heart-life and of the battles which make of every soul who dares and wins, a Redeemer.

"We see *Parsifal* first in the drama among the Grail knights, his coming heralded by the swan which he has ignorantly killed. *Parsifal* is grief-stricken when he realizes what he has done. For the first time his compassion awakens. It is one of the sweetest touches in the entire drama, of which compassion is the key-note.

"The Grail knights welcome *Parsifal*, for they were waiting for the new teacher who was destined to come. Amfortas, their king, had failed them and his failure is pictured to us as illness from a wound which would not heal, a wound which his own moral weakness had brought upon him. The coming of a teacher had been prophesied, and believing *Parsifal* to be this teacher or at least his forerunner, the knights invite him to enter the castle, even into the room where the Grail is shrined. There they hold the *Liebesmahl*, or comrade-feast. It is this feast that certain ministers are protesting against; declaring that to present anything so much resembling the ceremony of the Lord's Supper on the stage is a usurpation of the privileges of the church, for in the drama the bread and wine is pictured as being miraculously furnished by the Grail itself. But the protest is somewhat curious, as the ceremony which this *Liebesmahl* or love-feast resembles is by no means the property of the Christian church or of any one religion. We find it in the Temple ceremonies of ancient Egypt, among the old Druids and in the rituals of certain brotherhoods not connected with any religion, today. To those who are well-informed the protest is reduced to shreds.

"Then, as now, there were many who desired to find this treasure, this Grail, and become its guardians, but there were only a few who were willing to pay the price—which was the living of the pure life. Klingsor was one of these, at first one of that band of warrior knights who were guardians of the Grail. He aspired, and dared, but forgot that only the pure in heart have ever looked upon the Grail cup or ever will. At last his own immorality shut him out of that brotherhood of knights and he becomes their bitter enemy.

"It is into this domain that *Parsifal* enters on his way to the Grail castle. The

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Addresses on "Parsifal" and the
"Woman Question" & Recitations
by Mrs. Southwick---Vocal Solo

Reprinted from the San Diego News

flower maidens make him merely impatient, for the coarser temptations have no hold upon him. But Kundry is there, whom Wagner pictures as the legendary Herodias, the woman who laughed at the Christ and who for her sin was condemned to wander the earth, the slave of evil, until one should cross her path whom she could not tempt. Only such an one could deliver her from the bondage in which she was held. We see her as Klingsor's slave. She tells *Parsifal* that she brings him a message from his mother, the mother who has died. *Parsifal* is grief-stricken and he listens to the message that she tells him his mother sent. At last she gives him what she tells him is his mother's kiss. This, Kundry's final appeal to the lower nature, arouses *Parsifal* and he spurns her. Then she tries other tactics. She calls him her Deliverer, her Redeemer. She pleads with him to unite himself with her, reminding him that he alone can bring her release. She appeals to the very highest attribute of his nature, compassion, determined through it to drag him down. *Parsifal*, the simple boy, whom the Grail knights drove out of the castle because they considered him stupid, is wiser than Kundry. She has failed. Klingsor comes to the rescue, determined that *Parsifal* shall not escape, thinking to strike him down, as he has stricken many another, with the Sacred Lance. For the Lance was the secret of Klingsor's power, the Lance which belonged with the Grail cup which had become separated and lost through the weakness of the Grail king himself, Amfortas. He hurls it and it remains suspended over *Parsifal*'s head. *Parsifal* grasps it and with a word the castle falls into ruins. Klingsor's garden becomes a desert and *Parsifal* has won. For the Lance stands as a symbol of the warrior-will as the Grail cup stands for the Christos.

"And so the drama proceeds and we see *Parsifal* entering upon a long and weary pilgrimage, overcoming obstacles, defeating enemies, protecting this Sacred Lance, which he must never use in his own defense, only in the defense of others. *Parsifal* reaches the Grail castle and the condition of the knights is typical of the condition of humanity today, deprived through the failure of their king of the sight of the holy Grail, for the sight of it gave them a miraculous sustenance.

"*Parsifal* reaches the castle carrying the Sacred Lance. Kundry recognizes him, the knights hail him as their deliverer. He heals the wound of Amfortas with a touch of the Sacred Lance and the drama closes with *Parsifal* in his true position as Leader and Teacher of a band of warrior souls, once more united, once more consecrated to all high service, once more working together; for it must not be forgotten that united effort and that alone is the sign and proof of the soul. And the Grail chalice is again unveiled in their midst.

"The story of this drama is simple, the lesson is certainly plain. We have in the New Testament parables that are not half so evident in their meaning. Why are so many critics unable to understand it? The answer is very simple, and we find it in the drama itself, that 'no one can find the Grail castle save he whom the Grail directs.' As Jesus taught, no one can comprehend the heart life, the heart doctrine, save he who lives it. What is the Grail chalice but the symbol of the heart itself? What is this feast of the knights, this breaking of the bread and wine, but the comrade-sharing of love and faith and joy, of which the only conditions are true service? What is the Lance but the warrior-will? What is *Parsifal*'s pilgrimage but the picture of the long quest that every soul must make who thinks more about humanity than he does about himself; the long journey that all great souls have made and will ever make for humanity's sake? And the redemption of Kundry, the healing of Amfortas, the finding of the Grail itself, what is this drama but a drama of love, that love which is a benediction, a spiritual not a physical thing, which we call compassion.

"Is there a higher ideal than is symbolized by this search for the holy Grail? No. Might there be a truer interpretation than Wagner gave it? Yes. I have always been a little rebellious over the old Grail legends and over *Parsifal* as well, because in them woman has been so persistently denied true place. She is pictured either as the temptress or as the woman who, like Guinevere, succumbs to temptation, and by doing so puts up a barrier between humanity and light. Now we know that is only a half-truth. We know that time was when women stood side by side with men, when in fact she was his teacher, his guide, when woman herself was warrior for humanity's sake, when it was woman who kept burning the light upon the altars of humanity's heart, when woman was the guardian of the Grail. We also know that all our Grail legends without exception, date from medieval times, from that time when woman's position was so unjust, so unworthy and so disgraceful that one wonders how the race ever lived through them. How could they be written right—coming to us so out of the darkness?"

Language of the Soul

A Macon, Georgia, U. B. Lodge Paper

MUSIC is the language of the soul. Of all arts music is the most divine; while painting, poetry and sculpture express external material effects, music gives forth the innermost feeling of our being, and appeals directly to the soul. There is unlimited power in music; its refining, softening and unifying influences have been recognized since man evolved; even by the most savage races. With right the poet speaks, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." However, music is dual in its nature; certain kinds arouse in us states of feelings that are debasing, and others awaken the higher and nobler side of man's nature. The Greeks' idea of music was quite different from the modern; it was the basis of real esoteric teachings. Pythagoras, in his school of philosophy, admitted no pupil unless he was acquainted with music, astronomy, geometry and arithmetic, the four component parts of mathematics.

H. P. Blavatsky, in the *Secret Doctrine*, says the universe was constructed according to principles of musical proportion. Beethoven speaks of music as the mediator between the spiritual and material life. Richard Wagner, in his music dramas, has demonstrated the wonderful possibilities of musical sound; there is no emotion which cannot be expressed in melody. The human voice is the most perfect musical instrument. A German saying is, "Wo man singt, da lass dich ruhig nieder, böse Menschen kennen keine Lieder." (Where one sings, there you may find quiet rest; the evil with songs are not blest.)

Katherine Tingley, in her untiring efforts for the betterment of humanity, calls our attention to the importance of the study of music in all its various forms as an educator and builder. She insists on an early beginning of musical training. Music is one of the principal features of the Raja Yoga system, instituted by her. To observe what has been accomplished on these lines in Loma-land is most astonishing. Educators of recognized judgment, who have visited Point Loma and heard the children sing and play, are amazed at their perfect intonation, rhythm and expression. Speaking from my own experience, there is something in the music of this place that differs widely from that of other places; it is purer and therefore more effective. I believe one main cause is the absence of selfishness and gain, and the love for music, the art; the soul is free to express what it feels.

The music of today is so different from that of a century or so ago. Our great musician of the past lived for the art of music alone; his creations in consequence were the expressions of the highest and noblest ideals. Today talent and genius are sacrificed to the accumulation of wealth. The successful artist and composer is the one whose material gains are the largest. Our modern soloists are ranked according to the sum their services control. We read constantly that some great performers would not play or sing a note unless a certain sum of money has been forthcoming. To satisfy the excitable taste of the public and to offset the exorbitant prices of admission, the concert as a rule becomes rather a pyrotechnic display of technique than real music. The domains of musical literature are overflowed with all sorts of cheap compositions. The product of a ragtime, this popular craze of today, brings fame and wealth to its author, while the work of true merit is little appreciated.

Another great drawback for the development of the art is the prevalence of incompetent teachers. Many parents have their children "take music," for this is the phrase generally used, because it is fashionable. They are placed under instructors whose knowledge is most superficial, and thus very often a talent, which under right care could have been properly developed, is a failure. It is a common belief that every piece of music must have a story and tell something. This is erroneous, because in doing this we are feeding the brain-mind, and in order to understand music it must appeal to the soul. There is much misconception of the terms popular and classical music. To my mind it depends solely upon the development of the listener. To the vulgar ear a popular ragtime march may be the acme of excellence, while the nocturne of Chopin or sonata of Beethoven is totally boring and monotonous. The reason that classical music is so little appreciated is, there are so very few who really know how to interpret it.

The true musician, to reach the hearts of his audience, must feel the music he plays. F.

The Woman Question

Read at Isis Theatre, Sunday Evening, January 17th, 1904

DO you remember the story told by Lincoln, many years ago, about a man who on his farm, had a log that was too soggy to burn, too rotten for wood and too heavy to drag off. So he just "plowed around" it year after year. The woman question is very much like that log. Men have "plowed round" it for ages, not knowing just what in the world to do with it.

Today—the time has come when something must be done. Humanity needs the lot, so to speak, on which it stands—and there is nothing to do but haul it off—or, in some way, utilize it. The time has come when the solution is near at hand, for the lever of a true philosophy is being placed beneath it, and in no long time it is certain to be lifted out of the way. It is in the order of things that it should be so.

Many attempts have been made to solve this woman question, and yet it is not solved. Better and more just laws have done a great deal. Higher education has opened out new and splendid paths. The opening of many, in fact practically all, the various industries and professions to woman, all these have given that log a push *this way* or *that*, but it lies in the field still.

The *real* solution rests with women themselves. They must individually and in the mass, face honestly and squarely the situation in which they find themselves. And they will discover that it is a situation not so much of sorrow, as of misunderstood opportunities and the calamities that have come about through fear.

Things are focussing in these days, and the debts of the ages are being presented for payment. Not until they are *paid to the last farthing* will woman ever be free. Not until *then* can she claim the opportunities of which she now feels so keenly the deprivation.

That women have not been equal to the demand is evident. Had they been, the debts would have been cancelled long ago, and *women* today would be comparatively free to act *and to help*. We are not free.

What women must do is to put down the personal wants, and look at things and at events and at each other impersonally. They *must* be less emotional and more just, and less eager to force things their own way along personal lines, and more eager to walk along lines of least resistance—which are *never* personal lines—more willing to stop worrying and concentrate their attention on their duties—more willing to look ahead than backward. If the past could be dropped out of the mind women would, with a single effort, stand face to face with their own souls.

Then they could have no fear, because no matter what tendencies might have to be met in their own natures, no matter what obstacles might have to be encountered, they would stand firm in the knowledge that, *as souls*, it was in their power to meet and absolutely conquer all.

The Raja Yoga Day School

From the *San Diegoan-Sun* of January 11th, 1904

THE local Raja Yoga school, in the Isis theatre building, is making fine progress, as a *Sun* reporter found out this morning. The total membership of students is now about 130. A playground has been fixed up on the vacant lot opposite the school on Fifth street with swings, hurdles, settees and other things, and there every noon the children play and eat their lunch.

The superintendent reports that the children are making a good deal of progress. Besides their studies they are at regular intervals put through a drill on the playground, and are getting to have quite an erect and military air about them.

Many tourists are applying for the admission of their children to the school during the winter. So many have applied, in fact, that the superintendent declares San Diego must be flooded with tourists. Colorado seems to be the star state in the number of applications. There are already four children in the school from that state, and in the last two weeks there have been eleven other applications. The mothers say that the high altitudes of Colorado do not agree with them and the low altitude and sea air of this city "suits them to a T."

Last Friday was the first of the regular reception days, to be held at the school on alternate Fridays. The parents listened to the children recite and saw them perform physical exercises and go through their drills.



A TYPICAL PICTURE OF COUNTRY LIFE IN THE EMERALD ISLE

A Real Incident in Pioneer Life



MARGARET DURAND sat, one cold November evening, rocking her baby. Though rude and frontier-like, it was a pleasant homelike scene on which the firelight danced.

The spacious log-cabin was built of timbers roughly squared and hewn with a broadax. The boards, or puncheons, which covered the joints overhead and formed the floor beneath had been riven from great tree trunks and smoothed in the same way. The great fireplace would hold logs which required the strength of two men to drag in and place on the tall andirons; and one of these huge "backlogs" would last a week. The fire never went out from October until April, for it was thus the early settlers kept themselves comfortable through the long winters of ice and snow. The broad hearth was formed of wide, smooth stones, worn smoother yet by constant use and many scourgings; for Margaret was a notable housewife. Jasper Durand had taken great pains in preparing this nest in the wilderness before he brought his young bride to it, where the nearest town was more than thirty miles distant; and it was eleven miles to the nearest white neighbor.

For companionship, bears and wolves prowled through the dense forest surrounding the few acres of cleared land constituting the farm. Game of all kinds abounded; the kindly soil yielded abundantly, the pioneer had his trusty team, a couple of cows and a small flock of sheep.

They had the necessities of life, and Margaret thought many blessings, as she sat in the homemade, splint-bottomed chair, waiting for her husband and playing with her baby, laughing at its contented gurglings and inarticulate cooing.

Suddenly the door opened noiselessly behind her and a pair of moccasined feet stepped quietly up to the fireside. Looking up Margaret met the steadfast gaze of a tall comely Indian woman. She was slightly startled, but neither frightened nor surprised, as she knew that a large band of Indians had made their winter camp in a sheltered spot in the woods scarcely two miles distant.

For a moment they regarded each other, then the woman pointed to the child saying in a sad low voice:

"Pappoose?"

"Yes," said Margaret, "my baby."

"Me pappoose," said the woman. Then suddenly holding out both hands while her face bore the expression of bitter grief she said insistently: "Pappoose—sick."

Margaret instantly comprehended. "You have pappoose and it is sick?" she inquired kindly.

The woman bent her head affirmatively.

"Do you want something for the pappoose?" asked Margaret.

"Pon," replied the woman, again holding out her hand.

"Pon" was the name the Indians gave to all kinds of bread, taken from the word pone as the settlers called a loaf of bread made of Indian meal. Mrs. Durand instantly rose, and, placing the child in its cradle, she took from the cupboard cornbread and a piece of a wheaten loaf and gave it to the woman, who wrapped it carefully in her blanket. Then she asked:

"Little pappoose or big pappoose?"

"Squaw pappoose," said the woman; "big—so—" and she held up her hand on a level with her breast.

"O, a great girl," murmured Margaret. So she filled a small tin basin with a savory stew from an iron kettle that was simmering near the fire. The great somber black eyes of the Indian mother lighted up with joy and gratitude as she took the basin and with a few words in her native tongue she opened the door and passed out. The white woman stood on the threshold looking after her until her form was lost in the gloomy depths of the forest. Then she went in and set about preparing the evening meal for her husband and his brother, who soon came in, cold and hungry.

The winter proved the most severe that had been known for years. The forest pools and streams were beds of solid ice; the snow was so deep that scarcely any wild game could be found. Consequently there was much suffering among the Indians.

Mrs. Durand, accompanied by her husband, had visited the camp and found the invalid, a frail, slender girl of fifteen, slowly wasting away in consumption. She was supplied with pillows and a warm flannel gown, and nearly every day her mother presented herself at the cabin to receive whatever Margaret could put aside for the sick girl; and the few eggs with the small quantity of milk were shared faithfully between Soonetah and her own child.

But the tardy spring came at last, and then the pretty Indian maiden was laid to rest under the forest trees, and the band departed in search of game and a favorable place to plant their corn and raise the next winter's supply.

Things went well with the pioneers during the following spring and summer. Crops were abundant; pigs, lambs and chickens multiplied, and the baby was now a sturdy little toddler.

"Margaret," said Mr. Durand one bright morning in October, "I must go to

town at once on this business about the land. I can't wait any longer for John to come back, so I'll go over to Marton's today and get Polly to come and stay with you while I am gone."

"I can stay alone," replied Margaret; "you know I've done it before."

"Yes, but I don't like it, so I'll go over and get Polly."

But Jasper returned without Polly; her mother was ill and she could not come. The next morning he started on his trip expecting to be absent at the least two nights.

The first day passed pleasantly enough with Mrs. Durand, the many things to be attended to, both indoors and out, keeping her busy. When it grew dusk she closed and barred the door, stirred up the fire to a bright blaze, and sat down to eat her supper and feed the child. Then he must be undressed and put to bed, and feeling weary she lay down with him.

But a strange wakefulness possessed her. The howling of a wolf seemed frightfully near; and several times she was startled by a movement among the cattle that were safely penned in a strong stockade. She could not bring herself to undress, but pulling a quilt over her she lay beside the sleeping child, sometimes dozing, but waking at every noise. It was almost morning before she sank into a quiet, restful sleep.

The next day passed as the one previous had done, and many times Margaret thought how foolish she had been to allow useless fears to disturb her, and resolved to sleep peacefully through the coming night. But when darkness came she was again haunted by a feeling of impending danger; nor could she reason it away.

Suddenly, as she sat with the sleeping child in her arms, she heard a faint tap at the barred door. With wildly beating heart she listened. Yes, it was repeated—three cautious, yet distinct, raps. Who could it be? Polly Marton come to stay with her? No; for any of them would call out to her at once. What should she do?

She crept close to the door, listening intently. A soft voice whispered:

"Listen, white squaw; me friend—Soonetah's mother. Open quick!"

Margaret knew the voice and instantly drew back the heavy wooden bar. The Indian woman slipped in silently and closed the door.

"Danger for white squaw," she whispered; "me help; must leave house; come quick! Bad red man here soon—must take pappoose and go fast!"

Margaret took in the situation in a moment. Tearing the blankets from the cradle she wrapped them around the child and hurried to a door at the back of the house. The squaw pulled a quilt from the bed and followed her, but once outside she took the lead.

Crouching in the shadow of the outbuildings and the fence, they quickly crossed the clearing and gained the shelter of the wood. Soon they halted beside a great oak tree, still vigorous but hollow at the base. The woman spread the quilt over a pile of dry leaves and motioned her companion to enter. She did so and found it was a resting place not to be despised.

Then the Indian woman told her story in such broken English as she could command, from which Margaret gathered that the mother had joined a small party of Indians coming this way for the purpose of visiting the grave of her child; that they were camped in the old spot, and the men had planned to rob and burn the house and either kill or carry into captivity herself and child. She had opposed them, and was now going back to the house to prevent them carrying out their purpose.

Leaving Margaret and her child snugly ensconced in the hollow tree, the woman went back to meet the Indians, who did not belong to the band of the previous winter, and knew nothing of the kindness of the white people. Her eloquence prevailed; for though they hung around the place all night, they at length departed without doing any damage.

In the morning the friend to whom she owed so much, accompanied Mrs. Durand back to her home, and remained with her until her husband returned. They noted with real commiseration how grief and sickness had wasted her once strong and vigorous frame. But it was in vain they offered her a home and begged her to remain with them.

"Go back to tribe," she said. "Come some time—die by Soonetah."

But time passed; many times the flowers bloomed and the snows fell on the grave of the Indian girl, and still the mother did not come.

One day in autumn the children—for there were several now—came running in breathlessly crying: "O, mother, mother! an old Indian woman has come and sat down by the hollow oak where we were playing!"

For a week Margaret tended the old woman as a daughter might have done, and then they laid her in her forest grave by the side of the child she had loved so well.

K. P. Q.

"My part is to improve the present moment," said John Wesley. One very good way to improve this present moment, we submit, is to fill out with the name and address of a friend the subscription blank enclosed herein.

N. C. C.

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

When the Atom Is Mastered What Then?—Ultimate Science

AND what then?—must surely be a question sometimes asked of himself by every student of science. What then?—when the nature of the atom is known, and the path and behavior of its constituent lesser atoms; when the currents pulsing in the ether are known, and the interrelations of all forces; and when all this knowledge is drawn into the service of mechanism, and the last possibilities of machinery placed at the disposal of man; what then? Man remains but man.

So for a moment the flush of the excitement of research would pale out. The ordinary man, who is not a student of science, can see the force of that position, can intelligently wonder whether, after all, the one function of science is to make life mechanically easier, or merely longer.

Has science no relation to religion? In the main, the preachers seem to patronize science. Except for its commercial and facilitating effects on life, they seem to think the study of it is only valuable as "revealing to us the wondrous handiwork of God:" but what that handiwork is actually doing that is of obvious value among the molecules and planets, we do not hear from them. For many of them the only really important thing is the culture of the soul. "When the soul stands in the presence of its Maker, the question will be, not: What do you know of the constitution of the atom? but: What sort of life have you lived?"

Do we then almost utterly waste time in studying the structure of the atom? Has such knowledge no relation to "eternal life?" We know the world of atoms in two ways, both, so far, in the last degree imperfect. We know it as science knows it, from without, by what we see and infer. We know it from within, by sensation. The sensation that makes one stretch his arms arises among the cells of the muscles, which find that the blood is not stirring fast enough amongst them, or that the lymph is stagnant. If the cells are very much perturbed, the result is pain. To that extent is our consciousness intimate with the cell life. But the cell is built of thousands of molecules, specially arranged; just as organs are built of thousands of cells, specially arranged. And the molecule is built of many atoms; the atoms of perhaps hundreds of lesser units; and these in their turn?—we do not know.

How far into these worlds within worlds does our consciousness go? Not very far; further in the case of sensitive and artistic people than others. But if we carry our conceptions of evolution to its extreme, we must assume that man—*pari passu* with growing consciousness of himself as a soul—will grow into more and more perfect consciousness of his body, till he pushes the light of his knowing into every cell, into every molecule, every atom, and touches the little flame of consciousness in each. Then he will find himself in a populous world of dominion which will afford him ten million sensations of life where now he has but ten. He will touch the exquisitely living ultimates of nature with one pole of his consciousness, and the other will be in relation with the absolutely spiritual, his self-conscious thought reflecting both. But every atom of the universe is in relation with every other, so that a movement of the hand disturbs Sirius.

We spoke of man's body—as he and it will be—as the "world of his dominion." More and more perfect will be his control of it, into its very ultimates, more and more perfect its receptivity to his consciousness, as the relation becomes closer. And as his conception grows of the meaning of the aphorism: "A stone becomes a planet, a planet an animal, an animal a man," he will see that the cells of his body are nature's nursery for the peopling of future worlds. Nature's atoms come to him for education, for that touch of higher consciousness which he alone can make dawn in their dimness. And then she takes them back into her mixture—never again the same—giving him others for higher and higher education as his spiritual growth perfects itself.

To a corroboration of this ancient idea, we think that modern science will lead. It will blend with religion, showing man as leading the march of nature and responsible for the lives of future worlds; enriching our ideas of brotherhood; enforcing the idea that only as man expands his conception of himself as a soul, and of the spiritual world, can he appreciate the profound beauty and harmony of the physical world. Y.

German Scientists Who Fancy They Can Restore the Dead

TWO German scientists believe that they are on the road to a great discovery, which is nothing less than restoring the dead to life. The old familiar salt solution is, of course, well in the foreground, and by its aid a human heart was persuaded to resume its pulsations some days after death.

Such experiments are, of course, interesting, and may even be useful in cases of disease. To speak of them, however, as a restoration of the dead, or even as a step in that direction, is a display of ignorance of which no real scientist could be guilty, and for which we imagine a sensational daily press is alone responsible. The prominent newspapers of America claim to be in the van of human progress, and whatever sins may be charged against them, to be at least up-to-date. What, then, are we to think of a journal, newly established and one of the largest in America, which allows itself to preface a description of the experiments in question by such a sentence as this: "Ever since the discovery was made a few years ago that life is a mechanical process?" etc., etc. It is not easy to determine whether this is due to mere foolish ignorance on the part of the writer, or whether the said writer is assuming an ignorance on the part of editors and readers which they may or may not possess, and so seizing an opportunity to express his antiquated opinions which might otherwise have to go unexpressed. It is needless to say that no such "discovery" was ever made, or ever will be made, and that there is no first-class living scientist who would be capable of writing such folly. Statements of this kind may seem to be smart, but they are bad journalism.

STUDENT

The Exigencies of War and the World's Supply of Nitrogen

A CURIOUS oblique indictment of war comes from the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Part of the 1902 *Year-book* deals with the problem of the loss of nitrogen from soils, the supposedly threatened "nitrogen famine." It enumerates the causes of the loss of nitrogen. First, there is the removal of crops from the soil. The way of nature, so to speak, is that the fruits and foliages should fall upon the soils and decay there, thus returning year by year all that the growing vegetation took—and more, for it has built much of its texture from air. But man removes the crop and consumes it.

Second, comes "the vast waste of nitrogenous material that is involved in modern sewage methods," being taken to the ocean. Liebig called this "a sinful violation of the divine laws of nature."

Thirdly, comes the making of explosives for war. "About twenty-three pounds of nitrate of soda will yield an increase of one bushel of wheat per acre." And in every war, hundreds of thousands of tons of nitrogenized explosives are used, more or less directly built from natural nitrates. Beds of nitrate of soda, made by countless centuries of bacterial action from aerial nitrogen, occur in Chili and Peru. In 1860 it was thought that these beds would last 1500 years. At their present rate of exhaustion, however, nothing will be left of them in forty or fifty years. Part of this use is legitimate—for fertilizing soils. The rest is for mutual slaughter.

K.

BACTERIA are now known to be capable of enduring for an indefinite time a temperature of 250 degrees Centigrade below zero, and of resuming their activity as soon as the cold is removed. They can also go on with their work at the high temperature of 76 Centigrade above zero. From these facts it has been suggested as quite possible that some of these life germs may have come to the earth from other worlds. They may have arrived with meteorites, or with some of the cosmic dust constantly falling on our planet from its relatives in space. This "infection" of the earth with her life germs is part of the teaching of Theosophy; but Theosophy also asserts that spontaneous generation was once in full swing.

STUDENT

It has been found that cave air, cellar, and subterranean air generally, is radio-active. Especially so is air drawn by aspiration from rock masses.

Here and There Throughout the World



INDIAN DOCTOR HEALING THE SICK AT FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

The Great Famine in Southern China SOME idea of the Chinese famine is conveyed by a letter lately received from Mr. Norman Mackenzie, who has been engaged upon relief work in the southern part of the country. He writes:

The distress was certainly more acute here than in any place visited subsequently. It was here where human flesh, usually that of executed criminals, was sold in open market; women and girls were sold by the hundred and taken to Canton and elsewhere, until it was estimated that some 10,000 or more had been sold. . . . In going about the streets or upon the city wall it was no uncommon sight to see those who had died from starvation, beside many others whose pitiful appearance showed that, although relief had come, it had come too late for them. Frequently also on going round to open the doors of the temple where rice was given, men and women were seen dying right at the doorway. Almost immediately after their last breath a rude coffin would be brought, the body roughly thrown in, and the whole carried away, to be given a hasty burial outside the city.

In countries more highly favored by nature such misery is inconceivable and should induce a greater charity of judgment than we have been in the habit of showing toward the celestial empire and its peculiarities.

Uncleanliness & the Plague in India FROM India comes the grave information that the government has decided to cease its efforts to check the plague among the natives. Since the outbreak of this terrible disease seven years ago, more than two million people have died and the government now finds that it can do no more in the presence of determined resistance from the whole population. Every method known to science has been tried and no labor has been spared to show the people that the plague is pre-eminently a dirt disease and that the remedy is absolutely in their own hands. The authorities are confronted with solid and sullen resolution on the part of 300,000,000 of natives who already show signs of dangerous restlessness in the presence of sanitary measures and regulations which they distrust and detest. It is a distressing problem and one which does not concern India alone.

Democracy & Plutocracy in the U.S. THE true principles of democracy do not seem to be well illustrated by the ten thousand well dressed men and women who recently fought like demons in order to witness a wedding ceremony which had nothing to recommend it except caste and wealth. To the worship of money we are unfortunately well accustomed, but the waves of the Atlantic ocean ought to be a bar to the adoration of social caste. In any European capital the wedding in question would have passed comparatively unnoticed, but it is left to democratic America to crowd this function with the same public enthusiasm which is usually reserved only for prize fighters and desperate criminals.

Germany's Army Lacks Enthusiasm JUDGING from a recent article which seems to have the stamp of authority, the German army has lost some of the *esprit de corps* which once distinguished it. This is certainly equally true of some other European armies. When war becomes purely commercial and aggressive it ceases to be magnificent. It has lost something which cannot be replaced either by uniforms or by resounding and meaningless phrases. There was once a military ideal and national chivalry had a meaning. Wars which are waged for bondholders and missionaries may still appeal to certain classes of the community but they do not appeal to the private soldier—nor to his wife.

Paul Kruger's Big Zulu Diamond It is small wonder that superstitions die hard so long as such remarkable stories are told as that which is connected with a magnificent diamond now in possession of Mr. Kruger, lately the President of the Transvaal Republic. This stone which weighs over 200 carats once belonged to the Zulu chief Chaka who was assassinated by his brother. The brother was subsequently himself assassinated and within the course of a few years the diamond changed its ownership fifteen times, the possessor in every instance dying a violent death. Mr. Kruger himself is said to have obtained it by force.

The Increase of Crime in Egypt LORD CROMER and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt unite in deploping the marked increase in crime which the last few years have witnessed in Egypt. The former draws attention to the problem without any very definite attempt at a solution. Mr. Blunt however seems to think that the administration of the law has been left too entirely in European hands and that the natives ought to have the direct interest which comes from a direct control. He says "the best native intelligence needs to be enlisted for the direction of the departments and to be endowed with responsibility and authority."

Heavy Penalty for French Chemists THE Paris courts have just inflicted a salutary lesson upon various chemists who have been found guilty of supplying morphia to a customer without the prescription of a doctor, whereby the said customer became a morphiomaniac. One of these chemists was fined \$100, the second was sentenced to two months imprisonment and the third to one month's imprisonment. They were moreover required to pay a sum of \$1250 for "wounding by imprudence." To create a disease for the sake of pecuniary profit ought to be a punishable offense in America as well as in France.

Russian Church Dislikes Algebra A YOUNG peasant in the Russian province of Minsk, has been arrested for having in his possession a book on algebra. His acquittal by the local magistrate was, however, accompanied by the warning not to buy books which tended to make of him an atheist and an anarchist. Can it be that the study of algebra is responsible, all unsuspected, for the Higher Criticism, the decline in the number of theologic students and the waning power of the churches? Even from the Russian Province of Minsk may come a ray of light upon one of the problems of the day.

The Size of the Louvre in Paris THE discovery that a public building is one-third larger than has been supposed, must certainly be gratifying to the nation which owns it. This is the case with the Paris Louvre, an architectural expert having found that the external walls have been buried to a depth of about twenty-four feet. The stonework thus disclosed is exceptionally fine and is described as being equal to the basements of the finest Florentine palaces. The necessary funds for restoring the Louvre to its original proportions are at once to be provided.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Our Houses

DEAR CHILDREN: They are building many houses in Loma-land these days, for many people, all over the world are begging to come here to live. And today, as I took a walk past the eucalyptus row that is just west of beautiful Students' Home, No. 2, it occurred to me that people were very much like houses after all. Badly built houses we are, most of us, for we didn't have Raja Yoga when we were young, you know, and so when we come to Loma-land to live we find that the most necessary thing is to build ourselves all over again.

Many of us—and even little children out in the world can see how true this is—have the wrong kind of foundations, for when we built the foundations as little children there was no one to tell us how to build them right. Besides, there are not very many windows in these houses which are ourselves!

And when we look into some of the dark corners we find ugly, ill-fitting pieces, so ugly that they would spoil the best house in the world—they are jealousy, and envy, and curiosity, and oh! so many bad habits.

Still, when we look farther, we see some good strong beams—great blocks of good will and unselfishness. That gives us courage to go at the work of making over our houses and so those of us who really want to do right, just tear out the ugly, ill-fitting pieces and replace them with the splendid great blocks that seem to grow larger and stronger the more we cut and shape them.

Even little children sometimes have ugly blocks in their houses—little children, I mean, who don't know about Raja Yoga. For those who do know about it have the great secret, which is, to transform all the ugly parts of our houses—that is ourselves—into strong and beautiful parts. M. W.

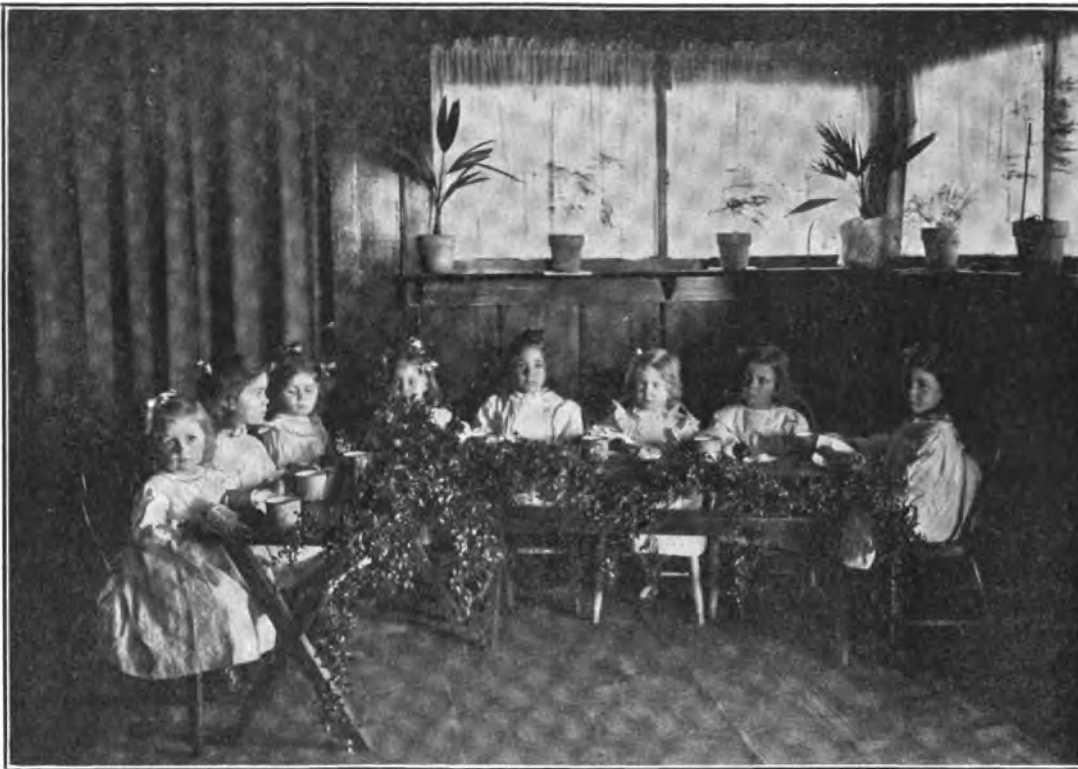
NOT long ago, says one of our German papers, two storks came to a little village called Poppenhofen and built their nest on the roof of the schoolhouse. One of them appeared to be exhausted by its long flight and the next day the schoolmaster found it lying on the ground before his door. He carefully lifted the bird, took it into the schoolhouse, and cared for it until it was rested. Then he carried it out to a nearby field where the other stork was waiting for it with food. After that he carried it back into the schoolhouse to rest. He did this for several days until the stork was cured, when he left it to fly to the nest with its mate. It flies down every evening and walks with the schoolmaster on his way home. A. W.

About a Mongoose

DEAR CHILDREN: This is a true story of how a man's life was saved, just because he was kind to an animal. It was in India, and a friend there recently wrote me about it.

One afternoon, while eating his lunch, a soldier saw a bright-eyed little creature coming up to him across the veranda. He tossed it a bit of fruit and then some biscuit. The little thing was pleased, and the next day came again. Soon he became a regular visitor, and he and the soldier were great chums.

One day, the man was lying in his hammock, half asleep, when he saw a great snake enter the room and creep towards him. It was one of the deadliest varieties in India, and was more than seven feet long. The man dared not call for help, and as he was just recovering from a fever he was too weak to defend himself. Just as it had reached the foot of the bed there was a skurry of little feet across the room and there was "Tommy." He attacked the snake with his sharp teeth and at last killed it. Then, after it was all over, the soldier learned that Tommy, his little four-footed friend was a *mongoose*, a kind of animal that is famous for its courage in killing venomous snakes. And that was the soldier's reward for just being kind to one of God's creatures. AUNT EDYTHE



SOME OF THE TINY LOTUS BUDS OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA, AT LUNCH IN THEIR GROUP HOME

THE SNOWFLAKE

by MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IT was a little snowflake
With tiny winglets furled;
Its warm cloud-mother held it fast
Above the sleeping world,
All night the wild wind blustered
And blew o'er land and sea,
But the little snowflake cuddled close,
As safe as safe could be.

Then came the cold gray morning,
And the great cloud-mother said:
"Now every little snowflake
Must proudly lift its head,
And through the air go sailing
Till it finds a place to light,
For I must weave a coverlet
To clothe the world in white."

The little snowflake fluttered
And gave a wee, wee sigh;
But fifty million other flakes
Came softly floating by;
And the wise cloud-mothers sent them
To keep the world's broad warm
Through many a winter sunset,
Through many a night of storm.

A Robin's Nest

A LITTLE girl named Agnes writes to an English paper an account of how a pair of robins built their nest in an old lantern. She says: "I will tell you a true story about a robin which built its nest in a farmhouse on the banks of the river Ribble. It being an old hall, there were several rooms unoccupied. In one of these rooms hung an old horn lantern with most of its panes broken out. It was suspended from the ceiling by a cord and could not be reached except by the aid of a chair or ladder. In this cosy cot I found a robin's nest with two eggs in it. In a few days there were five. I was told to lock the door and leave it in peace. "But I have forgotten to tell you the way the robin had access to the room. It came through a leaden window which had some of the small squares of glass out. In about a month, when I looked again, I was surprised to see the old bird feeding four young robins."

If it were not for birds man could not live upon the earth.—Geo. T. Angell, Ed. *Our Dumb Animals*

Students'



Path

FROM THE WELSH OF TALIESIN

NOT of father and mother,
 When I was made
 My creator created me;
 But of nine-formed faculties,
 Of the fruit of fruits,
 Of the fruit of Primordial God,
 Of primroses and hill blooms,
 Of the flowers of trees and shrubs,
 Of earth, of an earthly course,
 Of the foam of the ninth wave,
 Of the blossoms of nettles.
 When I was made.
 I was enchanted by the Master of Illusion,
 Before I became immortal
 I was enchanted by the Master of Initiation,
 The purifier of Brython,
 Of Eurwys, of Euron,
 Of Euron, of Modcon,
 Of five battalions of white magicians,
 High Teachers, the children of Maya.
 I am old, I am young, I am Guron,
 I am universal.—*International Theosophist*

The Real Mysticism

WE read a romance of the "short story" order, the other day, whose hero was of an increasingly common type. He was no hero of deeds, not indeed a hero at all; and his favorite occupation, as he "labored deathwards," in the unutterable depths of introspection, was not only that of "watching himself feel, but watching himself watching himself feel." He wore a slouched hat, lived among flowers in the country, had no recorded mode of livelihood, and was incapable of any decision upon anything.

An increasingly common type of hero, we said. It arises out of a study of "the new mysticism," whose prophet, perhaps, is Maeterlinck. We are bound to call it decadent, because it leads away from, instead of towards, deeds. And action is one of the two great antiseptics of life. The other is aspiration, meditation, prayer—the intent fixing of the imagination upon an ideal higher than one's present self, and the holding it there *with strain against resistance from below*.

By these two—action and meditation—efforts onward and upward—the light is reached and life understood. But not in any case by morbid dissection of sensation, emotion and feeling, a dissection which is also a fermentation. And because the exhalations of such a fermentation are mental or emotional instead of physically gaseous, they are welcomed, dwelt on, described, and regarded as marks of genius.

The real mystic is the man who acts, does things against resistance. He is not an actor (or doer) from ambition, to get on, to achieve wealth or fame. He is a heroic lover of life. He feels the pressure of expanding life in his heart; and in another part of his nature, from below, a resistance. So he gets his joy in hurling himself, or his force, against that, against inertia, against his greed, his ambition, laziness, selfishness, and compelling a series of daily actions in direct defiance of all those chains. He feels freedom coming upon him, a new joy, strength, triumph, insight, health. He is constantly conqueror, breaking in each hour the particular claim of that hour. He is man, not dreamer. The years bring more and more light; and they bring at last—or even from the first—an awareness of inner help. Something immortal within watches him and helps, something from an infinite past, of infinite future. And its light floods his consciousness more and more till he is a real initiate in the real mysticism. He has come to his manhood, gained the perfect freedom, scattered the clouds.

The path is easy; each hour has its step; let the next hour look after

itself. There is no failure possible against steady effort. All weaknesses fall away not so much by direct conflict with them as by positively doing those things which affront and confound them. A.

International Peace Movements

THE Twentieth Century Club has listened to a very remarkable address by Mr. Edwin T. Mead on International Peace Movements.

Mr. Mead has lately returned from a foreign tour and has apparently used his powers of observation to some good purpose. He says that the Hague Court is rapidly growing in influence and that it has in fact come to stay:

We of English blood wish to take to heart the fact that our record in the past few years has not been a good one. The resources of the people are being misapplied. The time has come when these millions and billions of dollars which are being spent for destruction must be spent for constructive purposes. The economic aspect is the one upon which we must lay emphasis.

True it is that the resources of the people are being misapplied but the misapplication is by the people themselves. It is time to cease speaking of self-governing communities as though they were the victims of some tyranny other than their own and were thus irresponsible for the acts done in their name. Instead of saying that the resources of the people are being misapplied it would be more direct and more correct to say that the people are misapplying their resources and that nothing is needed but an act of national volition. We do not usually attribute our virtues to the government. Why should we make of the government a scape-goat for our vices?

Mr. Mead's references to France were especially noteworthy. He says:

France and not England or America, is the leader, I do not hesitate to say, in international sentiment. I was deeply interested at the largeness of the schemes of Frenchmen to restore France to the primacy of Europe. They would develop her along economic lines. They long to make Paris a seaport. It has dawned upon them that if they would meet their economic aspirations they must save the tremendous expense incurred by the maintenance of the war system.

Comparisons are always odorous and we can duly estimate the position of France without their aid. It needs no profound study of history to call forth an ungrudging admiration for the long struggle for freedom which her people have waged and how magnificently that struggle has been crowned. No higher tribute can be paid to her present attitude toward the peace movement than to say that it is in tune with her traditions and a worthy continuation of her record. STUDENT

Right or Wrong

A CONTEMPORARY raises the somewhat time-worn question as to whether a soldier ought to enjoy war or to detest it. These ethical puzzles are the inevitable result of human codes of law which induce the fallacy that it is possible to draw a boundary line between right and wrong. No such line can be drawn except by and for the individual. Two men may commit an identical act which is for one a fault and for the other a virtue. To the savage, the highest virtue may be to refrain from robbing the members of his own tribe. The civilized man concedes that it is wrong to rob anyone, or he may one day concede it. If to become a soldier is consistent with a sense of duty then the ordinary obligations of a soldier also become duties and to be carried out as such with energy and with that enjoyment which always attends the performance of a duty. The word enjoyment is of course vague and misleading. A surgeon may perform an operation with intense enjoyment. He will probably be a poor surgeon if he does not feel such enjoyment in the exercise of curative skill. At the same time he may feel genuine regret at the attendant pain and even at many distasteful details.

Such questions would be entirely impossible if we were to recognize the existence of the soul as a living, speaking and guiding reality, and if we were content to individually obey its dictates, leaving other men to do the same according to their light and their evolution. Instead of doing this we usually devote our energies to forcing others to conform to our intellectually raised standards and so cut off the light of the soul both in them and in ourselves. Let us, first of all, place ourselves under the guidance of the soul, and then whatsoever our hands find to do, we will do it with our might. STUDENT

WON THE CROWN

by WILLIAM GASKELL

CALMLY, calmly, lay him down,
He hath fought the noble fight;
He hath battled for the right;
He hath won the unfading crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past.
Faithful toiled he to the last,
Faithful through unflagging years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth,
Objects of aspiring youth,
Firm to age he still pursued.

Kind and gentle was his soul,
Yet it glowed with glorious might;
Filling clouded minds with light,
Making wounded spirits whole.

Dying, he can never die!
To the dust his dust we give;
In our hearts his heart shall live,
Moving, guiding, working aye.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



Question In the last issue you drew a distinction between personality and individuality. Please explain more fully what meaning is attached to these words in Theosophy.

Answer Attention has been called repeatedly in the Student's Column to the dual nature of man as one of the most important teachings of Theosophy. There is in him that which undergoes change from birth to death and from life to life, but he has also a permanent divine nature which does not change but which reveals itself more and more in his life, using the impermanent lower nature as a means for its manifestation and thus being in part the cause of the growth and change in the lower.

These two natures are the personal—the evanescent—and the individual, the indivisible, the permanent. The personal nature is as it were a distinctive garment with which the soul clothes itself, and as a garment it wears out and must be constantly renewed. It is in the personal nature that arises the sense of separateness, from which springs the false notion that *my* interests are different from *yours*, hence giving rise to ambition, jealousy and so to competition and war. But the individual nature, being indivisible, links all humanity together. It is from it that springs that highest expression of man's divinity—compassion, that awakes in him the sense of Brotherhood and fellow feeling, that prompts him to deeds of service for others.

The individuality is the spiritual divine nature—the higher self; the imperishable Ego that passes over from life to life, that culls from all the experiences of life whatever may be akin to its own nature, *i. e.*, whatever may be true and lasting. The personality is the material nature with the transient, changeable desires, the changing thoughts that are concerned only with the externals of life or that are not directly in harmony with the higher nature.

A very beautiful simile has been given again and again to show the relation of the individuality to the personality. It is that of a golden thread on which beads are strung. The thread is the ever continuing line of life of the individuality; the beads are the successive personal existences, the many personalities in which the divine soul, the individuality, seeks to mirror itself more and more.

H. P. Blavatsky speaks of the *Sutratma*, which means literally the Thread Soul. It is a synonym of the reincarnating Ego which absorbs the [purer] recollections of all our preceding lives. It is so called, because, like the pearls on a thread, so is the long series of human lives strung together on that one thread.

She says further:

I have given you once already a familiar illustration by comparing the *Ego*, or the individuality, to an actor, and its numerous and various incarnations to the parts it plays. Will you call these parts or their costumes the individuality of the actor

himself? Like that actor, the Ego is forced to play during the cycle of necessity . . . many parts such as may be unpleasant to it. But as the bee collects its honey from every flower, leaving the rest as food for the earthly worms, so does our spiritual individuality, whether we call it *Sutratma* or *Ego*. Collecting from every terrestrial personality, into which Karma forces it to incarnate, the nectar alone of the spiritual qualities and self-consciousness, it unites all these into one whole and emerges from its chrysalis as the glorified [perfected soul].

Indian Women Have Short Teeth

TO the white men it seems a strange thing that the teeth of Indian women are soon worn off short, and it is foolishly said that it is because of eating dirty food. This is not true, for if it was true the back teeth would be worn more, but they are not. Also the teeth of the men would be in the same way, but they are not. So now listen to the truth and know that it is the tanning of leather and making moccasins, which wears their teeth short. The hide they fold double and chew where it is folded to make soft, then fold in another place and chew again until all is done. In this way they do with much hide to make the finest leather. Also when they are at making moccasins they with their teeth the edges to be sewed do press together, so that in many years their teeth are shortened.

When they are working over the house fire in the center of the wigwam, their faces are much in the smoke, so that the skin becomes very dark and wrinkled much, also their eyes become red and the eye-covers are loosened and made to hang down. The carrying of many loads, boats and other things bends their backs and makes them to walk stooped over. It is for these reasons that Indian women quickly seem to be old and ugly.

The white men do not like these things and say that it is not right that women should so work, but they do not know because they never lived as we did.

But now we use much cloth and the game is gone, so there is not so much hide to be tanned and the women's teeth are not worn off.

HYAS ZELOÓ EÉNA

Treatment of the Insane

A PARTICULARLY ugly story comes from one of our insane asylums. An inquest has been held upon the body of a patient who appears to have died as the result of extreme violence, the medical evidence showing that six ribs were crushed and that nearly every internal organ was injured. The incident derives its peculiar gravity from a statement made by one of the guards, to the effect that the unfortunate man having become violent he was choked into submission with a pillow case, and that *this was the usual method employed in asylums to control an unruly patient*. If this is indeed the "usual method," the sooner it becomes unusual the better, and we hope that such a statement will be followed by authoritative disclaimers. Any one capable of adopting such a method as this is obviously unfit to have the care of the insane. If this is indeed a part of the recognized treatment of those who are so peculiarly helpless and defenseless, we do not seem to have advanced at all since asylum abuses were first brought to public attention. The insane have practically no remedy against cruelty, inasmuch as their own evidence and complaint is invalidated by their condition, and very special care ought therefore to be exercised in the choice of their attendants. A combination of authority and humanity is, of course, notoriously hard to find, in asylums and elsewhere, but as little as we can do is to exercise a supervision that will at least make cruelty in its cruder forms an impossibility.

STUDENT

The Life of Gladstone

IN perhaps the most interesting chapter of the first volume, entitled "Characteristics," Mr. Morley, before setting out to record Gladstone's exploits as a Minister, discusses the man. "He was never very ready to talk about himself," Mr. Morley writes of his subject, "but when asked what he regarded as his master secret, he always said 'Concentration.' Slackness of mind, vacuity of mind, the wheels of the mind revolving without biting the rails of the subject, were insupportable. Such habits were of the family of faintheartedness, which he abhorred. Steady practice of instant, fixed, effective attention, was the key alike to his rapidity of apprehension and to his powerful memory."

Some stanzas from Mrs. Brownings "The Cry of the Children"

DO ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west:
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the play-time of the others,
In the country of the free.

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap:
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For all day we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal dark, underground,
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round."

For all day, the wheels are droning, turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places:
Turns the sky in the high window blank and
reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
"O ye wheels," (breaking out in a mad moaning)
"Stop! be silent for today!"

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to him and pray;
So the blessed one who blesses all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer, "Who is God that He should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.
And we hear not (for the wheels in their
resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more?"

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm;
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm:
Are worn as if with age, yet unretiringly
The harvest of its memories cannot reap—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel
nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's
heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your thrones amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

School Education and Greatness Seldom Related

THAT a youthful love of school is not necessarily a prelude to coming greatness, is illustrated by a story which is told of M. Loubet, the President of the French Republic. It seems that as a boy he had a strong objection to education, and when his father decided that he should go to college, the youthful Emile, then nine years old, made up his mind that nothing but force should accomplish that end. He therefore hid himself in a neighboring wood, and even when discovered he refused to surrender. His resistance was so strenuous that nothing else could be done than to tie him hand and foot and thus ignominiously carry him to the carriage which was to convey him to his educational destination. The unwilling scholar became, as we know, one of the world's

great men simply through the force and integrity of his own character.

It is, after all, character which tells all along the line; not intellectual knowledge. At present a rather stupid world supposes that the latter acquisition alone will give speed to the feet of the runner, although the whole history of civilization is a proof that the laurel wreaths of fame and success are invariably laid at the feet of character and not of scholastic attainments. The child in whom character is developed will add all other good things unto it, but the child without character will be a nonentity and a failure. If parents would seek for their children only those schools which develop character, we should soon have a different order of men and women in the world. At present all that we ask of the school is that it shall turn out an intellectual sausage. STUDENT

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For many years the great gold fields of the famous Coolgardie Mining District of Western Australia have been suffering seriously from the lack of adequate water supply. It was by no means an uncommon occurrence to pay as much as seventy-five cents for a gallon of drinking water. Hotel keepers in many towns and villages were wont to guard more jealously the manner in which the customer helped himself to the water than to the whiskey bottle. Even the richest mine owners in Coolgardie were not able to take a bath. In July, 1889, a report was presented to Parliament, with a bill, authorizing the raising of a loan of \$16,500,000 for a plan of supplying Coolgardie with water.

According to the report accepted and the work carried out, a pipe line had to be constructed over a total length of no less than 328 miles. The pipes are of steel and have a diameter of thirty inches. The velocity of the water is 2124 feet per second, while the weight of water to be raised per day is 25,000 tons. The horse power of the engines to carry out this work is 6187, and the quantity of water to be pumped per day of twenty-four hours has been fixed at 5,600,000 gallons. One of the reservoirs—the Helena reservoir—cost in the neighborhood of \$2,700,000. The cost of the pipes alone was nearly \$11,200,000.

The whole undertaking is now nearing completion, and it is hoped that within a month or so the Coolgardie gold fields will be provided with an abundant supply of water, which in all probability will give a new impetus to the important mining industry in that section of Australia.—*Philadelphia Record*

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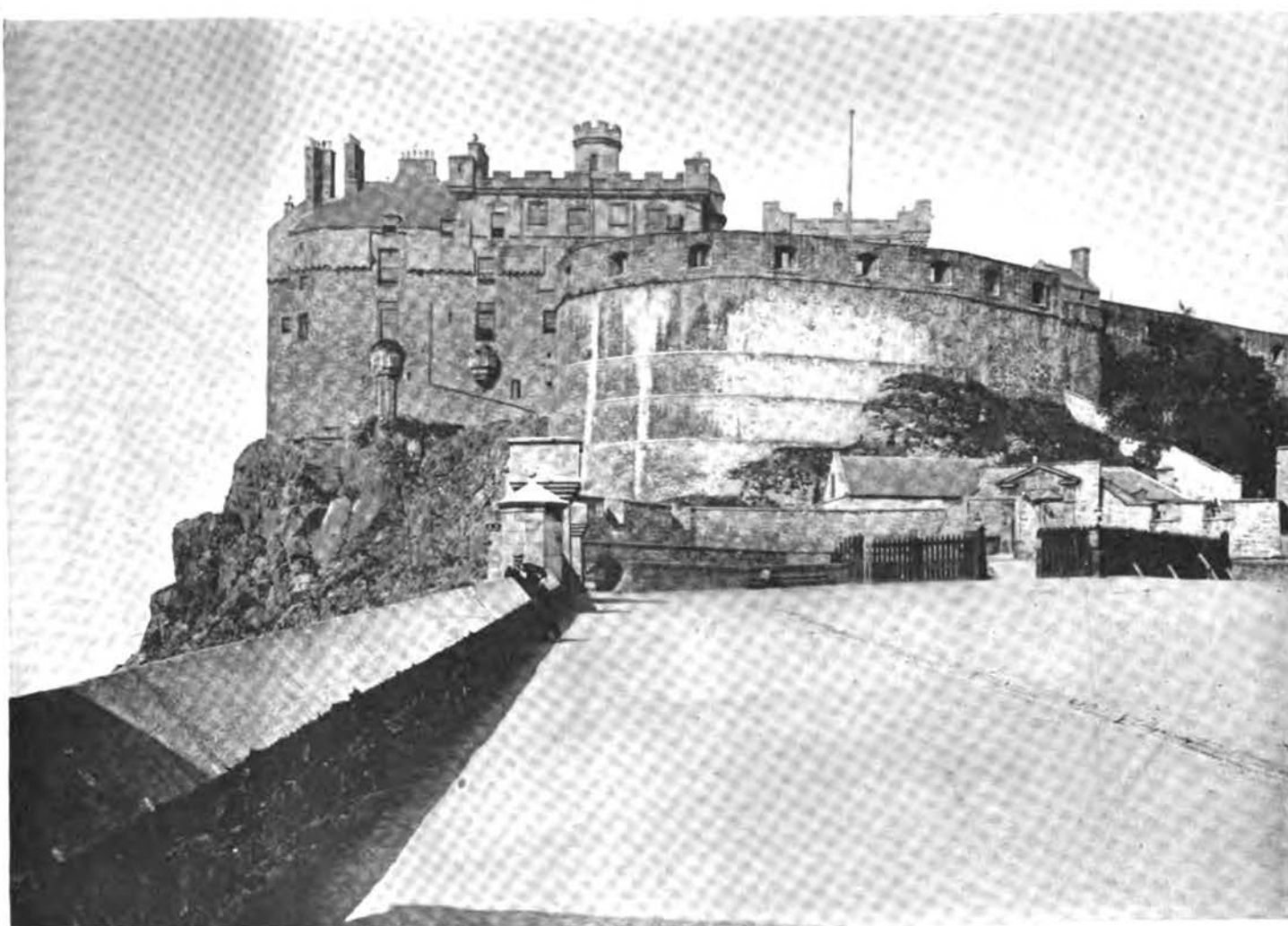
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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Unvoiced Yearning for Good
Power to Stand Alone
Statesmanship and Red Tape
Columbus
What Is Called Education
Edinburgh Castle—illustrated
The Act of God
Only a Dog
Vivisection in America
Health of Cuba

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Qualifications for Preaching
Evils of Convict Camps
Immigration Problems

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Taft upon American Sculpture
Frederick and His Flute
Raffaello's Drawings (illustration)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Loma-land Women Students—illustrated
Loma-land's Sunrise "Mysteries"
A Woman in Thibet
Women's College in Japan

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Crete and Its People
Music of Antiquity
Italy's Restrictions
Native Irish Tongue (verse)

Page 9—NATURE

Consciousness of Plant Life
Day Dream (verse)
Properties of *Yerba Santa*
A Loma-land Favorite (illustration)
Flight of Carrier Pigeons

Pages 10 & 11—U. S. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Group and Club Reports
Common People at Church
Country Life in Ireland—illustrated

Page 12—FICTION

Judge Not (verse)
Laying of the Ghost
Wolsley's Description of Lee

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

What Is Life?
Radium from Petroleum
Nature of Comets
Appendicitis and Meat Eating

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Indian Village, British Columbia—illustrated
Alliance of Mongolians
The Hague and U. S.
Military Service Unpopular
Tuberculosis in Brussels
Kindness of the Thibetans
Big Army Estimates
Kishiniff Massacres Avenged
Mexican Villagers Must
Paint Quick
Rumification of Poland

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Story of a Rain-drop
Story of Gellert
My New Year
One of Our Loma-land Friends (illustration)
The Brooklet (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

The Coming Time (verse)
Out of the French
Catching Fish in Winter
Prayer of Zoroaster
A Parable (verse)
Students' Column
The Diet of Children

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Savages at School
Huxley on Vivisection
Curative Enthusiasm

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Unvoiced Yearning for Good

WE should be unfaithful to our belief in the divinity of man if we did not pin our faith to the existence of a great unvoiced yearning for good, which is perhaps the most strong where its evidences are the most unseen and unsuspected. The soul does not weary in its world-old struggle, and its opportunities are sometimes so disguised that we do not hesitate to label them as calamities. The discordant waves of human life break so tumultuously upon a rock-bound coast, and so many battered wrecks lie hideously within our sight, that we forget the great silent and sunlit ocean that lies beyond, hiding within its depths the

pearls of great price. And so we know that no man who loves humanity stands actually alone, however dense may be the darkness into which he looks, however vibrant with human hate that darkness may seem to be. Somewhere there is a vast army of comrades, unknown it may be to one another, yet linked together by their very willingness to stand alone. Others there are who by their timidity shut themselves off from that companionship of strength. Would that it were possible to sound a bugle-call into the ears of all men of good-will everywhere that they might recognize the essentials of service and so put away from themselves all lesser energies, all smaller pursuits, all discouragements which

The Power to Stand Alone

weaken both hand and heart! Those essentials are few in number, and all too often we despise them for their lowly dress, but the power to stand alone is perhaps the greatest of them all. It is when we seem to be most alone, to be most isolated, that the powers of nature are drawing closest to us. When that place becomes a home to us where we are as nothing in the eyes of men, then it is that we are girdled with redeeming powers, then it is that our thoughts become protective angels. God speaks only to the isolated and the lonely, and the still, small voice will not compete with human applause. It is from the silences that we draw power and not from the acclamations of men. No human combination can prevent us from being worthy of power, and none can withhold from us the power of which we are worthy. The Soul does not judge by human standards, nor surrender to majorities, and there are no competitive examinations for the prizes of service. To every man comes death, and then perforce the silence, and no other possible approval than that of the unveiled Soul. And the second requisite is devotion, which is indeed the very food of the Soul and its invocation. He who has devotion has the master key to the portals of wisdom, and all other things can be added to him. If we only knew how

The Soul Life That Is to Be

great is the service which we render to humanity by devotion and a willingness to serve, how much greater are these things than intellect or eloquence or the faculties which so often are merely external and to which we pay an undeserved reverence! Lightly the Soul esteems these things, for in one breathing space it can give them all, and in addition, that greater wisdom for which no basis of scholarship is needed. Devotion is cumulative like the waters behind a river dam, which in no way betray their presence until they suddenly carry away all obstructions and fill the thirsty channel. No man knows how near he or another is to the light and power, nor how many dark veils must yet fall before the certain heritage be won. It was said that these things should be in an hour when we know not, but that time comes only by invitation and by expectation, and never by the false diffidence which is a denial of the inner lord of life. This at least we can do; we can so order our days that they shall be a living prophecy in the sight of all men of the spiritual life that is to be, and thus our thought shall take wings bearing messages of peace and hope to all men of good-will whose hearts have been opened by devotion.

STUDENT

Statesmanship and Red Tape

SIR THOMAS BARCLAY pays a warm tribute to the sagacity of American statesmen. It will be remembered that Sir Thomas Barclay was a member of the Commission which drew up the treaty between England and France, and he hopes to see a similar agreement between England and America. He says:

If there is at this minute a real international law, it is due to the intelligence and perseverance of United States statesmen. They approach the question without being fettered by any stock notions of diplomacy. The European statesman is generally raised in a school. He is never face to face with the treaties of international diplomacy. He sees them as they are through a camera. We have no one in our country who can compare with Kent, Wheaton and Woolsey of Yale in international law.

In other words, there is less red tape, less circumlocution, in America than elsewhere; and red tape and circumlocution are responsible for more international difficulties than are jealousy and greed. There are many questions which are allowed to drift within measurable distance of war which in private life would be settled in half an hour. Common sense is one of the finest forms of wisdom, and, if we may be pardoned a paradox, one of the most uncommon.

STUDENT

Columbus

OUR knowledge of Columbus is materially increased by the researches of Mr. Thatcher, who has just published the second volume of his monumental work. Perhaps no more painstaking and careful labor has ever been given to the world, and the author is to be congratulated upon the wealth of detail which gives so great a vitality to his picture. The volume now published opens with the promulgation of the discovery of a new world, and with the facsimile letter which the great navigator sent to his friend in Spain, Luis de Sant' Angel. The little *Nina* was nearly lost at the Azores, and Columbus was filled with dread lest his secret must perish, even at the eleventh hour. He therefore wrote "as much as he could" upon parchment, and enclosed it in a cask, which he threw overboard. The cask has never been found, but the fuller account, which he wrote as soon as the storm moderated, was sent with all speed to the Spanish Court. The picture of the writing of that first letter in the tiny storm-swept boat and its consignment to the sea, is one of the most pathetic in history, a peculiarly tense incident in a dramatic life. The subsequent letter to Sant' Angel is as follows:

Señor (runs the folio letter to Sant' Angel), as I know that you will take pleasure in the great victory which our Lord hath given me in my voyage, I write you this, by which you shall know that in twenty days I passed over to the Indies with the fleet which the most illustrious King and Queen, our lords, gave me; where I found very many islands peopled with inhabitants beyond number; and of all of them I have taken possession for their Highnesses, with proclamation, and the Royal Standard displayed, and I was not contradicted.

This second volume deals with the four voyages which Columbus made, and shows how he eventually returned to Castile, old, weary and broken, with no other reward than the consciousness of his success, and having drunk to the dregs the cup of human ingratitude, which is always refilled to the brim for those who do the real and unselfish work of the world. Perhaps the supreme merit of this volume lies in the attempt, which the writer makes, to show that at the end of the last voyage Columbus himself was well aware of the true nature of his discovery, and that another great ocean separated him from India. STUDENT

What Is Called Education

THE unintelligent nature of much that passes for education is well exemplified by a correspondent of *T. P.'s Weekly*, who writes:

As to Gray's "Elegy," I am sure you are right. I remember how I used to grind through it without one word of explanation, when I was a little fellow of ten years of age [observe, *ten!*]: each line went by itself, and one consequence was that the thing in the piece that impressed me most was the reference to

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

I had had my neck nearly wrung off in those days, for once saying that a noun "governed" something, and I was not the boy to risk a further twisting by asking if it was the Polar Bear that was meant; but there was a magnificent remoteness in the dwelling of this creature that always pleased me, and it was not till later that I discovered what the verse really meant.

This is, of course, several years ago, but the reform is by no means so radical as can be wished. A good memory, and a willingness to use it, still pass for scholarship, and the mind of the child is too often regarded as an empty ship, which must be loaded with cargo as rapidly as possible. The fetish of the competitive examination takes no heed of the *love of knowledge* which the wise teacher may have imparted. It cares only for the facts which have been acquired, and it nearly always lays its wreath upon the wrong head. The great men of the world are always the men of character, and very rarely indeed do we find a great man with a brilliant school record. STUDENT

Historic Edinburgh Castle

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week represents Edinburgh Castle, situated on the great cliff which first attracted attention in consequence of the ease with which it could be defended. Indeed the city itself owes its origin to the castle which, during the reign of Malcolm, was a royal palace. Here died in 1093, Queen Margaret, wife of Malcolm, and niece of Edward the Confessor, and the palace was frequently used as a residence by the Celtic and the Stuart monarchs. Until comparatively recent times Edinburgh was regarded as a frontier town, and the fortifications of the castle were therefore considered to be of supreme importance.

The Act of God

THE theatre calamity at Chicago has revived an odious ecclesiastical habit of referring to such events as a punishment deliberately inflicted by a personal God for some imagined wrong doing. It is to be observed that when those who use these pious brutalities are themselves overtaken by catastrophe they attribute it to the chastening love of God. Only when their neighbors are involved does calamity become divine retribution. Taking circumstances into consideration we are not aware that churches are in any way exempt from the dangers of fire, but these are not considered to be divine punishment—except sometimes by hostile sects. We should have supposed that those who have been thus plunged into bereavement and sorrow might have been spared the infliction of this additional pain and that even the narrowest ecclesiastical mind would have shrunk from such cruel blasphemies. Those who were present at the Iroquois theatre were not necessarily offending against divine law. They were as much entitled to visit the theatre as the church, and public sentiment ought to make itself felt against those who thus intensify the misery which has been caused. It is time that we ceased to attribute to the Deity the characteristics which we usually associate with the lowest types of humanity, and how seldom do we find even among the "heathen" the hideous cruelty of inflicting death by burning for any offence whatever? Those who profess to believe that Deity can commit such hideous crime are themselves capable of its commission. Indeed, they represent the very people who have reddened the pages of history with ecclesiastical outrage and persecution. We have had enough of this sanctimonious ferocity. We are very tired of it. X.

Only a Dog

THE opinion of Robert Browning on vivisection was often expressed, but nowhere more forcibly than in the following verses. The dog in question had saved a beggar child from drowning and had then plunged again into the water in order to rescue her doll:

And so, amid the laughter gay,
Trotted my hero off—old Tray,
Till somebody, prerogatively
With reason, reasoned: "Why he dived,
His brain would show us, I should say.

"John, go and catch—or, if needs be,
Purchase—that animal for me!
By vivisection, at expense
Of half-an-hour and eighteenpence,
How brain secretes dog's soul, we'll see!"

Vivisection in America

A REPORT from Claremont notifies us that the vivisection season has begun and that a large number of live cats are about to be dissected for the benefit of the junior class in biology. We are told that this process, which is an annual function, is looked forward to with great interest, and the laboratory was crowded with members of the class and visitors during the opening ceremony. The newspapers have of course no space to record the sermons of protest which must have been preached by the ministers of the neighborhood at these disgusting proceedings. STUDENT

The Health of Cuba

IT is not perhaps too late to notice a letter which appears in the *Scientific American* from Weston P. Chamberlain, Captain and Assistant Surgeon of the United States Army, dated from Havana, Cuba. The letter is self-explanatory, and we reproduce it in full:

In the *Scientific American* for October 31st or November 7, 1903, under "Notes," I noticed a statement that by good sanitation, etc., Cuba was *gradually* reducing the number of cases of yellow fever within its borders. This is a misstatement that is absurd to those who have read the medical literature of the last few years, and is unfair to Cuba and to the United States Army medical officers who helped free Cuba from yellow fever.

Not a case of yellow fever has originated in Cuba since three years ago last September. Occasionally a case is brought here from Mexico, but the patient is at once isolated, and in no case for over three years has the disease spread to others. So Cuba can be said to be entirely freed from yellow fever.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Qualifications for Preaching

THE Rev. John Watson, better known as Ian Mac-laren, has put forward certain suggestions for the greater efficiency of the churches. His main criticism is directed against the methods in use for the choice of ministers, and while he handles his subject in an admirable manner, it is to be regretted that he does not see his way to declare against the payment of salaries as being the root of nearly all the mischief.

Dr. Watson sketches the course of the candidate for ministerial position from his first arrival at the university. He shows us how he passes through his curriculum in secular and theologic knowledge and the various examinations which are supposed to test his fitness for the ministry. But as to his real fitness there is absolutely no test whatever. So long as he has rendered some kind of general obedience to the ten commandments, or seems to have done so, the most appalling unfitnesses would pass through the sieve absolutely without detection. He may be inflated with self-conceit and with ambition, and he very often is. He may be entirely greedy for the fat things of his profession, he may be entirely lacking in human sympathy, and spiritually may be nothing more than a name, and not even a pretence. We do not say that all these things exist save in exceptional cases, but we do say that what are called the tests for fitness are entirely outside the field which they profess to cover. They are tests of intellectual knowledge only. And now comes the final test of all. The fully fledged minister must preach his trial sermon as a candidate for the vacant charge. Dr. Watson's comments upon this procedure are so forceful as to justify some extracts. He says that now the success of the candidate

depends very largely upon his fluency, together with, if he be unscrupulous, a certain tone which seems to give a pledge of piety and a certain adroitness in choosing subjects likely to be acceptable to the congregation. Can there be anything more unbecoming in our office than preaching the Evangel of CHRIST in a competition against five other selected candidates, or anything more likely to hinder a man of self-respect from entering the ministry? Can there be anything worse for the spiritual temper of a congregation than to sit as judges on the declaration of divine truth, or is there any function which in practice rouses worse passions in church life than a disputed election?

Tainted by the Money Question

The congregation which thus sits in judgment upon the capabilities of a would-be preacher and teacher,

can be captured any day by a windbag with two sermons full of apochryphal religious anecdotes and conventional phraseology. Here again we feel that there is something wrong, and that the best is not being done, either for the candidates or for the church.

All this is very sad and very true, and we are sorry that Dr. Watson does not drive home the nail which he has so accurately placed in position. Instead of this he recommends that the candidate be examined by a kind of committee which is to consist of "half a dozen well educated and spiritually minded men," who are presumably to be selected by the congregation. The whole scheme is of course hopelessly wrong, but we cannot refrain from asking if women are to be excluded from this committee, and if so, why?

There is no congregation upon earth which contains the necessary half dozen men or women who are competent to judge the fitness of another man for the ministry so long as the ministerial career is corrupted by the money taint. There is no other way to assure a comparative purity of motive than by removing those motives which are impure and mercenary. Purity of motive, freedom from pecuniary aims are surely the essentials of the ministry, and mere intellectual attainments and acquaintance with dogmas are as nothing compared with these. There are no boards of examiners, nor committees of six, nor entire congregations which can judge of motives so long as the glitter of gold is in sight, but remove the gold and the gold motive must also disappear. How many theological students would there be, how many trial sermons would be preached, if the candidate had first to realize that his material reliance must be placed upon the power that feeds the sparrows and not upon pew rents nor en-

dowments? Here indeed would be a creed worth having, that he who would teach of the Law must stand by the Law.

It is indeed strange that the churches are so blind to the obvious. How many sermons have not been preached upon the charge which Jesus gave to his disciples to go out into all the world and preach the gospel? He did not stipulate that the world would produce the necessary stipends, nor did he create a financial board for the due arrangement of the pecuniary prizes. On the contrary, He expressly forbade all such considerations, knowing well that reliance upon the spiritual law would render them unnecessary, and that without such reliance there could be no fitness for the work. It is the existence of this Law that the churches must preach, and it is reliance upon that Law that they must practice. When they have cleared the money-changers out of their Temples then Christ will return and with Him will come the multitudes of people eager to be fed with bread instead of the stones which have been given to them.

STUDENT

Evils of the Convict Camp

IT would seem impossible to say anything in favor of the convict camp system which still prevails in some States. Under this system convicts are leased to contractors for the performance of public works, and unless we are to regard the criminal as a mere convenient source of revenue it is impossible to defend a practice which not only confirms the wrong-doer in his misdeeds but must certainly have a deteriorating and brutalizing effect elsewhere. A prominent minister, whose opportunities of investigation have been somewhat extended, writes of these convicts' camps with the strength which comes from conviction. He says:

Criminals are generally scattered in branch prisons—quartered in rude stockades, without proper sanitation, food, or clothing. The average life of these convicts is less than ten years. Old and young are promiscuously chained and bonded together. Even men and women are, in some camps, not separated. Hardened criminals and the boy convicted of his first crime; the comparatively good and the most depraved, vile and abandoned, are chained together. One warden of a state penitentiary protests in his report that "under the present law and custom the penitentiary is the school of crime instead of being a reformatory institution. Of fifty boys under eighteen, nine-tenths of them leave prison much worse than when they came in."

If we have any duty whatever to the criminal—and surely we have not yet reached the point of denying this—that duty is in the direction of reform, and surely no reform is in any way possible except by a uniform treatment administered by those who are intellectually and morally fitted to do so. The states which still tolerate this relic of barbarism will certainly find that it is a bad policy, that they are manufacturing criminals and inducing a general deterioration of moral tone which is the most fruitful of all soils for criminal growth.

STUDENT

Serious Immigration Problem

IMMIGRATION statistics are fast assuming dimensions of very serious magnitude. During 1903 over one million newcomers were added to the population, and this is a very substantial increase upon previous years. The character of the immigration is, however, more serious than its size. Dividing the arrivals into their respective countries of origin, we find that Italy heads the list. Austria-Hungary occupies the second position, and is followed by Russia. Then come Sweden, Germany, Ireland, Norway and England, while Asiatic countries contribute nearly fourteen thousand. America has surely done enough for hospitality and should look somewhat more closely to her own interests, which are not served by the admission of vast numbers of people who have been ruined as citizens by the systems under which they have lived, and who have no other idea than to create miniatures of those systems and sometimes of their worst features. There is, for instance, a small district in New York mainly inhabited by Russian immigrants. From the surface of the streets in this district no less than eighteen tons of garbage are daily removed, the whole of this filth having been thrown from the house windows, as was the custom of these people in Russia.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Lorado Taft upon American Sculpture

IT is almost difficult to realize that there are living today men who saw the very beginnings of American sculpture, yet such is the case. In his recent work, the *History of American Sculpture*, Lorado Taft has placed those who desire to enter this hitherto practically unexplored field under distinct obligations. To deal critically with the work of artists still living is a difficult task enough. That Mr. Taft has accomplished this more than satisfactorily may astonish those who have not known him personally, but is merely the expected to those who have. United with an innately intuitive temperament—as all who have ever studied with him can testify—there is sound philosophy, practical common sense and the confidence of one who “knows his ground.” There is probably no one in America today who unites on such generous terms the qualities needed for the successful handling of so difficult a subject. There are plenty of art critics, plenty of sculptors, plenty of facile writers, but Mr. Taft is the only one of whom I know today who unites the three gifts without egotism or break.

To hear Mr. Taft lecture was one of the delights of the old days when we worried him with our wrestlings with the clay—and not a few of that little group of students have become famous, too, thanks to his marvelous and genuinely inspirational teaching—Bessie Potter Vonnob, Carrie Brooks O’Neil, Enid Yandell, Ellen Rankin Copp, and others.

Mr. Taft is living proof of the fact that no one can be truly an artist unless he is very much more. His handling of a delicate subject—his plunges, so to speak, into the jealousies that, somehow, do exist, even yet, in the artist world—and his perfectly charming habit of coming up after every plunge without a particle of mud upon his vesture and with his hands grasping pearls—it takes diplomacy as well as courage, you will admit. You see, American sculpture, up to within ten or fifteen years, has been, with rare exceptions, undeniably mediocre. Yet does Mr. Taft place his head serenely under the guillotine by getting ill-humored and bluntly saying blunt things about his compeers? By no means. Yet he tells the truth none the less, and the following is one illustration of his method. Speaking of the earliest sculptors, he says:

The wonder, then, is not that they did so poorly, but that they accomplished so much and kept so well up to the general average of the times. America owes a perpetual tribute of gratitude to these men for opening the way, for preparing the soil. Art does not flourish without such preparation; great art comes only after a weedlike crop of mediocre artists. Powers and Greenough and Crawford, like Rush and Frazee, were indispensable in the sequence which leads to the masters of the present hour, and to the yet greater men of the generations to come.

One of the seriously *gauche* productions that graces the Capitol at Washington, he handles admirably. He says:

It illustrates well the audacity of youth in an untried field. Probably no American sculptor of the time could have done it better, for the fundamental requirements of such a decoration were universally unknown; our designers in the gropings of their inexperience could not possibly have guessed them. . . . Moreover, the other essentials of great decorative art were to Crawford a sealed book. How could

he know that even in treating the “Past and Present of America” there should be an interdependence of parts leading the eye inevitably but agreeably to a worthy culmination, and that such visible arrangement presupposes a dramatic climax in the thought? His poetic nature seems never to have suggested the possibilities of rhythm, the march of a great poem in stone with its successive strophes like the waves of the sea, interrupted but mounting higher and higher in an irresistible crescendo. Of the just measure of elaboration of these individual masses, each complete within itself, varied in detail when viewed near at hand and effective in broad lights and shadows, as well as in the leading lines when seen from afar; of the cumulative beauty of parts closely united in the grasp of a mighty whole—in short, of the lesson of the Parthenon, Crawford seems to have been blithely unconscious. He must have known the Elgin marbles; he evidently did not grasp their significance. For him and for his colleagues the greater achievements of the past did not exist.

Mr. Taft’s work ranks today with that of our best sculptors, belonging as he does to that younger group of men who, though some of them are French and some American, still hold to the same ideals and have, almost as a unit, taken a magnificent step forward. His criticism, owing to that fact, is the more valuable, as it is the more intimate and just.

STUDENT



FROM DRAWINGS BY RAFFAEL
(Academy of Fine Arts, Venice)

I HAVE not chanted verse like Homer, no—
Nor swept string like Terpander, no—nor carved
And painted men like Phidias and his friend:
I am not great as they are, point by point.
But I have entered into sympathy
With these four, running these into one soul,
Who, separate, ignored each others’ arts.
Say, is it nothing that I know them all?

— Browning

delay he saved the situation by seizing flutes, music and music-stands and throwing them, with Quantz himself, into a closet. In 1728 he wrote to his sister, Wilhelmine:

I am the unhappiest creature in the world; from morning till night I am surrounded by observers and music is not allowed.

In later days, however, in the great castle of Potsdam, Frederick the Great often gathered together the greatest musicians of his time and held musical evenings, which royalty felt honored to receive an invitation to attend. At these concerts the King himself often played the flute, accompanied by Emanuel Bach, son of the great composer, at the piano.

STUDENT

Frederick the Great and His Flute

IF there be a divinity which doth hedge a king, there is no gainsaying the fact that many a king’s childhood is hedged and hampered by things less bearable than divinity. There are cases in which—as one glances backward over history and sidewise over the world—there would be less real deprivation had children of the blood royal been born in wholesome and peaceable obscurity. There is a hunger of the heart which is almost more pathetic than the hunger of the body.

When the French poet said, “If I had but two *sous* in the world, with one I would buy bread, and with the other hyacinths, for hyacinths would feed my soul,” he told the whole story.

Frederick the Great of Prussia, as a child, loved military affairs less than his father desired him to do, and music very much more. Some of the saddest episodes of his strangely unhappy boyhood were due to his passion for music, and his inclination to gratify it regardless of his father’s arbitrary and unreasonable rules.

At one time, when taking a flute lesson from his beloved friend Quantz, at that time a great virtuoso, Frederick heard his father coming. Without a moment’s



KATHERINE TINGLEY * THE WOMEN STUDENTS OF LOMA-LAND *

has said, "The world is waiting for a nobler type of woman, a higher womanhood." Such a type is developing in Loma-land, and well it may for the great work that must be done for humanity during the next few years is destined to be done largely by women.

We, students of Katherine Tingley in Loma-land, are daily being prepared to do a work more important than we dream. It is we who must be the pioneers along all the new lines of the new reforms that Katherine Tingley will yet bring about. Valuable instruments will we be if we allow ourselves to be tuned by the great musician-hand which is guiding this movement. Useless, fit only to be cast out, will we be if we think to travel our own ways, regardless of the good of the general work. We may step downward into discord or upward into harmony. The choice lies with each one of us. As Katherine Tingley has so often said, "Every member is the key to his own success, absolutely the fashioner of his own destiny, his own victim or creator."

The women students of Loma-land have come from all over the world. Of widely differing types, coming from different environments, each with differing characteristics, together we form a large and unique group. Some have lived quietly in their homes before coming here, others in the rush and turmoil of life, still others in the sorrow and the shadows. Some have thought deeply and aspired truly. Some have thought little and were guided to this place by the heart's own light. All have in common one characteristic—unwillingness to live the conventional and selfish life; a willingness, nay, an eager desire, to do something to bring help and hope to humanity. It is difficult, if not impossible, to live up to such ideals in the world. Here it is easy and simple, so easy that, in fact, it would be difficult to do anything else.

Most women, as the world go, have grown up under a psychological force which springs from the selfishness of the age. It holds in bondage the whole world, a bondage which is, however, destined to become a release, under the strong influence of the Theosophical movement. Our training has been narrow and wrong; and the pathway that we followed in search of this divine philosophy was a devious one. We found it.

Then the light came. We saw then how ignorance had laid the shadows upon our life. We saw the sorrows of others in a truer relation to our own. We saw the Path, and we resolved to walk in it, be the cost what it would. And, at last, we found our way to Loma-land.

Life in Loma-land is not what we expected to find it, for the Soul has many surprises, and the life here is the soul's life. But we pass on, learning, hoping, trusting, feeling in each event a great lesson, in each circumstance a teacher, in each faithfully performed duty, the greatest possible instruction. Gradually are loosened the fetters which the personality, waxing strong through ages of petting and indulgence, has placed upon the soul. Little by little we come to look at things from the standpoint of the soul. Little by little we stand more clearly in the soul's full light. Little by little the personal desires give way before the advance of an impersonal desire to serve. Intuition grows, the brain mind steps into its proper place, the soul sheds its own pure light over what before was noisiness and night.

Women have in all ages been more or less intuitive. In all ages have they been the bearers of more or less of the heart-force. We have, however, through centuries of lost opportunities, wandered away from the truer ideals that the heart has ever christened its own, and have become lost in the labyrinth of material worries and personal affairs.

The danger now is that women may go to the other extreme, intoxicated by their new-found freedom. Thousands out in the world are doing just this. In Loma-land, the effort is made to keep on middle lines, to be clear-sighted, strong, intent upon the doing of the duty, leaving the results of all things to the Law. Here we have in our own power the causes of things, and the knowledge that this is so would bring to any woman certain soul-dignity and a positive and serene spirit.

The cruelties that women—and men—inflict upon each other in the world, because conscience is easy and vanity strong, are unknown to the social life of Loma-land. Here we do not drift, but are anchored, centered. It is less easy to be vain than impersonal, less easy to be cruel than to be kind. Katherine Tingley has given us the key-note of the Life that is Joy; it is for us to sound it unto the world. STUDENT

LET the maiden with erect soul walk serenely on her way, accept the hint of each new experience, search in turn all the objects that solicit her eye, that she may learn the power and the charm of her new-born being, which is the kindling of a new dawn in the recesses of space. The fair girl who repels interference by a decided and proud choice of influences, so careless of pleasing, so wilful and lofty, inspires every beholder with somewhat of her own nobleness. The silent heart encourages her. O friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port, greatly or sail with God the seas. Not in vain you live, for every passing eye is cheered and refined by the vision.—Emerson

The Sunrise "Mysteries" of Loma-Land.

MANY a laugh has been enjoyed by the students on "the Hill" over the tales that have gone abroad about the mysterious "ceremonies" that take place at sunrise. One would think from these tales that all the fantastic beings that could have been gathered from the degenerate "occult" orders of the ages had gravitated to "the Hill" here to live out their absurdities and give their personalities food to grow on. It is to enlighten our readers as to the "mysteries" that are unfolded at these ceremonies that we feel it our duty to refer to these queer tales. Fortunately, the decision of the jury in the recent libel suit has laid these to rest, but the subject of them, the "morning exercises," still exist.

Nothing in all the student life of Loma-land is more enjoyable and more universally agreed to than the practice of getting up at sunrise or, strictly speaking, a little before. By the time the sun has appeared over the crests of the mountains beyond San Diego, the women students not otherwise occupied have already assembled in the amphitheatre for their daily morning class in calisthenics. At the same hour may be seen the children of the Raja Yoga School following the maneuvers of their own drill, on the broad playground just south of their Group Homes.

The "ceremonies" consist in nothing more nor less than physical exercises, which, save in a few details, differ not from those used in classes of calisthenics the land over. There are the "setting-up exercises," which relax muscles of back, arms and head; bending exercises, which strengthen the muscles of the back; the foot and limb exercises, which give the body grace and teach it poise. Two simple exercises, which give the body more flexibility and ease, are worthy of detailed description.

Take the correct standing position, heels together, extending the arms until the hands are on a level with the shoulders, palms upward. Keep the arms directly opposite each other and on a straight line with the shoulders. Swing arms and shoulders in unison, first in one direction then in the opposite, until the arm line at the extreme tension of the swing is as nearly as possible at right angles with the first position. Swing in this way about twenty movements to the minute, until the muscles of back and shoulders are slightly fatigued. Over-fatigue does more harm than good. This exercise gives great flexibility to the upper region of the spine. The hips should be kept stationary.

It is often advantageous to follow this, after a brief interval of rest, by exercises calculated to strengthen the muscles of "the small of the back." Lift the hands well above the head, slowly bending forward at the waist, carrying the finger-tips downwards until, if it can be accomplished, they touch the floor. Then gradually raise the arms back to the first position above the head. The exercise should be taken slowly at first, then more rapidly as facility is acquired. The knees should not be flexed.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the "ceremony" is the drill, which consists of marching according to regular military form, running,

and the usual maneuvers which are so intricate and interesting.

This is the "ceremony." These are the sunrise "mysteries." But they open the day well, giving tone to the whole body, elasticity to the step, and exerting a marvelously clarifying influence upon the brain.

STUDENT

A Woman in Thibet

PERHAPS the most interesting move of all in the great game of destiny, which is now being so adroitly played in the Eastern Hemisphere, is the invasion of the British army into Thibet. This weird country has been for centuries as a closed book to every one outside of its own people; unapproachable, inaccessible always through the successful methods adopted to preserve its seclusion, that it should now be invaded by the greatest colonizing people of the age portends that numerous as well as momentous changes are about to occur in the Orient.

The many explorers and travelers that have in the past, urged on by various reasons, undauntedly tried to enter Thibet and to reach its capital Lhasa, have, with a few exceptions, failed to achieve any success whatever.

Suffering untold difficulties and hardships some have reached almost to the capital when obliged to abandon the enterprise.

Among these was a Miss Annie Taylor, an English lady, who after succeeding in getting quite close to Lhasa, some years ago, had to turn back. She, with her native servant, Pontso, experienced the greatest dangers and encountered most peculiar obstacles.

Among other hardships Miss Taylor had to float across icy torrents on rafts

of sticks and inflated skins, or to pass over mounted on a swimming horse, up to the waist in the stream, and with no chance of drying her clothes.

The whole country she found infested by brigands, who were armed with old-fashioned firelocks, and would take a quarter of an hour to get their tinder lighted before beginning to shoot. The largest tribe of brigands was under a woman queen.

They plundered every caravan that came near, and were the wealthiest people in Thibet.

E.

Women's College in Japan

THE first college for women ever opened in Japan began its career two years ago, and today it contains over eight hundred pupils. Some are young students, others are older, many of them having been teachers. The college is undenominational. Among its forty-one lecturers are one German lady, one American and two English. There is, in addition to the regular scholastic department, a department of Domestic Economy, in which all housewifely arts are taught. Music is an important feature of the curriculum.

THE only woman, according to report, who has ever been admitted to the Master Carpenters' Association is Miss Louise C. Hinck of Montclair, N. J. Miss Hinck graduated some years ago from Vassar and later from the University Law School, but her profession is that of building houses. Her work is remarkable for its excellence.



SOME OF THE LADY STUDENTS OF LOMA-LAND IN THE HOMESTEAD GARDENS

AND her voice, it murmurs lowly
As a silver stream may run.
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy.
As if drawn from thoughts more fair
Than our common jestings are.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Crete and Its People—Evidences of National Degeneracy

DOCTOR EVANS, the Cretan excavator is to be congratulated not only upon the material success of his work, but also on the rapidity with which he has arranged his discoveries and produced in them some sort of order and sequence. This has been admirably shown by some lectures which he has recently delivered and in which he presented the fragments of what must presently develop into a history of the Knossian civilization. In these lectures he dealt more especially with the pottery and the inscriptions. In the manufacture of pottery he finds evidences of a successive evolution. His earlier discoveries pointed indubitably to a connection between the Minoan people and the Eighteenth Egyptian Dynasty. Then came evidences of a point of contact with the Twelfth Dynasty and finally his excavations have carried him back to the Fourth Dynasty. Dr. Evans considers that the destruction of the Cretan civilization occurred about 1000 B. C., when the Palace was destroyed by semi or wholly barbarous invaders.

The period immediately preceding the downfall seems to have been marked by a degenerated life, as shown by inferior pottery and careless workmanship. About 2000 B. C., however, we find exquisite naturalistic designs and previous to this comes the egg-shell pottery, beautifully worked in colored patterns. Last of all, we have artistic imitations of the stone vases belonging to the Fourth and still earlier Egyptian Dynasties, probably dating about 6000 years B. C. That the degeneracy of these people which immediately preceded their downfall should be so clearly indicated by their pottery is a strange illustration of the Theosophic teaching that every race perishes from interior and not exterior causes. National supineness invites the invader and we may perhaps one day recognize that the same cause has an unsuspected relation to natural catastrophes.

In the domain of inscriptions Dr. Evans is no less lucid. The earliest writing is of the pictographic order and the presence of Egyptian signs sufficiently shows the connection of this period with the earliest Egyptian historical dynasties. This pictographic writing is found to develop into a linear script which, at about the time of the Twelfth Egyptian Dynasty changes for another and somewhat improved script. The pictographic writing was never entirely abandoned, although it became less conventional and more artistic. The difficulties of translation are of course very great and might almost seem insuperable. None the less, Dr. Evans is steadily increasing his alphabet of identified signs which now includes many more words such as *vase, man, woman, slave*, etc.

Congratulations are certainly due to a very energetic explorer and to a very competent scholar for an archeologic achievement of the highest importance.

STUDENT

RECENT discoveries, and especially in Pennsylvania, have induced some speculation as to the way in which the stone ax-heads were fastened to the haft. Cords made of dried sinews were undoubtedly often employed, but there seems to have been a yet better way but one which would certainly tax the patience of a modern craftsman. A suitable hickory tree would be selected and the grooved ax-head would be forced firmly into a split made for the purpose. Returning after a few years, the owner would find that the tree had grown around the ax-head, holding it in a grasp from which nothing could dislodge it. It would then only remain to cut down the tree and suitably trim it.

Music of Antiquity—Interesting American Relics

A RECENT issue of the *Washington Times* contains an interesting account of the prehistoric musical instruments now on view in the Smithsonian Institution. These instruments originated in Mexico and in Central and South America, and they are mainly of the wind variety.

One of the most interesting implements in the collection is an Aztec flageolet from Mexico, bearing religious symbols which suggest its former use for religious purposes. Here too, are other instruments which whistle when water is poured into them and a flageolet made from the wing bone of a bird. From British Guiana comes a trumpet made of pottery which is supposed to be a miniature botuto such as are now used of an enormous size upon the Orinoco. Carl Engel describes the botuto in the following terms:

The botuto which Gumilla saw used by some tribes near the Orinoco was evidently an ancient Indian contrivance, but appears to have fallen almost into oblivion during the last two centuries. It was made of baked clay, and was commonly from three to four feet long; but some trumpets of this kind were of enormous size. The botuto with two bellies was usually made thicker than that with three bellies, and emitted a deeper sound, which is described as having been really terrific. These trumpets were used on occasions of mourning and funeral dances. Alexander von Humboldt saw the botuto among some Indian tribes near the Orinoco.

Other curious exhibits are two panpipes, fashioned of hollow reeds and almost precisely the same as those seen in the classical Greek and Roman pictures. These were taken from ancient tombs near Arica, Peru.

STUDENT

To Protect Its Treasures—Italy's Restrictions

THE *Times* reproduces a letter from its Italian correspondent containing a resume of the new law for the better protection of archeological and art treasures. The law is now uniform over the whole of Italy. The export tax is fixed at 5 per cent

ad valorem for objects valued at less than 5000 lire, and increases by 2 per cent for each additional 5000 lire, until the maximum of 20 per cent is reached. Objects belonging to ecclesiastical and public collections are declared inalienable. A catalogue of all objects in public or private collections is to be made, and those objects which are considered of extreme importance will be declared inalienable. When any object is offered for sale, the Government has the right of preemption on equal conditions with any would-be purchaser. The value of an object for export is estimated by the owner, checked by a Government agent, and in case of dispute, determined by arbitrators. The Government is given the right to sell or exchange duplicates. Foreign institutions or citizens may now obtain permission to excavate, subject to rules similar to those in force in other countries.

How long will it be before the American Government displays the same solicitude for American archeological treasures, which are more ancient and more valuable?

STUDENT

THAT the site of the city of Paris was once the bed of the ocean has been abundantly proved by the excavations which have recently been made for the new metropolitan railway. In one place the tooth of a large dogfish was found and also the tusk of a sea-lion. In other places the remains of whales and sharks were found in considerable numbers. From the profundities of an ocean with its mysterious life to the confused artificiality of a great city is a far call.

Nature

Studies

Evidences of Consciousness in Plant Life

WHSOEVER is in any doubt about the consciousness of plants should study such a climber as the vetch. In these plants the tip of the stalk bearing the pairs of oval leaflets is run on into whip-like thread, showing from the first a marked tendency to curl like a corkscrew. And the highest pair of leaflets on each stalk are modified into similar threads, no longer serving the function of leaves.

The aim of the vetch is to get to the light by climbing on the shoulders of some other plant. It is therefore content for a time to grow *away* from the light and *into* the thickest part of the bush, up whose stem it proposes to advance. It is content to put aside the immediate luxury of basking in the sun, for the sake of gaining a freer view of the sky later. Some of us might take a lesson from this little plant in the matter of self-control. We humans usually eat our cake at once, and complain later that we have none.

In time it gets its reward. It has now mounted above all the leafage of the plant by which it ascended, and can break into bloom in the unobstructed sunlight.

Now the climbing tendrils are—for a plant—exquisitely sensitive. Let one of them touch anything whatever, and in half an hour you will notice that it has begun to curl toward the side touched. As it grows, it is obviously seeking to touch things. The tendril is constantly rotating corkscrew-wise. The whole leaf is executing slow movements, and the leaf-stalk is also rotating on its own account. As soon as, in these slow and complicated pawings of the air, the tendrils touch a twig, they curl round it, firmly grasp it, thicken and set; and then the plant is ready for a new step.

If all this is unconscious, then so is the infant when it turns its head and eyes to follow a light; so is the man who shifts his chair into the warm sunshine from the shade. Of course, the consciousness of a plant moves slowly. That of men varies very much. In watching a company of recruits being drilled, you will see one man respond almost instantly to the word of command; another will take a second; a third two or three seconds. And there is as much variation in "placing" sensations even when they are perceived.

We may assume that as we go down lower and lower in the scale, through the animal, through the plant, into the mineral, consciousness becomes slower and slower in its changes, but not extinct. And there are changes in the life even of the stone. It is subject to magnetic and electric changes, and to changes of temperature and pressure. It feels the passage of the sun-spot. It grows, wakes. Of late we have learned that metals feel fatigue, and recover by rest; that they can even be poisoned and narcotized.

And beneath all these surface changes is the profounder life of the cell itself, of the molecule, even of the atom. Surface events stir but the surface of this deep life, which exists throughout our own bodies, unknown to us. We only know of the surface event we call a sensation. One day man may learn how to open and enter the ten thousand doors to the deeper fields of life in his own body, and then he will understand the cell and molecule from a side that science does not approach. J.

DAY DREAM

'WAY up yonder in the hills
Echoes caught the wild birds' trills;
Every night the wind sang low
That strange song we used to know,
When we loitered by the way,
Where the butterflies, so gay,
Held their revels by the stream,
Like mad fairies in a dream.
It's the song we used to hear
When the tiny brook, so clear,
Laughed and leaped beside the road,
Where so carelessly we strode.

Clang of bell and whistle's note,
Railway train and ferry-boat,
Bid us rouse ourselves anew,
For the world has work to do.

Wonder if the butterflies
Still delight some loiterer's eyes?
Wonder if the song yet thrills
'Way up yonder in the hills?

—Washington Star.



WOLF, A FAVORITE POINT-LOMA DOG

mined by endless experimentation only. Is it not to be hoped that as the laws governing the complex human organism are found to be simple and not many, we may find a wider therapeutic application for certain simpler forms of organized plant life, thereby reducing the necessity for so deeply drugging humanity as now.

A. C. McA.

The Flight of Carrier-Pigeons—Their Endurance Limited

THE powers of the carrier-pigeon are very great, but not quite so great as we usually suppose. None the less, he is one of the most powerful flyers in existence, being nearly equal to the wild duck and distinctly inferior only to the martin.

M. Dusolier, in the *Revue Scientifique*, sums up the pigeon's capabilities in a very careful manner, and after examining the statistics and discriminating between fact and fiction, he tells us that the greatest distances authentically accomplished have been from 700 to 1000 miles in Europe and about 1300 miles in America. Nevertheless, those long flights have not been successful, the birds being usually delayed and many of them lost. Beyond 620 miles the results have been precarious, and after a reasonable distance the birds get discouraged and have great difficulty in getting their bearings.

STUDENT

Therapeutic Properties of the Yerba Santa

ALONG with the advent of the new year come the calling voices of the newly budding flower life. Yielding to the caress of the fresh winds from the sea the acacia, a sun-burst of vibrant fluff, gracefully makes obeisance to the fluttering fronds of the palm, the militant poinsettia, rich-capped with crimson, stands guard over the lily, while the fragrance of the heliotrope and such of lesser stature, but none the less in evidence, fill the air with an ecstasy of perfume riches. The earth, as if to prove again the miracle of birth, gives from her dull brown bosom the choicest life and bids the world be glad.

One who walks the hills in these days of rapid change is attracted toward a low-growing shrub, which bears small pinnate, serrate leaves heavy ribbed and gray green with a soft woolly coat on the upper surface, that are gathered around the woody branches and send out an odor mild and pleasant in dilute form, but which cloy in excess. The ends of the branches are superimposed by small clusters of non-fragrant purple buds and blossoms that peculiarly attract lovers of the beautiful. The flower has a tubular fluted corolla with petaled, slightly converging border. The deeper purple tint at the margin seems to produce a haze of the same within, as one peers down its mazy throat, and there is seen at apparent distance in mystic blend pollen, stamen, style and ovary—truly the workshop of the infinite.

The *Yerba Santa*, for this it is, has virtues not yet wholly recognized. Its beauty and fragrance are grateful, but to these are to be added medical properties which are numerous and, although it is now used largely merely as an excipient to disguise the bitterness of quinine, other qualities are known. Its name, the sacred herb, is no doubt the outcome of some known merits which may be more fully apprehended later on.

Modern medicine is overladen with myriad compounds whose therapeutic action is deter-

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE Universal Brotherhood Organization again drew a large audience to the Isis

Theatre last Sunday night, to hear a fine musical program by students of the Isis Conservatory, and two admirable addresses one by Mrs. Hanson on "Principle or Expediency," and the other by Dr. Herbert Coryn on "Imagination." Mrs.

Hanson's paper was so interesting and practical and of such special value to parents that we reproduce some of its more salient features:

"If you have reason to think that a boy or girl in your neighborhood is not a suitable companion for your children, have you the courage to absolutely forbid all intercourse and if need be, give up your social duties and devise some other means of entertainment that will keep your children away from undesirable companions? Not in many cases; none of the other mothers make a fuss and you don't like to hurt their feelings, etc. If the child had smallpox there would be no such delicacy of feeling. Which is worse, physical smallpox, or moral degradation? Or it may be your child is very easily influenced, and consequently hasn't the strength to resist the influence of one stronger in will than he. Don't let self-satisfaction blind you and allow you to take the position that so many take from pride, saying 'None of my family or my husband's family ever did anything disgraceful, and of course my boy never will,' and use that to excuse yourself from throwing safeguards around your boy to prevent him from forming habits that will cost you both tears of blood, that will, perhaps, wreck his life entirely. Fathers, which is more important from the standpoint of your boy's life, to build up a business—making everything else subservient to that—or to take time to find out whether he is growing up with noble aspirations and high purposes, or with bad habits and low ideals? In a recent murder case in Chicago, the murderer was eighteen or twenty years old, it is stated, and his mother had for years been prominent in clubs formed for the purpose of helping young boys, and especially to keep them from reading objectionable books. She said, 'I never dreamed that my boy wasn't all right.' Poor woman. Now he wasn't all right, and couldn't have been a wilful murderer in a minute. Where were her eyes and ears for nearly twenty years that she never suspected he needed some of the care she was bestowing upon other boys?

"Children ought to be born pure and healthy in mind and body, but they are not. We can see failings in other children, but deliberately shut our eyes to the shortcomings of our own. Half the time you begin it when company is around. You may have spent half an hour telling them how delicate Willie is, how he has a weak throat, and you have to be so careful and guard against every draught and change his clothes every time the weather changes and not allow him to play games where he will be overheated. But do you expend one-half that time on John, who comes in then perhaps, rude, rough and overbearing, to ask for something you know he ought not to have? You are so afraid your friends will see him in his true character, you begin to make excuses for his manner to you, his mother! and grant the request, knowing he has taken advantage of the situation, because he knows you will not correct him then. You don't mind their knowing of Willie's physical weakness, but you wouldn't have them know of John's moral weakness for the world—so you make an exhibition of your own weakness in-

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Addresses on "Principle or Expediency" by Mrs. Hanson --- and
"Imagination" by Dr. Coryn

Reprinted from the San Diego News

stead. How much you would gain if you would be firm, letting him see he cannot force you by his own bad behavior to allow him to do something you do not approve of! It is an awful thing to deceive a child, but it is just as bad to allow one to deceive you. In the first case, they lose faith in your integrity, and in the latter, lose faith in your intelligence.

Cultivate your children, be comrades with them. Let the forming of their characters be your life-work. What right have we, as mothers, to wear ourselves out over frills and ruffles and fancy cooking, when plain living would give us time to spend with our children, to say nothing of the dyspepsia and vanity we would spare them? Katherine Tingley has said that if mothers would spend just half the time now spent in petting and admiring and indulging children, in trying to draw out their moral natures and trying to find their souls, the Kingdom of Heaven would come almost in the twinkling of an eye. And what do social pleasures stand for if they are a barrier between your children and the light? What is business success if it shuts you away from your children? Considering the one item of expense alone, which is wiser, to give your child meat and sweets three times a day and pay a doctor's bill every few months, or to use the balance you may have left, after providing plain and nourishing food, in books, games, or perhaps a trip that will bring him into some touch with humanity? What we mothers and fathers need is not less love, but more wisdom. Let us not sacrifice ourselves less, but let us sacrifice ourselves more wisely. Let us consider when we are yielding some vital principle just because our child will make himself disagreeable if we do not, or just because we fear the criticism or the comparisons of our neighbors—let us consider what kind of seed we are planting and what the harvest will be. Is it not often true that to do something, or let the child do something merely because it is pleasant now, may be to plant the seeds of an evil tendency that ten or twenty years from now will be his undoing?

"How many mothers or fathers can see in the child's little impulses the future good or bad habits grown to maturity? And yet this is just the knowledge that we need, *that we must have*, if we are going to be strong enough to do the wise thing. Otherwise we shall begin by strengthening the child's weakness and end by losing his respect. Many a father and mother has wondered why the son or daughter will not take their advice. Would you take the advice of some one whom you could threaten or coax into acquiescence whenever you wanted something that wasn't good for you? Would you respect a person who chose the convenient thing rather than the right thing? Would you have respect for a person whom you could systematically hoodwink and deceive? There is your answer.

"The real failures were made when that child was in the nursery, in the cradle, yes, even before it was born. We simply don't see these failures for what they are at that time, and years later, when we do have to face facts, we are unprepared to meet them. Let us stop thinking of ourselves as so many blank sheets of paper upon which the relatives or neighbors are to write their opinion. Let us stop thinking of our children as little reflectors, mirrors of other children. Let us think of ourselves as the immortal souls that we are. Then we will have the courage to find out what is best and do it."

Lotus Group at Vestermalm Kungsholmen, Stockholm, Sweden

In October last we moved into our new rooms and invited all the good people who lived with us in our former apartments to come with us, and they did. There was "Faithfulness," who took care of the pictures, and "Gratitude," who carried the money-bags. "Fortuna" had the Swedish flag, "Watchfulness" the dear Lotus Group flag, and our two tiniest Lotus Buds who are called "Lotus" and "Comfort" carried the Golden Cord. At the head went the "Fairy of Love" with the burning torch and her companion the "Fairy of Joy" with flowers and our music books; and so it was that when we moved into the new apartments all these friends were there to receive us. "Watchfulness" standing outside the door and the fairies inside. They had the torches burning and said to each one, "Heart-life gives sunlight." As each comrade entered a flower was received with the words "Life is Joy." With songs and music the meeting was closed.

Every child now has one of the Lotus Song books, translated into Swedish. The children enjoy them very much, particularly the action-songs. We continue our work as before, with stories and recitations, and at every meeting one of the children speaks upon a given subject. It may be interesting to know that the children's favorite song is the "Sun Temple."

ALMA NORSELL, Secretary

Work of Girl's Club of I. B. L., Stockholm, Sweden

A club was started more than four years ago, shortly after the Leader's visit to Stockholm in 1889. During the whole time weekly meetings have been held and the youngest members take an active and positive interest in the work. The offices of secretary, treasurer and librarian have been filled by the young girls themselves.

In addition to our own entertainments the young members of the Girl's Club have assisted in the monthly public meetings given by the Universal Brotherhood Lodge in Stockholm.

This time we have taken up a new study in the club which the girls find intensely interesting. At the close of every meeting we have an hour's lesson in English, and the progress made by some of the girls is surprising. At every other meeting one of the subjects under discussion is taken from the objects of the I. B. L. We are just now very busy preparing the Christmas festival for poor children.

ANNA SONESSON

Lotus Group at Sodermalm Stockholm, Sweden

We have just finished the first series of Lotus Leaflets and New Year will find us beginning the second series. The children begin to understand what it means.

to make Theosophy a living power in their lives. They realize that nothing but heart-life can ever change the world and make it a better place.

We have had new members lately and the club is growing greatly. We are now teaching the children new songs.

AGNES EKHOLM

General Report, Stockholm, Sweden

The teachers of all the Lotus Groups in Stockholm have finished translating the Raja Yoga Symposium and have found the work a real inspiration. They have already begun to teach it and the children enter into it with unusual enthusiasm. The very small children become more than ever our co-workers and helpers, and are not only a comfort and joy in the preparation of these Symposiums but a positive help, both to the teachers and to the older children. We are now giving the children lessons in English twice a week.

ANNA SONESSON, *Superintendent*

Delayed Report of Lotus Group at Ostermalm, Majorsgatan, Stockholm, Sweden

Lotus Group work is progressing more than satisfactorily. The children are much interested about the life in Loma-land, and we feel that every week brings them nearer to the center. They are also much interested in all reports of the work done in Cuba. The attendance is increasing. We have the best of music, besides the Lotus songs, having selections from Beethoven, Wagner, Schumann and others.

ANNA SONESSON, *Secretary*

Youngstown, Ohio, Lotus Group No. 1

After our summer vacation we began our meetings in the new headquarters. The first meeting was opened with the singing of the "Sun Temple." The superintendent expressed her pleasure at the good attendance, and in the course of the

meeting we found that all had been trying their utmost to put into practice during vacation the teachings of brotherhood and helpfulness that they had received.

We received at this meeting the Raja Yoga Symposium entitled "The Little Philosophers," and all agreed that it must be sympathetically and carefully prepared. Our aim is to lift the children into some realization of its inner meaning so that the presentation would have a real heart touch. After some reorganization of classes, the meeting closed with song. During subsequent meetings we have given part of the time to a study of the Raja Yoga Symposium. The work is growing and we feel not only a new inspiration but a greater hope.

FLORENCE C. REED, *Secretary*
M. C. HINEY, *Superintendent*

Report of the San Francisco Lotus Group

OUR Lotus Group has a splendid attendance. The "setting-up" exercises, marching and drill, interest the children to a marked degree. I see developing among them a greater unity of action and a well defined poise and steadiness, due largely, I think, to the exercises. Before they were introduced by Mrs. Tingley the discipline was markedly less satisfactory than is now the case. Last month was devoted to our forthcoming symposium, *The Little Philosophers*. There is spirit and enthusiasm in all the rehearsals and very much determination among the children to remove the "stumbling-blocks" everywhere. We have had many evidences that the Lotus Group training is, in its effects, reaching both home and school through the children. It is apparent that the teaching is changing for the better not only the children's own lives but the lives of their associates. I often think if one hour a week of Katherine Tingley's Raja Yoga training produces such results, what must be the result when the whole education of the child is guided by her methods!

HARRIET H. SOMERS, *Superintendent*

The Common People at Church

THE Rev. Dr. Loomis of Boston, writing in a Congregational magazine, appears to be not unwilling to face courageously the main problems which confront the churches of today. We wish that his words might effectively reach those who seem to have no higher idea of their mission than to wrangle ceaselessly about creeds and emoluments or to lie spellbound under the fallacy that they still possess the power which has passed away from them. Dr. Loomis says:

The pure, high faith of our fathers, in accordance with whose principles our institutions were founded, and by loyalty to which they must stand or fall, the Protestant faith has almost no following among the working people of our towns and cities. They who comprise two-thirds and more of the population scarcely supply one-tenth of its congregation to the average Protestant church. It is a situation full of peril. With the great masses of the common people alienated, the folks for whom the Lord of Glory died and to whom his gospel was primarily given—the folks who have the children and they who hold the future in their hardened, toilstained hands—it is small wonder that churches grow but slowly or stand stock-still, their pews half empty and forlorn, and their Sunday-schools shrinking.

It ought not to be displeasing to a commercial people to be reminded that there is a law of supply and demand in the church world as well as in the market place. The churches were made for the people and not the people for the churches. If the "great masses of the common people" no longer come to church it is because they do not find there the sympathy which they need. It was Abraham Lincoln who said that God must certainly think a lot of the common people or he would not have made so many of them, but the money element now enters so largely into church life that we cannot be surprised if those who have no money feel somewhat out of place and believe that the church welcome is not for them.

If those who so loudly deplore the abstention of the masses would but use their imagination a little more they would be puzzled a little less. Let them ask themselves how many of the practical needs of daily life are supplied by the average sermon. What has the preacher to say to the injustices of our social system, except that they are the will of God which both he and his hearers know very well to be untrue? What has he to say about the actual and practical problems of the day which will commend itself to the intelligence of his congregation? With rare exceptions he has absolutely nothing to say.



COUNTRY LIFE IN IRELAND—A WHEELLESS TURF CART

Can he give to the people anything which they can take home with them to the tenement house, anything which can drive away the spectres of fear and of desperation with which their hearts are filled?

Can he make them understand that nothing happens anywhere, at any time, except in obedience to eternal law, that divine caprice is *not* one of the mysteries of life, that there is no human ill which cannot be removed by human will and that the voices of money and of majorities are not the voices of God.

These are the things which "the man in the street" needs to be told and retold until he shall have learned it well.

He needs a message of his own divinity, of his own godlike and creative power, of the force which he can wield by imagination and by fraternity. A dead theology has thrown him to his knees. Now let a live theology raise him to his feet and show him that he suffers from himself and by no other will than his own. Then the churches will once more find their place in a world of men.

STUDENT

JUDGE NOT

Verses by the New Zealand poet, Mr. THOMAS BRACKER, in
T. P.'s Weekly

NOT understood. We move along asunder.
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life? And then we fall asleep—
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions.
And hug them closer as the years go by.
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall and live and die—
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge;
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age—
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,
Which lie beneath the surface and the show.
Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbors, and they often go—
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us.
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight—
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy! Ah! day by day.
How many cheerless lowly hearts are breaking!
How many noble spirits pass away—
Not understood.

O God! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see;
O God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another, they'd be nearer Thee—
And understood.

The Laying of the Ghost



LIVE WINFORD'S eyes were blinded by tears as she stumbled unseeing along the pretty bush track that led to her home from a visit to the little country post-office. So lately filled with joyous anticipation, crushed now and withered were all her hopes, as the dead leaves that nestled beneath her feet, her cup of happiness dashed from her lips by blackest treachery. The two people she had most trusted in the world had deceived her, and in place of the letter she had expected to receive from her lover was a short note stating that he had married her dearest friend, and that they were on the eve of going to Europe. Not only was the blow severe in itself, but the prospect of all the careless curiosity, the half-pitying sympathy, and the endless gossip about "Olive Winford's unhappy affair" that would supply an interesting topic for all the afternoon tea-tables of the district, flooded into the girl's unhappy mind.

"I cannot bear it!" she sobbed. "It is too cruelly unjust. If I could only hate them, it would be a relief, but I can't even do that; it is just all pain, pain, darkness and misery. Oh, Horace! Minnie! how could you, when I trusted you so!"

She opened the garden-gate and her little dog rushed up to her with the wildest demonstrations of affection. "Good little doggie," she said, patting his head; then the sense of her loss overpowering her, she turned aside to the pine grove, and, throwing herself at the feet of one of the trees, sobbed unrestrainedly. Tiny was in great distress and vainly tried to attract her attention by little whines and kicks, then finally lifted up his voice and howled. "Oh, Tiny," gasped his mistress, roused at last, "this will never do," and the little creature, relieved, scrambled into her lap. "There, your mistress has had her cry now, and neither you, nor the world, will hear anything more about it—but, oh, dear! I feel a hundred. Life is a sore puzzle! I'm thankful grandmother will not be home for a day or two."

The time that followed was weary enough, for the old-time interests and gayeties had lost their zest for Olive, fraught as they were with memories. Then suddenly her grandmother died, and the girl found herself without ties and in possession of a comfortable income.

"I will travel," she said. "There is nothing to keep me here longer. I will go and visit my father's people in the old country."

So joining a party of friends who were going for a pleasure trip, Olive found

herself in Egypt. What an attraction the Pyramids in the desert had for her, and the Sphinx! It seemed to open a new world. Coming from a country untrammelled by tradition, unweighted by a past, as she used to think, the sense of that ancient civilization pressed in upon her consciousness and left its ineffaceable mark; and later, when she reached England to find herself again among the rush and hurry of modern life, albeit a different phase to what she had experienced before, the moments she most valued were the quiet times of night, when she stood at her ivy-encircled window and, gazing at the shining stars, pictured them sparkling above the solemn Sphinx in the silent desert, who seemed to whisper, "Solve me, solve me," and to Olive she represented life.

Walking one day through one of the London Parks, Olive noticed a lady in front of her drop a book, and in picking it up some papers fell from it; in replacing them her eyes fell upon this fragment, "Out of the furnace of man's life and its black smoke winged flames arise, flames purified that soaring onward weave in the end the three vestures of the path." She hurried after the lady, who was delighted to get her book, which she had just missed, and thanked her warmly. Olive, taken with the look in her clear kind eyes, and feeling she should tell her, said in reply, flushing as she spoke, "I read one of your extracts before I quite understood what I was doing, and I do so feel that I would like to ask you what it meant, it seemed to strike some chord of memory and yet I am sure I have never heard it before."

The lady looking at the earnest winsome face before her, impulsively laid her hand on the girl's arm. "Will you come to a children's entertainment with me, I am going there now."

Olive agreed and together they walked on.

"You seemed to me like an old friend from the first moment I saw you," the girl said eagerly, a month later, and though it is but a few weeks since we met, I know you better than people and even relations I have known all my life."

"All your *present* life," replied Miss Thornton, "for may be we were friends in other lives, how else indeed explain our friendship now, there must be some cause, and the feeling you speak of is mutual?"

"And the children," continued Olive, "have the opportunity of learning from the very beginning that they have the power to dominate their lower natures, and indeed that it is their business to; it is wonderful and beautiful! How comforting to know one has lived on earth before, and will again! that was what the Sphinx seemed to tell me in Egypt and if she could not speak, still the knowledge reached my heart; and Dorothy, dear, to think I am going to be one of yourselves! How hard I must work to fit myself to teach the little ones! And how grand to know how we can transmute ancient evil into good by love! how little we realize what Jesus meant by 'hatred ceaseth not by hatred but through love'—we could not very well until we knew of eternal life. The teachings make a past situation in my life so clear to me. Two people greatly injured me, and I almost felt as if I should have hated them for it, but fortunately for me I couldn't, and now I can see I must have deserved it, because of past action; it seemed horribly unjust in those old days, but I really feel I love them now, for see the great good that has come to me out of the old time pain! the chance to learn the truth about life and become of some practical use in the world! Dorothy, dear old friend of now and long ago, I have treated you to a long talk about myself, let me rather show my joyful satisfaction in action. Will you let me, and will you help me, give your poor dear little city Lotus Buds and Blossoms a real day in the country to celebrate the laying of one old ghost from out the past, the burial of a past enmity? Hurrah for Universal Brotherhood and its practical realization, say I.

ETHNE

Wolseley's Description of Lee

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WOLSELEY, late Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, gives an interesting picture of General Lee, whom, with Stonewall Jackson, he visited at the headquarters of the Confederate Army.

"He (Lee) was the ablest General, and to me seemed the greatest man I have ever conversed with; and yet I have had the privilege of meeting with Von Moltke and Bismarck. . . . General Lee was one of the few men who ever seriously impressed me with their natural, their inherent greatness. Forty years have come and gone since our meeting, yet the majesty of his manly bearing, the genial winning grace, the sweetness of his smile, and the impressive dignity of his old-fashioned style of address, come back to me amongst the most cherished of my recollections. His greatness made one humble. . . ."

BETWEEN the origin of the primitive races of Southwestern Asia and the appearing of the people of Israel upon the stage of life had rolled unnumbered millenniums; hence there is no reason for serious discussion over historical traditions said to be possessed by Israel regarding those primitive times.—*Gunkel*

HE WHO holds dead land a possession and living souls none of his, needs wake no curse; for he is in the very pit of creation, a live outrage on the human bounty.—*George Macdonald*

MILLIONS of men have good ideas—and carry them into the grave with them. It is good to think brotherhood, but the only benefactor is he who acts.

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

What Is Life?—Science and Imagination

SIR OLIVER LODGE is one of those scientists who are not afraid to supplement intellectual knowledge by heterodox speculation and imagination. With speedy feet imagination runs ever in advance of true science and fortunate is he who recognizes that its light is not alluring nor deceptive but rather the pillar of fire by night which leads away from ignorance.

Sir Oliver Lodge asks himself what is the essential reality of life and he admits that we do not know. We are, however, certain that it is a process of change. In the "organic" world that process manifests itself as growth, culmination and decay. Constant change he tells us is the concomitant of every form of life, and now we are forced to concede that this same condition of change is found to exist through the whole material universe. Well may the learned Professor ask himself what this means and having thereby reached the shore he seems to have no hesitation in plunging into the ocean. There are, he says, "those who have surmised that matter is after all only the weapon and vehicle of mind." He points out that every thought changes the motion and configuration of the brain molecules and "it will be, at any rate, a suggestive analogy if a material process of essentially similar sort is found to be occurring throughout what we know as the inorganic world—the world of dead matter; and we shall begin to ask, does all this motion correspond to some universal thought or mental activity likewise?"

It is indeed a very suggestive analogy and it is suprising that science for so long hesitates to grasp a solution so entire and so illuminating. If thought changes the molecules of the brain who can question that it changes the molecules of the whole body, and if change in the human body is the necessary concomitant of thought why must we suppose some other cause to account for the changes throughout nature both organic and inorganic? Why not indeed recognize the existence of an universal mind which operates throughout the whole of nature as the human mind operates throughout the human body? Why not admit that the phenomena of nature are the indices to the point of evolution which has been reached by the underlying mind? If the shape and configuration of a human brain indicated, for example, a low order of intelligence, why should not the condition of a flint indicate also a corresponding point in consciousness, why should not the whole of nature, organic and inorganic alike, be recognized as the vesture of a consciousness which is struggling to express itself whether its present expression be the mind of the philosopher or the spark from the flint?

To this point science must ultimately come whether it recognize or not that the new order of thought is Theosophy. Sir Oliver Lodge seems so near to that point that we are encouraged to believe that his speculations are a presage of an approaching and speedy advance along the whole line.

STUDENT

Cheaper Radium May Be Obtained from Petroleum

THAT Radium should remain for long at its present prohibitive price is clearly improbable and there are already evidences that nature is willing to open a little wider the door of her treasure house. Professor Himstedt of Freiburg in Germany believes that all products of water and petroleum yield a gas which is very similar to the emanation of radium and he believes that a large number of bodies possess the quality of giving off a kind of Becquerel ray. In this respect radium would differ from the other bodies only as the magnetism of steel differs from that of iron, that is to say only in degree.

NEARLY every day brings news of some fresh scientific activity on the part of the University of California. It is now reported that some new and very valuable astronomical instruments have been added to the observatory and have been fully installed. Among them are some very fine photographic appliances and a new engine for use therewith which is now on its way from Germany. The astronomical work immediately in view is to ascertain the position of the Watson asteroids of which the perturbations are being very carefully calculated.

The Nature of Comets and the Manifestations of Radium

A REMARKABLE similarity between the nature of comets and the phenomena of radium, the newly discovered element, has just been noticed by Prof. Vernon Boys, the eminent British mathematician, who says:

It does not seem possible now to contemplate the phenomena of the comet—of the divided tails, of their tenuity and transparency, of the pale luminosity, partly reflected solar light, partly light as from a glowing gas; of the gradual wearing out and disappearance of those comets which constantly pay visits to solar regions—with all the mysteries of radium now so much in evidence, without tracing the features in which they resemble one another. By radium, of course, I mean any material with the remarkable radio-active properties that radium exhibits with such pre-eminent splendor, whether known in the laboratory or not.

Comets have exercised a weird fascination from the earliest days of human history and the mystery in which they are still shrouded is penetrated very little more than in the days when the fate of rulers and nations was universally believed to be connected with their appearance and movements.

To the student of Theosophy the new fields of speculation into which scientific men have been launched, by the discovery of the radio-active substances such as radium, promise great hope for future research, because every moment science approaches nearer to the truths which H. P. Blavatsky gave her life to disseminate as she built her strong foundation for the great work of uniting the human race in the bonds of brotherhood. In direct connection with the subject of Professor Boys' words and in anticipation of the whole trend of modern research, H. P. Blavatsky said:

The essence of cometary matter is totally different from any of the chemical or physical characteristics with which modern science is acquainted. [Written in 1888] It is homogeneous in its primitive form beyond the solar systems, and differentiates entirely once it crosses the boundaries of our earth's region, vitiated by the atmospheres of the planets and the already compound matter of the interplanetary stuff, heterogeneous only in our manifested world. . . . Every atom contains in itself creative energy of the Divine breath.

When this was first published no substance with the "chemical or physical characteristics" of radium was known to science. M.

The Cause of Appendicitis Said to Be Meat Eating

APPENDICITIS is not an inviting subject although it is one which is forcing itself more and more upon public attention. Perhaps Dr. Chauvel, medical inspector to the French army, knows more about this strange disease than any other living authority, having for many years made it the subject of his special study. He finds that among the troops in Algeria and Tunisia it is the European soldiers who suffer from appendicitis and that among them it is ten times more common than among the native troops and that it is more common among the latter than among the native civil population where it is practically unknown. Dr. Chauvel draws from these facts the inference that the disease is induced by meat eating and that its appearance among the native soldiers is due to their partial adoption of a meat diet. The native population is of course entirely vegetarian and it would seem that appendicitis attacks the native soldiers only when they imitate the dietetic habits of their European comrades. A medical specialist writing to the *Matin* confirms these conclusions by pointing out that the malady is rarely found among the vegetarian peoples of the Orient, and that it is much more common among the meat eaters of big cities than among the more abstemious peasantry. Dr. Chauvel's investigations should be made widely known especially in countries where appendicitis seems to be so substantially upon the increase.

STUDENT

ONCE in my hearing a friend who had not seen him for years congratulated Herbert Spencer on his good health, as evidenced by his rosy cheeks. "Do not," said the latter, "confuse complete with incomplete relation. Because some healthy people are ruddy, all ruddy people are considered healthy; whereas a ruddy complexion may denote a flabby vascular system."—*George Hles in Outlook*

Here and There Throughout the World



INDIAN VILLAGE AT ALERT BAY, BRITISH COLUMBIA

The totems denote crest and quarterings of the chief in whose honor they are erected, precisely as in European heraldry. The Thunderbird on the right was until lately firmly believed to be the maker of the thunder, and is a prominent crest among the Nimpkish tribe.

Proposed Alliance of the Mongolians It appears from an apparently well-informed correspondent of the *Spectator* that as long ago as 1895 there was an attempt on the part of Japan to form a sort of league of the Mongolian races. This was the *Eastern Asia One Script Society*. Presumably this would mean Japan, China, Korea, Burma and Siam. We are not told what was (or is) its purpose, but the writer speaks with considerable indignation. As if these peoples had not precisely the same right to make alliances as we! Indeed, no surer way could be found of driving them to it than this very attitude. The contact of the Mongol with Western civilization may be making him feel that he would rather not have any, or that he will at any rate make his own selection. Let any one read the history of the contact of China with Western Powers during the last sixty years up to today, and then imagine the feelings with which she must regard them.

The United States & Hague Tribunal THE following quotation from Baron d'Estournelles de Constant will be read with interest. He says:

The United States helped the cause of peace by submitting the first case to the Hague tribunal, and I believe American statesmen would do well to come into closer contact with Europe. On this ground I have been invited to visit America next year. I shall go to the St. Louis Fair and deliver a series of lectures on the subject. My main object will be to obtain the formation in America of a group of Congressmen favorable to arbitration, who will afterward visit France and help the great movement for the world-wide adoption of arbitration between nations.

America will remember her traditions and will give to the enlightened Frenchman the encouragement and the aid for which he asks.

German Military Service Unpopular THE German authorities are divided between the desire to deny and to explain the growing unpopularity of military service. And yet recent events should simplify the problem. For example, two officers at Magdeburg have been punished for torturing privates, kicking them, and scrubbing their naked bodies with nail brushes. Ten gunners at Cologne have been tried for a similar offence. An officer at Rensburg has been arrested upon 1,500 cruelty charges, and these are some illustrations out of many. When private soldiers show a lack of enthusiasm in revenging misused missionaries, it is not surprising that they should go further still and object to have their naked bodies scrubbed with nail brushes.

A Brussels Doctor on Tuberculosis DR. NEUSHOLME, speaking in Brussels at the conference on hygiene, is responsible for the statement "that poverty and tuberculosis are close companions, poverty not only furnishing the appropriate soil, but also increasing the closeness of contact and the frequency of opportunities of infection." It would seem from this that the effects of poverty cannot be confined to slums and tenements, however much we may try. It matters not how consistently we refuse to share the burdens of misery or to remove them, or with what regularity we deny the claims of brotherhood, Nature has a silent and an insistent way with her, and she proves that we are indeed our brothers' keepers by infecting us with their poverty-born tuberculosis.

Kindness of the Natives of Thibet HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR is responsible for a very general idea that the Thibetans are cruel savages, and that white men falling into their hands are liable to be tortured. However unpleasant his own experiences may have been their cause will be readily understood by those who have read his book. Other travelers unite in ascribing great good humor and kindness to the people of Thibet. Sven Hedin says:

A few years ago an uncritical young man astonished us with tales of his having been tortured in Thibet; but I was in no degree deterred by his sensational stories—for the simple reason that I did not believe them. The fiendish cruelty of Thibet belongs to the realm of bugaboo.

Big Army Estimates in Europe & Asia THE expenditure for armaments in this year of our Lord is almost of an inconceivable magnitude. The current estimates for the armies of England, Germany, France, Italy, Japan, Russia and Spain amount to the stupendous total of nearly \$900,000,000, and so far from diminishing the cost is in nearly every instance increased. Truly it is a grim satire alike upon religion and upon civilization. The ancient cant about securing peace by being prepared for war, is nearly threadbare. These vast and murderous machines create their own demand and their very existence implies their use.

The Kishineff Massacres Avenged THE Russian Government has very largely proved its good faith in the matter of the Kishineff massacres by the sentences which have been passed upon some of the chief offenders. Two of the accused have been sentenced to seven and five years' penal servitude, respectively, and twenty-two others will go to prison for one or two years. The sentences are not, of course, of great severity, nor can we doubt that a large number of guilty persons have been allowed to go free, but then Russia has by no means a monopoly of peculiarities in criminal procedure.

Mexican Villagers Must Paint Quick THE Mayor of a Mexican town, which is described as being just across the boundary line, has lately issued an order that every house is to be painted, and that the work is to be finished within one month. A tradition exists that there are other towns upon *this* side of the boundary line which a little paint would almost transfigure, but had the enterprising Mexican Mayor nothing to say about untidy back-yards? Perhaps there were none in that favored locality, and resemblances must of course end somewhere.

The Rapid Russification of Poland THE Russification of Poland proceeds so rapidly that it seems that the very processes of nature must bear the Imperial seal. A certain kind of rye-seed introduced by the Government into the Polish provinces was found to be a failure. One of the agricultural papers having called attention to this, was reminded by the censor "that Russian seed had for all future time been introduced into the western provinces, and would not be allowed to fail."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Story of a Rain-drop

DEAR CHILDREN: I once knew a sweet lady who lived near the great Atlantic Ocean. She loved little children even better than she loved birds and flowers, which was saying a great deal, and at one time, as it chanced, there came into her life a sad little motherless boy. He was only five years old, and she often used to tell him stories. One of them, although he is a grown man, he remembers to this day. She called it "The Story the Rain-drop Told Me," and this is it:

Once upon a time I lived with hundreds and hundreds of brothers and sisters in the great ocean. There we all took hold of hands and played with each other; and the winds played with us and took us up on their backs, making us into little waves and great waves. And sometimes, when the winds were not there, we would spread ourselves out smooth like a looking-glass, and look up into the sky; and the moon and the stars would look down upon us.

We wanted to go up into the sky; and so, when the sun sent down his sunbeams, and the stars sent down their starbeams, and the moon sent down her moonbeams, some of us would jump up on their backs and ride into the sky.

But soon they would be tired of us, and shake us off; and down we would fall. Then we would catch hold of hands and make ourselves into clouds; and when the clouds got to be so heavy that the air could not hold them up, we would let go of hands and fall down in drops of rain. But sometimes the clouds would stay up and sail around; and one day the cloud that I was in bumped up against a mountain, and we all fell out, down into the little holes of the mountain, and soon I was all alone in the dark. But I saw a light a little way off, and so I ran along and came to the light which was outside the mountain. And as I stood there I saw a great many of my brothers and sisters standing at just such holes as the one I was looking out of; and when we saw each other, we burst out laughing and ran to each other, and took hold of hands. And all together we made a little brook that ran down the sides of the mountain into a meadow full of beautiful flowers; and so we ran all about the meadow, watering the roots of all the flowers we could reach to make them grow, for we wanted to do as much good as we could. And then we thought we would run on, and see if we could find our old home in the ocean, where we left hundreds of brothers and sisters. But as I got rather tired, I decided to stop and rest awhile on this leaf. But now I am rested, so I will jump off and run to my home in the ocean as fast as I can. A LOTUS GROUP TEACHER

NO friend is more faithful and more necessary to the Eskimo than his dog. It is the dog that draws the laden sledge from place to place, living on the plainest food, sleeping in the snow. He drags home the trophies after a walrus or seal hunt—for the Eskimo lives in a land where grain cannot be raised, and he depends upon the hunt for his living. It is his dog that serves him by day and guards him at night. Strong, capable of great endurance, faithful, kind and intelligent—what would the Eskimo do without him?

The Story of Gellert

DEAR CHILDREN: Last summer I was in Wales and, among other places, I visited Snowdon. There my friends pointed out to me the grave of the noble Gellert. "And who was Gellert?" I asked, supposing it to be the name of some great lawgiver or warrior.

"Gellert," they said, "was a dog, a magnificent deerhound. He lived many, many years ago, and he belonged to the Prince Llewellyn, who often left his baby boy in charge of the great faithful creature.

"One day Llewellyn returned home to find the baby's cradle upset and empty and the dog standing beside it, his mouth dripping with blood. 'Can it be,' said the Prince, almost maddened by the thought, 'can it be that Gellert has killed my son?' and, scarcely knowing what he did, he ran his sword through the dog's body. As Gellert lay dying Llewellyn heard the baby's voice. There, behind the overturned cradle and nearly covered with blankets, was his little son, unharmed. Nearby was the lifeless body of a great wolf which the faithful Gellert had slain.

"The Prince was overcome with grief, and they say that to his dying day he could not speak of Gellert without tears. That all men might know of his gratitude, he buried the dog with honor and erected a beautiful monument over his grave. The spot is known as Beth-Gellert to this day." Affectionately,
AUNT EDYTHE



ONE OF OUR LOMA-LAND FRIENDS

DEAR CHILDREN: Not long ago, near Placerville, California, two miners fell into an old mine shaft that had been abandoned. After a time, to their great surprise, a searching party came to their rescue, for no one ever went down into the mine, and the two men had no means of letting any one know of their distress. The rescuers said that they were directed to the shaft by seeing the little dog that belonged to one of the men watching beside it. The faithful animal would not leave until his master had been taken out, although he had been without food or water for several days.

E. W.

THE BROOKLET

From the French of Victor Hugo, translated by a Raja Yoga student

A BROOKLET fell from a rock
Into the surging sea,
And the Sea said, "Why, little stream,
What are you asking of me?"

"I am so stormy and big,
I reach away out to the sky.
Of a poor little helper like you
Not the least need have I."

But the Brooklet said to the sea,
"Dear Ocean, pause—and think—
That which you lack, I give,—
Sweet, pure water to drink!"

My New Year

Extract from an essay written by a Raja Yoga girl

EVERY new year should be the beginning of something newer and better. See how many people do the same things year in and year out, not striving in the least to progress. Naturally, to these people life seems dull and monotonous. Some people think that New Year's is merely the beginning of a period of twelve months, but it has a deeper meaning. It should be a time

when we put in practice all our best resolutions.

A great many people make good resolutions, but they fail to practice them, for that takes perseverance and unselfishness.

Every new year should be a seed-time for planting good resolutions. But we should not only plant; we should cultivate so that at the end of the year we will have accomplished something or, in other words, we shall have a rich harvest.

Students'



Path

THE COMING TIME

by WILLIAM MORRIS

THEN a man shall work and bethink him, and rejoice in the deeds of his hand,
 Nor yet come home in the even too faint and weary to stand.
 Men in that time a-coming shall work, and have no fear
 For tomorrow's lack of earning and the hunger-wolf a-cour.
 O strange, new, wonderful justice! But for whom shall we gather the gain?
 For ourselves and for each of our fellows, and no hand shall labor in vain.
 Then all mine and all thine shall be ours, and no more shall any man crave
 For riches that serve for nothing but to fetter a friend for a slave.
 And what wealth there shall be left us when none shall gather gold,
 To buy his friend in the market and pinch and dwarf the sold?
 Nay, what save the lovely city, and the little house on the hill,
 And the wastes and the woodland beauty, and the happy fields we till.
 And the homes of ancient stories, the tombs of the mighty dead;
 And the wise men seeking out marvels and the poet's teeming head,
 And the painter's hand of wonder, and the marvelous fiddle-bow,
 And the banded choirs of music, all of those that do not know.
 For all these shall be ours and all men's, nor shall any lack a share
 Of the toil and the gain of living in the days when the world grows fair.

Out of the French

Some extracts from the writings of LAMENNAIS, specially translated from the French for the
 NEW CENTURY PATH by a Student

YE are all sons of one father, and by one mother have ye been nourished; why then love ye not one another as brethren, and why look ye one upon another as enemies?

He who bears not love towards his brother is seven times accursed, and he who looketh upon his brother as upon an enemy is accursed seventy times seven.

Render love one toward another and ye shall fear neither the great, nor princes, nor kings.

Say not, behold I am of one people and thou art of another, for all peoples have had one earthly father, who is Adam, and one father in heaven, who is God.

If a limb be wounded the whole body must suffer. Ye are all of the self-same body, and if there be one among you who is oppressed, then are ye all oppressed.

When ye shall see one who is led forth to prison or to punishment, hasten not to say here is an evil man who has committed a crime against his race. For peradventure he has good will towards men, and suffers now by the will of those who would oppress their kind.

When ye shall see a people bound with chains, and delivered over to the executioner, hasten not to say here is a violent people by whom the peace of the world is disturbed. For peradventure this is a martyred people who give up their lives for the love of men.

Eighteen hundred years ago in a city of the East the priests and the kings nailed upon a cross, after having beaten him with sticks, one whom they called seditious and a blasphemer. And upon that day of death there was a great terror in hell and in heaven there was great joy. By the blood of the just was the whole world saved.

Justice is life and charity is life, most sweet and most abundant.

The law of God is a law of love and love rises not itself above others but sacrifices itself for the sake of others.

He who says in his heart I am not like unto other men who have been given unto me that I may command them, and do with them according to my desire, such an one is the son of Satan.

A certain man journeyed amongst the mountains, and he came unto a place where a great rock, having fallen upon the road, entirely closed it

and there was no passage either to the right or to the left. Seeing then that he could no more continue his journey because of the rock, he tried to move it and so to make for himself a path, but although he toiled and became weary, his efforts were in vain. Being then full of sadness he seated himself and said, "What shall I do when night falls upon me in this solitude, without food, nor shelter, nor any defense against the savage beasts who search their prey?" And while he thus reflected another traveler arrived who, having in his turn sought fruitlessly to move the rock, sat himself down in silence with bent head. And there came many others, and not one of them could move the rock, and their fear was great. Then one of them said to the others: "My brothers, let us pray unto our Father in Heaven, and peradventure He will have pity upon us in our distress." And they heard his words, and from their hearts they prayed unto their Father in Heaven.

And when they had prayed, he who had first spoken, said: "My brothers, what no one of us is able to do alone, it may be that we can accomplish in unison." And they raised themselves, and unitedly they pushed upon the rock and moved it from their path, and pursued their journey in peace.

The traveler is man, and life is the journey and the rock is the sorrow, which he must meet at every step. No man alone can move that rock, but its weight has been so adjusted by God that it can never hinder those who travel in unison.

How Indians Catch Fish in Winter

WHEN on the rivers comes the ice in the winter there are many places where for a long way it is quiet, still water, which freezes quickly, and at the end is a riffle where the dashing of the water among the stones does not let it freeze. Now in the quiet water are many fishes, but the ice is thick above them so that it is not easy to catch them. Then the women make ready where the water is shallow and open among the stones. Everybody in the village comes to help in the fishing. Some stay at the open water where the fish will come. All the others go to the other end of the ice and makes much noise. They are in a line across and every one make noise. The men roll large stones before them, or beat with great sticks upon the ice; the boys have such things also, and the women. The dogs run and bark, and there is much noise as they all in a line go to the open water at the riffle. There the fishes come because they are frightened by so much noise, and because the water is shallow and full of stones; they cannot swim so fast, and are caught and thrown out on the banks or back upon the ice. There is much noise, and if there are many fish everybody is glad and there is feasting in the village. But only one time in one year can this be done, because all the fishes are caught at once, and it is not good to drive all the pools in one winter lest there be no fishes next year, and it is foolish to eat little fishes, because if they are left they will grow bigger.

HYAS LELÓO EÉNA

The Prayer of Zoroaster, 6000 B. C.

"I REPENT of all sins, all wicked thoughts, words and works, which I have meditated in the world. O, Lord, pardon.

"I repent of the sins which can lay hold of the character of man, or which have laid hold of my character, small or great, which are committed among men, the meanest sins which I have committed for the sake of others, or others for my sake, or if the hard sin has seized the character of an evil-doer on my account, such sins, thoughts, words, or works I repent of with the three words, pardon, O, Lord!

"The sins against father, mother, sister, brother, wife, child, against those living with me, against the neighbors, against servants, every unrighteousness through which I have been among sinners, of these sins repent I, pardon, O, Lord!

"Of pride, haughtiness, covetousness, slandering the dead, anger, envy, the evil eye, shamelessness, looking at with evil conscience, stiff-neckedness, self-willedness, sloth, despising others, false witness and judgment, theft, robbery, whoredom, unchastity, as well as all other kinds of sin, of these repent I, with thoughts, words and works. O, Lord, pardon, I repent."

WE reduce life to the pettiness of our daily living; we should exalt our living to the grandeur of life. —Phillips Brooks

A PARABLE

by N. H. WILLIS, in *Lucifer*, 1890

AN aged saint once fasted long
In penitence and prayer—
"Save me from Hell!" he cried, "and grant
That Heaven may end my care!"

"Oh, quench me not in wrath, dear Lord;
Oh, save my soul at last!"
And lo! an angel's fluttering wings
Approach him on the blast.

In one hand was a golden cup
Brimming with water bright.
The other held a ball of fire
Shimmering with holy light.

"Say what thy mission. Glorious One!"
"Quick to thy bended knee,
'Tis thus the message of thy God
Must be received by thee!"

"Know! Heaven and Hell do sore impede
The teaching of the Cross.
God wills men love him for Himself,
And not for gain or loss.

"This water shall Hell's flames put out,
This fire shall burn up Heaven!
My mission dread that unto me
By God Himself was given!"

The vision faded—but the saint
Had learned the lesson well;
"The Love of God," he cried, "is Heaven!
To want that Love is Hell."

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question What is the effect of nature on human life?

Answer (1) Without nature we should not even exist.

What we call nature is a form or expression of the One Life which is in us and in all things. Nature outside ourselves must affect our lives because of its oneness with Nature in ourselves. If we live true and pure lives close to the heart of being, we shall feel the kinship and friendship of Nature. The artificial, insincere and impure life is out of harmony with nature and does not respond to its healing and helpful influence until some trying experience causes a change, and nature brings this about.

We are ourselves the harp of seven strings, and if we keep in tune these strings will vibrate in joyful harmony to Nature's touch. Sky and sea and flowing streams, mountains and valleys, the broad expanse of prairies, the silence, music and majesty of forests, the songs of birds and the beauty of flowers, speak to us of the Universal Soul and awaken within us the deeper harmonies of life and a sense of the nearness of God. Nature, our great and tender mother, the bountiful giver, helps us in all things if we but live close to her heart. She lays a healing hand upon our wounds, softens our sorrows, makes brighter our joys, and renews our strength for greater endeavor.

Nature has her sterner aspects, for she is justice as well as love, and metes out that which is the due of every one, of nations and of races, visits upon them the destructive force of their own evil and makes clear the way for something better to follow. As a thunder-storm clears the atmosphere of impurities, so do all the terrible visitations of nature clear away accumulations that block the onward progress of the race, and those who suffer most from such destructive work are those who need it most.

"Help Nature and work on with her and Nature will regard thee as as one of her creators and make obeisance." B. W.

(2) Some men of modern science, notably, Buckle in his *History of Civilization*, attribute the character of the people, their social and political condition, and all material progress, as well as the manifesta-

tions of human thought in literature, art and religion, to the environment in which a nation or family is placed; and allow four factors, namely, climate, soil, food and the general aspect of nature as determining factors as to what their outcome will be. While the arguments are strong, and good as far as they go, yet it makes man a creature of circumstances, and leaves him out of consideration as a controlling agent in the affairs of the earth.

To a superficial observer it may appear that environment explains the growth of a nation, the development of character, the disposition and mental faculties of man, and that man's progress depends upon external circumstances, but a deeper study reveals the fact that to search for all the causes of the many phases of life, and even of the existence and activity of mental faculties such as the imagination, is a denial of the truth, which is, that all real growth is from within. Although environment has its effect, yet man can overcome its limitations by the power of his own knowledge and determination and aspiration. Such an explanation of life as dependent upon external Nature is far from satisfying to the student of Theosophy who looks upon Nature from another standpoint and to whom Nature, or Isis, is the preceptress, the teacher, who ever says to humanity, in the school of earth life, "Watch me and behold the marvels which I bring about," and ever shifting the scenes, presents throughout the ages, panorama after panorama, in endless procession before the gaze of man, and all for his benefit. Nature never seeks to intimidate man, however gigantic or even sometimes destructive her operations may be, but ever beckons him on, nurses him and ever strives to lift him higher both by the grandeur and magnitude of her physical changes and the delicacy and beauty of structure in things minute she ever excites the imagination, stimulates the mind to seek a broader, deeper understanding of the meaning of life and calls forth the heartiest admiration for the wonders she brings about for man's instruction.

Too often, man is so engrossed with the petty cares and anxieties of his life that he has no time, or thinks he has not, to lift his eyes from his occupation and look about, but remains rooted to a narrow daily routine, actually wasting time and substance, instead of profiting by the great opportunities so lavishly offered by Nature.

Through centuries of error in belief and act, men have come to look upon Nature as something apart from themselves, something in which they have no share; and from that comes an indifference and lack of interest in that as well as the affairs of life—a shirking of responsibility as it were—far better would it be, to realize, when viewing the scenes before us that we were a part of Nature and by our lives helped to build up or tear down her work, that, in other words, we were co-workers with her.

What is needed is the realization of the oneness of all things, of man with Nature, and with his fellow man, and of his power collectively to change the earth's surface, alter its conditions, banish selfishness and work with all the forces of Nature for the benefit of all. H. P. P.

The Diet of Children

EXTRACT from a Seventeenth century treatise on the care of children: "The Morning is generally designed for Study, to which a full stomach is but an ill Preparation. . . . I should think that a good piece of well-made and well-baked brown Bread, sometimes with and sometimes without Butter or Cheese, would be often the best Breakfast for my young Master. . . . If he at any Time calls for Victuals between Meals, use him to nothing but dry Bread. If he be hungry more than wanton, Bread alone will down; and if he be not hungry it is not fit he should eat."

Plain food, "without any Sauce but Hunger," is recommended throughout, and this "very sparingly seasoned with Sugar, and without much Mixture." Fruit "makes one of the most difficult chapters in the Government of Health. Our first Parents ventured Paradise for it; and it is no Wonder our Children cannot stand the Temptation. . . . I should not be altogether so strict in this Point, as some Parents are to their children, who, whenever they can get loose, eat to a Surfeit." Quaintest of all, however, is the following cutting remark: "Sweetmeats of all kinds are to be avoided; which, whether they do more Harm to the Maker or Eater, is not easy to tell. This, I am sure, is one of the most inconvenient Ways of Expense that Vanity hath yet found out; and so I leave them to the Ladies."

Savages at School

WE need to newly define what we mean by an University. In olden times the university was a center of culture in which a moral and intellectual light was kept burning. It appears now to be degenerating into a school for the cultivation of primal ferocities and of the bad manners which are peculiarly the creation of the present age. Thus an eastern newspaper relates how a party of students from one of the largest American Universities sought relaxation by cutting the trolley wires and so causing vexation and delay to thousands of people returning from their daily work. An educational newspaper in another part of the country quotes the remark of a business man which was casually overheard at a football game:

It used to be said that the college student when he wanted to be funny imitated the saloon rowdy; but now the rowdy needs only to imitate the college student to be at his worst.

Similar stories come from Boston. Professor Shaler, the world-known geologist and the Dean of the Harvard Scientific School, threatens to resign because, as he says, "Harvard men act like loafers." One of Professor Shaler's assistants was forced to discontinue a lecture on Geology because of the shower of missiles, including eggs, which were thrown at him, and it will be remembered that a college student recently lost his life while undergoing some brutal and idiotic initiation ceremony. The *Boston Post* says:

It seems that strenuous life is increasing so largely in some of our colleges that the time is likely to come before long when a gentleman offered his choice of a professorship in college or to be superintendent of a state prison would have no hesitation in deciding which to accept.

There are, of course, very many university students in whom the instinct of good behavior cannot be extinguished even by the "higher education." None the less, the men who are responsible for this tide of vulgar misconduct will one day tacitly claim some kind of precedence in the world on the ground of their education. Is it not time that our universities cease to provide models of ruffianism for the successful imitation of young boys?

STUDENT

Two things thou must bear in thy mind—one that all things from eternity are of a like form, and come round in a circle, and that it makes no difference whether a man shall see the same things during a hundred years, or two hundred, or an infinite time; and the second that the longest liver and he who will die soonest lose just the same.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

Huxley on Vivisection

WE are sometimes told that the opposition to vivisection proceeds only from weak-minded and sentimental people who are incapable of understanding the accruing benefits. It is therefore well sometimes to refresh our memories, and to recall the opinions of those against whom the accusation of sentimentalism cannot well be brought and whose authority has not been questioned. Huxley was a member of the commission on vivisection of 1875. Writing to Darwin at the time he said:

On Thursday, when I was absent at the Council of the Royal Society . . . was examined, and, if what I hear is a correct account of the evidence he (the name is not given) gave, I may as well throw up my brief. I am told that he openly professed the most entire indifference to animal suffering, and said he only gave anesthetics to keep animals quiet! I declare to you I did not believe the man lived who was such an unmitigated, cynical brute as to profess, and act upon, such principles; and I would willingly agree to any law which would send him to the treadmill. The impression his evidence made on Cardwell and Forster is profound, and I am powerless (even if I had the desire, which I have not) to combat it. He has done more mischief than all the fanatics put together. I am utterly disgusted with the whole business.

Curative Enthusiasms

IT is related that when Benvenuto Cellini was about to cast his statue of Perseus he was suddenly seized with a fever. As he lay very ill in bed a workman entered his room with the announcement that the work had been spoiled in the furnace and could not be saved. With a cry of consternation the sick man sprang from his bed and rushed into the workyard where with frantic efforts he succeeded in saving his statue. He then ate a hearty meal with his men, returned to bed and fell asleep to awake in the morning refreshed and entirely cured. A narrative such as this deserves more reflection than it ordinarily receives. We are still a long way from learning the extent to which the mind can encourage an illness or discourage it, the extent to which the body is a reflection of the virtues and the follies of the mind. A high enthusiasm has more preventive and curative potencies than a whole college of physicians, as we can very quickly prove for ourselves. Very few maladies can remain proof against a warm interest in the well-being of others and to adopt a worthy enthusiasm—and such are usually unpopular—is to create within ourselves an atmosphere which is as fatal to disease germs as a hot sun at noon day. Try it.

STUDENT

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World's Headquarters UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization, POINT LOMA, California Meteorological Table for the week ending January the 24th, 1904

JAN	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
18	29.816	61	47	51	50	.02	E	4
19	29.822	60	44	48	47	.00	E	4
20	29.876	59	46	48	42	.03	NW	16
21	30.044	52	37	43	37	.00	E	8
22	29.918	58	41	47	41	.00	E	7
23	29.904	58	48	55	46	.00	E	4
24	29.854	63	49	51	45	.00	E	5

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

PRESIDENT HARNER of the University of Chicago had occasion to deliver an address at a public school. His subject was patriotism, and he began to speak in striking and dramatic way.

"Boys," he said, pointing to the wall on his right, "why does the American flag hang there?"

"To hide a spot of dirt," a little fellow piped.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*

THE child is so often right. It has not the miscellaneous knowledge of the grown-up person who reads newspaper and keeps a tame Encyclopædia Britannica in a carefully devised cage. But the childish mind has an unerring logical faculty not in any way confused by superiority of information.—*Academy*

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AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JANUARY 22, 1904

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$624,174 80
Overdrafts	1,456 70
U. S. bonds and premiums	103,770 00
Other stocks and bonds	41,495 00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	66,500 00
Other real estate owned	44,694 70
Redemption fund	2,500 00
Cash and exchange	476,146 42
	\$1,360,937 62

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$150,000 00
Surplus and undivided profits	70,799 18
Circulation	50,000 00
Deposits	1,090,138 44
	\$1,360,937 62

Deposits Jan. 22, 1901 \$574,570 74

Deposits Jan. 22, 1902 \$614,204 13

Deposits Jan. 22, 1903 \$853,169 35

Deposits Jan. 22, 1904 \$1,090,138 44

The above statement is correct. G. W. FISHBURN, Cashier

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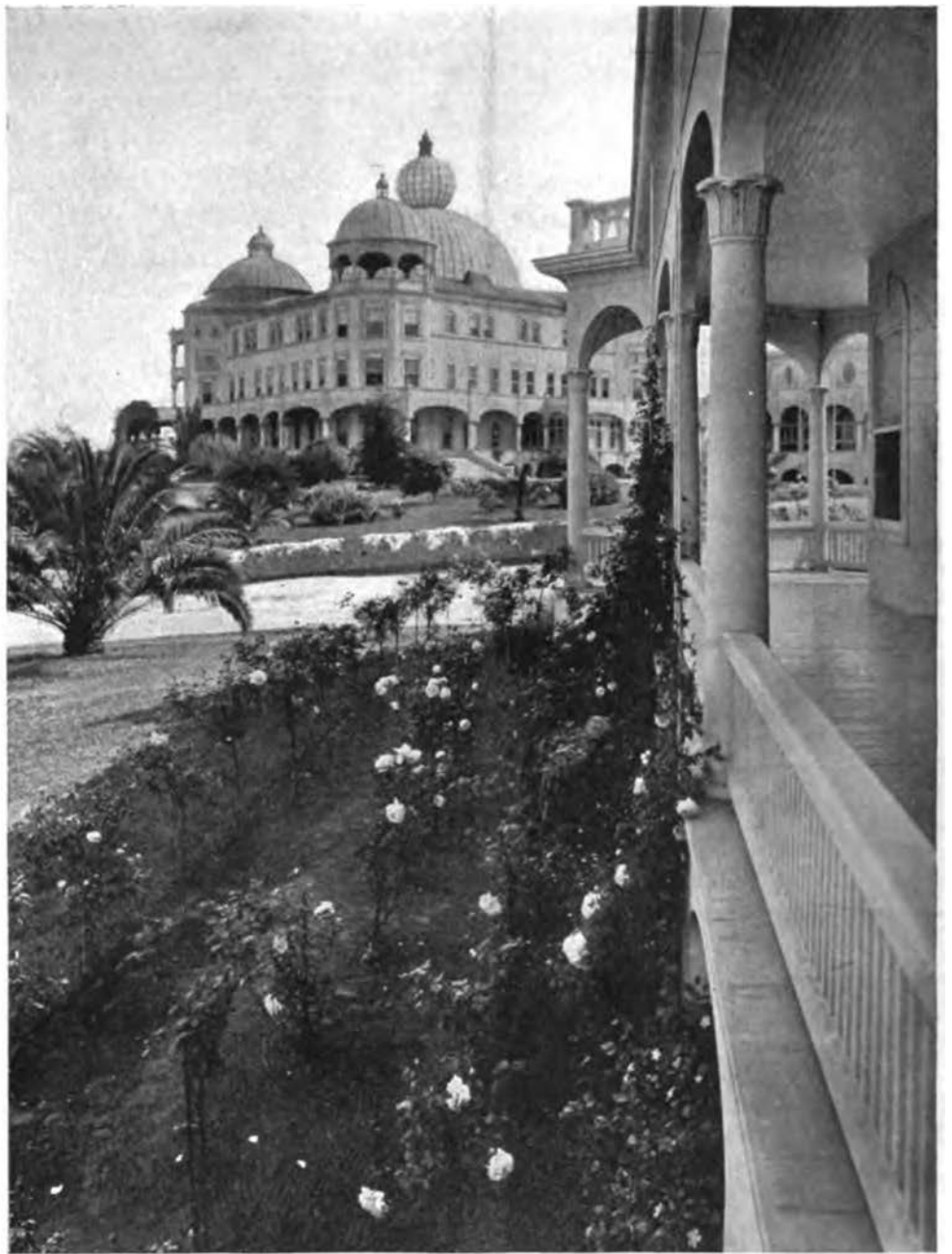
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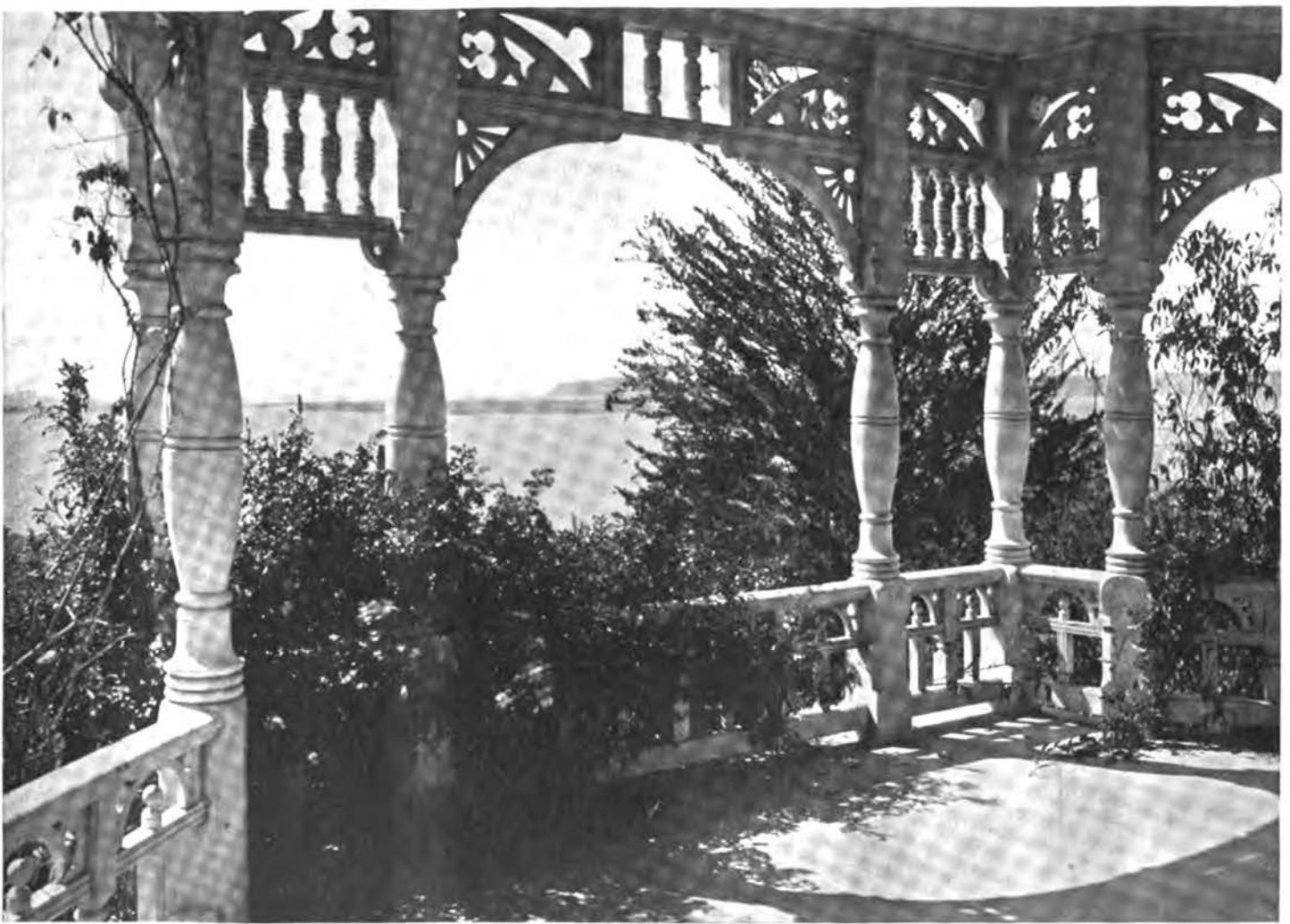
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New Century PATH



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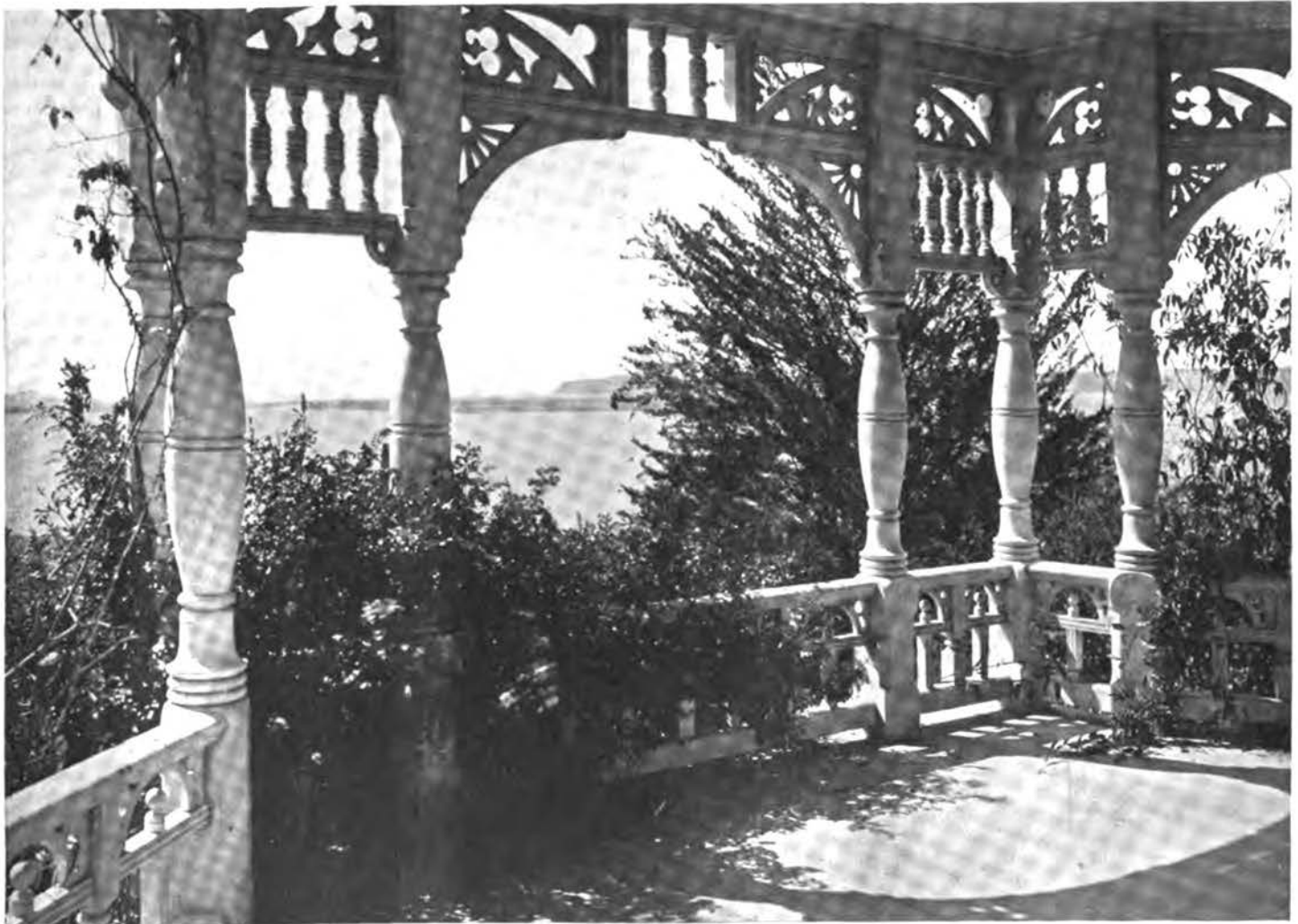
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FEBRUARY 7, 1904

No. 13

New Century Path

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

War or Peace?
Twenty Millions of
Armed Men
On Horton Heights—
illustrated
Sweden's King
Missionary Obstacles
New Panama Route
Athenasian Creed
Immortality of Books

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Influence of Religion
Indians May Get Justice
Alcoholism Not Disease
Higher Court Than
Intellect

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Humanity and Art
The Ancient Lyre
A Musical Instrument (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Lady Macbeth
Irish Womanhood
Booth's Love
An Irish Colleen (illustration)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Alexandrian Library
Washington Arrow Points
—illustrated
Anthropology Exhibit
Irish Arrow Points (illustration)

Page 9—NATURE

What Constitutes a Genus
Flowers (verse)
Philosophy and Love of Nature
Cat and Puppy—illustrated
Can Pigeons Cross the Atlantic?

Pages 10 & 11—U. S. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
"San Diego as She Is"
Action—the Illuminator
Girls' Club, Holland (illustration)

Page 12—FICTION

The Legend of the
Lone Knight
Indirection (verse)

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Sun's Lease of Life
Luminous Water in Medicine
New Medical Fad

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Lonely Tarn in England—
illustrated
Death Traps of Christian Nations
Curie and Legion of Honor
Penal Code of Moros
Natives and Christian Vices
Cathedral of Toledo
Titled French Scoundrels
Dreyfus to Be Reinstated
Russia's Factory Law
Dante's Portrait Found
New York Preacher's Folly

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Real Meaning of
Christmas
Raja Yoga Home Life—
illustrated
On Being Stupid
A Nest in a Signal
Lamp

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Bubbles of Saki (verse)
Science of Religion
Herbert Spencer and
Materialism
Helps to High Living
Timely Warning (verse)
Students' Column
Work and Play

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Heroism
Points of Wisdom

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

War and Peace Hang in Balance

THE Angel and the Demon still whisper alternately into the ears of the nations, peace and war tremble in the balances, and the doors of the Temple of Janus swing uncertainly to and fro upon their hinges. The Chancelleries of Europe and of Asia guard well their secrets. We can hear the iron dice as they fall upon the table of fate, and it is left to the money markets of the world to coin into gold the agonies of a hemisphere. Only the hardest optimism can survive so volcanic an outlook, an optimism which is not merely a sentiment, but which is founded upon the philosophy of law. We have that optimism,

because we know that the dawn is as much in the order of nature as the darkest hour of the night which precedes it, and because the power which shall make all things new can destroy and build again, rearranging the stones of sin and shame into divine form and order.

Whatever may be the immediate outcome of the present vortices of human hate, that outcome must indicate the end of a system and the beginning of a new. For us, no calamity however widespread, however prolonged, can be anything more than a step onward. Neither time nor progress ever turn backward. However tremendous are the darknesses into which we descend, those darknesses lie between us and the mountain

Twenty Million of Armed Men

heights, and the sunlight is the nearer, although the more invisible. Humanity learns unwillingly, like individuals, but it does learn, and it must learn. Nature does not weary in well-doing, and with an infinite and a divine patience she materializes our follies, and speaks to us in the terrible language which we best understand. For these many years we have done all that within us lies to live without ideals and without virtues, and the presence of twenty millions of armed men is the proof of our failure. Whether our vicious mental systems are to be broken up by war or in some other way, broken they must surely be. Nature has mercifully decreed that human suffering shall not pass a certain point, and if her remedies are heroic, they are certainly effective. If our vision were more keen, we should see not only the threatened wreck, but also the assured reconstruction, and behind the storm we should hear the creative heart of God. It is well with the world, eternally well, but the still small voice was not heard until the end. Only the Magi knew that in a little child was the hope of a humanity which seemed to be hopeless, and from the fallen splendor of Egypt uprose a new star in the night of men's despair.

In the light of all past history we shall do well to be tranquil and to be apprehensive of nothing except that we may fail to do our whole duty as each day shall show it unto us. If the world must pass through the valley of the shadow of war, then that is as the Law wills it, and it is provided for by the Law. And if it is to be peace, then is that too provided for, but however veiled may be the future, the clear bright light of individual duty is never at any time hidden nor obscured. Tranquillity is not a negative but a positive virtue, because only into the tranquil mind comes the specialized message of the Law, and by tranquillity we prove our confidence and our devotion, our readiness to serve. By the performance of duty we harmonize ourselves with the inevitable, we become comrades with destiny, and the legions of nature are about us to protect us. Unto the Divinity of the Great Law which works in ways mysterious we raise a temple and a shrine.

STUDENT

On Horton Heights

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows one of the broad verandas that surround the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Horton, on Horton Heights, San Diego, Cal., from which is obtained a sweeping view of ocean, mountain and bay, Point Loma, Coronado, and the larger part of the city. The view shown in the photograph is toward the northwest, taking in the entire stretch of the peninsula of Point Loma and North Island. There are many beautiful and costly residences in San Diego, but from none of them is the view more expansive.

"Father" Horton, as he is familiarly called in the city of his planning, was the pioneer who first saw the feasibility of establishing a great city on the present site of San Diego.

X.

Sweden's King

WE join our congratulations to those of the Swedish nation upon the seventy-fifth anniversary of King Oscar's birthday, which was celebrated on January 21st. Stockholm was decorated and illuminated, and the principal authorities worthily commemorated the occasion by presenting the sum of \$40,000 to the King's Jubilee Fund for the indigent consumptives of the capital. Sweden has been fortunate in her ruler, to whom the whole world wishes happiness and continued health and success.

STUDENT

Missionary Obstacles

THE annual conference of the foreign mission boards of the United States and Canada has been held at New York and it seems that some of the missionaries are greatly incensed at the behavior of European and American residents in Asia. Many of these people, the missionaries say, lead lives of immorality and are thus the occasion of scandal to the natives.

They leave an ineffaceable mark upon Asiatic society. They are not sparing in their censure of the missionary and declare that the uprisings of a few years ago were due to the machinations of the Christian workers. This I declare to be pure calumny. The impurity and intemperance of men who, in the sight of Asiatics, are just as much Christians as are the missionaries, seem to give the lie to all the missionary has to say.

There is doubtless very much truth in these strictures and we can readily believe that very many Europeans and Americans disgrace their own civilization in the eyes of the more ancient civilizations amongst which they live. Nevertheless the accusation of the missionaries has two edges and it cuts in two directions. The Asiatic is metaphysical and logical. He knows that these people come from the same countries from which the missionaries come, that they are of the same race, the same color, the same education and that from their infancy they have presumably been saturated with the same theology which the missionaries are now offering. They naturally ask if these are the results of that theology or at least if the religion of the missionary is not able to change the behavior of those who are most familiar with it. Such questions are not only inevitable but they are justifiable, and so long as some missionaries have no other religion than that of creed we do not see how these questions can be answered. They imply what is an unquestionable fact that the creeds which the missionaries are promulgating are perfectly powerless against the flood of evil under which every modern civilization is nearly submerged and the still more disturbing fact that the religions of creed are able to flourish exceedingly in a soil so saturated with wrong living and without exercising the least influence upon that soil. Truth is sometimes a very hard task master, but those who are willing to receive it never go unrewarded. To look at ourselves through Asiatic eyes would be a liberal education to very many of us. If we could do this for a moment we should understand how impossible it is to persuade the Asiatic that the religion of the missionary is not in sympathy with the misdeeds of the civilization from which it comes. He sees that the religion and the misdeeds exist side by side and he argues, not unfairly, that if there were any real antagonism between them one or the other must cease to exist. Instead of antagonism he sees what is suspiciously like a mutual understanding and he draws his own conclusions.

We are of course well aware that the average missionary detests drunkenness and vice just as heartily as does the average Asiatic. He might none the less ask himself how far a religion of dogma is responsible for the evils at home and whether the Asiatic is not justified in fearing that similar causes will continue to produce similar results. X.

The New Panama Route

THE following table of comparative distances, via Cape Horn, the Suez Canal and the Panama Canal, will be read with interest by those concerned in trans-oceanic commerce. It is taken from the German *Grenzboten*, which is no doubt unfavorable to the new route:

From	To	By way of Cape Horn	By the Suez Canal	By the Panama Canal	Advantage In favor of Panama
Hamburg	San Francisco	15,140	. . .	8,488	6,652
Hamburg	Hongkong	18,480	10,542	14,933	. . .
Hamburg	Melbourne	13,802	12,367	13,198	. . .
Hamburg	Yokohama	17,979	12,531	13,024	. . .
New York	San Francisco	14,840	. . .	5,299	9,541
New York	Hongkong	18,180	11,655	9,835	1,820
New York	Melbourne	13,502	. . .	10,427	2,863
New York	Yokohama	17,679	13,464	9,835	3,729

The *Grenzboten* very justly remarks that "New York will gain immensely from the Panama Canal in the matter of commerce with the eastern coast of Asia, because it will be brought nearer to Yokohama or Hongkong than either London or Hamburg is now."

Athanasian Creed

THE Dean of Westminster has delivered a series of lectures upon the Athanasian creed which he regards as somewhat of a burden upon the consciences of law-abiding persons. It will be remembered that the Athanasian creed dictates to the humanity of all future ages what it shall and what it shall not believe, and then assures us of the eternal damnation of all those who do not adhere. The Dean of Westminster is of course a liberal-minded man and a humane man, but he evidences some little ecclesiastical prejudice in supposing that humanity is in any way interested in the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian creed, or that the average intelligent man is conscious of the burden which it imposes. The learned Dean, like most people, lives in the center of a small circle and supposes that circle to fairly represent humanity. These circles represent only themselves, and to this is due most of our puerilities. The world has heard the Athanasian creed for many centuries and it has discovered, like those who heard the curse against the Jackdaw of Rheims, that "nobody seemed a penny the worse."

The Dean of Westminster objects to the Athanasian creed, to his credit be it said, but he does not wish to belittle its meaning. He says that its damnatory clauses are not simply a solemn reminder, but were meant to be absolutely uncompromising and to carry the meaning that the disbeliever would be strangely endowed with immortality in order that he might suffer everlasting pains. Such is the meaning of the creed and such is the theology which is preached from the thousands of churches using this creed, and which now make noisy complaints that the people are too apathetic to come and hear it. Perhaps the people are too humane to come and hear it, too Christian. Punishment by torture has been abolished from our human codes, or we like to think it has, but when we object to its inclusion in the divine code we are accused of being indifferent to religion. The Dean tells us, however, that good churchmen no longer wish to reaffirm the certain damnation of those who reject the Athanasian creed, so the world may once more breathe.

It is all very strange, this solemn and well-meaning renunciation of medieval horrors and phantoms, but the world has passed its interested point. It is evolving a religion of its own in which there is no creed. It is learning that "all the law and the prophets" are included in the precept and practice of human fraternity.

STUDENT

Immortality in Books

THE passion for evanescent literature which has nothing whatever to recommend it except its modernity leaves but little leisure in life for the reading which is educative. We have almost unlimited time for the short story, which is usually the worthless story, and all too often the vicious story, but we have no time whatever to make ourselves acquainted with the authors who will lead us a little upward instead of encouraging us to walk persistently downward.

Who, for instance, has ever read Emerson or Carlyle or Ruskin without some inner consciousness of unfolding doors and of an inner light which shows all facts of life in a new perspective. The charm of a great writer is not that he argues us into beliefs which we did not hold before, not that he besieges the unwilling fortress of our mind until it at last capitulates, but rather that he tells us things which we have seemed always to know, that he calls forth our instant acquiescence in what is at once obvious.

The true literary teacher does not dispute with us. He leads us to the landscape and his most profound message is as it were, a wave of the hand, an invitation to go into the land and possess it. For this reason the writings of the Greek philosophers are as fresh today as they were two thousand years ago, and they will remain young and they will remain valuable as long as there are any minds which have not yet learned to think, so long as there are any mental doors which remain unopened. Plato gives to us no new ideas in his broader writings. He merely makes an aperture through which our own ideas may issue, and for the same reason the teachings of Emerson can never become stale, because they deal, not with events, but with laws and principles. We do not go to the classics to learn but to be shown that we can learn. They put the end of the thread into our hands. They show us the mountain of attainment, and the narrow path which leads "up-hill all the way."

STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Influence of Religion in Daily Life

A CHICAGO minister asks a question which ought to be asked and answered, not only in Chicago, but elsewhere. "Recent events," he says, "in the two largest cities in our country, compel us to face the question, from a sober point of view, whether in a large population religion . . . has much influence in practical affairs." By religion we suppose that the churches are here meant, and the teachings of the churches, which of course vary very greatly according to the perception and the sympathy of the minister. The best way in which we can form a judgment upon such a question as this is simply to enter one of our churches, leaving all preconceptions outside, and having heard a service and a sermon, to ask ourselves as common-sense individuals whether what we shall have just heard is likely to produce a change of conduct in any human being. The verdict will of course somewhat vary with every church thus visited. Some there will be where the services are conducted with an obvious simplicity and sincerity and where the sermons are instinct with sympathy and devotion. But in how many instances should we not hear sermons which consist entirely of almost meaningless phrases, mere hackneyed repetitions of creeds which the preacher himself does not believe, which the congregation does not believe, and where there is not even a real pretence of belief upon either side. Nothing which is worth doing has ever yet been done by shams and the idea that the heart can be touched and conduct influenced by such proceedings is too ludicrous to be entertained.

There was once a young minister who, while ascending the pulpit steps to preach to a large congregation, was suddenly arrested by an overwhelming realization that he was about to speak to human souls and that *he had nothing to say to them*. There was no sermon that morning in the church, but the illumination of his mission which came to him from that moment of consternation into which his own soul had plunged him never again left him. He never again lacked a message which was worthy for a soul to give and to receive. Surely five minutes of such meditation before preaching would be worth more than much erudition; five minutes' meditation upon the needs of the people, the needs which are all the more pressing because they do not know of them. But that meditation must be honest, and the power of the human mind to deceive itself even as to its own honesty is well nigh limitless. It must be the meditation which recognizes facts and not merely theologic theories. Then will come a sermon which will indeed influence conduct and which will put something into human life not without its effect upon the corporate life of the community and nation.

STUDENT

Indians May Get Some Justice

IS it possible that the Red Indian is about to receive a measure of justice from the hands of civilization? It would almost seem so from the interest which Boston is showing in the lectures by Mr. G. W. James. Mr. James believes that a study of Indian basket work is most likely to be fruitful in a comprehension of the Indian character, on the theory that a man's work represents the best of which he is capable. Referring incidentally to the customary crime of civilization in stealing the Indian's character, Mr. James said:

We have lied to the Indian and stolen from him long enough. We are a big enough people now to do him justice. We have studied in our histories of the treachery and treason of the Indians of the days of our forefathers. We have learned how they combated the efforts of our ancestors to settle here, but we forget that in doing this they were only acting as patriots and defending their homes just as you of Boston would defend yours against any present day interlopers.

These are strong and good words and we hope they will produce fruits meet for repentance. It is all very well to admire the Indian's baskets but unless our admiration is accompanied by deeds of justice what shall it profit him? Mr. James explained that the Indian has poetry, sentiment, religion and imagination, and that all these characteristics are revealed by his baskets. Every separate design is the expression of a personal thought, but he has failed to find very many illustrations of an universal symbol.

STUDENT

Alcoholism Not the Real Disease

THE growth of public knowledge on the effects of alcohol is certainly remarkable, nearly as remarkable as the small effect which such knowledge has produced. One of the earliest experimental efforts along practical lines was made in 1840 by one Robert Warner, a Quaker who applied to a large company for life insurance. He was notified that an additional premium would be required from him as a total abstainer from alcohol, such abstinence being supposed to have a prejudicial effect upon longevity. Dissatisfied with this he resolved to start an insurance company of his own. He divided his risks into two classes, one class being reserved for total abstainers and the other for moderate drinkers. During the course of thirty-three years he found that the deaths among the moderate drinkers were 97 per cent of the expectations, while among the total abstainers the deaths were only 70 per cent of the expectations. The real effect of alcohol is now so well understood that even among the most ignorant classes it would not be easy to find an intelligent defense of its use upon health grounds.

None the less, alcohol is still used in ever increasing quantities, and from this we may draw a not unneeded lesson of the futility of all reform efforts which appeal only to the intellect and not to the moral nature. To a very great extent this error is being repeated in the peace movements of today. So long as the lower or passionate nature is dominant, so long will it submerge the intelligence, so long will it insist upon its gratification, whether that gratification take the form of war or of alcohol. We may prove *ad nauseam* that war and alcohol are followed by a hideous procession of evils, and that they go hand in hand with famine and pestilence and misery. Broadly speaking, that has very little to do with the main question. The love of war, and of every other form of self-indulgence, originates with the lower animal nature, which does not reflect nor reason. Those who descend to that level leave intelligence behind them or carry it with them and bind it into slavery to the demon.

A Higher Court Than Intellect

Men fight because they love fighting, and they drink or narcotize themselves with drugs because their lower natures love these things, and their lower natures are dominant, at any rate in these respects. The intellectual reform propaganda of today have unanswerably shown them the price which they must pay, and they are willing to pay it. To what other conclusion can we come when we are confronted by the fact that within the last thirty years, in Europe alone, *seven and a half millions of people died from alcoholism*, a heavier casualty list than could be supplied by *all the wars of the Nineteenth century*. If this fact alone is not sufficient, if we wish for statistics up to date, we may examine the current financial returns of expenditure as issued by the governments of the world.

The reform movements of the present day have fallen under the evil spell of the spirit of the times. They have appealed unto intellect, they have unanswerably argued their case, only to find that in this Court intellect has no jurisdiction, and that its injunctions are invalid and of no account. Reform must appeal to the higher court of ethics, and it must plead that these grosser forms of self-indulgence are wrong, because they are unfraternal and not because they destroy material treasure, nor vitiate the blood, nor increase taxation. Material nature will teach her own material lessons more convincingly than we can teach them by our logic. Let her teach them in her own way, the way of material pain. Let us rise above that; let us preach a gospel of self-sacrifice which is indifferent to material loss or material gain, and which indicates the right action of self-restraint, not because it will "pay," but for its own beauty. The victims of self-indulgence are very tired of the gospel of self-interest, more so than we realize. The tables of actuaries and the calculations of statisticians are poor substitutes for the law of life. We know them all by heart and they do not move us. We do but pause for a moment to admit their accuracy and then set our faces once more resolutely toward the darkness. Let us now lift our reform efforts out of their sphere; let us make the supreme appeal to the Higher Nature, which is perhaps unexpectedly near to the surface even in the drunkard and the man of violence.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Shall Humanity Clasp Hands with Art?

PAINT common subjects and show your high art. I never go in for classic or religious pictures which make people admire them not for the art but for the subject itself. There might be wicked people in London but we artists don't paint the hearts. If we have artistic eyes ourselves everything looks artistic. To me all the people on the streets are just the same as birds or flowers. I am unconscious when I am on the street and several times I have knocked my head against the lamp-post. Once I ran with omnibus horses in order to study the movement of their feet and knocked down a baby and had great trouble with the mother.

These are the words of a Japanese artist who is at present writing for some of our western papers. The vein of selfishness that runs through them shows us a certain curious mental type by no means confined to Japan. One wonders how the unethical and the unbrotherly can presume, by any stretch of the imagination, to clasp hands with art. Looking back through the history of Japan—and it must not be forgotten that the Japanese are not only among the most innately artistic among all the modern nations, but go beyond all others in their intense and simple love of the beautiful—one questions if the writer of these lines is a fair sample of the artists of Japan. If an artist has no concern for the heart life of the people what excuse does he have for trying to express himself at all? And what are artistic eyes? And what a chilliness do we feel in any one who declares in one breath that people are just the same to him as birds or flowers and in another nonchalantly relates how he knocked down a baby in pursuit of art!

It is one thing to look upon our fellow-beings dispassionately, as the true artist always does; it is quite another to view them as so much grist for our particular mill. One turns from the picture of arrant selfishness and consummate egotism that this artist brings before us with something like relief to one of the beautiful color prints of Hokusai; they tell us so much of the man himself. They contain something besides lines and bits of pigment and his own words give us a clue to what that something is. Hokusai has been called a sort of artistic Paganini; for roundabout an exquisite conscientiousness there was a certain love of the spectacular and there were times when he actually frolicked, good-humoredly using his art merely to astonish. For instance: he once drew a horse as large as an elephant, immediately following it with a microscopic drawing of swallows in flight on a grain of rice. But that was in one of his play-times. In his character there was a beautiful humility and a real love for humanity. These are his words:

From my sixth year I had a perfect mania for drawing everything I saw. When I reached my fiftieth year I had published a vast quantity of drawings, but I was dissatisfied. At seventy-three I had some understanding of nature and of life. At eighty I shall hope to have made real progress and at ninety it may be that I shall have discovered the secret of things. In my one-hundredth year it is my dream that everything that comes from my hand will be alive. Written at the age of seventy-five by me, Hokusai, the old man who loves art.

Hokusai died in his ninetieth year, and his last words were a prayer that heaven would grant him another life in which to become truly an artist. Those who love the people of that land which has resisted so naively the encroachment of the morally cumbersome in our western life, would fain think of Hokusai as typical among Japanese artists, rather than those who are today caught in the tide of commercialism and of self.

STUDENT

Saint Saens on the Ancient Lyre

M. SAINT SAENS, to whom we owe some of our rarest and most exquisite themes, recently wrote, in a series of researches on ancient music, which were communicated by him to the Académie des Beaux Arts, Paris:

What part did the left hand play in lyres constructed on the plan of the zither? Paintings show us the plectrum striking the strings at the base of the instrument, the left hand placed behind the strings, the fingers spread out fan-wise. This arrangement has been explained by stating that the right hand, by means of the plectrum, performed the principal melody and the left hand executed a counter melody.

This hypothesis would be acceptable were it not that its evident modernity is entirely against it. During my last sojourn in Egypt a fortunate accident put me in the way of another explanation entirely different. In roaming about the Arab quarter of Ismailia, I was attracted by incongruous musical sounds. I entered and found some strange and incomprehensible rites in progress. There I saw a musician holding an enormous lyre, in the posture and manner so frequently reproduced in ancient drawings, that is, with the right hand holding the plectrum with which he struck the strings at their base, while the left hand was held about the middle of the instrument, the fingers spread like the sticks of an open fan. I could not at first understand how the performer was able to execute a design of several notes, indefinitely repeated. I approached more closely and noticed what it was impossible to have foreseen.

With the fingers of the left hand the player cleverly touched lightly those strings which were wanted to be silent, while the others, being left free, vibrated, although all were struck by the plectrum. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the ancient Greeks knew and practiced this mode of execution.

POPE PIUS X has recently laid down certain rules to be followed in the production and composition of all Catholic Church music. Some eight years ago, as Cardinal Santo, "he began his efforts to efface from the churches under his jurisdiction every form of music not strictly religious, . . . and some of the specific abuses to which he particularly objected were the use of instruments unsuited to the sacredness of a church, such as trombones and the piano, and the presence of women in the choir."

IN THE Hawaiian Islands an orchestra has recently been organized in which the best of the ancient native musical instruments will be used in connection with those of today. It was organized for the purpose of playing national Hawaiian music. Among the curious instruments thus rescued from the chance of being lost, are the *obu*, or nose flute, the compass of which is less than an octave; the *ukeke*, formed by a bow stretched with horse hair, and the *kilu*, fashioned of a cocoanut shell.

BEETHOVEN at one time composed a simple little *Adagio*, exquisitely beautiful in melody, for a friend. It was never published, but was placed in the lid of a music-box as a gift from this friend to his daughter, a young girl. Hidden away among a lot of rubbish, both music-box and composition were lost for decades. They have at last been unearthed by Dr. Kopfermann in a house belonging to one of the grandchildren of the young woman for whom the *Adagio* was composed.

"Art should seek by the true to illumine the intelligence; by the beautiful to regenerate the life; persuade by the good to perfect the heart."

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

I
WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river?

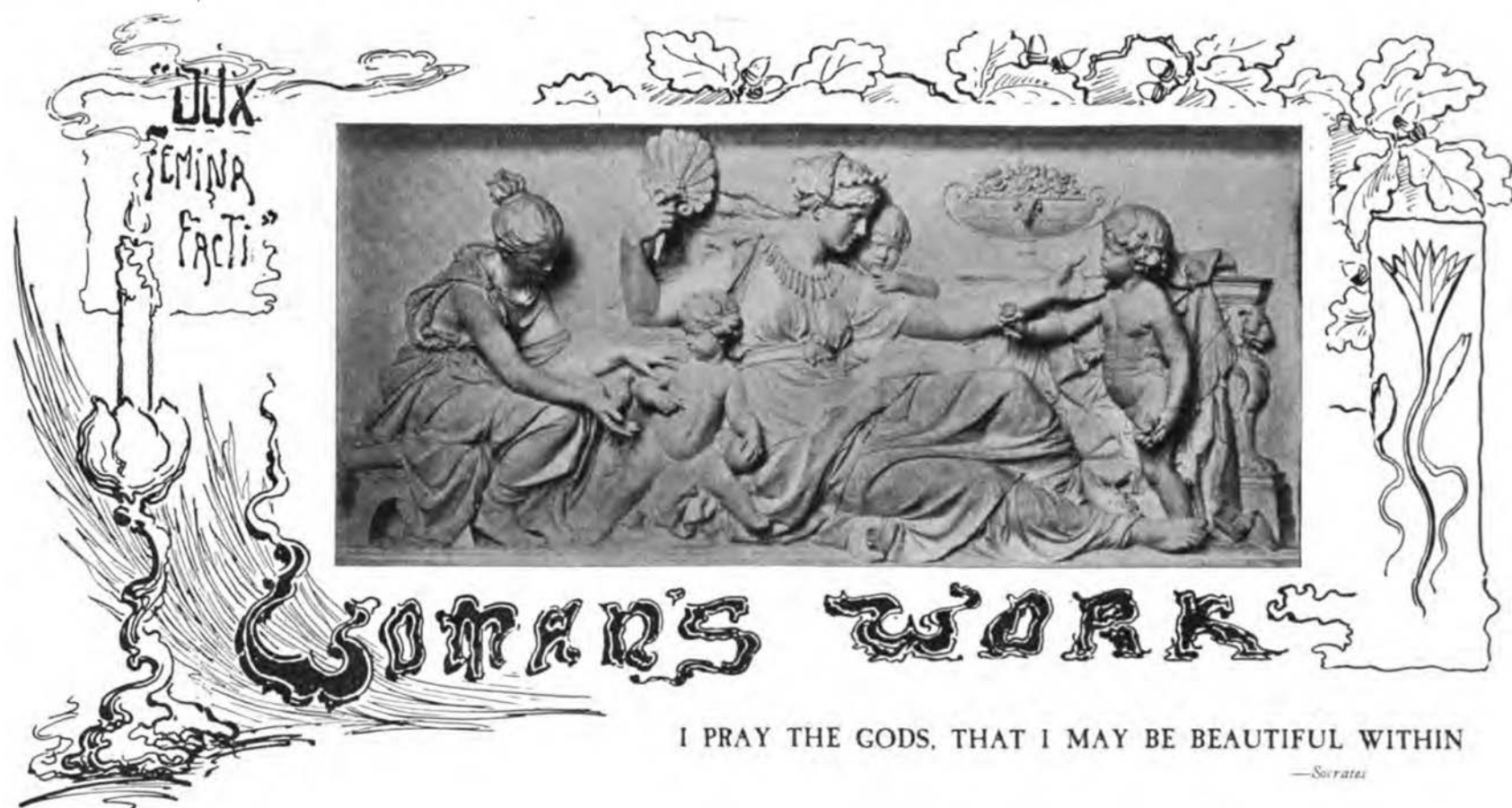
II
He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep, cool bed of the river,
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

III
High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

IV
He cut it short did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring.
Then notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes as he sate by the river.

V
"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river!)
"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed;"
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

VI
Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.



THEMING with spiritual knowledge, trumpet tongued, the tragedy of *Macbeth* is a manifestation of

spiritual law. The powers and possibilities of the God-man may be used for evil or good. The universe is embodied consciousness; and every atom of it is pulsating with life. The consciousness in man is in *rapport* with the higher or lower potencies, at will. There are three possibilities within the power of man, in relation to these different states of consciousness, as embodied in varying kingdoms. He may go into co-partnership with lower forces, he may command them, or he may be commanded by them.

In her castle of illusion, "Inverness," Lady Macbeth and the great world meet. She stands before us in the blackness of awful power, of cruel beauty of face and form, of intensest will, indomitable courage and a knowledge of the basic laws of human nature. So forceful is her presence, so all-concentrated her powers, as she makes her first entrance in the tragedy, we become conscious that her mental state is a far result of more than suggestions from letters received from her husband; rather do we realize "the soliciting of metaphysical aid," the evoking of the weird sisters by Macbeth, to have been suggested and urged by her, the stronger willed. Well did Macbeth know her ambition, well did he know her worldly pride and hunger for power. A black magician was Macbeth, but not so far depraved, not to so great a degree was he dead to righteousness. He consciously directed his power to the evoking of the weird sisters; he had knowledge of the law and says himself "this supernatural soliciting cannot be ill, cannot be good." His power was a result; and we can reason from effect to cause, and so reasoning we may start from the result of his thought projection, the objectivation of the weird sisters, and tracing backward along the wires of thought, discover the germinating centers to be Lady Macbeth and Inverness.

Ambition was so rooted in the hearts of both husband and wife that its seeds must have been planted in some remote incarnation, far back in the abyss of time.

The seeds of evil are cast in one life, quicken and become rooted in succeeding lives. They do not blossom and bear fruit, perchance, for innumerable existences.

Inverness is the palace of illusions, the fostering centre of black magic, the home of black magicians. The letter received from her husband and given in part by Lady Macbeth on her first entrance, states occurrences and bids her rejoice; but gives her no instruction as to any means or method for this evoking of shades. But Macbeth's knowledge of her nature was complete, and that she would "rejoice" and "lay it to (her)

✱ Lady Macbeth ✱

I

heart," he was sure. She speaks of "metaphysical aid," and on the moment when the news is brought her of the coming of King Duncan to Inverness, she throws herself into another state of consciousness and comes into relation with other spheres, spheres which interpenetrate our own; and then and there surrenders her own divinity and calls upon the worst, most cruel, fiends of the demon sphere "that tend on mortal thoughts to fill her from the crown to the toe top-full of direst cruelty."

Come you spirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts
And take my milk for gall,
You murdering ministers,
Wherever, in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief,
Come thick night! and pall thee in the densest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry Hold—hold!

No weakling is Lady Macbeth, misled and tampering with dangerous knowledge. She has no curiosity; she knows the demon sphere and how to call upon it, and from this moment of demand and surrender she is obsessed by a legion of devils. The human temple, the wondrous structure which has cost nature ages upon ages to perfect, "not made with hands," where the sound of hammer is never heard; whose forces are drawn from the vital currents of the great "antique heart" as they course through the veins of the universe, this marvelous, mysterious human temple was surrendered to the desire for temporal power.

Emerson's expression of the power and glory and beauty of the human (temple of the divine) comes to our consciousness as voicing the *Te Deum laudamus* of all hearts:

The great Pan of old, who was clothed in a leopard skin, to signify the beautiful variety of things, and the firmament his coat of stars, was but the representative of thee, O rich and various man! Thou palace of sight and sound; carrying in thy senses the morning and the night, and the unfathomable galaxy; in thy brain the geometry of the city of God; in thy heart the power of love, and the realms of right and wrong.

Such was the temple offered and surrendered to all the devils in hell for a crown. Food for deepest reflection lies in the consideration of nature's building of the temple.

KATHERINE RICHMOND GREEN

Irish Womanhood

The respect of the Irish for women, and their chivalrous protection of them, are to be seen in all periods of their career.

IN the midst of all the opposing influences which rally with such persistent determination around the women who take a stand for justice, the heart, in sublime defiance, sends its smiling message of hope to humanity; a message so unwavering in its onward tone, that one cannot but pause to wonder where such dauntless assurance to progress has its source.

That the cause of suffering, injustice, and despair, is the effect of a disregard for nature's laws, has been recognized, so perhaps we may base confidence in the thought that the inspiring trust arises from a drawing nearness to a once more harmonious adherence to nature.

To our perceptions, the action of certain laws is always discernible. It is an old-fashioned saying, "Keep a dress for seven years, and it will come in useful." Such consideration for the morrow would be a temptation for the moths to "break through and steal," so the choice rests with the individual; but the idea expresses a truth—the return of a cycle in which Dame Fashion will produce a corresponding similarity of style. In many ways this law may be traced in the daily routine of every day affairs; and if noted, might enrich ordinary duties with a helpful, instructive interest.

There was a time, not so long ago, when women in Ireland held a higher position than they do today; a time when their counsel often guided political issues through critical debates. Marriage meant no negative subservience in the love of another; helpful authority was retained. Into action, was bestowed the intelligence and dignity of womanhood. True merit, true worth, won for her the respect which she received.

And now, far and wide over the earth, heralds have proclaimed the coming of the new dawn—when woman will be all she was, and more.

For, in harmony with nature, wider and more universal will become her sympathy and influence. And from her loyalty to the radiating vision of the heart, and its compassionate interpretation of the self-inflicted sufferings of today, inspiration, trust, and courage will be kindled, to defend and build upon the unifying greatness and grandeur, which the new cycle is calling into activity.

A. P. D.

THERE is a quaint old ruin at Ipswich known as "Freston Tower," and the story goes that it was built as a study for a certain Ellen de Freston. It was erected in the days of Wolsey, who was a friend of Lord de Freston, and it is through him that we learn that the latter was much concerned because of his daughter's studious disposition. He feared that her desire for knowledge might make her less beautiful, and young Latimer, the famous Protestant martyr, suggested to him that a tower should be built containing many rooms, so that the beautiful Ellen could go from one to another and find in that way a certain relaxation she would not otherwise take. This is how, so they tell us, this quaint six-storied tower came to be built. The lowest room was devoted by Ellen de Freston to charity, the second to tapestry and sewing, the third to music, the fourth to painting, the fifth to her literary work, and the room at the top was reserved for the study of astronomy which she carried on in the evening.

Edwin Booth's Love

EXTRACT from letter written by Edwin Booth to Richard Henry Stoddard, in which he refers to his wife, the beautiful Mary Devlin: "Were it in my power to have my Mary back I would not call her. . . . I have reasoned with myself calmly on the subject, and after having sifted all the golden grains out of my nature I see the black, slimy earth and nothing more. I feel the truth of what is often said: a woman cannot raise a man to her level—he will drag her down to his. Mollie's goodness was, while here, thrown away upon me. We were happy, and in that happiness I forgot God and—even her. I thought only of myself—but her goodness was not wasted, for now I

feel it, now it shows as it ever will, my guiding star through life. Why do I grieve for her who is most infinitely blessed? I have dared to ask God why I have been thus tortured, and now I feel a voice which tells me it was to save me—to save her. It also asks me why I never questioned the Almighty when I was what I blindly thought myself, happy; why I never said, 'Why, O God, hast thou showered this unmerited goodness upon me?' I never thanked God for His gift, or rather for what He loaned to me, and why should I ask Him now why He has taken His own again? She belonged to Him, not to me. I thank Him now, I bless Him for the great good He gave me through her, and for the great good He has given her by taking her from me—me who would have destroyed all her joys, all her hopes. I do sincerely believe I should have gone mad had no other influence spared me. . . . Of course, a tear trembles on my eyelid at sight of some of her loved playthings, and my sighs struggle up and find vent when I kiss my baby—but I fight bravely against the monster, melancholy; talk of my dear one as though she were on a visit somewhere, and gratify a longing to rejoin her by getting beyond the stars in my dreams, and in my waking hours, too; then I feel at peace again and return to my baby



AN IRISH COLLEEN

daughter, and fashion out the path for her—the path her mother trod, of goodness, love and gentleness."

Mary Devlin Booth was buried at Auburn, not far from the family lot of Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

HERE'S the world half blind
With intellectual light, half brutalized
With civilization, having caught the plague
In silks from Tarsus, shrieking east and west
Along a thousand railroads, mad with pain
And sin, too. . . . Does one woman of you all
(You who weep easily) grow pale to see
This tiger shake his cage? Does one of you
Stand still from dancing, stop from stringing pearls,
And pine and die because of the great sum
Of universal anguish?
. . . . Women as you are,
Mere women, personal and passionate,
You give us doting mothers, perfect wives,
Sublime Madonnas and enduring saints. . . .
We get no Christ from you!—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

ELEONORA DUSE says: "Grâce à Dieu, I can still love and enjoy a flower growing in the fields. The artist is not destroying the soul of the woman. Can any one believe that an artist is nothing better than an automaton?"

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Treasures of the Alexandrian Library

IN reading the story of the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, one's curiosity is considerably aroused by the brief historical statement that a large part of it was dispersed.

The whole history is this: The library was founded by the half brother of Alexander the Great, Ptolemy Soter, three centuries before Christ. Its 700,000 volumes included everything thought valuable in the known literature of its period.

Half a century before Christ, somewhat more than half the collection was burned during Julius Cæsar's siege of Alexandria.

But a strange tradition may be met with in various parts of the East, says H. P. Blavatsky, who traveled there for several years. This tradition relates that at the time of the siege, the library was undergoing repairs, and the most precious of the rolls were stored in the house of one of the librarians, and in those of other scribes and philosophers. A quantity of these ultimately found their way to Tartary, Thibet and India.

Some doubtless got back to the library, which was further replenished by a great mass of volumes which constituted the library of Eumenes, King of Pergamos.

All went well then for four centuries. During that time the library must have accumulated matter for which our historians would give their right hands. The best literature of Rome and Greece must have been there; much of great value from Egypt; writings of hundreds of Alexandrian thinkers, philosophers, mystics; the lost Gnostic works; and materials from which we could see the whole and exact history of Christianity, its early teachers, its immediate predecessors and surroundings, the growth of the Church and the connections of her ritual and doctrine.

It may be imagined that there would have been no few persons wishing to see a good deal of that out of the way.

Accordingly Bishop Theophilus got the permission of the Emperor Theodosius (389 A. D.) to *disperse* it. And he did. He was another such, morally, as his nephew Cyril, who murdered Hypatia; and he is accused by a famous student of that time, Antoninus, with having bribed slaves to steal valuable volumes from the library that he might sell them, during years before the dispersion.

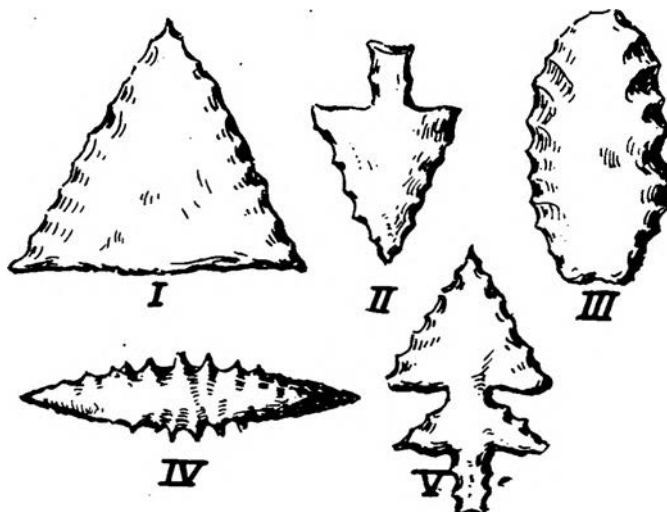
To whom did he sell his thefts; where are they; and where the officially dispersed remainder?

Again, we meet the tradition which asserts that all of these volumes that were of any value were taken care of, are in the right hands, and will, in due course, be forthcoming.

But even then they were not all dispersed. The final scene came three centuries later yet, when the remainders were burned by a lieutenant of Caliph Omar.

In all, a thousand years. Time enough, and opportunity enough, one may suspect, for many thousands of priceless rolls to have found their way into remote places in Syria, Arabia, India, Tartary, Thibet and Mount Athos.

Sixty years ago, Perring the archeologist offered a large sum to an



STONE ARROW POINTS FROM WASHINGTON

THESE arrow-points are types of those found along the Columbia river and its tributaries in the state of Washington. Each form is found in various grades of workmanship and material, and differ widely in size. No. 1 is usually medium size, about an inch long; while No. 2 is seldom more than two inches long. No. 3 is usually large, from two to four inches long, and of inferior material and finish. No. 4 is of about two inches long, of a softish, mottled stone, and No. 5 is usually small. The materials are flint, quartz, granite and volcanic glass, which last is said to exist nowhere nearer than Yellowstone Park, which is several hundred miles away beyond two ranges of mountains. The present Indians claim to have no knowledge of the use of these stone arrows, though the statement is open to doubt. W. E.



PREHISTORIC ARROW-POINTS FROM IRELAND

Arab sheik to discover to him the door into the secret chambers of the North Pyramid of Doshoor. But the sheik refused to "sell the secret of the dead," promising to show it freely *when the time should come*. "Is it then impossible," asks H. P. Blavatsky, "that in some other regions of the earth are guarded the remains of that glorious literature of the past, which was the fruit of its majestic civilization?" And she quotes Max Müller, who wrote even in 1860: "During the last fifty years the authentic documents of the most important religions in the world have been recovered in a most *unexpected and almost miraculous manner*."

May there not be a method in the "unexpectedness," and a timeliness?

STUDENT

Anthropology Exhibit at St. Louis

MR. S. P. VERNER is in charge of a very interesting expedition which has been organized by the Anthropological Section of the

St. Louis Exhibition. The party is now on the way to the Congo and Zambesi valleys, and its object is to collect information and material with regard to the natives of that region who are practically untouched by the advent of white men. Mr. Verner has been interviewed upon the object of his mission and he says:

The fact that the enterprise leads into a country of cannibals and savages, and that the attainment of our object requires diplomacy and tact in dealing with the natives, makes the mission one of difficulty and hazard. The time at its disposal also will make it, if successful, a notable exploit.

Our base of operations will be from the capital of Chief Ndombe, paramount Chieftain of the Lunda tribes, at the head of navigation of the Kasai River, the largest southern tributary of the Congo, from which place an effort will be made to penetrate the interior. Ndombe is one of the most remarkable of living African rulers. He is peculiar for being of a bright copper color, as are his family, although there has been no known white blood in his ancestry. He is also a firm friend of the white man, having signified his assent to white suzerainty over his domain, and having instructed his people to recognize the authority of the foreigners. His general jurisdiction is very extensive, and, including federated and associated tribes, may be said to include several million people, over a territory of several hundred thousand square miles. In his territory are tribes of pygmies, of cannibals, and the last remnant of the once powerful trans-continental slave traders, the Bimbadi.

The scientific interest attaching to this expedition arises from the fact that it has lately become strongly suspected that the most primitive forms of the human race are to be found in remote Africa, the oldest region known where the native life has been longest undisturbed by outside influences. It is desirable to record the conditions now existent there, and to obtain specimens of the arts and products of the people before they have changed their aboriginal ways for the innovations of rapidly-approaching civilization.

Mr. Vernon says truly that diplomacy and tact are essential in dealing with such natives. If these virtues are employed the danger will be reduced to a minimum and firearms will be of very minor importance. The territory in question was traversed through and through by Dr. Livingstone who spent many years among these natives, and who never found it necessary to shed one drop of human blood.

Nature

Studies

What Constitutes a Genus or a Species

IN an article in a magazine devoted to natural history the writer makes the remark that "the different species (of fly catchers) seem to be brothers and sisters from the same nest differing in size and other ways only as much as brothers and sisters do in other than bird families."

This is an idea which must often occur to the ordinary unscientific observer who notes the contrast between human beings, even of the same family, and then sees upon what trivial and insignificant diversities species are distinguished in the animal world. Surely if the same system were applied to the people of a given district where they were all of the same blood—and there are such districts even in our own emigrant flooded country—there would be a great range of species which when tested would prove to be only personal variations of type.

We know two very significant facts which tend to confirm this opinion. First, the greatest difficulty of bird-fanciers and stock-raisers is to keep the type pure and free from "sports" as the varying specimens are termed. Second, the greatest difficulty of the naturalist is to find definite lines of division between the species and varieties, which do, as Darwin says, "merge into one another by imperceptible variations." May we not, then, reasonably suppose that if we were able to trace wild bird and animal genealogies as we can the human, we would find the same diversities even in members of the same family. Indeed it is positively known that individuals of widely different "species" often are so related and that there is a zone, as it were, of mixtures surrounding the fixed types in the same way that there are zones of mixture wherever two human race types become adjacent.

It is true that the points which the breeder seeks to perpetuate in his birds and animals are more or less artificial and unnatural and therefore have a distinct tendency to revert to a more simple form, yet the fact that there is no rigid line between species so widely different as the poodles, bulldogs and greyhounds; or between the bantams, games and cochins, should open our eyes to the infinite flexibility of manifestation which nature persists in exhibiting, in reckless defiance of the best systems of classification and nomenclature which men have invented. Indeed, it seems almost as though life and variation are identical terms, and one can, without any great flight of fancy believe that the intelligences which guide and direct the development of living forms may perhaps rather seek than shun variation, as though trying to demonstrate the infinite number of ways whereby the conditions and limitations of life can be met and overcome by modifications and correlated variations in the living organism.

As Emerson so keenly shows, there is a central balance about which all variety clusters:

If the head is greatly enlarged the trunk and extremities are cut short, . . . for nature always takes as much as she gives to any creature.

Perhaps we shall sometime cease to "classify" the multicolored bubbles of lines which constantly appear upon the sea of life universal.

FLOWERS

by ALICE JEAN CLEATOR

WE do not need to search for Nature's sermons
In Wisdom's wondrous books,
For we may read them in the dark deep forests,
Or by the running brooks;
Each tiny blossom is a glowing letter
Of Heaven's alphabet;
O'er all the world in dim and silent places
Like jewels they are set;
Their very presence in the hour of anguish
The sorrowing heart can reach,
And oft more sweet to us their tender silence
Than fairest human speech.

Philosophy and the Love of Nature

WHY should it provoke surprise that a great philosopher and a great scientist should be sensitive to the beauties of nature? Should it not rather be a matter for astonishment if the reverse were the case, and if the mind which had explored the secrets of matter were unconscious or unappreciative of the charm of external form and color? Why then should we find such a sentence as this in a newspaper which seems to reflect some of the better thought of the day:

That Herbert Spencer, philosopher and agnostic as he was, was not inaccessible to the emotions of the religion of Nature is felt in his citing the remark of Ruskin that "all other efforts in education are futile till you have taught your people to love fields, birds and flowers."

That agnosticism, which after all, is nothing but the courage to admit ignorance, should be a supposed bar to the "religion of nature" is not remarkable in an age which values cant almost as much as it values money, but that philosophy also should come under the ban is a little distressing. Doubtless, the scribe in question wrote from the end of his pen and with an eye to quantity rather than to quality. Here, for example, is an extract from Mr. Spencer's writings which should place him high among nature-lovers even were it an isolated fragment, which it is not:

Often when among the Scotch mountains I have pleased myself with the thought that their sides can never be brought under the plow; here at least Nature must ever remain unsubdued. Though subordination to human wants is sometimes suggested by the faint tinklings of distant sheep bells, or by some deer on the sky-line, yet these do not deduct from, but rather add to, the poetry of the scene. In such places one may forget for awhile the prosaic aspects of civilization. . . . Under the western end of the South Downs, where I have taken up my abode this season, daily drives show me beauties future generations will not see. The vast hedges overrun with clematis and bryony and wild hop, occupying as they do great breadths and casting wide shadows are not tolerated by the advanced agriculturist. . . . Where the brook crossed the road, a couple of planks and a handrail served to carry over the pedestrians. But now county councils with members severally anxious to gain popularity by proposing something which gives work, will soon replace all these by brick or stone bridges. Only here and there, where a path through the fields is carried over a small stream by a foot bridge, will it still be possible to lean over the handrail and watch the minnows as they slowly come out of their hiding-places, into which your shadow had frightened them.

STUDENT



IF we have not yet arrived at the time for the lion and the lamb to lie down together in peace, we are tending that way when a cat of mature years and a puppy can be on such intimate terms as to associate in the way the picture shows. This black cat has seen many generations of puppies in his household, and he knew the mother, grandmother and great-grandmother of this one, and evidently considers it as worthy of more than passing notice.

Whether Carrier Pigeons Could Cross the Atlantic

CAN carrier pigeons cross the Atlantic? is a question to which M. Dusolier, in the *Revue Scientifique* gives a negative answer. He believes such a feat to be impossible, and he says that any pigeon attempting it would be lost after about sixteen hours' of flight, unless, of course, it should meet a ship whereon it could rest. Captain Reynaud's pigeon, which is said to have accomplished the feat, must have alighted on various ships in order to pass the night.

As to the speed to which these birds attain, M. Dusolier believes that many absurd stories have been told.

STUDENT

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

ISIS Theatre was again filled with an appreciative audience last Sunday evening at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. There was an especially brilliant musical program by the Isis Conservatory students, and two solos by Mr. E. A. Neresheimer—all of which were thoroughly appreciated.

The two excellent addresses of the evening were by father and son, one being on the subject of "Liberty," by Mr. R. W. Machell, the well known Point Loma artist, whose works are so great a decoration to the Homestead, and the other by Mr. Machell's son, who is one of the young pupils of the Raja Yoga School. Mr. Machell's paper was of considerable length and of marked beauty and ability. We regret that we are only able to reproduce a few lines from its conclusion:

"Liberty or slavery depend upon the people, and people who are willing to lie down contentedly under the tyranny of their own appetites, and who make no effort to master themselves, people who allow themselves to be psychologized into indifference while their liberties are being taken away, cannot long expect to enjoy even the nominal liberty bequeathed to them by the noble pioneers of national independence.

"The nation is composed of men and women, and what the individuals are the State will be; if the individuals are not self-governing how long can the State hope to be free? For either we must govern ourselves or be governed by others, and the only liberty possible to man is the freedom from alien control, and the only chance for that is for him to be master of his own mind and body. If he were not a soul he could not be master of his own nature, but the lives of the great men prove man's possibilities, and our own efforts at self-mastery will prove to us our own possibilities, prove to us that we can be free if we will, that we can be happy if we will, that we can be our own masters and our own redeemers from the slavery of the brute in us, and remember that as is the individual so is the nation. If we love liberty let us make some worthy effort to establish her light in the land, by establishing her light in our own lives; and let us work for the building of the new nations of the world on this true basis, by teaching our children the simple truth that they are souls and that they must be masters over their own natures, teach them self-reliance and self-respect, and they will not be fooled by any false creed into giving up the right to think for themselves, nor will they be tempted by any bribe to sell themselves and betray the sacred cause of liberty, of which each one of us here is a guardian, if we are worthy to be called men and women. Let us see to it that the children are given a chance to know the truth and to get such a mastery of themselves that they will be the incorruptible guardians of the liberty of the races yet unborn. One Teacher there is today in the world who is able to establish such a system of education, and she has proved her power to do this, and her work is here going on amongst you, and you have the power either to help or to hinder it, and so to influence the future of the world. Now is your opportunity to redeem the negligence of the

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Addresses on "Liberty" by Mr. Machell, the Artist, and "History" by His Son, a Raja Yoga Boy

Reprinted from the San Diego News

past by giving your honest support and protection to the work of Katherine Tingley. Help her now, and from the schools that she is establishing will go forth true Teachers of Liberty and Purity and Health and Happiness, and you who are here now shall see the wonderful harvest that shall come from this seed sowing. Now is your opportunity."

Mr. Machell's son chose the subject of "History from the Standpoint of a Raja Yoga Boy," and said in part as follows:

"The study of history is a valuable factor as a means of broadening the minds of its students. When we read an authentic and well-written history of the nations, and become acquainted with their leaders and great men, we forget our personal dislikes. We find ourselves face to face with this question, 'Is not every one responsible for the history of his country?' Are we not now making the history of our country? History tells us that some of the greatest statesmen and generals have worked their way from humble cottages to the highest ranks of power. Their lives show that they did not despise little beginnings. They achieved their ends, not for themselves but for the benefit of others.

"When they were young they thought to help their parents. As they grew older their thoughts and actions were not always for themselves.

"Abraham Lincoln was such a man. His mind was always engaged in his country's welfare, while he performed his duties of chopping wood or hauling logs. He possessed a great mind, a great soul and a great purpose.

"We do not become great by chance. True nobility is the result of our efforts to be noble and to love justice.

"Joan of Arc was another great soul. Her ideals and aims were so high that the people of the time did not and would not understand her. She was too great for those people who were fighting for their own selfish ends. Her pure and unstained character was liable to check and thwart their fiendish schemes. Nevertheless she turned the tide of affairs in France. She who was blasphemed, whose honor and integrity were questioned, who was even burned at the stake in the name of God, is today believed to be one of the world's greatest heroines.

"If we are able to gather fragments of the history of the home life of the men and women who have been leaders in the world we will always find a loving mother who has protected her children, whose life has been a fitting example to follow. There are other battles fought and other victories won, besides those on the battlefield. A harsh tongue controlled, a hot temper converted, a cruel hand withheld, these are the victories first won in the home.

"If the parents had failed to do their part, a life of usefulness and strength would have been sacrificed, and who knows what important event in history might have been postponed? For the sake of our country and its right to demand our best services we cannot afford to let the apparently small things slip by unnoticed.

"Katherine Tingley has said, 'You can never tell how far an apparently insignificant bit of good work may spread. It is like a stone thrown into the water in the endless succession of ripples.'"

WELL nigh fifty years ago the writer first read "Two Years Before the Mast," and from that time longed to visit San Diego. Multifarious jostlings in life's course have but just awarded that exquisite pleasure. Descriptions, almost "as the sands of the sea for multitude," by the wise and otherwise; some among them produced anent sincere appreciative impulses, beneficent in their import and correspondingly so in result. Some others have been "written up," even by the wise, for pay and otherwise—but no description of this bay and its environment for comprehensive accuracy excels that of the Harvard graduate, sailor before the mast, embodied in that Continental, if not monumental, classic published first in the year 1831.

For explanation of such contrasting excellencies of composition persuasive reasons are not far to seek.

"Debarring all side pretenses" the one masterful reason resides in the notorious fact, that, whilst among such later narrators—dead and living—were and are persons of great abilities, and of some distinction in the domain of literature, it may well be questioned whether any one of them possessed the intellectual aptitude and scholarly acquirements of the then young Richard H. Dana, whose narrative "all

"San Diego as She Is"

Some short extracts from a lengthy article appearing in the *Daily Oregon Statesman*, January 3, 1904

of which he saw and part of which he was" is of the enduring literature of his country. He lived to write an Addendum, after re-visiting the Pacific Slope in 1878. Dying

but a few years ago, he barely missed an even rating, as an all-round lawyer, with Webster, Choate, Sidney Bartlett and "Ben" Butler, with all of whom, at successive periods of life's fitful fever, he was contemporary.

But, returning now from Boston, there exists, despite such an increasingly great mass of description, a vast deal of miserable ignorance and equally unfortunate misconception respecting this county, its resources and people.

For, now nearing a decade and one-half, the reputation of this "City of Bay-n'-Climate" for serene deadness has stood supposedly unimpeachable, even as against the incorrigible Californian exaggerator.

During part—far greater portion—of that time, regretfully be it said, all the world might have stood up and said of the soft impeachment, "'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true.'"

Now, however, any one who will take the pains—and embracing the pains enjoy the pleasure—to stroll over the residence districts, cannot fail of being struck—perhaps astonished—when brought face to face with the substantial improvements,

as well municipal as private, palpably made within very recent years and now in progress.

In the more central business quarters—all enormously overbuilt in the baneful boom—less of such proof of prosperity naturally appears. Still, in such localities, new structures are being erected and some of the older remodeled.

The acknowledged activity in business sections is in healthy keeping with everything else; conducted like everything else in San Diego—on the quiet.

Constraint comes, however, to add a few sentences regarding the “Point Loma Theosophical Institute,” inaugurated barely three years ago.

One can but marvel at the phenomenal executive ability, the masterful grasp of the more than extraordinary woman founder, brains, genius and master of that institution, Madam Tingley.

Visit that transcendently lovely site. Try, by vain straining of your eyes, to identify the *terra firma* boundaries of the Theosophical holdings, lest your eyes, painted by such ineffective effort, turn them, with increasing interest, as it needs must be, to the thrifty mulberry grove gracing the opposite slope from that upon which the temple stands; walk around the spacious, landscaped, flower-bordered lawn to the industrial display building—elegant in its simplicity and architectural adaptation; and after viewing the needle and bead work marvels there exhibited, see, in a glass case you could easily pick up and walk away with, the incipient silk worm, pursuing nature's infallible gradations to the full matured, bursting cocoon, then pick up a card, not wider, nor so long as an ordinary blotting pad, and starting at the top of one of the parallel columns, see, again, his incipency developing successively to the exhibit next preceding the last; on that card man's concluding contribution to the operation, finished silk—spool-wound.

Then as you pass around the wide table, lying upon which in orderly array, observe publications in book, periodical, tract form; discoursing Theosophy to such as may place the pipe to their lips and open the ventages of the understanding, perchance. Coming thence out and into the inexpressibly balmy air from over the ocean you can all but step off into and then have pointed out to you the individual school and residence structures—possibly enter some of the former and witness the well-nigh marvelous exercises, exhibitions! very like infantile precocity in music and poetry of motion; attentively hear the descriptions imparted of the wonderful and beautiful cañons which lead to the mighty deep; the extemporized, but grandly equipped and embellished amphitheatre, in which, presently, the Greek drama—and that only—is to be presented in all its pristine splendor and significance!

By this time your eyes, becoming the more accustomed to what is to be seen, are the better fitted to comprehend the immensity of the present main edifice: “Temple of Work”—the more stately companion, “Temple of Learning,” is yet to appear, seasonably. Your ears have not yet heard, nor your eyes beheld, so many wonders as to lastly learn without exceeding surprise that all this has been developed upon that theretofore barren site within less than the three and one-half years last past.

The Lotus Work at Groningen, Holland

Last month—September—we opened a class in English with ten girls. More children are following, because they all are very enthusiastic for this work. The very words of Brotherhood English touch their minds with new vibrations. They sing “Happy Little Sunbeams” and “Lullaby.”

The Lotus-helpers are also studying English. They translate for the children stories from the NEW CENTURY PATH.

Our Lotus Circle became temporarily reorganized on behalf of the preparation needed for studying *The Little Philosophers*, which will probably be given on Christmas or New Year.

The key-note of Raja Yoga teaching was struck for our children by a Raja Yoga baby in the NEW CENTURY PATH of September 20th, with the words, “Good morning! I know about Raja Yoga. Do you?”

Lotus Group II, greatly consisting of the youngest children, is now set apart. The members of the other three Groups will be trained for the presentation of *The Little Philosophers*. To broaden their horizon we teach them some things about geography, ethnology, the Elder Brothers and their teachings.

Enclosed we send a portrait of our Girls' Club. Debate on different matters is now introduced. Faithfully yours, W. G. REEDEKER, Superintendent.

Action---the Illuminator

Paper read at New South Wales Lodge of the Universal Brotherhood Organization

THERE is an old saying well known to most of us, “You must do the deed to know the doctrine.” Theory without practise is absolutely useless in regard to an understanding of Theosophy. Our three great Teachers have all taught us that. Madame H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge lived practical Theosophy and therefore what they spoke of carried conviction to the earnest seeker after truth and aided them also to “do the deed,” that they might “know the doctrine.” But in those days much of the work done was a spreading of the great Theosophical teachings intellectually; it was necessary that the intellectual theories then in vogue should receive a check and undoubtedly H. P. Blavatsky's presentation of the ancient truths was a death-blow to materialistic thought, and for many a searcher the fires of hope and courage were relit. Immortality as a certainty dawned upon the horizon of human consciousness. “You are immortal Souls,” ran her message, “arise and claim your heritage, assert your union with Divinity.” “Know ye not, ye are the Temple of the living God.”

William Q. Judge added to our knowledge of what true Brotherhood is by his heroic defense at the cost of his life of those principles his predecessor gave to the world. The Society was then called “The Theosophical Society,” and the subsidiary title was Universal Brotherhood. The main object was always the formation of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, and under the guidance of the third

Leader, Katherine Tingley, who took up the work when H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge laid it down, the nucleus was formed, and the title reversed, and it now is The Universal Brotherhood Organization, of which the Theosophical Society is the literary department.

From the formation of Universal Brotherhood, the translation of theoretical Theosophy into practical Theosophy has proceeded apace at the great World-Center of Theosophy at Point Loma, San Diego, California. There Katherine Tingley and many of the older students are gathered together, demonstrating to the world how joyful a thing life can become when lived upon Theosophical lines. Besides the adults, there are many children, for with the introduction of practical Theosophy, as the predominating feature of the organization, many changes of method occurred.

The Raja Yoga School has become a great feature in the work, and the children trained therein, are the wonder of all who see them, not only for the technical and intellectual excellence of their work, but for what is of infinitely more importance to the world, for their nobility of character. You see, it is practical Theosophy they learn under Katherine Tingley; learn to know in their daily lives that they are Immortal; and that one life is but a day in their long career, a happy, or a sad day, as their own acts determine. It is taught and practised in Loma-land that “Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood means,” and that as universal brotherhood is the law of life, only by doing unto others as you would

wish them do to you, and looking upon all men as pilgrims in the school of experience, brothers upon a common road leading to a common goal—universal perfection—can it be possible to do one's duty, and obtain that happiness which comes through a clear conscience and a persistent effort towards altruism.

That action is the illuminator comes home to our minds, when we see the great work done and knowledge obtained by those who work upon right lines, in harmony with nature, it comes home to our hearts when we try a little practise of it ourselves and feel our insight and capacity improve. You cannot realize you are a Soul unless you live a soul life; that men are brothers, unless you act as one towards them; nor feel love for humanity unless you unselfishly work for its benefit. You cannot enter into the larger joy of Universal life unless you lose hold of your petty personal interests, feeling yourself a part of the great human family irrespective of caste, color, race or creed.

A beginning has been made to demonstrate these truths practically at Point Loma on an extended scale, introducing art, music, the drama, as a part of the daily routine of life—the life beautiful—which is yet to be lived by all mankind, for we stand at the dawn of the age when “Truth, Light and Liberation” are coming to men. “On human shoulders,” says Katherine Tingley, “lies the responsibility of human progress,” and her students, facing that fact, are piercing the darkness of wrong action and wrong ideals, with the practical application of Theosophical principles in Loma-land, that all men may see by example what Theosophy really is through Action the Illuminator, and take part in the great work of redemption that they too “may do the deed,” and so know the doctrine of Eternal Truth.



GIRLS' CLUB, U. B. LODGE, GRONINGEN, HOLLAND

ONCE, many, many years ago,
there was a knight named
Ydghe—Ydghe, the Lone
Knight, as he came to be called.

He lived in those sorrowful days that came to Britain after the great King Arthur had ruled and passed away to Avalon. And so great was Ydghe's mourning for the good that had been, and which now, too, had passed away, that men spoke of him as the Lone Knight.

One day, so the legend runs, as he came riding down from the north past the plains of Camelot—the country made splendid by Arthur and his knights—he pondered again over all that had been; how for twenty years the stainless King had reigned, and through a hundred, hundred battles made the Right victorious, and carried law and order and mercy through the ravaged lands; giving his protection to the weak and his wisdom to all who needed, and bestowing the wonder of his friendship on those that fought with him for the Truth. Ydghe pictured to himself Camelot as it had been:

Built by old kings, age after age, so old,
So strange, so rich and dim, where the roofs
Tottered toward each other in the sky . . .
Where all the sacred mount of Camelot
And all the dim rich city, roof by roof,
Tower after tower, spire beyond spire,
By grove and garden, lawn and rushing brook,
Climbed to the mighty hall that Merlin built.

And then Ydghe marvelled in his mind over the majesty and mystery of the sacred woods, with their wondrous buildings and temples, sacred to the Druids and the Wise Women of Gavan. For to the south of Camelot spread green plains, and beyond green rolling hills, and farther still, between hills and sea, there had lain, when Arthur was King, the sacred wood—so guarded, so sacred, so unknown, that only a few of all the kings and earls and knights who came to Camelot entered there. The King alone, of all those mighty men, passed where it pleased him to go, and he never spoke of what he saw or knew.

But now all the glory of those days had passed. Times of terrible sorrow and pain came on that joyous land. Arthur, betrayed, was gone; his knights slain in the last great battle, the castles of Camelot ruined, the sacred woods bare and desecrated. The old Wise Men of the Temples had died and none were pure enough to take their places; the sacred fires had flickered out, the temples had fallen into ruin.

The Lone Knight, thinking thus, bore down over the hill that lay above Eischalonay of the sacred woods. But when he saw that grim valley, he drew rein and could scarce go further, so bitter was the sorrow that rose in him. For the once sacred groves were left desolate and lifeless, burnt and blackened as by a great fire. No tree or blade of grass grew in the sacred places, although blighted mist-hung woods crept near.

When at length he reached the charred waste that once had been known as the Gathering Green, he drew rein again, and his heart was filled with unshed tears as he gazed on the blackened ruins and the desolation around him. A long time passed by Ydghe in his sadness before he was aroused by a sighing in the air above him, and looking up he beheld a mighty figure wrapped in a gray mantle, bending low, sorrowing over the ruins of Eischalonay. As he looked

The Legend of the Lone Knight

the Lone Knight knew that he stood before one of the gods, and his eyes dropped abashed at the sight of the great sorrow that

clouded the god's face, and lay deep in the misty eyes. Nor did he dare look again, but crept to the ruins like one stabbed through the heart by the shining tears that fell around him. And it came to him to stoop and bathe his hand in a tear that lay at his feet, and as he did so there cut through him the bitterest pain he had ever yet known; but with that pain there came a sudden knowledge of what was needed of him, then, looking above him once more he saw the god had vanished.

He rose, and having found something that might hold water, dipped it into the shining pools that lay before him, carried it away brimming full and watered the parched earth round the ruins, and even in the silent fields. Many times he journeyed till the pools were dry and all the god's tears were sown upon the sacred ground. Then he mounted his horse again and looked gladly about him, for he knew that a flame would spring up wherever the tears had touched the earth, and that trees and green things would grow once more and bring back life and sweetness to the place.

As Ydghe turned his horse and rode away to the West, the blast of a great horn rang sweet and clear from behind him and sped across all the land, so strong and compelling that it seemed to him the very sun must be kept back from his sinking; and turning Ydghe saw the same mighty figure standing beyond the silent fields, towering into the sky.

As the god called on his horn a second time, a flock of birds rose out

of the miser-grown forest and wheeled toward him. Once again he called, and the last had gathered at his feet. Then they rose into the air before him and builded with their bodies a bridge that might bear him away from earth. And the god stepped along the Bridge of Birds till he was lost in the skies.

And that was the last time, so the legend says, that the gods were seen in the sacred woods. N. H.

INDIRECTION

by RICHARD REALP

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but
their subtle suggestion is fairer:

Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret
that clasps it is rarer:

Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that
precedes it is sweeter:

And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning
out-mastered the meter.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is
hinted and hidden,

Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the
sculptor is bidden:

Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues
of feeling:

Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that
crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which
is symbolized is greater:

Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward
creator:

Back of the sound broods the silence, back of
the gift stands the giving:

Back of the hand that receives, thrill the sensitive
nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone
by the doing:

The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the
heart of the wooing:

And up from the pits where these shiver, and up
from the heights where those shine,

Twin voices and shadows swim starward and the
essence of life is divine.

THOUGH the gods have visited the children of men oft, few among the latter ever have visited the gods. But one such once lived, so the Eddas tell us. His name was Gylfe and he was a King, and, as it chanced, a searcher after wisdom. He ruled in Sweden many hundreds of years after the creation of the world and his wisdom, so they say, was only part knowledge. The rest of it was goodness.

Gylfe, seeing about him the wonderful works of the gods, longed for the greater wisdom that only the gods possessed, so sore did he desire to help the world. So one fair day he resolved to journey to Asgard, the home of the gods. As an old man he disguised himself, but to no meaning, for the Gods knew that Gylfe was coming, even before he planted in his own mind this resolve.

And at last, Gylfe reached the great realm of Asgard, the place whither few have journeyed and from whence fewer still have returned. Of all the marvelous sights that Gylfe saw there the Eddas can tell you better than I, for the gods design that only those worthy, through their unselfishness, and valiant through their trust, shall stand before them, for only such as these could carry their message to the world.

And so it chanced that Gylfe went back to earth a Teacher among men and taught them mighty truths, and builded mighty works, which the Wise Ones had taught him. So say the Eddas. H.

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Modern Science Grants a New Lease of Life to the Sun!

IN France when a "new fact" is obtained by a litigant the case may be reopened. A similar state of things prevails in the scientific world, provided that the new fact does not shock the conventionalities too much. But occasionally, something startling, like the X-rays or Radium, is discovered which refuses to be muzzled, though it will not harmonize into the theories of the day. Surprising discoveries such as these, should cause those who have been willing to put their faith upon popular materialistic deductions of certain scientists, to reconsider their position, to think for themselves and to study the inner meanings of the ancient philosophies and world religions by the help of the search-light of Theosophy. Many modern theories are being, and many will have to be, abandoned, or profoundly modified. The ground is nearly clear for the reception of truer ideas, and the trend of modern thought is precisely in the direction outlined by H. P. Blavatsky. She said that the demonstration of the permeability of matter would be the next advance. The penetrative powers of the X-rays, etc., have justified her words, and even the accepted theory of the conservation of energy will have to stand on the defensive.

Till now, the theory of Helmholtz, that the sun's heat output is sustained by a contraction of its mass, so that when the shrinkage can go no farther it will quickly get dark and cold, has been widely accepted by astronomers. This does not allow a sufficiently long life for the solar orb to satisfy the geologists and, of course, there are no observations to support it. It is an essentially materialistic view, but Theosophy combats it by stating definitely that there are far deeper causes for the sun's activities, and that it will not go out fortuitously. Through H. P. Blavatsky the world was taught that the sun does not require fuel from the outside, nor is it needful to fall back on the contraction theory. The sun possesses an inherent vitality of his own, which is competent to supply the solar system with light and heat for the vast period necessary for the due working out of evolution to its end.

The sun is "glowing," but not "burning," in the strict sense of the word. The discovery of Radium has given us some light upon this profound problem, and the most recent hypotheses of scientists are getting closely in accord with the teachings of Theosophy, unlikely as it seemed five or even two years ago. We know that the element Helium is present in the sun; Helium is derived from the transmutation of Radium. Suppose, which seems exceedingly probable, that there is a considerable proportion of radium in the sun, the energy given off from such an immense mass would be sufficient to allow the sun an enormous antiquity and almost illimitable future of activity, without external aid. To show how careful we must be not to accept the improved hypotheses of modern science indiscriminately, particularly when they clash with the profounder wisdom of the ancients, the following quotation from Professor E. W. Maunder in *Knowledge*, is interesting:

The computations which Lord Kelvin and other leading men of science have made as to the possible length of time in the past, and in the future, during which the sun could maintain its present energy of radiation, are necessarily set aside, for we can no longer assume that the concentration of the sun's substance from infinite distance has been the sole or even the chief source of its energy. It is not only that radium itself may exist in sufficient abundance in the sun to account for its energy, but the same or similar radio-active properties may be possessed by other of its elements or by the sun itself as a whole. Professor G. H. Darwin writes: "Knowing as we now do that an atom of matter is capable of containing an enormous store of energy in itself, I think we have no right to assume that the sun is incapable of liberating atomic energy to a degree at least comparable with that which it would do if made of radium."

But this gives a fatal shock to the glib text-book explanations of the origin of our system from the primeval nebula. The nebular theory will be found to be a far deeper, grander and more complex mystery than we have dared to imagine. And now, perhaps, the haunting specter of the sun's speedy extinction for want of fuel, and his relatively short past life will disappear into the limbo of many mushroom theories. Theosophy declares that the sun will never become extinct until the last ripple of planetary evolution has run its course. There is the great Law "working for righteousness" ceaselessly, and things are not left to blind chance. R.

Luminous Water in Medicine—Superstition Becomes Science

FOR many years—we think even so far back as the days of Paracelsus—various unauthorized persons have claimed that water through which colored light has passed acquired curative medical properties. They had their results to show for their contention. But that mattered not. They were outside the pale of orthodox medicine and science, and the results could not even be considered. Superstition, quackery, or auto-suggestion, were epithets just as good for this line of treatment as for the use of the magnet, mesmerism, or medicines attenuated after the method of Hahnemann.

The situation slowly changes. The superstition of today is the official science of tomorrow. The effects of colored light on the body are now everywhere admitted and used. "Sunlight is a great curative agent," says Dr. William Morton, of the New York Post-Graduate Hospital, "and liquids charged with violet rays have practically the same effect."

It is even possible that the tonic and antimalarial effects of quinine may be partly or wholly due to this very principle. Solutions of it "fluoresce," that is, shine with an opalescent reflection, when light falls upon them. They detain some of it on its way through, and very beautifully radiate it in all directions. Dr. Morton makes use of this property. A patient is given some solution of quinine, "and then when radium is held near the body or the X-ray used"—or, in other experiments, violet light—"the liquid becomes luminous, and sunlight may be said to flood the interior of the body."

The germ-destroying power of sunlight is well known. Its direct effect on germs in the blood is, however, very doubtful. But by the method suggested by Dr. Morton, the blood itself, containing quinine, may be supposed to become charged with light, and fluorescent. There are doubtless transvisible parts of the spectrum to which clothes and flesh are transparent; but the passage of these through the body must be a very different matter to their momentary detention and then reflection throughout it in every direction. "In chronic malaria, cancer of the liver, and many other ailments, this treatment has shown good results."

If humanity would but cease its continuous production of the causes of disease, the whole mass of existing diseases and tendency to them could be quickly overtaken by the growing resources of modern medicine. And the horses and guinea-pigs could be allowed to rest from the production of serums.

M. D.

A New Medical Fad—Cleanliness and Good Health

A PHYSICIAN has attracted some attention to himself of late by maintaining that bathing and skin-washing are not only unnecessary but injurious. As a matter of practice, he already has a considerable portion of the population on his side. But he also wants the rest. Three or four millions of glands open on the surface of the skin. Some of them secrete a lubricating oil, especially for the hair; others excrete perspiration. Both products tend to putrefaction, and both readily dry and harden in and about the open ends of their ducts. The skin is also an absorbing organ, and advantage is taken of this fact in administering certain medicines by applying them as external ointments.

Putting these facts together, it is clear that the non-washer, who from hereditary or acquired instinct, or under the advice of the physician we are quoting, knows no other use for water than to drink it, is covered beneath his clothes with a layer of vapor given off by putrescent secretion and dead skin-scales, and that his skin is inhaling this into the blood. Besides removing this source of poisoning, the use of water all over the skin involves rubbing to dry it again; and this means a most beneficial massage of all the cutaneous venules and lymphatics, whose sluggish contents are thus forced into the general blood-stream.

M. D.

The archeological history of Paris is being gradually unveiled, thanks to the energy of some of its citizens. Mr. Charles Magnew has long suspected that something worth finding lay underneath the Rue Cassine, and his investigations have disclosed the cover of a tomb bearing the figure of a Roman blacksmith. His left hand holds a pair of pincers and forceps, but the right arm is missing.

Here and There Throughout the World



A LONELY TARN IN THE HILLS OF ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT

A country famous for its beauty and its literary associations. It is visited by great numbers of Americans every year who like to look upon the scenes that inspired the pens of Wordsworth, Southey, and many others.

The Death Traps of Christian Nations A BIG Atlantic liner entering Cherbourg has narrowly escaped destruction from the accidental explosion of three torpedoes at the entrance of the harbor. The *Progressive Thinker* very properly asks:

Why are torpedoes planted at the entrance of harbors? Is it to protect cities against heathen peoples, or savages? Is it to protect against Buddhists or Confucians? O no; it is to guard and defend against attack by other Christian nations.

The possession of torpedoes is almost entirely confined to Christian people who invented them and who use them. It is certainly a grim parody upon our profession, and a parody which will cease as soon as we realize it. Christian civilization lies hypnotized within a vicious ring of habit and custom. Sanity and fraternity are outside of that ring.

M. Curie and the Legion of Honor M. CURIE has attracted some criticism from the French press on account of his refusal to receive the cross of the Legion of Honor, which was offered to him by M. Chaumie, the Minister of Education. In explanation of his refusal, which was taken as a reflection upon those who have thus been decorated, M. Curie has made a communication from which the following is an extract:

I, myself, do not need or care for decorations of any kind. I told Minister Chaumie this, and he understood my position perfectly.

It is true, I admit, that decorations sometimes inspire to certain acts of courage and devotion, but I cannot see why a French citizen should need any decoration to inspire him to patriotic acts, any more than a citizen of the United States, in which country there are no decorations of any kind.

The Penal Code of the Moros WE may learn something of the science of penology even from the Moros. It seems that the penalty for theft, according to their ancient code, is the loss of both hands. They find that the effect of this cruel punishment is to render a conviction almost impossible, and the offender usually escapes any punishment whatever. Those of our own countrymen who so easily rush into print in order to advocate penal ferocity usually forget that juries are likely to have sentiments of humanity greater than their own and will avoid a verdict which carries cruel results. Vindictive punishments invariably foster crime.

Alaskan Natives & Christian Vices GENERAL FUNSTON, writing on the condition of the Alaskan natives, says that they are rapidly dying off from tuberculosis and from the whiskey and bad habits given to them by civilization. It is, of course, an old story, and we have learned to listen to it with placidity. If all the white missionaries in the world were to devote themselves exclusively to undoing the mischief wrought by their compatriots and to preaching a return to a clean life, they would have no leisure for insisting upon their creeds, and there would be no need for their governments to send gunboats to aid in spreading the gospel.

Cathedral of Toledo Going to Ruin THE great Spanish cathedral of Toledo, always so representative of the ecclesiastical life of the country, seems to be in a condition of hopeless ruin. The roof has fallen in and the walls appear likely to follow suit. The building of this magnificent cathedral occupied over two hundred and sixty years, having been finished in 1492. It has been sacked over and over again, the last time being by the French under La Houssaye. The hand of time seems likely to be the strongest of all and from its judgment there will be no appeal.

Titled Scoundrels in French Courts THE exemplary punishment which the French courts have recently meted out to some titled scoundrels who have been guilty of the most flagrant abominations under the guise of mysticism may serve as a warning and a deterrent. The hold of superstition upon the human mind is nearly as strong as ever it was, and under its guidance the boundary line between sanity and criminal insanity becomes very thin and very faint. The devil has a very extensive wardrobe from which to choose a disguise, and it is usually effective—for a time.

Dreyfus to Be Re-instated in Army IT is stated upon what seems to be good authority, that as soon as the innocence of Dreyfus has been declared by the Court of Cassation, he will be reinstated in the army with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. His regiment has already been arranged for, certain removals having been made in order to assure a favorable reception. A nomination of Lieutenant-Colonel means a promotion of two grades, and they will be provided for on consecutive days. *Fiat Justitia.*

Good Factory Law in Russia THE legislation of the Russian Government is certainly thorough. The new factory and mine law provides for compulsory compensation in all cases of accidents however caused, and such compensation which takes the form of annuity, is payable not only to widows and legitimate children, but also to illegitimate children and their mothers, and is based upon 260 days wages per annum, although actual working days number only 220.

Portrait of Dante Found at Bologna THE question of the personal appearance of Dante is likely to be solved by a discovery made in the state archives of Bologna. Among these documents Professor Giovanni Livi has found a parchment dated 1323, on which appear two pen sketches representing the crowning of the poet by the city. It is surprising that a treasure such as this should be allowed to lie unnoticed through so many centuries.

The Folly of a New York Preacher THE New York minister who proposes that physicians shall be authorized by law to put to death those who have incurable diseases, is probably inspired by no higher motive than to get himself talked about. Where is the physician who is charlatan enough to say that any disease is incurable except the mental disease of folly? And if folly were made a cause of death, we should obviously hear no more suggestions from the minister in question.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Real Meaning of Christmas

Written by a twelve-year-old Lotus Group girl of San Francisco

THERE are many people scattered all over this land who do not know anything about Christmas or Santa Claus. These people are called savages by Christians, but still these so-called savages share their food with their neighbors and help their brothers whenever called upon to do so. Some people think they know all about Christmas and Santa Claus, but they do not believe in celebrating at that time because it costs too much or because they are selfish or afraid they will not get more than they give. How unhappy such people must be! And there are many, many such!

Now, I think the story of Christmas and Santa Claus was intended for just such people, to see if they could not be touched and appealed to for the sake of the children. For when a child cannot influence a hard heart there is no hope left.

The Lotus Group teaches that Christmas is the time when the real Christ principle in us ought to show itself more than at other times. We should be glad and joyful for such a glorious reminder of the Christ spirit in all of us, for that is what brotherhood means. Christ was born in an age when everything was dark and gloomy; all hope seemed to have disappeared. But still there were a few who wished and hoped and willed for the dawn of a new and brighter day, and these few made it possible for another teacher to come among us; such was the infant Jesus whom we are taught to love and respect. Another dark age is upon us, and Christ's teachings are now being forgotten.

Katherine Tingley and the children are holding up the bright star of hope to humanity until another great master comes who will teach the very message that Jesus taught.

Until then let us celebrate Christmas and be filled with gratitude and joy. V. A.

Raja Yoga Home Life

DEAR CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD: How would you like to find, as Cinderella did, a dear old fairy godmother, who would place a magical coach-and-four at your disposal, and then if you liked, just whisk you through the air, quick as a wink, to Loma-land? Wouldn't it be splendid? And what would you see? Homes, homes, homes, for, as all Lotus Group children



IN A GROUP HOME OF THE CUBAN BOYS OF RAJA YOGA SCHOOL

know, a true, pure sweet home life is the very foundation of the Raja Yoga system. And the beauty of these homes, their simplicity, their genuine Raja Yoga wholesomeness—no one could have designed them as Mrs. Tingley has done, and no one else could have inspired the children, boys as well as girls, to become such perfect housekeepers.

On Being Stupid

"MEG!" exclaimed Kathleen, "see what a quantity of raspberries we've gathered, our pitchers are full"—

"And we are going to make jam and we will bring a pot for you to taste," added Susie. "And Meg," said Muriel, "we have



IN ONE OF THE GROUP HOMES, RAJA YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA

been wondering what makes people stupid, and one day you said you would tell us something about it."

Meg smiled, and very soon they were grouped around her.

"Well," she began slowly, "one reason is, people don't use all they know, and that leaves the best part of their minds dormant, as though slumbering intelligences were there. Because when we recognize anything as being true and right, we have called forth, we have brought to life, within ourselves, intelligence.

"Some people act and use this; and some people don't. And that is the only difference between great people and some of those who are stupid. Sometimes it is the very presence of these intelligences that causes the feeling of stupidity. Our minds are just as though

they were in twilight, and when we recognize truths, the recognitions themselves are light, and that makes what was only twilight before seem darkness. And if we go on acting from the darkness, refusing to use the new intelligences we have called into life, we grow to feel stupid because of the very presence of the light which lets us know that we might be different.

"So when people feel stupid," said Meg brightly, "they need not always be despondent, because if they couldn't be different they wouldn't know they were stupid! And so of course it can be different if they try."

A. P. D.

A Nest in a Signal Lamp

ONE day one of the porters at Brampton Junction on the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, England, went up to light the signal lamp at the east end of the platform when he found that a pair of common brown or wood owls had chosen the signal post as a nesting place. A box-like receptacle about half-way down furnished a place for the nest, and there they had laid two eggs. Although close to the moving signal board they sat quietly and would probably have reared their brood if some one had not discovered and robbed their nest.

Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, just so soon and so far shall we reach the roots not only of cruelty, but of crime.—George T. Angell, Editor of "Our Dumb Animals."

Students'



Path

THE BUBBLES OF SAKI

by DAVID STARR JORDAN

IN sad sweet cadence Persian Omar sings
The life of man that lasts but for a day;
A phantom caravan that hastes away:
On to the chaos of insensate things.

"The Eternal Saki from that bowl hath poured
Millions of bubbles like us, and shall pour,"
Thy life, or mine, a half unspoken word,
A fleck of foam tossed on an unknown shore.

"When thou and I behind the veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the world shall last!
Which of our coming and departure heeds
As the seven seas shall heed a pebble cast."

"Then, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
Today of past regrets and future fears."
This is the only wisdom man can know,
"I come like water, and like wind I go."

But tell me, Omar, hast thou said the whole?
If such the bubbles that fill Saki's bowl,
How great is Saki, whose least whisper calls
Forth from the swirling mists a human soul!

Omar, one word of thine is but a breath,
A single cadence in thy perfect song;
And as its measures softly flow along,
A million cadences pass on to death.

Shall this one word withdraw itself in scorn,
Because 'tis not thy first, nor last, nor all—
Because 'tis not the sole breath thou hast drawn,
Nor yet the sweetest from thy lips let fall?

I do rejoice that when of "thee and me,"
Men talk no longer, yet not less, but more
The Eternal Saki still that bowl shall fill,
And ever stronger, purer bubbles pour.

One little note in the Eternal Song,
The Perfect Singer hath made place for me;
And not one atom in earth's wondrous throng
But shall be needful to Infinity.

The Science of Religion

A MOVEMENT has been started for the establishment of chairs of Christian evidence from the scientific standpoint, at various American colleges and universities. The information to hand is somewhat meagre, and although the scheme seems to be plausible and attractive, it would be interesting to get some further details in order that terms might be a little more definitely defined. What, for example, is the precise meaning which is attached to Christian evidence? Does this mean—as it has so often meant before—that stray fragments of scientific knowledge are to be isolated and twisted to support some particular piece of incredible dogma? We have, for instance, been repeatedly assured that the various flood myths which are found among savage peoples, are a confirmation of the Biblical deluge story in all its details, and this has been called scientific evidence, and we doubt if we have yet heard the last of the efforts to give a scientific name to the fish that swallowed Jonah. If this sort of thing is what is meant in the present instance by scientific evidence of Christianity, we must venture to suggest that it is neither scientific, nor is it evidence, nor is it Christian.

There is, of course, a science of religion, which includes Christianity, and it is to the revival of this science of religion that all Theosophical efforts are directed. Indeed the decay of religion is due to the loss of its science. What is now called religion has not only lost its knowledge,

its gnosis, but it no longer believes in its power to acquire it, nor indeed in its very existence. Only by the practice of Theosophy can this power be regained, because there is no power without knowledge.

Why is it that those who confine their researches to the material world have been allowed to claim a monopoly of science? They have so claimed it and practically without contradiction except from Theosophy. They have asserted that no knowledge whatever is possible, except of material things, that all other beliefs are imaginative and speculative. In these claims the religions of today have acquiesced if not openly, then tacitly, and the judgment of the world has gone by default. It is the mission of Theosophy to put heart into religion by giving science, that is to say knowledge, once more into its hands. Then religion will be able to answer its adversaries of materialism. It will no longer be on the defensive but it will be very much on the aggressive. It will be able to retort that it is not materialism, but religion, which has the monopoly of knowledge, and of science, inasmuch as the latter deals with consciousness, whereas the former can do no more than blindly speculate about those things which influence consciousness, the external world of which we know nothing except its effects upon consciousness. It is religion which deals with realities, while materialism must perforce confine itself to the shadows. We know nothing whatever of the simplest material object and we cannot logically say anything more of it than that our consciousness has undergone certain changes. Consciousness is peculiarly the sphere of religion. Within it lies Deity, life and death and fate, the forces which save and the forces which destroy. All these things we can know, and not merely speculate about, by studying the laws of consciousness, the laws of life, by knowing ourselves. Truly it is a great pursuit, the greatest and the best which any man can undertake. It is the only science worthy of that name. It is the knowledge which kills superstition and fear, which dowers man with the perfect tranquility which must come when supreme Law is discerned. When religion has learned to take what is its right it will no longer go to the material researcher, cap in hand, to beg for the scraps which may serve to buttress its own futilities. Religion will then be the only avenue to knowledge, and this veritable possession of the Soul is the Pearl of Great Price which Theosophy, the Wisdom of the Ages, offers to whomsoever will.

STUDENT

Herbert Spencer and Materialism

THE teachings of Herbert Spencer have been made the excuse for much blatant materialism on the part of those who are never so happy as when parading the thoughts of other men, and who are constitutionally incapable of discriminating between disbelief and a reverent agnosticism. It might be well for such to be reminded of some words written by Mr. Spencer shortly before his death. He says: "For years past, when watching the unfolding buds in the spring, there has arisen the thought, Shall I ever again see the buds unfold? Shall I ever again be awakened at dawn by the song of the thrush? Now that the end is not likely to be long postponed, there results an increasing tendency to meditate upon ultimate questions. But it seems a strange and repugnant conclusion that with the cessation of consciousness at death there ceases to be any knowledge of having existed. With his last breath it becomes to each the same thing as though he had never lived. Of late years the consciousness that without origin or cause infinite space has ever existed and must ever exist, produces in me a feeling from which I shrink."

STUDENT

Helps to High Living

by DAVID STARR JORDAN in the *Call of the Twentieth Century*

- SUN. So live that your afterself—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual.
- MON. It is impossible to drop into greatness.
- TUES. The only way to learn to do great things is to do small things well, patiently, loyally.
- WED. Those who control the Spiritual thought of the Twentieth century will be religious men.
- THURS. The sinner is the man who cannot say no.
- FRI. Love looks toward the future. Its glory is its altruism.
- SAT. To do strengthens a man for more doing; to love makes room for more loving.

THE humblest occupation has in it materials of discipline for the highest heaven.

A TIMELY WARNING

by LONGFELLOW

BEWARE! The Israelite of old, who tore
The lion in his path—when, poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
Shorn of his noble strength, and forced to grind
In prison, and at last led forth to be
A pander to philistine revelry.

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
Destroyed himself and with him those who made
A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;
The poor, blind slave, the scoff and jest of all,
Expired, and thousands perished in the fall.

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may in some grim revel raise his head
And shake the pillars of this common-weal,
Till the vast temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question How far is man the creature of circumstances?

Answer Just as far as he permits. This does not mean that he can change circumstances, but he can change his attitude towards them so that thereby both their moral effect and value are immediately altered, and instead of being a slave he begins to dominate them and to sow the seed of new circumstances in which he shall be master. It has perplexed many to find how far circumstances rule their lives and make or mar their happiness, and this just because they do not know their own nature and power. They ask, how comes it that they are so bound, why cannot they shake free?

It should be remembered that the conditions of the world into the midst of which we have been born have been of slow growth and the result of the untold acts and thoughts of humanity during thousands of years. All outer conditions are ultimately traceable back to inner causes, and so in like manner, if we desire new outer conditions, it lies with us to set up those causes which shall bring them about. But just so long as we submit to, or accept as inevitable the circumstances of life, we only tighten the chain of circumstances about us. There is a power which every man has, and he who thinks he has it not, may acquire it, of meeting circumstances in such a way as to deprive them of their dominance. Some may think they have not this power, but let them try it; let them follow Mark Tapley's example and say "Jolly" when everything looks black; let them remember that they have had their dark hours before, but that they have pulled through, otherwise they would not be here now; and they will pull through again. To laugh at circumstances takes all the sting out of them. Surely, it is not needful to say that we are to become callous or hard-hearted and to lose all sympathy and fellow-feeling. No; on the contrary, it is by becoming more sympathetic, by increasing our desire to help others, by losing no opportunity of loving service for others, that we become capable to meet circumstances with an unfaltering, a courageous heart. We have wound around ourselves the web of selfishness, strand by strand, until we can scarce move hand or foot, but now the cords have slackened a little and to unwind the web that course alone can avail which is the opposite of that which wound it so tightly—i. e., the only way to freedom is through unselfishness.

Question What part does motive play in determining our actions?

Answer Motive determines the real character of every action. The apparent character and the real character may be very different, in fact, directly opposite. Thus a cloak of seeming good may be worn to cover evil purposes. The outwardly good or unselfish act with the evil or selfish motive at heart, may work temporary outward benefit, while the evil seed at the core grows into a giant long-

lived weed not easily rooted out, the harvest of which the sower will sometime reap in suffering. A good act performed with a pure unselfish motive is a power for good on both outer and inner planes, helping others and helping most the one from whom it emanates. Even a mistaken act of kindness, unwisely done through lack of knowledge, while working some harm is more than counterbalanced by an unselfish motive, a sincere desire to help. Owing to our dual nature, our motives may spring from either of two sources, the lowest selfish desires or the opposite. Desire of some kind is a motive power within us, and to purify and ennoble our desires, enlarging them to take in the welfare of all, is to place our motives on the spiritual plane of compassion where they will be most powerful and most beneficent to all. The highest good cannot otherwise be accomplished either for ourselves or others. So we need to search our hearts for our motives, turn on the search-light of pure compassion and see of what character they are. It is very easy to deceive ourselves into thinking that our motives are unselfish when they are not, but we must not listen to or harbor for a moment the sophisms of our dark companion, who would entangle us and blind us to the light; but placing our trust in our warrior companion, put down the dragon of selfishness and walk over its dead body into the light, liberty and power of an unselfish life. If we keep our motives pure and free from selfishness, we shall gain the clearer vision that will enable us to judge aright and to act wisely. It is always the big shadow of our little self that obscures for us the light.

Krishna says, "As the ignorant perform the duties of life from the hope of reward, so the wise man, from the wish to bring the world to duty and benefit mankind, should perform his actions without motives of interest." B. W.

Work and Play

THERE are several learned theories to explain why the young of man and animals play, and now comes a new one. According to Herbert Spencer, play is a method of letting off surplus energy not required for growth. The ground not covered by this explanation, Groos attempts to cover by the theory that play is a sort of instinctive rehearsal for future life-work.

The last explanation is that play is a reversion to what was work. Thus hunting, fishing, camping out, and so on, which some do as play, had to be done as work for livelihood in other epochs of our race life. The writer, Professor Patrick, particularly deals with football:

In this game more than any other, except those of the Roman amphitheatre and their modern representatives, there is reversion to aboriginal manners, and hence a more complete relapse into latent habits, more perfect rest of the higher brain-centers, more thoroughgoing rest and recreation. The game is more brutal—that is, more primitive—than others. The scene before us is the old familiar scene of ages past. The lively chase for goals, as for cover, the rude physical shock of the heavy opposing teams, and the scrimmage-like, *melee* character of the collisions awaken our deep-seated slumbering instincts, permit us to revel for a time in these long-restricted impulses, relieve completely the strain of the will, and so serve all the conditions of recreation.

The psychology of football and similar sports does not teach that in these games there is a return to savagery. There is a momentary return, in the form of sport, to the serious manners of former days in order that in the serious affairs of today these manners may be the more completely left behind.

This last theory is the only one of the three which also explains the play of adults, for example chess. These plays enable the employ of a kind of skill not useful in ordinary life, yet pressing for use; and they offer as reward the sense of *victory*, not otherwise to be obtained without harming some other person. It is the old joy of battle. X.

THE NUMBER of Japanese books published in 1901 was nearly 19,000 and of these only 35 were translations. During the previous ten years the annual number of publications was over 20,000, but a very large proportion were translations. Japan is evidently producing a great Japanese literature.

TO FRET and fume is undignified, suicidally foolish, and theologically unpardonable. To preserve a proper equanimity is not merely the first part of submission to God, but the chief of possible kindnesses to those about us. To do our best is one part; but to wash our hands smilingly of the consequence is the next part of any sensible virtue, and no one but an atheist has the right to wrangle over anything but his own conscious sins.—Robert Louis Stevenson

IT is at times of crises that masks are torn off and the real character reveals itself in all its beauty or all its hideous deformity. The recent terrible fire in the Iroquois Theatre at Chicago, brought many out in their true guise of selfishness, while those who perhaps before had never done anything that the world might call heroic proved to be braver than some of those who have been decorated for their prowess in battle. In one sense it is not strange that there should be heroism, for the soul is always heroic and true. The unselfish thing is, to the soul, the easy thing, the most natural thing in the world. Storm and flame may hurt, but they cannot prevent the soul from expressing itself, and in the actual balance they have absolutely no weight.

One who looks about over the world's life and sees the misery, the almost universal selfishness, takes new heart at the records of some of the heroic deeds that occurred during this fire. To cite one or two instances: when the first alarm was given a dozen or twenty ushers promptly betook themselves into safety. Only one of all those employed thought of the little children, for it will be remembered that by far the largest part of the audience on that afternoon was composed of children. This usher, "Joe," a lad just out of his teens, forgot all about himself. Seizing two children and carrying two, he made for the exit. Five trips were made in safety as far as the children were concerned, although he was burned and bleeding. On the last trip he stumbled and the mob swept over him—and that was all.

Another hero, as brave as those we read about who stuck to the guns on a sinking battleship, was a young boy who had charge of the stage elevator. Trip after trip was made until every chorus girl was safe, al-

Heroism

though the car during the last two trips was blanketed in smoke, the boy was badly burned and the controller of the elevator was blazing.

One mother died, shielding with her own body her little two-year-old, herself burned beyond all possibility of identification, thrown like a covering around the baby, who was entirely uninjured, the little face unscorched, the little garments unruffled. Another heroine was found among the dancers, a member of that profession which is so often spoken of by the clergy as if it were inevitably the doorway to the broad and easy path. This girl ran to get out of the burning building with a group of others, one of whom wrenched her ankle and fell, helpless. Five gave a glance backward and then hurried on. One only thought of the fainting girl. Grasping her friend around the waist she dragged her down five long flights of stairs, across a stage whose hundreds of pieces of scenery were blazing, and at last, both badly burned, they staggered into the street, the very last to leave the burning building alive.

Another case was that of a governess who was caught in a panic with her two little charges. One she carried and the other one whom she was leading stumbled. "Help me save this child!" she cried out to a man at her right. "Save yourself!" he replied with an oath, and passed on. In some unexplained manner she reached the street, herself badly injured, but the children safe. But what was this man?

It is curious what a picture in miniature every great disaster brings us of humanity's life. It is as if all the world were reduced by some process and its record, its lights and shadows, placed on a sensitive plate. There is a little heroism, of course, there are a few who forget themselves, the soul still speaks—but what about the many? STUDENT

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JAN	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
25	29.856	64	47	52	49	.00	E	5
26	29.916	62	50	54	44	.00	E	4
27	29.918	63	48	58	46	.03	SE	7
28	30.966	65	47	57	46	.00	E	7
29	29.974	67	44	52	44	.00	E	light
30	29.896	61	44	52	45	.00	E	7
31	30.000	65	51	61	51	.00	E	6

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

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U. S. bonds and premiums	103,770 00
Other stocks and bonds	41,495 00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	66,500 00
Other real estate owned	44,694 70
Redemption fund	2,500 00
Cash and exchange	476,346 42
	\$1,360,937 62

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$150,000 00
Surplus and undivided profits	70,799 18
Circulation	50,000 00
Deposits	1,090,138 44
	\$1,360,937 62

Deposits Jan. 22, 1901 \$574,570 74

Deposits Jan. 22, 1902 \$614,204 13

Deposits Jan. 22, 1903 \$853,169 35

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Vol. VII

FEBRUARY 14, 1904

No. 14

New Century Path

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

The World Is Restless
Education and Manners
Teaching of Spencer
Belief and Action
Gladstone and the Church
History of Europe
Birthday of Paine
Certain Wild Animals
The Frontispiece—illustrated

Page 4—XIX CENTURY PROBLEMS

Man, Deity, Law
Russian Church and Duelling
Overworked Women
Army Becoming Organized
Who Is Responsible?

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Drama of the Future
Head of Michelangelo's
"David" (illustration)
Fragment (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Woman and the Home
Mrs. Tyberg—illustrated
Lady Macbeth—II

Page 8—ARCHEOLOGY, ETC.

Work of Flinders Petrie
Archeology in Eastern Europe
Druid Temple Under a Village
Indian Totem (illustration)
Revelations in Crete

Page 9—NATURE

Trend of Floral Development
Wild Honeycomb at Loma-
land (illustration)
Woodland Housemates
Durability of Woods

Pages 10 & 11—U. S. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
A Greater San Diego
San Diego Raja Yoga
School—illustrated
Sweden's Loyalty

Page 12—FICTION

The Transformation of
Polly Larkins

Page 13—XIX CENTURY SCIENCE

Passing of Materialism
Science and Superstition
New Gem Kunzite

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Sunset at Sitka (illustration)
France in Crete
The Nile Dam
Japan's Library Treasures
Army Deterioration
Child Training in Japan
Tortured Animals as a
Dainty Food
Railway to Santiago
Jains Wear No Feathers
King's Life Threatened
American Products
British Monument to War
Horses

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Johnnie's World
Cuban Students of Point Loma
Wood-carving (illustration)
The Little Streets (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

The World Runs On (verse)
Meaning of Prayer
Milton on Education
The Climb of Life (verse)
Students' Column
Encyclopedia Biblica
Charles Lamb on Rein-
carnation

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Ruskin Up to Date
Oriental Ideal
For a Naval Training
Station

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

■ The World Is Restless and Uneasy

WHO shall doubt that a great reforming force is abroad in the world, subtle and pervasive? It shows itself in many directions—in peace movements, in struggles against corruption, in the world of religion and of science. It invades alike public life and private life, as though the collective consciousness of mankind had suddenly gained a glimpse of an ideal world, and was a little heartsick at the comparisons which force themselves into sight at every turn. Sometimes it is public calamity which shows to us the unwholesomeness of our social life, sometimes it is an outbreak of crime, or a threat of war, and as we

turn to face each new peril the clouds lift just enough to show us the precipices which lie ahead. The world is uneasy, apprehensive; it has forebodings and presentiments.

The fact is that all discord is contrary to the law of nature or the law of God, and is just as menacing to the body politic as are hygienic irregularities to the life of the individual. We may be yet a long way from understanding the unity of humanity, but it is the intention of nature to teach us that lesson and to make us understand it. It is impossible for any part of a community to be happy or healthy, however wealthy or luxurious it may be, so long as slum life exists, so long as the armies of the robbers and the robbed fill the world, so long as some human beings are so poor as to sell themselves, while others are rich enough to buy them. There is no possible isolation against misery, try as we may; nor can we in any way avoid the contagion of despair. If we will not have the brotherhood of joy, then must we have the brotherhood of sorrow. We can none of us go to heaven by ourselves. The very compassion which alone can take us there will also bind us to humanity.

Brotherhood of Sorrow or of Joy

The disorder against which nature is protesting is a mental disorder from which none of us are exempt. The corrupt and the criminal classes are not themselves the disorderly forces, but are rather the indices and the pressure gauges of the disorderly forces in ourselves. We may violently suppress the symptoms, we may drive them inwards and out of sight, but they are fed from the body itself, they are the poisonous growths from a poisoned soil. The trouble is that we have tried to live without love, we have assured ourselves that we are not our brothers' keepers, and we have not understood that fraternity is not merely an ethical sentiment, but a Law which cannot be broken with impunity. Whoever has shut love from his heart has placed a knife in the hands of the assassin, and is himself the cause of greed and public corruption. There is a common reservoir of human ill-will, and the criminal classes are but the channels through which it runs back into the world of action.

We Need a Mental Revolution

We need a mental revolution, and we are likely to have it. It is already presaged by a change in our habits of thought. So far the change is spasmodic and uncertain, but it will become definite, and it will make war upon custom and habit. It will restore to us our lost manhood and womanhood, it will recall honor and dignity and self-respect, it will give humanity a Soul. All revolutions begin with an idea thrown into the mind of the world by the Soul of the world, an idea which does not depend upon intellect nor upon argument, but which is rather a revelation of a divine and simple truth which we seem to have already known long since and for a time to have forgotten. It recalls us to ourselves as from a nightmare. We do not stay to enquire the source of those ideas. Their strength is rending and destructive, and then we see that it is also constructive.

Those divine ideas come like the tide, like the wind upon the corn. The self-interests of the world are always apprehensive of that tide, because it has been seen before at the times when history has been made somewhat rapidly. All sorts of ramparts have been raised against it, the bulwarks of superstition and caste, and prejudice and ignorance. But all these will be like the sand castles which children build upon the shore. They will be swept utterly away, and on the places where they stood will grow up new and beautiful cities, filled with friends.

STUDENT

Education and Manners

THE increasing misbehavior of some college men to which the press is drawing attention has received exemplification by a report of an incident at a well-known Methodist college, which may be the subject of legal enquiry. It is stated that a live rooster decorated with freshman colors was liberated in the chapel during prayers. A free fight seems to have ensued during which the bird was literally torn in pieces, and the Humane Society is about to investigate the affair. We have heard a good deal about the Paganism of the rising generation which is ascribed to the absence of definite religious teaching, but it would be hard to match such a scene as is here described in any Pagan Temple in the world. There is presumably plenty of definite religious teaching in a Methodist college, that is to say plenty of creed. Is this tree also to be judged by its fruits?

STUDENT

The Teaching of Spencer

THE world owes more to Herbert Spencer than it has yet realized. Very much of his best work was done while he was still comparatively young, and the stream of that work has become so incorporated in our national life that to a great extent we have forgotten its source and origin. Herbert Spencer it was who first claimed for girls a real education instead of the destructive folly by which their training was then governed. He it was who first showed that a healthy body was a necessary basis for a healthy mind, and that true development must pass over many parallel lines. He, too, it was who explained that children should be taught how to discover for themselves instead of being fed with facts, and that the love of discovery was in itself the most liberal of educations. These things have to a great extent become axioms, but when they were first enunciated by Mr. Spencer, they acted like explosives in our educational systems.

It was, of course, in a scientific direction that Herbert Spencer's great work was done, and there are, unfortunately, very few investigators who are saturated with the spirit in which he worked. For him science was a high and holy mission, and so pure was his ideal that there can be little hesitation in placing him high among the great religious forces of the age. Science, as he understood it, was the supreme teacher of honor and truth, and of that mental freedom which cuts itself away from error the instant that error is detected. We are still a long way from recognizing that all truth is religious, and that every aspect of truth is an indication of the whole. It is not easy to fully estimate the bearing of material science upon religious concept. Our theories of God are usually based upon our knowledge of the universe within which that God presides. As we extend our knowledge of the universe, so must we also extend our conception of God.

Perhaps no other writer of his age did so much to make men understand the wonders of the universe and of the laws which govern it.

STUDENT

Belief and Action

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME of New York seems to have some wholesome theories as to the necessity for action in combination with precept. Responding to the toast, "The Duty of the Citizen," at a Greek Society dinner, he recently said:

After my fifteen years of public life in this city, it is hard for me to talk about anything but the need of decency in public life; and educated men, you men of the colleges and universities, are under peculiar obligations to furnish that decency. Ethics alone won't do it. Thinking beautiful thoughts and embalming them in quarterly reviews won't do it. How far do you suppose Christianity would have gone if the principles had not been incarnated in one personality, in a Leader? Without that Leadership we should have had merely another school of ethics.

It is not enough to believe in decency. You must get out and fight for it; and if your own sense of honor doesn't force you to do that, nothing will.

It may fairly be questioned if there can be any genuine belief without action. The theory which stimulates the head but not the hands, will never count for very much. It is worth about as much as a bank check without a signature. However beautifully we may design our ships they are useless until they are launched, and it is right action which invokes the divine law. Mr. Jerome's citation of Christianity is a reminder of the words of Christ upon this very point, that not every one who said Lord, Lord, would enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but "he that heareth my words and doeth them." The world would cheerfully dispense with a very large amount of precept in exchange for a very small amount of practice.

STUDENT

Gladstone and the Church

THE Episcopal church never had a warmer friend than W. E. Gladstone, but his friendship was of that illuminated kind which saw the truth and expressed it boldly. The religious persecution which is now being carried on in England under the guise of educational zeal is causing many references to the great statesman's attitude. Writing once to his son on the subject of church rates, he said: "Now we have lived into a time when the great danger of the church is the sale of her faith for gold." And again, upon another occasion: "The Church of England is much more likely of the two to part with her faith than with her funds." From the lips of a true friend cometh wisdom.

A Real History of Europe

THE state of preparation for war costs nearly as much as war itself. It costs England 50 per cent of her whole budget, France 59 per cent of hers, Italy 64 per cent, Spain 70 per cent, and so on. Moreover, it keeps millions of youths idling in barracks, losing whatever good they may have brought from home, wasting their best years, and acquiring habits of vice and drunkenness.

A Frenchman, Gustave Hervé, has written a school history, designed to bring out this and other dark sides of war instead of the more usual ones. It is an ordinary history of Europe and its countries; but as each war comes up for consideration, no time is spent in dwelling upon the prowess of the generals or the details of battle. Instead, we get a record of the amount of devastation and destitution caused by the wars, the disastrous effect on the peoples, the international hatreds engendered, and the destruction of culture and liberty involved. Wars are ordinarily taught to the schoolboy and schoolgirl as mere facts in history, as causes of geographical and political effects. Here they are shown as points of delay in the evolution of humanity, delay and retrogression. The schoolboy ordinarily finishes his school study of the history of his own country with more or less instinctive hatred of all the nations with whom he has learned his own people to have been at war; with more or less contempt of other peoples; and with no other conception of war than as a glorious affair of valor and banners.

Not so here. He learns of the small share which the peoples have in the determination of the wars in which it is nevertheless *their* blood that is shed. He acquires neither contempt nor hatred of other peoples. And he comes from this history book with a foundation-sense of human brotherhood, and of the real community of interests of all peoples. Were history universally so taught, another generation would see the light of a new era.

STUDENT

Birthday of Paine

THE birthday of Thomas Paine has been worthily celebrated in Los Angeles, and that such a remembrance should be possible is evidence of a forward movement which is continuous and pleasing. The author of the *Rights of Man*, did not live to see those rights established, but by turning ourselves to the recollection of his work, we are all the more conscious of the green and living shoots of which he sowed the seeds and which are now growing so thickly underneath the tangle and the dead wood. Paine will not be forgotten until the world has learned the freedom of thought, a freedom which can in no way be conferred by constitutions nor by laws, but which each individual must valourously find for himself, and which each individual must watch and guard. The enemies of freedom conferred upon Paine the only honor they could give, and which he could take, the honor of martyrdom. They are equally eager to do today what they did then. Paine knew how to rise up and salute martyrdom, because he knew that victory walked within its shadow, as it ever does.

X.

"Certain Wild Animals"

AN extraordinary and terrible passage from the writings of La Bruyère give to us a picture of the condition of the French peasantry before the Revolution. It is indeed difficult to realize either a state so deplorable or the mind which would dictate such a description:

Certain wild animals, male and female, are to be seen in country places, black, sunburned, affixed to the soil, which they dig and turn over with invincible persistence. They have a kind of articulate voice, and when they rise on their feet they show a human face, and, in fact, they are men. They retire at night into dens, where they live on black bread, water and roots; they save other men the trouble of sowing, toiling and reaping, and they do not deserve to lack the bread which they have sown.

The Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week gives a fine view of the famous Monte Cristo in the State of Washington, which is truly representative of the magnificent mountain scenery of the Pacific Coast. The district of Monte Cristo is noted for its copper and silver mines.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Man, Deity and the Law at Chicago

A NATIONAL calamity like that which has recently happened at Chicago always produces a discussion as to the action of Deity in abstaining from interference or prevention. We ask ourselves whether catastrophes of this nature can be prevented by the interposition of divine will, and if we answer that question in the affirmative we are of course confronted by the further problem of why such prevention is withheld. The question is by no means so full of difficulty as it appears. Let us first of all remember that there is a perspective in the moral landscape as well as in the physical, and that unless we have the perspective which can only be given by time and distance we are entirely unable to estimate any event at its right value for weal or woe. Some of the greatest benefits which have ever come to the human race have been introduced by apparent calamity and how often have we not given a noisy welcome to those other occurrences which have resulted in catastrophe?

Let us, secondly, ask ourselves to what causes the burning of a building is presumably due. We prejudice no case whatever in saying that nearly all such misfortunes are produced directly or indirectly by preventable causes; that they are due, in other words, to a lack of human oversight, to a lack of human care, or to a lack of human prudence. This is a matter of common knowledge and not to be contradicted. Is it not then apparent that an expectation of divine intervention to ward off the direct results of our own action, or lack of action, would mean the destruction of all human progress, which must necessarily rest upon human experience?

Man Must Learn by Experience

It would mean the destruction of free-will, of the power to discriminate between good and evil, between safety and danger. It would at once reduce humanity to the helplessness and the unintelligence of infancy. Let us take the question a step further. If we may expect divine intervention in the case of such a calamity as that at Chicago, that same intervention would surely be exercised to prevent war which spreads a desolation vastly greater. If, again, such intervention is to be expected in great things, why not also in small things, and which of us shall divide the great from the small? Why shall we not be protected from the trivial accident, from the fall in the street, from the bruises and hurts of daily life, and from illness? Man must either learn by experience or not at all. He must either move or stand still, and motion implies resistance, obstacles, conflict, and with these a strengthened will, a clearer perception, an added wisdom. It may be that the horror at Chicago will cause every theatre in the world to be better safeguarded for the future and the loss of hundreds may mean the salvation of thousands because of the added prudence which must result. It is at any rate certain that a wave of pity and compassion has been called forth which must have inestimable blessings for a world which would forget both pity and compassion but for their invocation by human pain.

STUDENT

The Russian Church and Duelling

THE action of the strong minority of the General Synod of the Protestant State Church of Prussia, in vigorously defending the practice of duelling, has naturally excited considerable attention and disgust. That such usages should find exponents amongst laymen might, perhaps, not be surprising, but that it should be defended by prominent and representative churchmen, needs more explanation than it has yet received. Count Storch was conspicuous for his advocacy of this form of murder. He admitted that it seemed to be in opposition to the Ten Commandments, but he reminded his hearers that the Twenty-first Chapter of *Exodus* was a justification of homicide under many circumstances. It will be remembered that the chapter referred to contains many of the more savage and revolting features of the ancient Hebrew law, and we presume that this shining light among Prussian Protestants would also give his sanction to the texts, which ordain "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe." The General Prussian Synod is not to be congratulated.

STUDENT

Overworked & Underfed Women

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS, in the *London Daily Telegraph*, writing on poverty in London, presents a picture of the terrific pace at which physical deterioration has set in and must inevitably continue in the immediate future. Women who have lived in a half-starved and overworked condition most of their lives yet breed large families of children; and the State, aided by a host of philanthropic movements, keeps these weaklings alive, concentrating charity and aid on them rather than the less obviously afflicted poor.

In Bethnal-Green the women do home-work, consisting of cardboard box and toy-making. The conditions under which they do this work are described as "loathsome."

The overworked, underfed mother may be found in home after home, in street after street, of the poverty area. She toils from early morn till late at night to supplement her husband's scanty earnings, and the combined income is scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together.

One is not surprised to hear, knowing what churches have to offer and how they are allied with wealth and plenty, that,

The soul has suffered seriously if we are to accept the testimony of the clergy, who complain that they cannot reach the people, that almost every effort to get them under any sort of religious influence has failed. As to the body, the end is often the hospital. And yet these women are the mothers of large families. They are bearing year after year an enormous number of children, who are born either physically or mentally unfit for hard work.

Following is a specimen of the kind of statistics collected:

The Army Is Becoming Organized

Physically and mentally a weak woman. A home-worker. Long hours and short food. Family of home-workers in district for two generations. This woman has had ten children. Couldn't remember their names. Nine of the children have died. All were in some way afflicted. The father is weak-minded.

The writer does not wonder these people drink when they can, for it is an escape from their world into another world. And this drinking, too, produces its effects on posterity.

The sanitary measures taken by the State, "excellent as they are in one sense, are in another a check upon Nature's method of dealing with the overcrowding difficulty. Modern humanity strives to preserve the weakling."

The poor man's home is no longer his castle. He can be invaded at any time by half a dozen officials. His children must go to school or he is summoned. His home must be in a sanitary area or he is evicted. His children must keep good company, or he is brought before a magistrate and they are taken from him. If he is out of work and raises money on first-class security he must pay a rate of interest that would in time ruin a Rothschild. When he has no money he must not attract the attention of the public by stating his case and asking for alms—that is an offence against the law; and presently, though the only breadwinners may be his boys and girls, the law is going to step in and prohibit their employment.

And the poorer a man is today the more he pays for the necessities of life, and the less value he gets for his money. He is poisoned on one side and cheated on the other.

In conclusion, the writer says that this great army of the underfed is no longer voiceless, but is getting leadership and organization and reading the papers.

STUDENT

Who Is Responsible for Such?

A BOY of 14 who threatens murder with a pistol would be a remarkable phenomenon if he were in any way exceptional, but as he represents a large class he is specially interesting. His brother testified before the judge that his murderous proclivities were mainly due to bad company and equally bad novels, which is another illustration of the tranquillity with which we allow vicious writers to enrich themselves at our expense, and for their own private emolument, to contaminate young boys. Should this boy one day actually commit a murder, to whom will the real guilt attach?

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Drama of the Future

SLOWLY and surely, as time moves on, are the basic truths of Theosophy permeating the literature of the western world. The idea of Reincarnation, which was the target for abuse, ridicule and sarcasm when first advanced in the writings of H. P. B., has now become universally known and quite generally accepted. It has offered themes for romances innumerable. But it was left for a clever playwright to make Reincarnation the subject theme for a drama that is beyond question one of the most unique of the present day.

Adolph Wilbrandt, in his admirable play, *The Master of Palmyra*, which drew packed houses when produced in Vienna, has touched upon some vital truths which prove him to be a student of life in the truest sense. The old love-motive between the man and the woman exists throughout the play, but the author invests it with a higher purpose than the average playwright.

The Master of Palmyra, or Apelles, the hero of the drama, represents the noble warrior-soul desirous of perpetual life, that he may experience to the fullest extent all that life offers. This desire is gratified by the Lord of Life. The chief woman of the drama reincarnates in several different personalities during the course of the play.

In each personality she meets Apelles, who continues to live on in the full vigor of life—the two never recognizing each other, but the woman always bringing something nobler and more inspiring into the life of the man.

Evidently the thought of the author is to show, as did Goethe, the woman-soul leading the man upward. At last, after passing through countless trials and vicissitudes, the Master of Palmyra has become so weary of living that he longs for Death as ardently as he had before desired Life. In this condition of mind he meets the woman-soul, now reincarnated as Zenobia. He recognizes her then as the one who has been with him through all the important events of his past life, and gives utterance to his thought in these words:

Yes, at last, I understand, O thou mystery that has so often crossed my path, gentle flame of the multiform life! Now I understand the purpose of the Master—alas, too late!

The Spirit of Life passes from one form to another; the *ego* of man is restricted, only one of a thousand forms can it shape and enfold, only one road. Therefore, aspire not to the infinite sea of Eternity, whose span only God completes!

If it is to endure, it must grow, change, as thou, the narrow *ego* broadening, maturing, refining from form to form, until it is purified in the clear light. So could we, perhaps, gradually grow like unto God.

Zenobia says:

Who thou art, I remember now. My eyes see clearly. On thy brow I see the sign that made thee sleepless,—and a voice speaks, saying: Release to him who, after long struggle, understands at last the riddle of life and the lesson of death!

Apelles then sinks on his knees before Zenobia, and as she lays her cool hand on his brow,

he passes away from life, saying:

Adonis!—Shall I, like Adonis, return to the light?

Zenobia (*as he dies*):

Thou art yet to learn!

The author brings out very clearly and beautifully the distinction between the Spirit of Life and the Ego or Soul in these words when Apelles speaks to his son regarding the life of the world:

Within, a wheel with bright-colored spokes turns round and round. Things change, but they return; and all the souls of men are different colored bits of glass, through which gleams the one spirit of life—call him what you will. He stands invisible, behind each one, his true ego, and lives in us his life.

Could anything expound more clearly the principles of Theosophy than the above? It is encouraging to see authors becoming imbued with these truths, which seem new and yet are so old, old as life itself.

Still more encouraging is it to know that the public mind is ready for these truths. Yes, we believe the *healthy* part of the public mind is so eager for the real higher knowledge that its unseen but felt demand must bring the necessary supply.

We must frankly admit that while *The Master of Palmyra* unfolds valuable truths, yet it leaves the mind at its conclusion unsatisfied; it is incomplete.

The living facts can go forth only from one who is fully competent to give them utterance. Such an one is even now among us as a Teacher, and we believe the true dramas of life for the hungry Souls of the world will at the proper time be produced by her pen, and presented by a trained body of Students under her direction.

E. C. S.



HEAD OF MICHELANGELO'S "DAVID"

ELIZABETH, Queen of Roumania, better known by her pen name, "Carmen Sylva," is a musician of no mean ability. During her girlhood Madame Schumann was one of her teachers, before which, during her stay in St. Petersburg, she had become a pupil of Rubinstein. Of him she later wrote, "Under his hands it was not a piano which I heard. Now it was the music of the spheres, now the gossamer of fairyland. His genius made me forget the miracle of his technique. I stood in wonder as before a great event in nature. Oh, the witchery of his playing! Like the bloom upon the grape, the dewdrop on the flower, it adds to the music a beauty of its own."

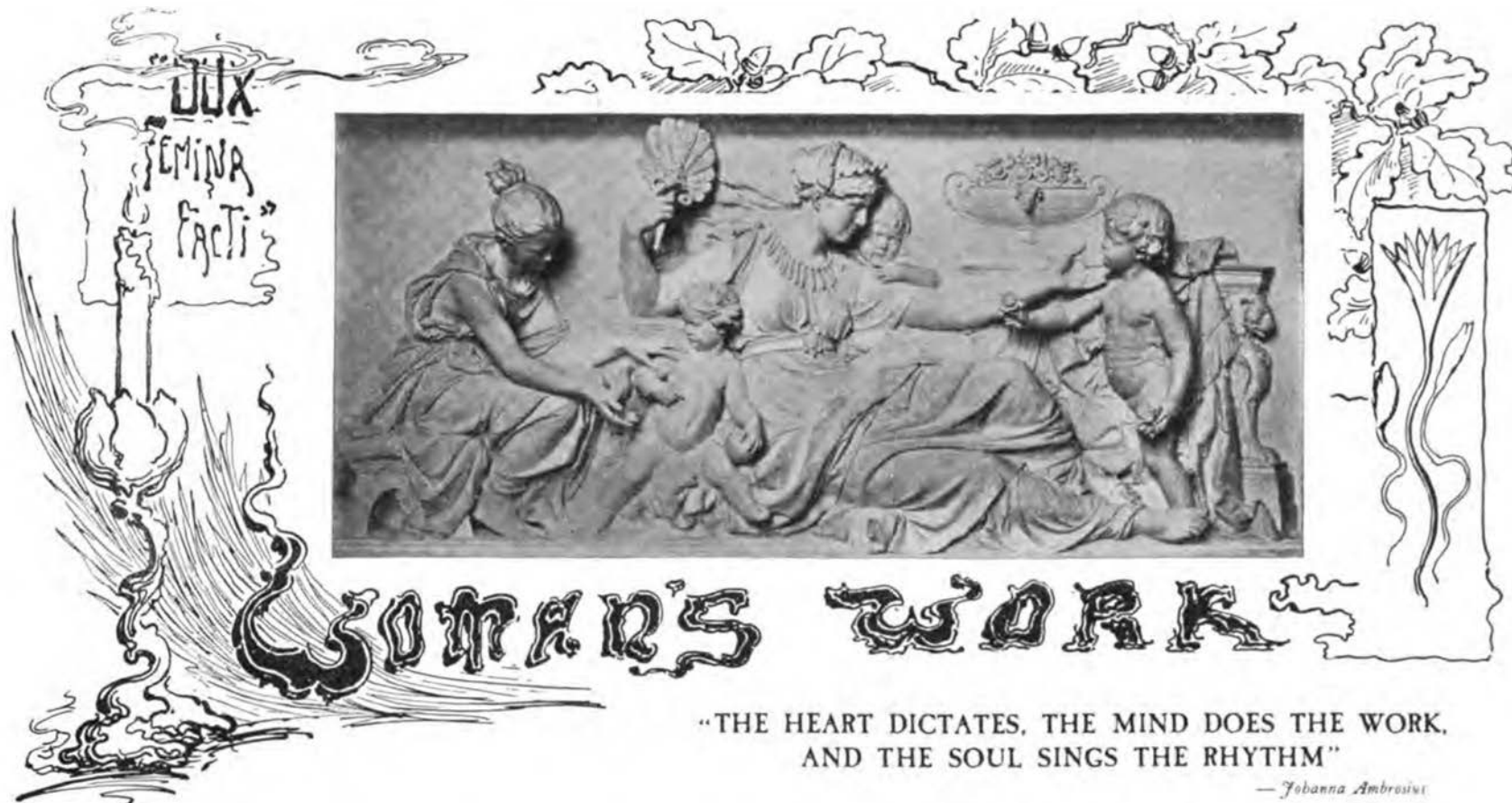
FRAGMENT

by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

WHILE art

Sets action on the top of suffering:

The artist's part is both to be and do,
Transfixing with a special, central power
The flat experience of the common man,
And turning outward, with a sudden wrench,
Half agony, half ecstasy, the thing
He feels the inmost: never felt the less
Because he sings it. Does a torch less burn
For burning next reflectors of blue steel?
The poet should be cooler for his place
'Twixt two incessant fires—his personal life's,
And that intense refraction which burns back
Perpetually against him from the round
Of crystal conscience he was born into,—
If artist-born. O wonderful great gift
Conferred on poets, of a two-fold life,
When one life has been found enough for pain!



THE crying need of the times is the mere opportunity to live simply, that we may discover ourselves.

There is something salutary in dealing with the actually necessary, that pierces the veils of illusion we have woven about ourselves and others, and allows the soul to shine through. To consciously choose, not being driven by want, to realize the simple necessities of daily life, is to begin a thread of consciousness that leads to a point where we, as women, may know and see and be at one with all the life that is synthesized in our wonderful physical organism. In our new school of social economics thinking women will do this, and by carrying their conscious mind from the simplest life that fills all human needs, through to a comprehension of the complex social organism that now exists, they will attain the "enlightened mastership" of wealth and opportunity; and *when unitedly* many such individual threads of consciousness are woven, a cable will be formed that will transmit *higher* human impulses than we have known. Then will the gods speak once more to mankind.

To begin by attention to necessary duties, to open to oneself this wider view, is true Raja Yoga, and truer concentration than any psychic practice. Take the question of the sustenance of the body, a vital question to women, the housekeepers. How many women spend the greater part of their time in buying, preparing or sometimes hardest of all, managing to get some one else to prepare, a great variety of delicacies in the way of food, to tempt the appetite and tickle the palates of the members of their families? Much of this food is not *required* by those who eat it; on the contrary, it often disables them by causing drowsiness and disease. Many devoted women give time and energy to build up insatiable monsters, whose criticism and disdain of a simple diet gradually cuts them off from the real life-giving properties of food.

Think of the abolition of waste, that most far-reaching crime of prodigal humanity, that would ensue, if, instead of what I have described, people were in the habit of taking only the food that was really needed. Think, moreover, of the effect of eating such food "with respect," as the ancient books say, and with the intention of building a body to be a fit vehicle for all noble purposes.

Look next into our homes. Are they not too often merely store-houses?

Woman and the Home

TRUE love is Christ-love: it is that part of woman's nature which lifts it above the ordinary, which fills the soul with compassion, and with a force such as words cannot describe.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

When we enter them we feel the absence of simplicity, we are jarred by the clogging of the necessary adjuncts of

life with objects that often have neither use nor beauty to recommend them, and that bear no relation to the *lives* of the people who put them there. Truly, we are often reminded of Stevenson's saying, "It is not taste that is *plentiful* but *courage* that is *rare*."

What we need is *courage* not to fill our houses with unnecessary things simply because others have them—or because others have them not and cannot get them! When *to do* and *to be* have won back their lost place, beside the dominant *to have* and *to get* of today, our hands will be free to restore lost arts and crafts, and will make of every home a beautiful place. I have read that in ancient times no unheralded visit occurred in homes. This may convey little to those who are in the whirl of social

observances, but this simple statement carries with it a refreshing breath from a time long ago, *when home was a sacred precinct*, whose atmosphere was lovingly and consciously builded, in which, shielded from the untoward, men and women prepared for great work; a place not to be lightly invaded, but to be approached with reverence.

What a saving of energy the restoration of formality founded on wisdom and the laws of human life would accomplish! Do you know anything more exhausting to the nerves than the continual informal visiting that goes on in the world? Is not the habit of "talking things over" carried to a point where clear thought and real growth become an impossibility? Sometimes it almost seems as if the art of human intercourse were destined to become a lost art. To many it already is so.

Working thus together, each from day to day freeing her soul to expression in action—this is the basis for a nobler type of home life than now prevails. It is the dawn of a higher courtesy.

MARJORIE TYBERG

NATURE is in earnest when she makes a woman; and there are women enough lying in the next churchyard with very commonplace blue slate-stones at their head and feet, for whom it was just as true that "all sounds of life assumed one tone of love," as for Letitia Landon, of whom Elizabeth Browning said it; but *she* could give words to her grief, and they could not.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

Mrs. Tyberg

ONE of the best known of our eastern members is Mrs. Oluf Tyberg, formerly of Brooklyn, now, with her family, one of the resident students of Point Loma. Mrs. Tyberg was born in Canada where she spent her girlhood, her ancestry being Scotch. She spent much time studying literature and educational methods, although, after her marriage, she of course relinquished her profession of teaching.

Something like twelve years ago she became a member of the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood. Instead of deadening her interest in the studies which had been her delight along educational lines, Theosophy served rather as a spur and she pushed out and tested all lines, having become familiar with practically all the modern methods of education. For some years she was interested in women's clubs and particularly those occupied with the study of child nature, and it was in this way that she became familiar with the Froebelian system of philosophy, which is now demonstrated, to an extent, in the Kindergartens. When Katherine Tingley gave her students—long before the public knew anything about it—some insight into the Raja Yoga system of education, Mrs. Tyberg felt that at last she had found what she had been looking for all her life.

"My ideal," she said recently, "was always an international home life for children and an education that would fit a child for any situation and make him equal to any emergency, and when my own children came I felt that there was at last hope of realizing my eager desire to open to them the whole world. Here in Loma-land I am realizing my life's ideal, and the longing I have had to give my children a purer, simpler and more widely human life is at last answered. The educators of the world—that is many of them—strive to lead children into the simple life but they lack that knowledge of child nature which alone can give them the power to do it. They forget that children are souls first and bodies afterward. The Raja Yoga system to me is the only system of education that meets every need that may arise, that is able to solve every difficult question—and mothers meet so many!—the only system which prevents that lamentable gap between home and school which has been the *bête noir* of educators since time began.

"It is the only system which permits the child and mother to live a natural and ideal home life, for it must not be forgotten that home life in its highest and purest aspect is the foundation-stone of the Raja Yoga system."

PARTICULARS of the wreck of a large steamer on the French coast contain an account of the bravery of a French fisher-girl, whose prompt action resulted in the saving of many lives. The vessel, which was bound for Dunkirk, went on the rocks in a thick fog and shortly afterwards sunk. One boat, full of seamen, narrowly escaped destruction on the treacherous rocks solely because this young girl swam out at the risk of her life and established communication with the shore.

IT was Mrs. Barhydt who established the Baldwin fund for the etching class in the National Academy of Design in New York. The endowment was in memory of her brother who was himself an etcher. Recently she has entrusted the administration of it to Mr. Smillie, teacher of the classes in etching. The fund is a great encouragement to students and in establishing it Mrs. Barhydt has done much to foster art life.

DISPATCHES from Berlin under the date of January 13th state that when the Reichstag reassembles next week a new petition will be presented asking that women be permitted to do business on the German Bourse. Although there is small chance that the petition will have any weight, the presentation of it has special interest at this time when everything seems to be changing, either for better or for worse.

Lady Macbeth

II

THE tragedy of *Macbeth*, studied deeply, these devastated temples of God comprehended, and the relation made manifest of man to the universe, would restore to humanity its lost heritage of spiritual knowledge, and so release him from his bondage of dogma, perversion, prejudice and error. *For its basis is spiritual law.* The ray from the central spiritual sun, the watcher, guardian, pleader, which has overshadowed and illumined the consciousness of Lady Macbeth through the long journey of many lives, is now withdrawn from the temple surrendered to pollution and evil. She is henceforth soulless, as she desired,

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose.

It has been suggested by some student that the soul reincarnated and radiated its glorious light yet again in the polluted mansion, as her conscience revealed its trouble and vain remorse, when the day of her little life shadowed to its night, "to be rounded by a sleep." Not so, NO MORE, *the soul light was withdrawn!* But can we not realize that where the transcendent soul has shed itself there must remain the aroma or effects? Even a grain of musk refuses to be obliterated. Welling up through the poisonous exhalations of hell, old memories arose and clothed themselves in radiance, sweetness, purity and peace. For hell exists alone by contrast. And where the soul has lighted the way, its effects are potencies revealing to humanity heaven, or hell. That is the work of the soul in humanity. Sublime in the gathering darkness of death's night stands the majestic ruin. That which lends solemn beauty and glory to mortal shrines and ruined material temples, pyramid or cathedral towers and domes—starlight, moonlight, sunshine or the rush and roar of battling elements, belong to material nature—and we sense the illusionary effects. But *this!* temple of the Holy Ghost—in its desecration—shows but the afterglow of the light once shed therein by the presence of God—"One accent of the Holy Ghost the heedless world has never lost."

This reflex action of the soul that illumines the gloom of the shadow of death that encompasses Lady Macbeth, is the soul's process of separating the wheat from the chaff of garnered years. She has chosen. It is finished.

With Macbeth, who does not surrender his temple, the soul pleads and pleads. How magically upon the shifting screen of his action are cast his mental reflections, that show to us the footsteps of the *same*. These footprints linger long and lovingly around the construction of the builder-man and reveal to us all along the way the stored wonders of his brain and heart. To the last hour, in his final desperation, the soul pleads with him and holds to him through his despair. The gleam of the soul flame glows over him to the last, "when life has lost its meaning."

Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot. Full of sound and meaning,
Signifying nothing.

Slowly man has evolved, gathering to himself the fabric and substance of his dwelling-place. Only after long ages it has rounded out into physical perfection. For æons of time this gathering, smelting, fusing by countless invisible processes, has provided the material for this wondrous dwelling. To what end? That the temple may become the fit dwelling for the most high God. That the Lord of Hosts may incarnate among men, and through the human temple raised to the divine, may sound the law!

KATHERINE RICHMOND GREEN



MRS. OLUF TYBERG

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Flinders Petrie Tells the British Association of His Work

THE address recently delivered by Professor Flinders Petrie before the British Association is useful as a pregnant epitome of exploration work in Egypt and the historical results which have accrued. He pointed out that until very recently the origin of Egyptian civilization had been unknown. It is still unknown, although the labors of archeology have disclosed many fascinating chapters, far preceding any hitherto known to exist. It is at any rate certain that the dynasties of which Menes was the first King were so far from being the beginning that they were rather the termination of one great civilization and the dawn of another. The art of the dynastic people was entirely different to that of the men who preceded them, as though a new and different genius had been incarnated in Egypt. For the first time we are now able to look clearly at a period of history extending over ten thousand years, and although the dawn may be still far from our sight, we are none the less upon a road of which every step must add materially to our knowledge.

It would be interesting to obtain Professor Petrie's opinion upon some of the discoveries which have recently been made in America, discoveries which certainly carry something more than a suggestion of Egyptian origin.

The field of archeological research is so broad and the laborers are so few that we lack the coordinative and the comparative work which is becoming increasingly necessary. The science of archeology is divided, as it were, into water-tight compartments, and we need a comprehensive survey to determine the way in which those compartments are related one to another. That will, of course, come in due time, and we shall then

find that many of the lines of research which now appear to be parallel are actually converging toward a common source. When this is recognized we shall certainly find that the prehistoric civilizations of America, of the vastness of which we now know so little, bear a very important part in the foundations of Egyptian evolution.

STUDENT

Archeology in Eastern Europe—What of Our Own Treasures?

AN American expedition has just left Boston in order to undertake an archeological exploration among the buried cities of Afghanistan and Southern Russia. This locality has never before been explored and it is believed that valuable discoveries will result.

It is of course gratifying to find American energy directed to such far distant fields. Science is above and beyond all geographical boundaries, but it may not be amiss to point out that even from the purely scientific standpoint America itself offers a better field for archeological research than either Afghanistan or the Crimea. These latter localities are not yet the prey of the devastating tourist and such treasures as they may contain will probably lie secure for many years to come. The case is however different in America. The vast treasures of our ancient history are not matters of speculation but are lying upon the surface and are suffering a yearly diminution in quantity and deterioration in quality. America possesses the scientists who are willing and eager to work. America possesses also the necessary money and it is hard to suppress a feeling of regret when this latter ingredient is employed in directions where the need is not so pressing.

STUDENT

A Great Druid Temple Beneath a Village in Kent, England

IT is not generally known that Stonehenge is not the only collection of Druidic remains in England. Near Chiselhurst, in Kent, is an extraordinary set of subterranean caves and passages, hitherto but little investigated, but now being thoroughly dissected and searched.

A vast Druidic Temple lies beneath the little village. The caves lie between 80 and 130 feet below the surface of the ground, and, with the laboriously excavated passages leading to them, are of immense extent. From the passage leading to the temple proper branch off many other passages, one *seven miles* in length; another five at least, for it has never yet been followed to its termination; others have been blocked by downfall from the roof; and all of them afford entrance to lateral caves. The floor rings hollow, strongly suggesting the existence of another and deeper set to which entrance has not yet been found. The arched walls of the passage are carefully finished, as also are the sides of a deep well in the floor of one of them.

The temple proper is marked by four massive altars, cut from the wall, all facing east, and opening from it is a little chamber to which access is gained by a slit in the wall through which one passes with difficulty.

A proper investigation of this mighty excavation has but begun. All the passages have to be followed to their ends, and the debris cleared away from those that are closed. The way has to be found to the deeper story of passages.

The Druid initiates committed nothing to writing. What we know of their mysteries and teachings comes to us only from tradition. And though of such second-hand information there is a

fair amount, it is strongly colored from the medium through which it comes, mostly Roman. Our real knowledge must come from a study of their remains and from our growing understanding of similar remains in other parts of the world.

STUDENT

Surprising Revelations of Archeologists in Prehistoric Crete

A CERTAIN sequence is usually to be noticed in archeological discovery and this is admirably illustrated by the discoveries in Crete.

The disclosure of an advanced civilization of such enormous antiquity was in itself sufficiently startling. We may also add that it was sufficiently disquieting to those who are always in a hurry to ascribe to myth and empty tradition whatever seems to conflict with preconceived opinions. The preliminary results of Cretan excavations had however hardly been given to the world before the announcement was made of yet another Cretan civilization antedating the Mycean and which may have been almost as much a matter of conjecture to the Mycean people as it is to us. Mr. John L. Myers describes a sanctuary which belonged to those earlier people and which stood upon the summit of a hill. This sanctuary consisted of a massive retaining wall of large blocks enclosing a rectangular space. Terra cottas have been found in very considerable numbers, those of human beings being dressed in a manner very different to the Mycean costumes. The garb of the women was especially novel, including enormous and highly decorated hats, having a remarkable resemblance to some of the modern fashions. Terra cottas of animals were also found in great profusion.

STUDENT



INDIAN TOTEM AT BLUNDER HARBOR, BRITISH COLUMBIA
In front of the Chief's house: the size of the Totem and peculiarity of figure denote the crest of his family and his relative importance

Nature

Studies

The Trend of Floral Development?

TO the lay mind, which knows nothing of genera and species, there is something very significant in the development of flowers from the simplest to the more complex forms and methods of arrangement. Beginning with those types which have no flowers at all such as the lichens, we find a progressive process of assembling the parts of a flower. First a group of modified parts of the plant; then, a step further, an organized structure, with its beauty of form, color and odor, every detail of which is of some use in the performance of its functions as a flower.

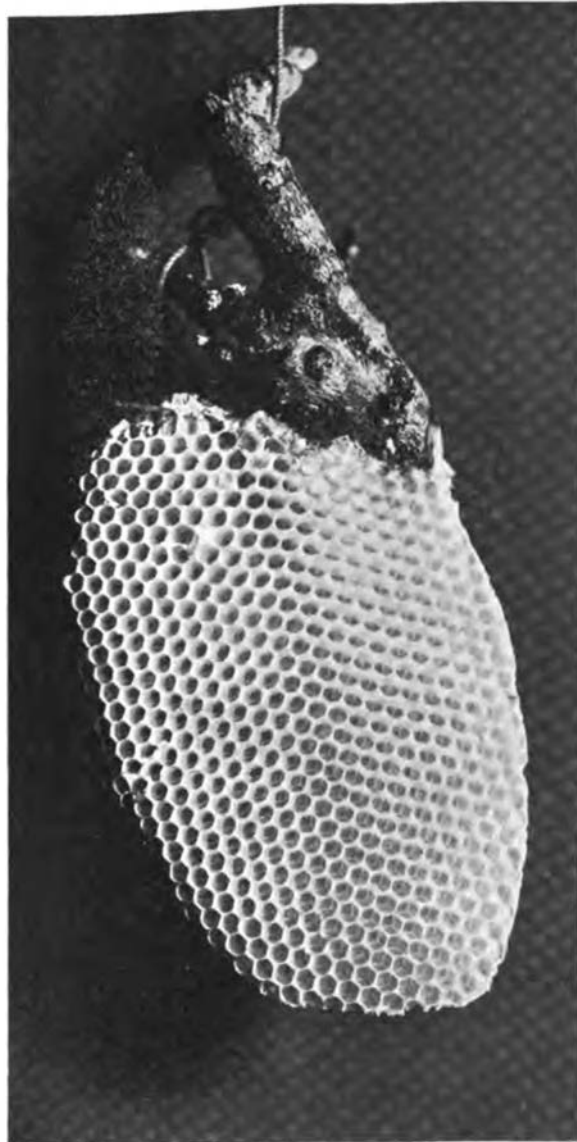
But now opens up a new series of development. From the simple, single *rosaceæ* or *crucifloræ* we advance to ever more and more compact groupings of the flowers themselves. At the beginning isolated flowers such as roses, apple blossoms or carnations, then groups, clusters, racemes, umbels and spikes, and so by infinitesimal steps to *compositæ*, the daisies and sunflowers. Each of these is a little family or town of flowers, perhaps two hundred tiny flowers to make one daisy. Each floweret has many parts, so that our dainty daisy is really a most wonderful little system composed of probably five or ten thousand tiny organs and parts. Then another step occurs and we find that in the calla-lily family we have the flower community all enclosed in one great petal instead of a row of them.

Now this appears to be still somewhat short of the final plan, for the *compositæ* themselves begin to combine. They lay aside their large, showy petals, as in the thistles, becoming very unobtrusive in appearance. Then they begin to combine into larger systems, first by groupings, then by umbels of *compositæ*, such as the yarrow, and so on. The process of assemblage is manifestly yet incomplete; other stages remain to be worked out; but the fascinating problem is how far will it go? Is it a prophecy as well as a record of human progress back to the Golden Age?

First the undivided pre-blossom stage, then individualism, next the family group, clustering into tribes which grew by successive steps of unification into composite nations. Does not this next and, as yet, last step in the plant world truly represent the spirit of unity now working so powerfully among men; the effort of nations to combine in peace?

One naturally wonders where it will end, what sort of flowers will be at last produced, and what sort of a world they will grow in, when they stop struggling, each for itself and combine harmoniously into great unities.

SAN DIEGO has petitioned for a federal forest reservation in the Cuyamaca mountains, which when enforced will insure an abundant water supply.



WILD HONEYCOMB FROM LOMA-LAND

AMONG the clefts in a rocky canyon, near the School of Antiquity grounds, Point Loma, some of the Raja Yoga schoolboys, while taking a walk lately, found a good-tempered swarm of bees snugly tucked in. Our cut shows a very perfect piece of honeycomb which was found close by, hanging to a branch. The bees had deserted it, owing to the increasing coolness of the weather, and had found a warm shelter in the cliff. But the new location was exposed to danger from the rain and to a deadly enemy, the moth, whose caterpillars soon began to ravage the new comb. Help was necessary, and after much labor the bees have been comfortably shifted to a warm, safe hive, and they promise to be the progenitors of many strong colonies.

It is a curious sight to see how active the Loma-land bees are in January, when all is usually quiet in temperate climes. But the warm sunshine and the flowers in the Homestead gardens, keep them working and even raising their young. All day the busy little workers are carrying loads of pollen and honey for their brood. But, like their kind in colder climates, they have driven out the useless drones some months ago.

R.

Our Woodland Housemates

WHILE in camp last summer we were on quite friendly terms with some chipmunks, who resided under our cabin. Although very shy at first, they soon became so tame that they would come and eat what we put out for them, or else stuff it into their cheek pouches and take it away to eat at leisure. If it was in very small pieces they would eat it then and there, and we found it very interesting to watch them. Nuts were their favorite food, and they could smell them at a very surprising distance. After a while they learned to come up in our laps and eat from our hands, or stuff their cheeks with what they could not eat. It was extremely funny to see them take nuts out of their cheeks and repack them more compactly to gain a little extra space.

They sleep most of the winter and therefore do not need to lay up as much food as the squirrels who keep open house nearly all the time. The smallest and tamest one we called Baby. Sometimes he would be having a private picnic with us when he would see the largest one coming, and would squeal and run away. Probably they do not understand Brotherhood, or it may be that Baby was breaking family rules.

Our friend who lived across the road said that he used to make them do tricks before he would feed them, by passing his hand up the tent pole and around the boxes to make them follow.

One of the little ones tried to get away with half a loaf of bread one day, but we stopped him and told him that we intended that for our dinner, so he reluctantly left it.

They were as fond of candy as any child, and fairly reveled in it when we gave it to them. We hope that they will have a nice winter's nap so as to be fresh and happy when we meet them next year. DRYAD

The Durability of Woods

SOME experiments as to the durability of woods have recently come to a conclusion. Stakes two feet long and an inch and a half square were driven into the ground nearly their entire length. At the end of five years oak, elm, ash, fir and soft mahogany were entirely decayed, larch and hard pine were decayed on the outside, cedar of Lebanon and hard mahogany were in fairly good condition, but Virginia cedar was as sound and perfect as at first.

THE greatest carrier-pigeon speed on record was reached by a pigeon belonging to Mr. Gist, which flew from Bayonne to Antwerp, a distance of 617 miles, in 10 hours 39 minutes, or at an average rate of about 85 miles an hour. Over much shorter distances higher speeds have, of course, been reached but in no case exceeding 75 miles an hour.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

IN spite of a chilly atmosphere and threatening rain, a good audience assembled at Isis Theatre on Sunday evening to hear the admirable music which is now so customary, and the papers which had been prepared by Mr. W. A. Dunn and his son Hubert, who was one of the early pupils of the Raja Yoga School. Mr. Dunn has two sons in the School, but we understand that he himself has only recently arrived at Point Loma as a valuable reinforcement to the musical talent at the Homestead. Mr. Dunn's paper was on "Music in Life," and we present our readers with a short extract from an able composition:

"All here are familiar with Katherine Tingley's statement that 'Music is not only one of the refinements of life, but life itself.' So much is this the fact that science is now demonstrating that we never contract a group of muscles, or propel a nervous impulse, without generating musical tones throughout the entire body. Scientific instruments are now in use that assist the ear as the microscope assists the eye, and there is no longer any question that these bodies in which we live possess innumerable octaves of musical strings, capable of responding sympathetically, if we would let them, to every conceivable vibration of nature. Just as there are several octaves of notes on a piano, so are there several octaves or degrees of natural sounds in nature and in the body. For instance, the eye that perceives vibrations of light belongs to a much higher octave than the organs of smell. Now, if we carefully observe, within ourselves, how the sensations we receive rise into the mind and become changed into thought and states of feeling, we will notice that a very small proportion indeed are under control. The organs of sight, hearing, feeling, smell and taste receive outward sensations, as it were, in a raw state. These travel to the mind within and receive those commanding touches that make man the creator of his destiny. For instance, if a man has a positive purpose in life—to live up to the highest ideal he can conceive of—all received impressions are worked up into the melodies of thought and harmonies of feeling, that are *in relation* to his attitude and purpose. On the other hand, if a man has no particular purpose in life but is swayed hither and thither by the desire or emotion that happens to be uppermost, these lower forces attract the impressions we receive from life, and mold them into the discordant tones in life. Many writers have likened the human nervous system, with its uncountable silver threads, to a complex musical instrument that gives forth musical harmonies according to the proficiency of the player within. Every day this is being recognized as the literal statement of a scientific truth. It is a singular fact that our bodies, called by St. Paul 'the Temples of God,' have the least value placed upon them as musical instruments, and receive little or no cultivation along the lines of their limitless possibilities.

"In considering the cultivation of musical thought and feeling, it is necessary to remember that its field of operation is over the whole field of life and duty. There is no physical act, no wave of feeling, no thought activity that cannot be used for the purpose we have in hand—that of restoring our minds and bodies to their true place at the head of nature.

"People now-a-days do not err so much in committing wrong as in *omitting* to do the obvious right. They live negative lives, with will-power asleep, and the power of imagination uncultivated. Sense impressions and lower desires being unchecked, have free play over the mind, feed upon its substance and wax strong into the forces of personal habit that obsess and mar our lives.

"Music teaches a great truth—the need of continuous rhythmic effort. The power felt in music is generated by a succession of rhythmic impulses, giving coherence and meaning to a series of notes and chords. Rhythm is not mere accent as is commonly supposed, but successive accents *plus* the force of musical feeling.

"Rhythmic impulse in nature corresponds to effort in human life. Effort to perform right action generates will-force—and more. It acts upon the mind and heart as a new energy, and awakens up our sleeping intuitive knowledge. If effort

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Interesting Papers by Mr. Dunn
on "Music in Life," and on "Raja
Yoga" by His Son, Hubert

Reprinted from the San Diego News

be repeated again and again we feel a natural tendency to perform the act *without* effort. This is the manifestation of the power of rhythm, which we have created through a series of efforts. "The greatest of all human power is the power of initiative. Initiative is the commencing to do the right thing in defiance of lower promptings to remain inactive.

An action performed from a high standpoint above our customary grooves of thought, and for a high purpose, sends a thrill of living music through the whole nature. Its constant repetition not only becomes an embodied force of character, but at the same time paralyzes the energy of lower forces of habit, and finally dissipates them.

"Music has a great truth to teach the world today. As part of life itself, it demonstrates the laws that govern the moving harmonies of nature.

"Musical feeling suffuses the mind with pure electrical energy, and loosens up the lower thought-grooves—making room for the expansion of the heart forces. As an educative force it cannot be estimated. Its real value is in developing and purifying the mental faculties, so that the acquirement of other branches of knowledge becomes easy. Many a dull nature has been awakened to active perception through the love and practise of music. Whole nations have been stirred up in the past to mighty deeds by the force of a great song."

Hubert Dunn's paper was on Raja Yoga, and he said in part as follows:

"Katherine Tingley once told the Raja Yoga children, 'Raja Yoga is the perfect balance of the faculties, physical, mental and spiritual.' Day by day this means more and more to me, as I watch and experience the effects of Raja Yoga on myself and other children. It is a fact that as we try to do right we have more respect for ourselves; and every fault overcome gives us confidence to face all our weaknesses.

"The child who has a Raja Yoga training from the time he first opens his eyes is indeed fortunate. What we learn in early childhood helps to form our future manhood. There are so many little children in the world whose lives seem so destitute of sunshine, hopeless and purposeless.

"Raja Yoga teaches us that each one has a duty to perform, and it is not so much *what* we do as *how* we do it.

"It is much easier to impress a young mind than one which is already filled with wrong thoughts. The young mind is easily affected, and then is the time to plant seeds for the future. The very surroundings make their impressions on the little one. How many mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters guard their speech in the presence of young children? Watch a child and see those wise little eyes noticing and wondering at everything they see. Then when at some opportune time they cry out in defiance, the harm is done and an evil influence has had its effect.

"Physical exercise, fresh air and good wholesome food are necessary for a healthy body. Our body should be alert and active; ready to respond quickly and with ease. How much more joy and pleasure it gives to see a child standing erect, with an open, frank countenance, than one who stands crooked, and with a sly, underhand expression on his face.

"A child's character is seriously undermined by the influence of the playmates. It is not every parent who looks with care, nor is able even to choose the companions for his child.

"Raja Yoga teaches us that book-learning is not the only requirement for a good education. Some people imagine that to go to college and pass the examinations complete a boy's education. Raja Yoga teaches us that our education should be so broad that all through life we are learning new lessons. Some of the wisest heads are unable to puzzle out the problems that young and pure minds regard with clear perceptions.

"We are taught that 'the knowledge that we are divine gives us the power to overcome all obstacles.' The Raja Yoga education is so general that its students are not bound by any hard and fast lines of thinking. We are taught to think for ourselves and stand up for the truth.

✻ ✻ A Greater San Diego Clearly in Sight---the Banquet Given by C. W. French ✻ ✻

Some extracts from the San Diego-Sun, 2 February, 1904

SEATED around tables made as beautiful as taste and money could make them, with delicate china and gleaming silver, with masses of red and white carnations and delicate greenery, 150 of San Diego's most representative men listened at the banquet given at the Hotel Robinson last night by Chas. W. French to words full of promise for the future greatness of San Diego. The occasion was the formal christening of the enterprise to construct the San Diego-Eastern railroad.

Some very significant statements, bearing upon the railroad outlook, were made by speakers during the course of the evening, especially by Messrs. French and Peters.

Most significant was a statement made by Chas. W. French, the railroad man, when he said in relating his vision of San Diego's future greatness: "San Diego, a city of California, was annexed to the Rock Island States of America in 1907."

Just at the close of the dinner, with clanging bell, the first engine of the San Diego-

Eastern road entered the banquet hall, propelled by the young son of Mein Host Robinson. It created a roar of laughter and applause.

"San Diego is destined to attain the full stature and scope for which it is qualified by its location and natural environment. Having waited for the fullness of time its growth cannot be delayed much longer," said Mr. French.

"It will be restricted only to the limits of the world-wide interests in the advancement of which Greater San Diego must play an important, a vital part. One of the three harbors located on the western coast of the United States, San Diego bay affords in anchorage, in climate and location, an advantageous port, perhaps unexcelled by any other harbor.

"The rapid increase in both volume and importance of the world's commerce, the territorial expansion of America, the construction of the Panama canal, the certain opening of the Orient to the trade, the commerce and the culture of the world, all demand the immediate use of this great harbor as a transfer station on the shortest possible route for an American-Asiatic highway of commerce.

"The shores of this bay must speedily become lined with wharves and warehouses. Within ten years we shall see regular steamers entering and leaving San Diego bay carrying at least 40,000 tons. The world harbors of the immediate future must accommodate vessels drawing 40 feet of water.

"Having long hoped for one direct line of railway, San Diego must soon accommodate at least three. Trains carrying 2000 net tons of freight each, forty 50-ton cars will roll in and out of San Diego in an almost unbroken procession.

"It is not only from her commercial advantages, as a transfer station on one of the world's great natural highways, that Greater San Diego will derive her strength, her importance and her glory. Among the great manufacturing centres of the Twentieth century, San Diego must speedily take front rank. It is not yet the full age of steel. That age is but just beginning. The use of steel is destined not only to increase, but to multiply. Steel can be manufactured at and distributed from San Diego cheaper than any other place in the world. With inexhaustible supplies of raw material to draw from, Greater San Diego will be known as one of the large steel producing centres of the world. The product of its mills will enter all lands and all climes.

"Greater San Diego will become distinguished as an educational center. One of the great universities of the world will be founded here.

"Events presage the political consolidation of all English speaking peoples into one nation, under one flag. The capital of that nation will be in America. When the new United States of the world rules the world its commerce and its culture will diverge from America to all peoples in all lands. Then only shall America attain her full stature and assume her destined role in the drama of the world's history. When the sun that now struggles through the vapors of a misty morning shall shine in the splendor of a cloudless day, when the nation that now creeps with the weak insurmountance of a child shall walk with the strong confidence of a man, when the great west, like a Christian Hercules, with bones of iron and steel, nerves of gold and silver, and muscles of bread and meat, shall raise and bear aloft, on the palm of its hand, its aged parent, the east, Greater San Diego will stand like a triumphal gateway through which shall pass the serried trophies of prouder victories and a grander conquest than ever Persian, Greek or Roman won."

President Homer H. Peters, of the Chamber of Commerce, responded to the toast, "The Material Possibilities of San Diego." Among the significant things which he said were the following:

"San Diego is at this moment attracting more attention than at any previous period of its existence, not only because of the new railroad projects and the great steel



MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE RAJA YOGA DAY SCHOOL IN SAN DIEGO
The San Diego branch of the Raja Yoga school, though but a few months old, is already crowded with pupils, the applications keeping well ahead of the rapidly expanding facilities. The illustration shows the Christmas holiday decorations of holly berries, poinsettias and natural greenery

plant to go with it, but because the United States government is recognizing the importance of this city in more ways than one, and in a manner of ultimate great moment to all our people.

"Can you imagine a more attractive, safe proposition than the construction of a first-class inter-urban line, along the Mesa boulevard to El Cajon and through that beautiful and prosperous valley on to Lakeside, a proposition which, if east of the Missouri river, would long since have been a reality and paying liberal profits to its owners? The electrifying of the National City and Otay is of vast moment to this community, for these propositions lend great attraction to the visitors and are a constant source of pleasure and pride to our citizens. 'In union there is strength,' is as applicable to the welfare of San Diego as the welfare of nations. Let us then be up and doing, each individual citizen doing his or her utmost to work out the greatest good to the greatest number."

Among other speakers introduced by Toastmaster Dehnell were George W. Marston, who spoke on "The San Diego-Eastern Railroad"; "ex-Mayor Reed, on "San Diego of the Past"; Victor E. Shaw on "San Diego of the Future"; and James MacMullen on "The Intellectual Possibilities of San Diego." These speeches were all well received,

the humorous points being enjoyed particularly. The birth of another day had taken place before the close of this most successful and pleasant banquet, and it was after one o'clock before the guests had left the Hotel Robinson.

Many were the comments of praise for the elaborate menu served, and the perfect way of serving. It was thought by many to have been the finest menu ever prepared for any banquet at San Diego. The setting was also ideal, as the beautiful dining-room was aglow with countless electric lights, and pillars and walls were wreathed and covered with beautiful greenery. The hotel orchestra simply outdid all its former achievements. Specially prepared numbers were rendered at short intervals throughout the evening, and at the close praise was universal and unstinted.

Much Loyalty and Activity in Sweden

The latest reports from the Lotus Groups of Sweden indicate unprecedented activity. The new Raja Yoga symposium by Katherine Tingley, "*The Little Philosophers*," has been an inspiration. It was translated into the Swedish language without delay and special effort has been made in preparing it to bring into the work the real spirit of Loma-land. Students of Katherine Tingley need no assurance of her love for Sweden and the Swedish people.

It will be remembered that during her Crusade Around the World an enormous impulse was given to work for brotherhood in that country.

It was during her subsequent trip that King Oscar and his suite attended one of her receptions, becoming most favorably impressed with her great work for humanity.

The Theosophical work in Sweden has always been an inspiration to other lodges all over the world. One evidence of their whole-hearted enthusiasm we find in the preparations they made for the study of this symposium. Stereopticon views of Athens and her temple hills were shown to the children at various meetings and a special study was made of Greek history and social customs. Great philosophers were studied, not only their lives but their message of brotherhood, all for the purpose of bringing the children into the true spirit of the symposium.

At the close of the study stereopticon views were shown of Loma-land, where all that was best in old Greek life is being brought back again in the world, added to a something greater and more inspiring which the ancient Greeks themselves did not possess.

ONCE upon a time there was an old woman who lived all alone, down under the hill, by a sharp bend in the road. Her house was little and old and low. She, too, was little and old, and her back was bent, her nose was sharp, and she was poorly clad; more than this, she had a bad temper (so people said) and was ill-disposed towards all human beings. So she lived alone, and seldom indeed did any good thing happen to "Ol' Mis' Polly Larkins."

Polly Larkins' only companions were animals. She had a cow named Crumples, a dog named Patsey, and three cats named Double-paws, Optics and Kinkie. With these she lived alone down under the hill by a sharp bend in the road, where the children passed on their way to school.

Now Polly Larkins dreaded nothing in her lonesome life so much as these school children, and she watched for them morning, noon and night, prepared to endure their pranks, and she met their assaults with all the weapons at her command. Usually she held the fort with a broom, while she urged Patsey to bark. When really frightened, as she had been many a time, she would fly into the house, shut the door and fasten it with chairs, for she had no lock in that little low house down under the hill by a sharp bend in the road.

To the village children "Polly Larkins" was a great source of mystery and wonderment. Tales of how she came to live all by herself in this secluded place, her general dislike for children, her love for nothing on earth but her animals and her rose trees, had been told them at home, time and again, and not a child but had been warned and warned to go straight by and let Polly Larkins alone. But all these tales and warnings but served to fill the older children with eager curiosity and the little ones with awful dread.

Many invasions of this little low house had been planned and attempted, and few indeed were the children in the village who had not known the excitement of sitting under the hedge to wait and watch and see what Polly Larkins would do, when she thought all was safe, the children all gone. Sometimes she would open her door and steal out, perhaps to find that some miscreant had tied the three cats to the clothes-pole, or a piece of brush to Crumples' tail.

Day after day found the children making some distracting attempt to call forth her fury and make her fear and distrust them. Her life was a burden indeed. One day a new child came to the school, and when she heard about the great mystery of poor Polly Larkins she did not join in with them in planning some fresh assault. She became indignant at their tales and she openly took the old woman's part. At last she stood up among them and exclaimed, "How could she love animals and roses and be an old witch? Nonsense!"

"But she is!" contended the children.

"But you shall see that she isn't and I am going to prove it. But I can't do it alone, so who wants to come and help me?"

This new girl was as mysterious as Polly Larkins herself. What could she mean? Well, it was something new, anyway. So the children all shouted, "All right! We'll help! What is it?"

Under the determined leadership of Agnes, their new classmate, all went valiantly to work. "And you mustn't ask questions," said Agnes, "till the work is all done!" And they obeyed her.

Some gathered flowers, a few wrote messages, which the others were not allowed to see. These were tied into the wreath which Agnes had

The Transformation of Polly Larkins

woven with the flowers and that night when Polly Larkins unlatched her door to see if Crumples was safe, she found her cats unharmed and the wreath tied to her latch-string. It was very mysterious! The next night, when she started out to wander

over the hills to find Crumples and bring her home to the milking, there she beheld Crumples nicely tethered at the gate with a bundle of sweet clover near by for her to eat.

Such children! How they did work! Agnes was a born leader, and as they followed her, day by day, little acts of kindness took place. The romping children went by the little low house to school silently, the old rude behavior changed into a kind "Good morning, Mis' Larkins." Quietly they watched for some signs which should tell them that the poor little dame no longer feared lest they should trespass or molest her lonely life.

There were still one or two who were yet incredulous, and could not resist throwing a stone or two out of spite, and they said all the fun they had had was gone, but the majority were ready to help Agnes to her heart's content. So the time went by, until, one morning, the children going down the road, saw Polly Larkins standing at the sharp corner waiting for them, Patsey by her side.

Now this unusual sight threw the incredulous ones into a state of fear, and the mischievous ones were anxious to call out some bad thing, to see what she would do, as had been their wont before the new child came.

A few remained loyal and stood by Agnes and were the first to say "Good morning, Mis' Larkins."

"Good morning, dear," said the little old woman, holding out a big bag of something. "Take this, share it with the other children, and when it is empty bring it back and I will fill it up again for you," and away she flew in a hurry, not waiting long enough to hear the little children's "Thank you."

When they looked in the bag, to their joy and surprise it was full of ginger-cookies. Think of it!

"Now," said Agnes, "now, is she a witch?"

The children were silent, partly because their mouths were filled with cookies and partly because they had nothing to say.

The weeks passed. Day after day the children passed the little old house down by the hill, by a sharp bend in the road, with "Good morning, Mis' Larkins!" and usually with some flowers for the little old lady. And nearly every morning

Polly Larkins met them with a bag of cookies or something else just as good, and a smile. She began to grow younger; her temper seemed to have disappeared entirely. All the hard lines that disappointment had carved upon her poor little face were beginning to disappear.

Then something happened in the homes of these little children, too. The parents stopped telling their weird tales—the children would not listen to them, so what else could they do?—and the children began telling gentle tales, in their turn. They watched Polly Larkins as they would have watched a flower and she grew and grew and grew, younger, sweeter, one might say, even handsomer. As the days passed, something finer and truer than even friendship came to exist between this little old bent woman and these erstwhile abominable children. At last the climax was reached, when one of the children came home one night and announced, "Of course we like Mis' Larkins, she believes in *Brotherhood*!"

"Brotherhood?" said the child's astonished brother.

"Why, yes, that is what did it. Brotherhood did it, you ask Agnes!"

The transformation of Polly Larkins was complete. I. H. B.

THE whole of the story is not written here, but it is suggested. And the attribute of all true art, the highest and the lowest, is this---that it says more than it says, and takes it away from itself. The story is a little door that opens into an infinite hall where you may find what you please. Men, thinking to detract, say: "People read more in this or that work of genius than was ever written in it," not perceiving that they pay the highest compliment. If we pick up the finger and nail of a real man, we can decipher a whole story---could almost reconstruct the creature again, from head to foot. But half the body of a Mumboo-Jumbow idol leaves us utterly in the dark as to what the rest is like. We see what we see, but nothing more. There is nothing so universally intelligible as truth. It has a thousand meanings, and suggests a thousand more. Though a man should carve it into matter with the least possible manipulative skill, it will yet find interpreters. It is the soul that looks out with burning eyes through the most gross fleshly filament. Whosoever should portray truly the life and death of a little flower---its birth, sucking in of nourishment, reproduction of its kind, withering and vanishing---would have shaped a symbol of all existence.

—Olive Schreiner

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

The Passing of Materialism—Rational Conceptions of Matter

THE old Nineteenth-century illusions with regard to science are passing away; yet still we are continually finding people who claim to be authorities on science overstepping the limits of their sphere, and trying to explain by means of physical science things that, from the very nature of physical science, never can possibly be explained by it. And this in spite of the very obvious and insurmountable dilemmas into which such an attempt must lead them.

For example, there is one such dilemma which, one would think, ought to be enough of itself to settle the question for a logical mind.

This is the principle of "action at a distance." For, on the one hand, modern physics rejects at once the notion that action or force can be transmitted across an absolute vacuum; physics requires for all its explanations a mechanism of some kind, and therefore fills up any inconvenient gaps, between particles or between worlds, with some other substance called æther. But yet, on the other hand, it can be proved scientifically that, not only must action at a distance be possible, but *all* action is action at a distance.

For the only conception which materialistic science can form of the structure of matter is that of a number of particles separated by spaces. (If the particles were in contact, there could be no elasticity or expansibility in the matter.)

The dilemma then is this—that the only possible way in which force can be transmitted (that is, by action at a distance) is impossible. All theories of gravitation, for instance, which may pretend to explain the cause, must be eventually impaled on the horns of this dilemma.

The wise will recognize at the outset that the materialistic formulation of phenomena can never explain the *causes* of things; and, keeping physical science to its proper sphere of invention and manufacture, will seek for causes in the world of mind. The scientific conception of matter and of the universe in general is altogether limited by the conception of *extension in space*, which is produced by the senses of sight and touch, and has no application beyond the limits of those senses. Therefore, if we would know *causes*, we must leave off trying to imagine them as being substances having spatial extension, mass, and so forth.

As H. P. Blavatsky pointed out, the great scientific luminaries have been guiltless of the errors of their followers:

Cuvier warns his readers about the doubtful nature of the so-called Forces, saying that "it is not so sure whether those agents were not *Spiritual Powers* after all." At the outset of his *Principia*, Sir Isaac Newton took the greatest care to impress upon his school that he did not use the word "attraction," with regard to the mutual action of bodies, in a physical sense. To him it was, he said, a purely mathematical conception involving no consideration of real and primary physical causes. . . . He expresses the opinion that "there is some subtle spirit by the force and action of which all movements of matter are determined;" . . . and that "it is inconceivable that inanimate brute matter should, without the mediation of something else which is not material, operate upon and affect other matter, without mutual contact."

In this connection, it is interesting to notice the view taken by Mr. William George Hooper, F. S. S., in a newly-published book, called *Æther and Gravitation*. We can only quote a few sentences:

For all things derive their existence primarily, with all the energies and powers they possess, from God. Look where we will, or at what we will, from the smallest atom or molecule up to the most stupendous world, or myriads of worlds that roll and sparkle in the blue infinity, in each and all we see the indisputable evidence of the existence of a mysterious spirit, or power, that controls and governs them. A spirit or power that we cannot see, but which is so indisputably evidenced that its existence cannot be denied. . . .

Thus, behind and beyond all we see, in every living form, there is the evidence of a hidden spirit, which is the governing and controlling and sustaining power, and without which the organism ceases to be an organism. A spirit which animates the mechanism, and uses its activities and powers as it wills for its own purposes and ends. This spirit or power we call its life, which gives to the form its existence, together with all that it possesses, as its powers, activities, energies and productions, for all are but the effects of the hidden life. If this mysterious something, termed

its life, becomes in any way separated from the mechanism or organism, then as a distinct and separate organism it ceases to be; and though the mechanism may still exist for a time, yet all its powers are gone, while the organism, robbed of its very life, begins slowly to decay. . . .

A spirit which we know is not the mechanism itself, and which by experience and observation we know to be distinct from the organism. . . . Look where we will, from the smallest atom to the great aggregation of atoms, as our earth, or even to the more stupendous orbs of heaven, the working of a secret and mysterious power or spirit meets our gaze. A spirit or power that is not the form or the mechanism, but is separate and distinct from the mechanism, while at the same time it is inseparably connected with each and all.

STUDENT

"Superstitions" of Old Becoming Science of Today

IS it not time that we reviewed our use of the word "superstition"? Little by little, the "superstitions" of a few hundred years ago are passing into science; and science is also verifying the "crude speculations" of a yet more ancient date.

One such speculation was that the universe was made up of one substance, not many: one, variously compounded. This idea lived in Greece, in India, and in Egypt. Now take a sentence from some scientific manual of a quarter century ago:

The ancients, in their ignorance, thought that the universe was essentially of one substance. It is now known, however, that there are at least 70 elements which cannot be changed into one another.

Then came the alchemists, who repeated that speculation about one root substance; and added that because it was a fact, they were sometimes able to change one substance into another. Their methods they professedly kept secret. Whoever is curious about such matters, and knows in what byways of history to wander, will find plenty of creditably attested evidence that some of them did what they said they could do.

Why not grant that some of them may have done it, even if we think it was accidental? A few years ago the answers would have been: (1) Because it would be superstitious; (2) Because there is no root matter; there are only forever-separate elements. Reason number 2 is already out of date. It is now almost known that the elements are evolutions of—and in—one root substance. And the other day, the celebrated chemist, Sir William Ramsay, commenting on the way that radium (an "element") changes into helium (another "element") said:

What is this but an actual case of that transmutation of one element into another in which the ancient alchemists believed when they painfully sought to change lead into gold and incidentally founded the modern science of chemistry?

What now becomes of reason number 1?

STUDENT

The New Gem Kunzite Recently Discovered in Southern California

THE new California gem resulted from a remarkable discovery of lilac-colored *spodumene* recently made at Pala, San Diego County, California. The new gem was named after its discoverer, Dr. George F. Kunz, the well-known mineralogist and gem expert. The crystals are of extraordinary size, transparency and beauty, some weighing 17 troy ounces. The crystals are flat, and the color varies from a very pale tinge to a rich amethystine hue. They have been etched by weathering. They are remarkably free from flaws. The specific gravity of the crystals is 3.183, and the hardness is 7. When cut and mounted parallel to the base the gems are of rare beauty. The new mineral is being analyzed by Dr. Charles Baskerville, University of North Carolina.

By the action of Röntgen rays, Dr. Baskerville excited a crystal of the new mineral sufficiently to make it photograph itself when placed upon a sensitive plate and kept in the dark for ten minutes. In the course of the tests by Dr. Baskerville the Kunzite crystals were subjected to the action of the ultra-violet light, without showing any evidence of fluorescence or phosphorescence, and it was not until it was subjected to the bombardment of X-Rays of very high penetration that it became at all fluorescent. On its removal to a dark chamber, it exhibited a persistent white luminosity never before observed in its class of minerals.

Here and There Throughout the World



SUNSET AT SITKA, ALASKA

The Good Offices of France in Crete THE imbroglio in Macedonia is recalling to very many minds the somewhat similar state of affairs which prevailed in Crete, and the magnificent action of the French Admiral Pottier, who not only himself did a splendid work of pacification, but whose example was so fruitful among the representatives of the other powers. Admiral Pottier sent for the leading spokesmen of both Moslems and Christians, took them into his confidence and persuaded them in turn to speak freely. The various towns of Crete, recognizing his justice, came freely to him soliciting his good offices, and the Austrian, Russian and Italian representatives willingly modelled their own efforts upon his. The pacification of Crete was peculiarly the work of France, and the invocation of similar service to Macedonia would be a service to the human race.

The Great Nile Dam Saved the Country IT is satisfactory to note that the great Nile dam paid for itself the first year after its construction. The year 1902 was one of the three lowest Nile records of recent years, the other two being in 1877 and 1899. The usual wide-spread destitution was completely averted, and the lowering of the gates of the Assiout Barrage turned "what would undoubtedly have been a disastrous year for middle Egypt into one of fair flood." So runs the official report. In lower Egypt also, no loss of crop occurred, and there were no difficulties in the way of water distribution. The prosperity of this ancient country will therefore be henceforth on a firm footing. Who knows what the future may have in store for her?

Treasures of the Japanese Library THE Imperial Library of Japan seems to be worthy of the country. It contains nearly half a million volumes of great diversity of language and interest. The annual report shows that the majority of readers prefer literature and language, history, biography, geography, and travels, while Theology is the least popular subject. There appears to be no fiction in this library except what is contained in the books on history and theology.

Deterioration in the American Army WE regret to see it stated that the American army is not entirely exempt from the physical deterioration which prevails so extensively throughout the European military forces:

In reviewing the work of the United States army in the Department of the Lakes, Major-General John C. Bates says that the character and physical appearance of recruits is not up to the same standard as those of former years.

The Training of Children in Japan AN enterprising scribe has interviewed Baron Hayashi on the subject of the training of Japanese children. Among much that is of interest his excellency remarked:

We have an unwritten system of training children which makes our homes happy. As soon as a child can be reasoned with, he is taught to understand that the love and care his parents give him must be met with love and respect. In fact, the love of grown-ups for children and the respect of children for grown-ups are two ideals of our national life.

We have many fine ideals in America but this is certainly not one of them.

Tortured Animals as a Dainty Food IT is well known that the European production of *pate de foie gras* is attended with circumstances of abominable cruelty in order that the livers of the unhappy geese may be increased by disease to the desired dimensions and consistency. A trade newspaper now announces that these disgusting barbarities are practiced here also in obedience to a fashionable demand. It is not easy to understand why people wish to eat filth of this description, but they should, at any rate, be prevented from feeding their depraved appetites at the expense of so much animal suffering.

New Railway from Santiago to Havana THE railroad which now connects Santiago and Havana, Cuba, was no slight undertaking, but it has now been completed and its advantages are conspicuous. The journey between the two cities can now be made in a few hours, whereas formerly it occupied four or five days. Large tracts of valuable land are now made available for culture, and the natural attractiveness of the island is enormously enhanced. Arrangements are already being made for numerous branch lines and the benefits to the country, commercial and social, are innumerable.

Jains of India Will Wear no Feathers THE Jain community of India have decided to discontinue the use of feathers for headgear, and also of all articles made of tortoise-shell, on account of the cruelty to animals which is involved in these trades. Nominally, the Jains are not Christians. In fact we spend much money in futile effort to persuade them to renounce their own faith. After all, Christianity does not consist of saying "Lord, Lord," however much we may suppose that it does. It consists rather in doing the will of Christ—like the Jains.

To Take the Life of the King of Spain IT would seem that an attempt was recently made against the life of the young King of Spain. The incident has, of course, been hushed up so far as possible, but two of the royal gamekeepers have been arrested and a third gamekeeper has committed suicide. The attempt is said to have been made while the King was hunting, and although the authorities deny all knowledge of the occurrence, its truth is generally believed.

Conspicuous Products of America ONLY one book on geography was used in the Spanish schools at Manila. This was a small volume printed in Barcelona and only two pages are devoted to the United States. This very brief description closes with the assurance that "the most conspicuous products of the United States are millionaires, advertisements and eccentricities."

English Monument to War Horses A MONUMENT has been erected in England to the four hundred thousand horses which died during the South African war. The monument bears the following inscription:

In memory of the mute fidelity of the 400,000 horses killed and wounded at the call of their masters during the South African War, 1899-1902, in a cause of which they knew nothing, this monument is erected.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

EVER since his mother could remember Johnnie had been absent-minded. Just how many people had had to suffer through his bad habit no one will ever know. Of course, he was always very sorry after one of these misdeeds, and tried to make up for it in every possible way, but somehow his remorse never seemed to ward off the next mishap. But the worst of all happened one day, when he gave the wrong medicine to his little sick sister, and although it did not result seriously, the sight of his mother's anxious face and the doctor's stern look cut him more deeply than anything had ever done. Poor Johnnie! this time he really suffered, and in despair he ran to the woods and cried long and bitterly.

"O, dear, O, dear!" he sobbed, "what can a boy do to learn to use his eyes and ears and think before he does things?"

"Come with me and I will show you," a little voice answered, and before he knew what was happening he felt himself being drawn up, up, and then he found himself in the strangest place. At first everything was so confused! Johnnie couldn't make out the meaning of anything until the owner of the voice drew him over to a place that seemed a center of activity. "You see," the voice explained, "this is your own little world that you yourself have formed. Each little boy and girl has one. Now you can see the result of all your 'forgettings,' your 'I didn't think' and 'I didn't see.'"

And sure enough there they were, for as his eyes grew more accustomed to his surroundings, he could see more plainly what was happening. He seemed to be in an immense space that was filled with what looked like little worlds of some cloudlike substance. Johnnie looked more closely at the one the voice had said was his, and just then a strange thing was happening. Some silent, busy little creatures who never stopped moving, not even for the smallest part of a second, were building the most beautiful little Temple imaginable. Johnnie didn't know how he could tell it was a Temple, for no one had told him, but the stone it was built of was so white and glistening, he felt sure it must be. Just as he was going to ask permission to enter, one of the pillars suddenly fell, destroying the balcony which it supported. "O, save it, save it!" called out Johnnie, holding out his hands as if to catch it, but of course it was useless. "Why did that happen?" he asked. "It wasn't the fault of those little creatures. They are working in another part."

"Look around again," the voice answered. By this time Johnnie's eyes were accustomed to the cloudlike effect of everything, and he saw other buildings—the loveliest little homes—all at different stages of completion, with flower gardens of every kind around them. "From the moment you were born," the voice went on, "this new little world in space began. All your good resolutions and kind acts have given life to these little creatures, and strength to build, for this is

Johnnie's World

Even when you were a baby your little builders began. First came the flower gardens, and when you grew a little older your greater determination gave them more strength, and they began homes for these little children who are to come; and when you reached the age of seven the Temple began a-building. You can make these little creatures work

the "Land of To Be," and you are building a new and more beautiful world for many future little children.

where you will them to. Sometimes you keep them in the garden for a long time; and then during your better days they can work at the homes.

"But there are so few days when they can build in the Temple! And the worst of all is when you 'forget' or 'don't think,' some of this work becomes undone. See that broken dome? That was almost completed the day you left the gate open and the colt ran away.

"We saw it fall in and then we knew Johnnie had 'forgotten' or 'hadn't thought' again. The blighted rose bush, that spoils the appearance of the garden, happened when you forgot for a week to water your own geraniums. Your little thoughtlessnesses affect only the gardens and buildings, but the larger ones, those that hurt other people very much, affect the Temple. When you

gave that wrong medicine to your sister one of the pillars broke—the one you saw falling. You see there was not enough love in your heart for others or it never would have happened."

Johnnie was very silent and very sad.

"Come," the voice continued, "let us look at other children's worlds." Then they seemed to fly through space, and when they stopped before the next the voice whispered a name in his ear.

"O, yes. I know him," said Johnnie. "He is the kindest and most thoughtful boy in our class. See how many complete buildings and what perfect gardens! He won't keep his children waiting long for a new earth to come to. But look at that broken window, how could that happen in this place?"

"Not the fault of his little builders," the voice answered. "All the little builders of all these worlds belong to a great brotherhood, who have secret ways of communicating, and when those of one world have their work destroyed or undone through a careless and forgetful master, those of another who have a very considerate master, of their own accord take on the extra burden, and so one child's world is set back on account of another and"

Just here Johnnie awakened. The sun was low in the sky and already the woods were growing dark. Johnnie was thoughtful. "Well," he said at last with a new ring in his voice, "if that's only a dream, it's a pretty good one!" And now when he has an unpleasant duty to perform or begins a hard piece of work, he thinks of that broken pillar—and he remembers.

S. L.



CUBAN STUDENTS OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA
A class in wood-carving

THE LITTLE STREETS

"TOMORROW I'll do it," says Bessie;
"I will by and by," says Dan;
"Not now—pretty soon," says Jennie;
"In a minute," says little Ann.

O, dear little people, remember
That, true as the stars in the sky,
The little streets of Tomorrow,
Pretty Soon, and By and By.

Lead, one and all,
As straight, they say,
As the King's Highway,
To the city of Never and Not at All.—Selected

Students'Path

THE WORLD RUNS ON

by EDMUND VANCE COOKE in *The Independent*

SO many good people find fault with God.
 Tho' admitting He's doing the best He can.
 But still they consider it somewhat odd
 That He doesn't consult them concerning His plan.
 But the sun sinks down, and the sun climbs back,
 And the world runs round and round its track.

Or they say God doesn't precisely steer
 This world in the way they think is best.
 And if He would listen to them He'd veer
 A hair to the son' son'-west by west.
 But the world sails on and it never turns back
 And the mariner makes never a tack.

Or the same folk pray, "O, if Thou please,
 Dear God be a little more circumspect;
 Thou knowest Thy worm who is on his knees
 Would not willingly charge Thee with neglect.
 But oh, if indeed Thou knowest all things,
 Why fittest Thou not Thy worm with wings?"

So many good people, like you and me,
 Are deeply concerned for the sins of others,
 And concede it their duty that God should be
 Apprised of the lack in erring brothers.
 And the myriad sun-stars seed the skies
 And look at us out of their calm, clear eyes.

Meaning of Prayer

AMID very much wearisome and often pernicious controversy on the subject of prayer, we too often overlook the fact that prayer is an essential of human life, and that we can no more avoid praying than we can refrain from breathing. The tendency of all modern thought is to lift religion out of the nebulous and uncertain state into which it has fallen, and to restore it to its place as a science, more positive, more absolute, more precise than any other science which we possess. It will more and more receive the sublime endowment of knowledge, we shall more and more recognize that the passage of the soul, the descent of the Holy Ghost, is not merely a matter for reverential and unspeculative belief, but is subject to the law which governs all divine nature, a law with which we cooperate and thus receive its benediction. At a time when the shortcomings of religious systems are so much in evidence, when we hear so much of the weakening hold which these systems are exercising upon the deeds of men it is indeed strange that so few are able to recognize the central religious need of the day, the need of knowledge instead of speculation, of Law instead of whim and chance. It is an age of intellect, and knowledge is the food of intellect. So far from humanity neglecting religion, humanity is hungering for it, but it must be a religion which is based upon ascertainable law and not upon tradition, not upon the unreal ghosts of the past, nor upon creeds which are nearly always an outrage upon intelligence and sometimes an outrage upon instinctive morality.

And so, if prayer be a part of religion it also must be subject to law. The concepts of the last generation will soon pass away forever. Never again will men pray to a God on the assumption that that God does not already know what is best for the world, or can be diverted from his divine will by human intercession. Never again will men arrogate to themselves the power or the desire to interfere with divinely intelligent government, and never again will the prayer of selfish aggression inspire anything but disgust amongst those whose sentiments possess any value whatever. What then is prayer and how can it be exercised? What is the law of prayer and how can we comply with it?

We detract nothing from the potential sacredness of prayer by saying

that every human wish partakes of the nature of prayer. Every human wish is a draft drawn upon the bank of nature, a draft which will surely be honored if the conditions be complied with, the conditions established not by human law but by the same divine law which regulates the interplay of atoms and the celestial march of universes around a central sun. There is here no uncertainty, no possible doubt as to whether prayer will or will not be "answered." If it comply with law it will be answered, if it does not comply it will not be answered. Why must we draw a boundary line and suppose that upon one side of that line, the side of visible and material nature, a vast and complex system of law holds sway in every part and atom, and that upon the other side of that line, the spiritual and mental side, law gives place to whim and chance? No human undertaking can succeed unless those who engage in it have first mastered the laws which govern it or so much of them as they can. No such undertaking ever fails except from a lack of such knowledge. We know that the whole of the visible universe is so ordered. Why not also the invisible? Why reverse the whole known process of progress? Why substitute doubt and despair for light and certainty? The reason is, of course, obvious and we cannot hide it. The rule of all-embracing law is so evident and alas! so threatening, that we greedily grasp at superstition, which promises escape, which offers to us the prospect of an impunity for wrong doing. Nevertheless there is a magnificent sincerity deep in all hearts, and it is that up-welling sincerity which makes us yearn for justice that the account may be balanced by honest payment and not avoided by spiritual sleight of hand.

To attempt an explanation of the laws which govern prayer would be to undertake a review of human nature and to assume a knowledge which few at present possess. Nevertheless, by observation we may learn much, an observation removed from the sphere of superstition into the light of common-sense. Every human wish is a demand upon the storehouse of nature, and from nature, Divine Nature, we get whatever we ask for. But to ask of nature is not a verbal request. It must be a demand of our whole being, it must be a consistent and an unceasing demand. It must be a demand made by the whole man in his entirety and not by one aspect only, nor upon one occasion only. Saint and sinner alike lead lives of prayer, and both attain their desires according to their intensity, and both alike come under the great law of compensation, of equilibrium. Only he fails who lacks continuity and intensity. Of what avail is it to pray upon Sunday that a clean heart be renewed within us if, upon Monday, our acts constitute another prayer for an unclean heart, a heart soiled by greed and dishonor? Of what avail is it to fill our lives with mutually contradicting prayers, to lead a purposeless life with no one strenuous prayer behind it? The wicked ones pray better than this, for they bend all deeds and thoughts continuously to their evil ends, and they attain to them and to their retribution. Nature never refuses an answer to every prayer which reaches her, and all prayer reaches her which has will and continuity behind it, that is to say, all prayer which is in earnest. It is our infirmity of purpose which recalls prayer before it reaches its destination, and the insincere prayer never even starts.

There is then unquestionably both good prayer and bad prayer. We draw from acquiescent nature either those gifts which feed the higher nature or the lower nature, the soul or the passion. We have free will, we may choose. We may ask for food or we may ask for poison and all these things, being in turn causes, must in turn produce effects. Cause and effect rule supreme, and against them there is no appeal whatever. Nemesis follows upon our heels and we are blessed or cursed by our prayers. Those prayers seize upon every atom of our being, they saturate us with their benedictions or their maledictions. The purpose, the central prayer, of our lives prints itself upon every line of the face, upon gesture and walk, and we proclaim it in the tone of our speech. By it come health and disease, the esteem and the hatred of men, the armies of fate which encompass us with doom and destiny. Our prayers create an atmosphere around us and we see all things through its colors; it makes manifest and it hides.

STUDENT

Milton's Definition of Education

I CALL, therefore, a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.

THE CLIMB OF LIFE

by EDWIN MARKHAM

THERE'S a feel of all things flowing,
And no power of earth can bind them;
There's a sense of all things growing,
And through all their forms a-glowing
Of the shaping souls behind them.

And the break of beauty heightens
With the swiftening of the motion,
And the soul behind it lightens,
As a gleam of splendor whitens
From a running wave of ocean.

See the still hand of the Shaper,
Moving in the dusk of being:
Buras at first a misty taper,
Like the moon in veil of vapor,
When the rack of night is fleeing.

In the stone a dream is sleeping,
Just a tinge of life, a tremor:
In the tree a soul is creeping---
Last, a rush of angels sweeping
With the skies beyond the dreamer.

So the Lord of Life is flinging
Out a splendor that conceals Him:
And the God is softly singing
And on secret ways is winging
Till the rush of song reveals Him.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question How can you expect such an all-embracing science and philosophy, as Theosophy is claimed to be, to reach the masses?

Answer (1) For the simple reason that it *is* all-embracing, it is fitted to reach the masses. They are not touched by some little sect, some little half-expression of truth. That which will move them must rest on broad principles, the broader the better, and must deal with life as it is. I suppose no one would claim that nature is narrow, that it is not all-embracing, that it is not scientific or philosophical. And no one would ever fancy that nature does not touch the masses—perhaps even closer than it does the “classes.”

The most profound things are also the simplest. A true philosophy and real science are built up on axioms that any human mind can recognize as true. From this they merge step by step into the most abstruse and complicated problems. But the whole human race have a common ground of understanding in anything that is real and true. They start out together, hand in hand, and those who can, plunge deeper and deeper, according to their evolution. The depth and height to which truth reaches are as unlimited as the breadth—for it fills all space.

The few principles on which Theosophy rests are so natural, that natural people naturally accept them, and the working of them out is nothing more than simple common-sense. One realizes, in trying to live them, how far we have all strayed from a life of Nature; indeed, how artificial and strained human life is today. There is a pretty well-defined and general feeling that this is true; but it is not generally understood that Theosophy opens the door which will make it possible to return to a natural life (*i. e.*, in accordance with man's true nature, which is the Higher nature); that it offers the very thing that so many are now blindly groping after. Misconception born of ignorance, prejudice, and often even of malice, have prevented many from recognizing their own. When once these have been cleared away, it will be unnecessary to explain why Theosophy must reach, not only the masses, but every one. G.V.P.

(2) If Theosophy, as some people not having investigated ignorantly believe, only consisted in metaphysics, mysticism, and that it was also something fantastic and strange—which it is not—this question might well be raised, and be with difficulty answered, for the so-called masses who need guidance and support along practical lines would get no real help from it.

But that part of Theosophy which applies to the daily life of man, is in reality very simple—so simple, indeed, that it may be taught to children. H. P. Blavatsky says: “It does not require metaphysics or education to make a man understand the broad truths of Karma or Reincarnation.”

Let the minds of the younger generation be once instilled with knowledge of the error of the belief that one can escape the consequences of his own acts—that greatest cause of all immorality and crime—teach them the responsibility of the divinity of their own natures, and they will turn from evil as naturally as their fathers imbued with the doctrine of original sin turned towards it.

The masses are crying for help, physical, mental and spiritual; they listen and they read, and thus in these days of widespread information, the difficulty is not so great as might be imagined. The very fact that Theosophy is all-embracing is its strength, and makes for its acceptance, for anything that leaves out any part of nature must fall short of satisfying the soul of man.

J. P. C.

Encyclopedia Biblica

THE outcry which has been raised against the new *Encyclopedia Biblica* suggests some curious reflections upon the manner in which the ecclesiastical mind approaches discovery or speculation. That the work in question has raised an outcry of protest must of course be known to every reader of current literature. That a dignitary of the Episcopal church should give his imprimatur to mental and theologic progress was in itself sufficiently serious. That he should do so under the form of an encyclopedia and in so popular a form as to compel attention was an aggravation of his offence and a hardy challenge to reaction. The most notable feature of the protests which have been directed against this erudite and valuable work is the entire absence of any attempt to show that its conclusions are untrue. And yet upon no other ground could a protest be effective. We are told that the publication of such a work, embracing as it does the latest results of the Higher Criticism, is inopportune at a time when religion and disbelief are at death grips. This objection would be very valid if we were but able to descend to the mental position that truth is an enemy of religion and an ally of disbelief, a position which seems to be extensively occupied by ecclesiastical advocates. From yet other quarters we are assured that the *Encyclopedia* is to be severely deprecated because many of its contents have not received the approval of the leaders of religious thought. It seems to occur to very few of those critics that if a work of this kind contains any vulnerable point whatever that vulnerable point must consist in its lack of accuracy, its lack of fidelity and nothing else. That it is inopportune or unauthorized by “authority” can have nothing whatever to do with the question. The intrusion of truth, or of legitimate and argued conjecture is never inopportune, and if reform had to wait for the recognition of authority we should long ago have expunged the word from our dictionaries and the pursuit of progress from our minds. It is a very old story. The writings of Robertson Smith in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* were assailed twenty years ago in precisely the same manner as the *Encyclopedia Biblica* is assailed now. It was “monstrous” to assert, to believe, or to publish anything whatever which militated against the received dogmas of the Free Church of Scotland to which Robertson Smith belonged. The learned writer was therefore expelled from that church by a persecuting majority which ascribed to their own man-made dogmas a divine inspiration which they denied to demonstrated truth. Robertson Smith's heresies have now become the commonplaces of theology in the same way as all religious beliefs mount into public acceptance upon the bodies of the martyred. It is now the turn of the *Encyclopedia Biblica* and of its learned editor who, if he feel any doubt at all upon the righteousness of his position, may take heart of grace by observing the hostility of those who very rightly regard movement of any kind whatever as a menace to their position and to their spiritual pride.

STUDENT

Charles Lamb on Reincarnation

SPEAKING of the terrors he, when a child, endured in the dark, Charles Lamb says: “That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth—that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are difficulties, the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our antemundane condition and a peep, at least, into the shadowland of preexistence.”

Ruskin Up to Date

RUSKIN was a master of vigorous speech, and it is rare indeed that we fail to find in his writings something peculiarly apposite to the problems of the moment. He speaks of materialistic scientists as "Apostles of the Gospel of Dirt, in perpetual foul dream of what man was, instead of reverence of what he is." Their creed he declares to be: "I believe in Father Muck, the Almighty Plastic, and in Father Dollar, the Almighty Drastic." He says that the foremost exponents of materialism "are of opinion that there is no God: they have never found one in a bottle. And truly if, since we cannot find this King of Kings in the most carefully digested residuum, we are sure that we cannot find Him anywhere."

Ruskin has his reply to those who mourn over the supposed decay of religion. This is due, he says, to "the unfortunate persistence of the clerks in teaching children what they can not understand, and employing young consecrated persons to assert in pulpits what they do not know."

Ruskin himself came very near to being a clergyman. He seems, however, in early life to have associated the claims of religion with cold mutton for the Sunday dinner, and as he much preferred it hot, the current of maternal intention was checked.

X.

Oriental Ideals

OUR knowledge of Oriental, and especially of Persian, life and ideals is increased by the scholarly translation of the *Story of Valeh and Hadijah*, which has just been given to the world by Mirza Mahomed and C. Spring Rice. The story itself is a most beautiful one, with a fine and pure philosophy underlying it. To epitomize would be to spoil, but we cannot refrain from quoting one short paragraph from the pen of Mirza Mahomed, in which he speaks of the nature of true love. He says:

The world is Allah's school, and Allah has many schoolmasters, and the name of one is Love. . . . If you can show me one who loves and continues to love, without hope of reward, or the joy of meeting, one, in fine, who does his work and asks no wages, and learns his lesson and demands no reward, then indeed you have found a true scholar of Love.

Western civilization and culture have not yet evolved a comprehension of love in its finest sense. Even to the best meaning amongst us, it is too often tainted with the commercial idea, the giving of something in order that something may be received, an account in which credit and debit sides must be balanced.

STUDENT

For a Naval Training Station

Extract from the *Los Angeles Examiner*

SAN DIEGO, January 24th

THERE is much enthusiasm here over the reported intention to establish a naval training station at San Diego Harbor, and from assurances which have been received in the past from Secretary Moody and other officials, there is little doubt of the accuracy of the information. The location would be on the government reservation at Point Loma, where the Navy Department has over 400 acres of land with 2800 feet water frontage on the bay.

Secretary H. P. Wood of the Chamber of Commerce says that "While the Chamber has been working for this in a quiet way, it is more directly the recognition by the Navy Department of the advantages here afforded of perfect climatic conditions and a big stretch of water, upon which craft of any size may safely venture any day in the year. It is a benefit to the city particularly, as it accentuates our value in the eyes of the Navy Department. The Chamber will, of course, immediately commence active work to forward the movement, but the merits of the location, I think, are sufficient to win out."

Mayor Frank P. Frary says: "It is a good proposition for the city. It not only means the circulation of considerably more money here, but it keeps San Diego before the public. Government recognition always counts."

President Homer H. Peters, Chamber of Commerce: "Such recognition by the government would alone make the location of the station here a great advantage to the city. Considering the fact that the government is already largely interested here, and a coaling station for the harbor is in line, anything of this kind is certainly an added benefit."

William E. Smythe: "San Diego is probably the most ideal spot for a naval station in the world. It has been the city's ambition to secure such a station, and when a delegation of citizens met Secretary Moody in Los Angeles a year ago it was strongly urged, while he seemed favorably impressed. It will benefit the city in bringing hundreds of desirable people here, but it will be of greater benefit to the nation at large because of its strategic location."

Ex-mayor D. C. Reed: "It is a good thing for the city and certainly a proper thing to be done in view of our strategic position as the nearest port to Panama and to the Orient, while the largest vessels can enter our landlocked harbor at any time. With the completion of a direct Eastern railroad, men can be transported across the continent in twenty-four hours less than by any other route, certainly a great advantage in case of war or other emergency."

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FEB	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
1	29.916	69	51	56	48	.00	E	light
2	29.832	61	48	53	53	.00	E	light
3	29.904	61	46	52	52	.00	NW	5
4	29.900	59	47	51	50	.00	W	5
5	29.602	58	49	53	53	1.00	W	22
6	29.724	58	43	48	46	.81	E	4
7	29.900	56	45	48	46	.00	E	7

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

The Vivisection Reports

It is not generally known in England that the official vivisection reports, which so soothe the public conscience, are drawn up by the vivisectors themselves! The Hon. Stephen Coleridge points out that "under the present law a vivisector may operate on a dog in the privacy of his laboratory without any inspector being present, and that if he makes to the Home Office a report of what he has done, that report is drawn up by himself. The subsequent incorporation of that report in a blue book cannot possibly afford any protection to the dog from the extremest suffering, and perhaps in these circumstances those who own dogs that they are fond of will take the advice of the National Anti-Vivisection Society and not lose them." There is a system of official inspection, but the inspectors and the inspected change rôles and have the same interests! It is a beautiful system and every one is content.

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Greatest National Hero
American Diplomacy
Contamination of Literature
Ross Castle—illustrated
Columbian Warfare
Parisfal and Church
Doubtful Economy

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Charts on Life Voyage
Teach Citizenship in Schools
American Slave Children
School Expenditures

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Von Vecsey
Hour of Despair—illustrated
The Poet (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Women of Our Factories
Woman's Education
Expensive?
The Autumn of Life
In Ireland (illustration)

Page 8—ARCHEOLOGY, ETC.

Hammurabi and Moses
Greek Archeology
Manuscripts Found
Irish Mounds
Mammoth—illustrated

Page 9—NATURE

American Grape Culture
To the Daisy (verse)
Plant Growth
In Johannesburg (illustration)

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Group and Lodge Reports
Raja Yoga Day School
(illustration)
A New Disease
The New Jerusalem

Page 12—FICTION

Neighbors
Ode to the West Wind
(verse)

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Periodicity a Universal
Law of Nature—Unknown Elements
Science and Religion—Misconception of Herbert
Spencer's Teachings
Are Minerals Alive?—Jewels Require an Occasional Sleep
Fraternity of Science—Experiments That Were Reconciled

Page 14—GENERAL

Birth of Old Glory
Some Early American
Flags (illustration)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Washington and His Comrades
George Washington—A Character Study in Historical Drama—illustration

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Today (verse)
Churches and the Masses
A Just Judge
Reliance (verse)
Students' Column
Extracts from "The Fragments" of Novalis

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

A Rally of Materialism

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

The Greatest of National Heroes

GEORGE WASHINGTON is today the greatest of our national heroes, and is likely to remain so. To him belongs the glory of creating a type of American citizenship, an ideal of public and private virtue which may be momentarily out of sight, but which will again be brought forward as the cycle of necessity becomes more insistent.

We should, perhaps, find it a little difficult to reconcile our admiration for the character of Washington with our departure from the principles of which his life was a recommendation. And yet the inconsistency is not so great as it may seem. Deep within the heart of the nation there is a manifold hope for a better and a purer public life. We feel ourselves overweighted by a malign drift of events and circumstances as though

the powers of evil were too many for us and too strong for anything but acquiescence. We do not believe in our own strength, and we are submissive where we should be defiant.

How wholesome it would be for us if we could but celebrate this anniversary in a new way, no more as an honored routine but with some searching of the national heart. We should then revive the memory of this and of all great men, as now we go away for a change of air. We should restore our standards of national and individual life as we set our watches by the sun. We should return refreshed and invigorated, and for long afterwards there would be in our minds a gauge of duty and of honor intrusively setting itself by the side of daily act and thought and forcing us into a contempt for the sordid

and the base. An autograph letter from Washington of which the existence seems to have been previously unknown, has lately come into the possession of one of our universities. It was written in response to a suggestion that he should again become President of the United States. He was at that time living at Mount Vernon, performing the simple duties of a country gentleman, with the same faultless accuracy and completeness which had made him world-renowned upon a greater field. He replied that it was his chief desire to live and to die in peace and retirement, and that he knew well that accusations of ambition and inconsistency surely lay waiting for their opportunity. He none the less hoped that he would always possess sufficient firmness and virtue to maintain the most enviable of all titles, the reputation of an honest man, and so to pursue whatever line of conduct should seem to be the dictate of duty. These are not now the sentiments which we demand from our public men, however they may sometimes be entertained by them. The character of Washington which forbade him to receive salary or reward for his services, has ceased now to be a national ideal. Today such a character would be an eccentricity, but it was such a character which once wound the mainspring of our national life, and it will go hardly with us if such characters are not again forthcoming when the time is ripe.

The elements which constituted the success of Washington are not obscure nor hard to find. There was here no blaze of intellectual genius, no dropping of a star from the sky. A great American writer has said that it is the supreme duty of a nation to breed great men, and Washington was the child of the nation to which he belonged, and he became the apex of a national pyramid of which the base was loyal labor and fidelity. He did everything well, and the perfection of his work was the same whether that work was great or small. Washington did not spend his whole life in the arena, but his private work was as admirable as his public work, and as thorough. He was the expression of the national virtue, of the national determination, of the national endurance. It was these things that made Washington possible. It was Washington who made the American nation possible. He possessed courage, without exception the rarest of human virtues, and always the expression and the proof of wisdom. We fear what we do not understand, whether it be the strength of a foreign foe or the nature of our associates. Washington understood every problem, great or small, with which he was confronted, and he played all the games with the confident assurance of skill. Franklin says that men are usually dastardly when met by opposition. Here is a man who was not dastardly and who succeeded because he had courage, because his nature had in it none of the corruption which makes us fearful of the result. He asked for no other reward than the performance of his duty. The whole of nature contained no other possible reward for him, nor will it ever offer anything else to any true man. No human combination, no force upon earth could make his duty impossible to him and therefore fear became equally impossible. Nothing that he worthily valued could be taken from him; he could lose nothing worth keeping except by a moral surrender which was unthinkable to him.

Washington Had True Courage

If it be the supreme duty of a nation to breed great men, has the supply of these failed for lack of duty done? Are there more men like this waiting for the bugle note that shall call them to great achievement? It might be well to ask ourselves such questions as these and so give to our celebration a meaning and a determination which it lacks. STUDENT

American Diplomacy

TO America belongs the credit of inaugurating a new order of international diplomacy. In the old order, the variety to which the world has hitherto been accustomed, there is certainly room for improvement. Among the older nations there are, of course, honorable exceptions. It is, however, none the less true that mutual international relations are habitually based upon a code of conduct which would be considered disgraceful in an individual. The protection of what is supposed to be a national interest is sufficient excuse for unblushing falsehood, and for a duplicity which, in its skill, is almost miraculous, and which is now so fully recognized as to defeat its own objects. Diplomacy is, of course, a more pleasant word than chicanery, but the meaning is not dissimilar, and the individual who introduced the methods of international diplomacy into social life would be speedily ostracized.

American diplomats have not been sufficiently long in the school of nations to be contaminated by it, and we hope that the practise of honorable action has become a habit. An ideal Righteousness exalteth a nation, and truth is a safeguard even to material interests. The reputation for direct and truthful and courteous speech is a national asset, and the certainty that pledges will be redeemed and that promises will be kept, comes back to us as wealth. According to D. M. Wilson, the standard of American diplomacy was set by John Adams. He remarks:

Indeed, may it not be said that the Adamses, in the three notable periods in which they so illustriously served the nation at the highest European courts, laid the foundation of what is now recognized in its directness as distinctly American diplomacy? Talleyrand, in his dealings with John Adams, sought to veil his mendacity, after his kind, in diplomatic phrases, insisting "on the form of civility and decorum, from which in their relations with each other governments should never depart." For such form and evasions bluff John Adams had an utter abhorrence, and when he saw in Talleyrand not only falsehood and bribery, but an enemy of the United States, he struck him a blow so direct and vital that he carried the pain of it to his dying day. Bismarck has a name for candor. He could be frank, brutally frank, when it served his turn; but the Adamses were daringly and unswervingly veracious. When they spoke they spoke as honest men, sound to the core. They could be silent, but never sinuous. Their directness was like a law of nature. And this candor of the Puritan, so congruous with the new, simple life of this nation of the common people, has become organic.

At a time like this, when America is raising her voice in the councils of the world, it is to be sincerely hoped and believed that her statesmen will not depart from the habit of manful and honorable speech. X.

Contamination of Literature

IS it the force of "conviction" or the force of sensationalism which has induced a prominent minister at the Chicago Baptist Association to denounce the reading of Homer and Virgil? "All these Pagan classics," he tells us, "notwithstanding their popularity, leave their stain upon the purity of our literature. They should be succeeded in our colleges and schools by the more wholesome and elevating literature of the Bible." It is of course intensely saddening to learn that the immaculate literature of the Twentieth century, with its yellow press, its dime novel and its problem play, is being stained and discolored by Homer and Virgil. But how about the devastating influence of Plato and the incendiary writings of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius? Shall these escape the censorship of the Baptist Association? The matter is of course too entirely ludicrous to discuss, but we cannot refrain from congratulating the minister in question upon having created a ripple of hilarity in a world which is forgetting the use of wholesome laughter.

STUDENT

Frontispiece---Ross Castle, Ireland

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week represents Ross Castle, in the South of Ireland, which was founded by the O'Donoghues in the Fourteenth century, and for long was their stronghold. It consists of a tower surrounded with outworks, with small circular buildings at the corners. In 1652 it was defended by Lord Muskerry against the Commonwealth soldiers under Ludlow, and would probably have made a successful resistance had not the assailants availed themselves of a popular superstition, that the Castle would fall when attacked from the Lake. Ludlow procured a number of boats which he filled with armed men, producing so great a panic among the defenders that they surrendered their post.

Incident of Colombian Warfare

ALTHOUGH the Colombians are extremely brave, their generals care nothing for the lives of their men, says T. S. Alexander in *The World's Work*. At the battle of Palo Negro, when General Uribe Uribe, the Liberal leader, was beaten back in his efforts to reach Bogota, over seven thousand men were left dead upon the field and many terrible atrocities were enacted. One of the worst was related to me by a Government officer, General Trina, after he returned from the fight:

It was a glorious victory and a horrible affair, and we whipped the Liberals properly. But one thing happened which has disgusted me with the whole war. I never want to see any fighting again.

There was a strong force of Liberals ambushed in thick brushwood on the side of a hill. One of our generals was ordered to clear them out, but he could not locate their exact position, and he knew that to advance blindly upon them would mean the loss of a great many of his men.

What do you think he did? Among his troops there were about forty little boys from ten to fourteen years old. He picked them out and told them to march across the exposed ground toward the enemy. They had never faced death before, and were proud to march ahead of the rest. Before they had gone far thousands of riflemen opened fire on them, and every one of the forty was killed. Then, the enemy having unmasked their position, our general easily drove them away. A pit was dug after the battle, and the corpses of the forty boys all thrown into it together.

Parsifal and the Church

WHAT are we to do? May we go to see *Parsifal* or may we not? The rival churchmen have plunged the whole nation into a state of agonizing suspense from which we trust to be extricated by a speedy *modus vivendi*. The Rev. Dr. N. D. Hillis, of Brooklyn, has seen *Parsifal* many times and he says that its light "is a light that streams down out of 'the sky, and the sweetness that it breathes is the sweetness that is distilled out of purity, holiness and immortality.'" He says that *Parsifal* is to redeem, cleanse and save the soul." On the other hand, Dr. Parkhurst has not seen *Parsifal*, but he has read the libretto and he calls it "stupid sacrilege," and "stuff and nonsense." Great as may be our desire to submit ourselves reverently to the ecclesiastical will we must confess to some bewilderment at this unseemly conflict on the part of the authorities. Is *Parsifal* to be blessed or is it to be banned? If the American promoters of *Parsifal* were capable of vindictive feeling, which of course they are not, they could show it in no more effective way than by printing Dr. Parkhurst's condemnation upon every libretto they issue. The public could then form their own opinion of the value of a judgment which described *Parsifal* as "stupid sacrilege" and as "stuff and nonsense."

STUDENT

Doubtful Economy

THE practice of economy, which should be one of the preservative forces of the nation, is too often invoked for purposes of crass reaction. Of this the New York Board of Education furnishes an almost incredible illustration. On the ground of economy it has been decided to reduce the number of evening schools by one-quarter, and to entirely abolish the recreation centres, playgrounds and vacation schools. We have long since learned that there is absolutely no limit to human stupidity; otherwise, the very fatuousness of such a report would be its own disproof. Is there no other way in which money can be saved than at the expense of the children, no other way than by the removal of this one bulwark against disease and crime? Are we to believe that New York is actually in such a poverty-stricken condition that it must retrench in so fatal a way? Surely, the slums of New York are already extensive enough, sickness and crime already abundant enough, without the forced cultivation implied by such "economy" as this. Has New York itself nothing to say in the matter, nothing to say in defence of its sanity, or is the Board of Education really representative of its intelligence?

STUDENT

IT is not generally known that Mr. Combes, the French Premier, is a member of the medical profession. The night-bell may still be seen beside the door of the little house at Pons, where the Premier practiced medicine for many years and where he still spends his holidays. The whole world is a debtor to Mr. Combes, and not France alone. His leadership is cordially recognized everywhere.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Revised Charts on the Life Voyage

A RECENT number of *Unity* contains an article entitled, "Ought Ministers to Tell the Whole Truth?" The article itself is an able one, but the title is infelicitous, suggesting, as it does, that the churches have some private hoard of information from which they can give or withhold as it may please them. That is not the case. The added knowledge of Biblical history which is now available was not obtained by the churches, nor is it in their keeping. It was won, of course with some honorable exceptions, against their determined resistance; its promulgation was disputed, and is still disputed, step by step, and its universal diffusion will be unaffected by their attitude. The writer summarizes the position as follows:

Our creeds are just charts of the infinite sea of life over which mankind is voyaging. Like all early charts, made in times of comparative ignorance and unrestrained imagination, the older creeds are full of false soundings and imperfect marking of the channels. The proposal is seriously made, however, to call these early charts final, and to suppress any effort to revise or correct them by utilizing later discoveries. In practical navigation, "the captain who should prefer a chart of Drake or Frobisher to one of the last decade would not be extolled for his caution, but dismissed for his folly." Why not use the latest and most complete charts in religion? Is not the voyage perilous enough at best, with all the helps that we can have? Why deliberately add to the dangers?

That a proposal should be "seriously made . . . to suppress any effort to revise or correct" the present creeds, is only evidence of the fatal power of the human mind to magnify its own importance, and the sight of any organization of men deliberately opposing the spread of discovered and unassailable truth is melancholy and depressing.

A man's bread and butter depends upon his telling something else, and, moreover, the support of his family; or he is not altogether sure he has the truth—the creeds may be right and his private thinking wrong; or it would shake the people's faith to have their chosen leader confess that his own was uncertain, and with shaken faith would follow lax morals and no end of harm; or yet again, to tell the plain truth would be to forfeit one's position of influence, where he is undoubtedly doing good, for an obscure pulpit where his word would reach only a tenth as many now, if it did not drive him outside the church into some secular employment.

Well may the writer say that this is the sort of sophistry to which men are being driven by the insistence upon the old creeds. Well may he also say that "it is a sort of sacred sleight-of-hand that would be damnable if it were not so pitiable." Sleight-of-hand it certainly is, but we fail to see its "sacred" aspect. How many ministers are there who are so skeptical of their own creed that they allow a bread-and-butter anxiety to outweigh the essential and sacred obligations of their calling? We fear there are some, but we hope they are not numerous. Nor has such apprehension any foundation whatever. In its secret heart the world loves courage and manhood; applauds and rewards it. The vast bulk of the people abstain from church-going because there is so little independent bravery of thought. The religious hope of the future is not with the people who now go to church, but with the people who do not now go; and if these are to be attracted it will be by fearlessness and not by cowardice, by the declaration of truth and not by its suppression.

STUDENT

Cruelty as a Part of All Vivisection

DR. STEPHEN SMITH, M. R. C. S., was one of the speakers at the International Anti-vivisection Congress recently held at Frankfort. He made some strong statements in reference to the oft-repeated claim that vivisectioners are innocent of cruelty:

As you know, the existence of this torture is denied. We are told that vivisectioners are educated men, refined men; that some are married, some are fathers of families, some are good Christians, etc. One English vivisectioner has stated that neither in England nor elsewhere has he ever seen a cruel experiment. My only answer to the windy nonsense that vivisectioners wouldn't be guilty of torture is that I have never been in a laboratory in England, France, Belgium or Germany without seeing torture. *I have seen the struggles and heard the shrieks of the victims.* I assert that denial of cruelty is brazen and contemptible falsehood.

To Teach Citizenship in Schools

THE Central Teachers' Council meeting recently at Chicago has passed a resolution calling for the teaching of civics and the duties of citizenship in all schools. This is of course admirable, and even if there should be a considerable difference of opinion as to what constitutes good citizenship very much would be done if we could but bring home to some minds the fact that citizenship does imply duties and not merely selfish opportunities. The duties of a citizen toward his city are largely overlooked by the average man who has been taught to believe that a social system is merely a convenient machine for self-aggrandizement.

The recent outbreak of crime which Chicago has had so much cause to deplore is a reminder of unfulfilled duties and a proof that man is after all his brother's keeper by divine appointment, however much he may neglect his charge. To allow any member of a community to drift outside the pale of our fraternal responsibility brings sharp penalties in its train and the reform which has any other basis than self-reproach can be neither effective nor permanent.

STUDENT

Slave Children in Christian America

THE Principal of the United States public schools at Ounalaska states that the slavery of children is a common occurrence in Alaska. He enumerates several instances, and he says that these children looked helpless, sad and hungry. We can well believe it. The factory children elsewhere have sometimes very much the same appearance. We do not, however, call them slaves, and the name makes all the difference. If a child is forced by economic conditions into body and soul-destroying labor, we speak of the progressive and competitive system of a free country. We coin its little life into gold and read the Christian burial service over the little murdered body. But when children are avowedly enslaved by material force, it is a different story and our indignation is aroused. When the faces of these "helpless, sad and hungry" children brood like a curse upon our civilization, there will be no opportunity for these subtle and complacent distinctions.

X.

The Increase of Suicide in America

THE Life Underwriters' Association of Chicago has been furnished with statistics which show the phenomenal increase of suicide throughout America during the last ten years. In fifty representative cities it was found that the rate per 100,000 of population has increased from 12 in 1891 to 17 in 1902. St. Louis ranks highest and Chicago comes third on the list. The statistician who prepared these figures argued that life insurance is a direct incentive to suicide, and it is indeed a pitiable fact that very large numbers of persons take their own lives in order that their relatives may benefit by their death.

What might not such self-sacrifice accomplish if it were but rightly directed, if we but knew enough of the laws of life and of death to make such pathetic offences an impossibility!

None the less, it would be well for insurance companies to reflect upon the advisability of thus putting a premium upon suicide.

U.

The Police and School Expenditures

AMERICAN school statistics speak well for the importance which is attached to education in our national life. The annual amount thus expended is about \$227,000,000, as compared with a European expenditure of about \$246,000,000. It must, however, be remembered that the enrollment in European schools is about three times that of the United States, which places the per capita expenditure of the latter country in a very favorable light. It would be interesting to get a complete comparative statement of the amounts expended on education and on police by our great cities. St. Louis, for example, spends more for its police than it does for its education, but this is probably very exceptional and due to special causes.

Y.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Von Vecsey—The "Wonder Child"

ALL Berlin has been bewitched by the playing of little Franz von Vecsey, the young Hungarian violinist. They tell us that he is small of his age—in fact not much bigger than his violin—but that in three years' study he has mastered seventy of the most difficult compositions known to musicians. Joachim, the greatest classical violinist of modern times, was with difficulty induced to hear the boy play. He selected for him one of his own test compositions, expecting naturally that the boy would fail. But the child astonished him. He was not half through when Joachim rushed forward impetuously, seized him in his arms, kissed him and declared that Paganini, having learned new secrets in Heaven, had come back to earth to tell them!

They say that little Franz is just like other boys of his age, with the exception of this wonderful gift, and that there is no sign, so far, that he will meet the fate so glibly prophesied in the case of every "wonder child." One wonders how much basis these prophecies ever had, or why people are so persistent in their belief that the children of genius are forever destined to have unhealthy experiences and short lives.

The evidence is rather the other way, contrary to the tradition that when a child shows genius at a very early age he is not apt to amount to much in maturity. Of course the parents can ruin such a child with unwise management, just as they could ruin a stupid child still more easily, and we know of many cases of children who, in maturity, did not live up to the promise of their childhood.

But if we could look at the poor apology for discipline that has been inflicted upon most of them, and the slender chance they have had for acquiring anything like moral stamina, we would find reason there, rather than in the mere fact that they were precocious as children. Quite outside of music we find "wonder children," none of whom lived stupidly or died young. Among them, John Stuart Mill, Grotius, Melancthon and Torquato Tasso. Bavatier wrote Hebrew when he was eight. And in the musical world look at the record made by our "wonder children": Mozart, Wieniawski, Rubinstein, Liszt, Hoffman, Otto Hegner, Jean Gerardy; and the great Joachim himself, one of the sanest and most balanced men that the world of music has ever known, was a "wonder child."

A delightful story comes to us from Berlin which, if true, shows that little Von Vecsey was fortunate in his selection of parents. He was recently invited to play privately before a banker, who was devoted to music, but was at the time too ill to attend the concert. With the request, which was made to the parents of little Franz, came the offer of an *honorarium* of 2000 marks. The parents replied that it would be a pleasure to themselves as well as to their son to give an hour's happiness to an invalid, and that to accept a fee for this would be out of the question. Little Von Vecsey played, and one wonders how much richer and purer his destiny will be just because, when he stood before this open door, his parents didn't close it again and bar his path-way by the stumbling-block of a sordid ideal.

STUDENT

"The Hour of Despair," by a Point Loma Artist

LET us make the poor hearts of our fellows throughout the world, those in doubt, those in the shadows, those in the darkness of their lower natures, the immured criminals, the human outcasts, feel the great purpose of our lives, our trust in the higher law, our belief in the divinity of man, our knowledge that there are great compassionate souls working to give them in the deeper sense the right hand of fellowship. Can there be a greater joy than that of making all humanity feel the grandeur of that life of which we have glimpses?—KATHERINE TINGLEY

The subject of Machell's painting is the same old problem, the problem of "Hard Times," less terrible and insistent in America than in Europe, yet facing humanity everywhere. It pictures the conditions which make possible, nay, inevitable, the slum environment and the tenement home, sad commentary on an age which boasts of its advancement, which deigns to speak patronizingly of the past and presumes to dictate terms to the future. It is this problem, fashioned for us by the unbrotherliness of the age, that turns many a good man into a skeptic. "Would a just God allow these things?" is the question that wells up from the heart and forces its way to utterance by the many who fail to find an answer in dogmas or in creeds.

Yet to those who have a knowledge of a true philosophy of life, no problem is without its solution, as there is none without its cause. And as the mad selfishness of the age is the cause of bitter heartache among the submerged many as soon as they are "out of work," so there is a possible solution. But it can only come when men are willing to forget their prejudices and find their hearts; it can only come when the majority, not the very, very few, are willing to make brotherhood a living power in their lives.

And there exist those who yearn to lead men into the peace that this solution would bring, great souls who stand in the sunlight and long to help their brothers who dwell in the shadows. We know that such exist, for age after age have they come to humanity as Teachers, Saviors. It is this supreme waiting comradeship that Machell has so exquisitely and mystically suggested in his painting. The carved frame, the angel whose outstretched arms push back the gathering clouds, even the very lines of the composition itself, all point upward to the light which shines overhead and which forbids that our

world-picture, spite of man's selfishness and sin, should be wholly limned in shadow.

STUDENT

SCHUBERT'S SONGS.—Beautiful as are his symphonies, and great as was the treasure he bequeathed to the world in his instrumental works, his most important contribution to music is to be found in his songs, of which he wrote some six hundred.—Fillmore

THE Trilogy of Eschylus (the *Agamemnon*, the *Choephoris* and the *Eumenides*) has been recently presented in Athens, Greece, in the Royal Theatre. The dramas were rendered not in the original of Eschylus, but in modern Greek.



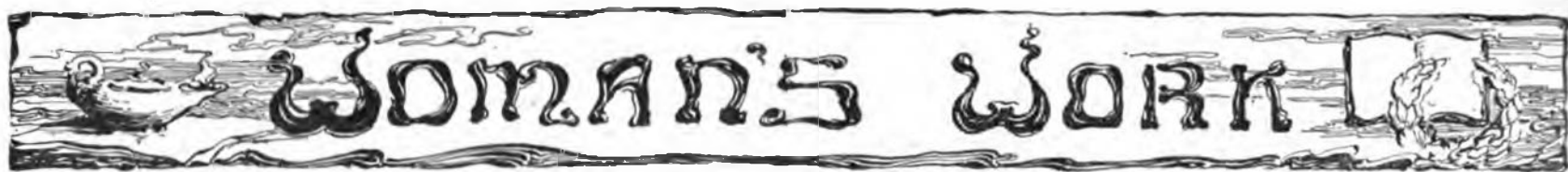
"THE HOUR OF DESPAIR"
by R. W. MACHELL of Point Loma

THE POET

(Les Contemplations)

From the French of Victor Hugo, translated by a Raja Yoga Student

YOU ask, "And whither goest?" I know not,
Yet still go on. If but the path be straight
I cannot walk amiss; before me lies
Twilight and daylight—night behind—and that
Suffices me. I snap my bonds—I see—
And nothing more; believe, yea, nothing less.
My future doth concern me not at all.



WE MUST BUILD UP A ROYAL FELLOWSHIP WITH OUR BROTHERS, AND LIKE JESUS,
RENDER NOBLE SERVICE TO HUMANITY

KATHERINE TINGLEY

THESE are those who, like Shaftesbury of England, cannot sit quiet while half the world is crushed, as if beneath a great wheel; who, like this man ("with all the churches against me," as he once said), cannot die with a clear conscience, leaving wrongs unrighted. Yet, looking out over the world, even the wisest must question, "Where shall I begin?" From the horrors of child-labor the misery of our slums, from the debauchery of our great cities to the suffering of the women who work in factories from one end of the world to the other—look where one will, the picture is a disheartening one. And that which makes it so is the apathy, the selfishness, of those whose own lives are full of ease.

To do the duty that lies nearest at hand, faithfully, patiently, trusting to the Great Law to bring the opportunity for broader work, that is all that any one can do. With the great opportunity, if one's heart is true and one's motive pure, will come the wisdom that shall guide one into its right use.

So little are we conscious of that common sisterhood of which all women are a part, that those who go out in real compassion to the women who suffer are comparatively few. There are thousands of women practically submerged by terrible conditions; yet those who have wealth and home and pure affection in their lives realize it not.

Probably no more pathetic page could be written than one relating to the condition of factory women. From the factories of New England to the cotton mills of the South, hundreds of thousands of women are impressed into the service of what we are pleased to call our industrial "necessities." The meagre pay, so meagre in many instances that none but those who live on the very edge of poverty would think of accepting it; the long hours, unsanitary conditions; the desolation of the life itself; the poorly-kept homes, which are the inevitable corollary to the whole wretched problem—what chance for reform? But where shall one begin?

There is one ideal which every true woman holds somewhere in her heart, even though she may never give it expression, even though she may never fully realize that it is there. It may be a dim memory, it may exist but as a yearning and a prophecy. But *it exists*, and it is this: a picture of conditions that shall make possible sweet, pure, wholesomely unfolding girlhood; strong, self-reliant, devoted wifehood; wise, pure and tender motherhood; and an old age that cherishes no memories save those of devotion to duty and to humanity. Could this be realized in the lives of but a small proportion of women, soon, indeed, would the world's life change. Could it be realized by all, earth would become a Paradise, and Heaven would be here and now.

What are the conditions? On the one hand, we see young women reared to believe that selfish ease and personal advancement are their appropriate ideals; on the other, a mass of women, old and young, whose lives are absolutely crushed by their environment, who have no high ideals, who are constantly tempted to still the hunger of the heart by the dissipations of the body, whose nervous systems are worn out with clatter and toil—and why? Because "business is business" and "trade is trade!"

Books have been written, time and again, about these conditions, and more than one writer has become famous through well-written stories that glimpse the pathos and the struggle of the factory-girl's life. To what avail? The conditions still exist. To better them a new force is needed, a new power, a compassion that expends itself,

The Women of Our Factories

Hath God said so?
But Trade saith No!
And the kilns and the curt-tongued mills say Go,
There's plenty that can if you can't: we know.
Move out, if you think you're underpaid.
The poor are prolific; we're not afraid;
Trade is trade.

and birth-rates and wages and hours, and, to close his argument, laments the increasing sterility among factory women, as if it were the chief calamity of the entire system.

To those who love little children, and to those who love humanity, the sterility of factory women appears to be the opposite of a calamity. Better that children be not born at all than born into the conditions and environment that surround the average factory worker—better for the children, better for the overworked women, better, a thousand times better, for humanity.

No, the one who shall better these conditions and lift from these women's hearts this appalling weight, must reach their lives in a different way. No one can do it who is not truly compassionate. The birth-rate is not half so important as the fact that the churches, which, as one writer states, "play an important part in the social life of the mill-hands, give religious *but not moral* instruction!" with the natural result that these young women have no ideals higher than tawdry ornament and a "good time" with all the logical results.

The death-rate may be important, but the general bad health among the living is infinitely more so, as the root is more important than the branch. What can we hope for women who are flat-chested, stunted, cramped of body and mind, starved of soul, nervously wrecked, many of them, between hard work and tea?

Yet those who have lived among them say that there exists a remarkable sweetness of disposition, sympathy and tenderness, and among many a great longing for some of the things that feed the soul—books, flowers, music, a better home life.

The home life is the most pathetic chapter in all this dismal record. Yet what can one expect? How much heart or strength is left for the home life of a woman who stands before a machine ten or twelve hours a day for six days in every week? And yet those who paint us vivid pictures of the cheerless, desolate, poverty-stricken, at times filthy, home life of the factory workers, groan because factory women have so few children! Where is their logic, where is their compassion?

We need a better race, rather than a more prolific one. We need more of sympathy between those whom fortune favors and those whom it does not; we need to make brotherhood a power in our lives, a power so living, so full of that Divine Urge which the Christs among men know that we cannot rest until these conditions are changed; and they will never be changed by statisticians, nor by those who love money better than they love the human heart.

The toilers and the sore beset must wait for those whose motives are pure, whose lives are selfless, whose hearts yearn to give. Yet they do not wait in vain. Such as these shall come—even now are they going out among the stricken of earth's people, relieving, aiding, cheering, and planting in men's hearts a new ideal. Well do the Students of Katherine Tingley know that, until a few are lifted above earth's levels, until a few—just a few—feel the sorrows of others more than they feel their own—until a few souls rise up in warrior-strength for humanity's sake—the reforms of the world must wait.

STUDENT

Then "Trade is trade," but sings a lie:
'Tis only war grown miserly.
If business is battle, name it so:
War-crimes less will shame it so
And widows less will blame it so.

Is Woman's Education Unnecessarily Expensive?

A RECENT article on the "Expense of Feminine Education," certainly furnishes food for reflection. It seems that this expense is growing, and that Vassar College, which started with \$800,000, has since spent about \$1,000,000 on buildings and grounds, and added \$600,000 to general endowments, and is now trying to raise another million. Of course, what is true of one institution, is, in general true of the other women's colleges, and in a greater degree true of the men's also.

The editorial from which these figures are copied proceeds to show that only a very small part of the income is expended in salaries, but that nearly all the institutions are overloaded with funds for real estate and buildings, while the endowments for working purposes and for meeting running expenses are small.

The editor thinks, if the reverse were true, there would be no reason to complain, as the money comes from voluntary contributions, and as the coming woman must be fitted for wage earning and the larger part she is to play in society.

These statements, as said, furnish food for reflection and suggest a number of questions—*e. g.*: What is Education? What is its real purpose? Is the accomplishment of this purpose necessarily or even desirably such an expensive process? And would a proportionately greater expenditure in salaries, really help the situation at all?

Indisputably, the aim of education should be to fit one to fulfil all the duties of life. It should so bring out the latent possibilities as to make one, not the puppet but the master of his or her environment. Information is not education, and if the power to use it is not developed at the rate with which it is imparted, it is only a clog. No kind of power is possible without training and self-discipline, and that only is desirable which is the result of a right character building.

Do these expensive institutions recognize these facts? If they do, one is forced to admit that there is convincing evidence of it.

The education in colleges, so far as the college is concerned, is only intellectual. The requirements for a student are that she shall pass certain examinations, and not do anything openly, of course, to disgrace the college or herself. Whether she learns self-control, whether she learns that it is nature's law that she shall think of others as of herself, whether she even learns how to do the hundred and one things every woman ought to know how to do, are things which the college considers quite out of its curriculum. She learns a hundred things, which by no possibility will have any relation to her future life, and which therefore are never thought of after the examination is over, and she passes out into the world to get her real education—rather late, alas! which in 99 cases out of 100 has been neglected by her mother, and in 100 cases out of 100 by her Alma Mater.

If, instead of having the machinery so perfectly oiled that information can be poured in faster than it can be digested, each student felt that she had her part to play in making the conditions for her own education, would it not only be less expensive, but more profitable to her? And if some reciprocal process of giving and taking could be thought out, would it not develop a nobler type of womanhood?

If the prime object were to liberate a soul, instead of to feed a brain,

would not an entirely different system gradually supplant the present one?

For if there were nothing to offset this, and if it were continued over many more than four years, one is sometimes tempted to think it would develop a race of intellectual monsters.

The Raja Yoga system of education seems quite new in this age. It is based on the knowledge that every one is a soul, and aims for a well-rounded and balanced development of the whole nature, physical, mental and spiritual. It is very thorough, and it is *not* so very expensive.

G. W. V. P.

The Autumn of Life

Fleeting life is but a fading picture on the scroll of time

WE would be wise! Yet, when wrinkled brows and snowy hair call forth from our hearts a guidance to truth, how completely it is ignored. The supposition that we live only one life on

earth, can be accepted by the intellect alone. The heart refuses to believe that experience and knowledge of the trials and battles of life, will pass forever beyond the reach of earth-bound souls calling for help.

Happily for humanity, nature's laws act independently of man's mistaken theories, and in the "Wisdom Science," we find that age and death are but the laying aside of worn-out garments; that the soul will return to earth and be born in other forms, many times, ever seeking to build from experience gained, until its nature expresses the living presence of the present-day accepted, but imagination-stored, truth—that the body is the temple of the divine on earth.

The light of approaching freedom shines over snowy locks, and sympathy refuses to be bound within the personal interests and woes of a narrow circle.

The motherly heart is closer to nature's heart. With unfaltering love it befriends the erring through the nursery of folly and inexperience, and with something of the great Mother's tenderness and compassion, it would protect and guide all CHILDHOOD, not only the childhood of those near and dear.

The autumn of a life-time awakes the creative power to bless.

Its speech has a silver lining to those in despair. And as there is the autumn of individual life, so is there the autumn in the life of nations.

Many signs are telling that this universal seed-time has come. And from our individual harvests through the ages, we each may bring offerings—our autumn's realizations of life, blend and unite their freedom-crowning light, and arise, new-born, unfolding the wider sympathy, the truer love, the higher nobility, through hearts that pulsate for the welfare of the race.

A. P. D.

MISS CADWALLADER GUILD, an American woman who has won fame as a sculptor, has been invited to make a portrait statuette of Princess Henry of Prussia. She will visit the Princess for that purpose at an early date.

OCCASIONALLY we find a man who is more reckless than usual. Such is Dr. Van der Warker, commissioner of schools of Syracuse, who announces that he is about to publish a book on *Woman's Unfitness for Higher Co-Education!*



IN IRELAND

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

The Babylonian Code of Hammurabi & the Laws of Moses

THE discovery of the legal code of Hammurabi of Babylon has stimulated Mr. Stanley A. Cook, M. A., to produce a very valuable work which contains not only a useful explanation of this remarkable code, but also a comparison of its law and ethics with those of Moses. Mr. Cook's scholarship eminently fits him for such a task, and his *Laws of Moses and the Code of Hammurabi* will take a prominent position among authoritative treatises.

It will be remembered that the tablet containing the Code of Hammurabi was found in 1901, together with numerous letters, contracts and business documents, which throw a very clear light upon that age and upon its King. Hammurabi probably began his reign about 2285 B. C., that is to say, long before the life of Moses, and there can be little doubt that the code in question was but an epitome of laws which were even then ancient. The King himself seems to have been an enlightened monarch, whether judged by the standard of his own or of any other age.

He was proud to be called the "Shepherd of His People," and for their benefit he erected the great legal stele, "that the oppressed man who has a suit may come before the King of Justice, may read the inscribed and hear the precious words. The stele will make clear unto him his suit, and his heart will rejoice, saying, 'Hammurabi is a lord, who is literally a father to his people.'"

Mr. Cook's comparisons make it very clear to us that there existed in the laws of Babylon a far better conception of human interests and a more evolved sense of justice than is to be found in the Mosaic law. The Code of Hammurabi, which is far older than the earliest Biblical "law of Moses," shows that a higher value was set upon human life, and that the principles of justice were better understood in that hitherto dim and shadowy past than in any historic period since, even down to the boasted ultra civilization of the Twentieth century.

STUDENT

Greek Archeological Researches Encouraged by the Grecians

THE French School of Archeology has been enriched by the sum of \$10,000, which has been presented to it for the purpose of continuing the excavations of the School of Greece. The Greek Minister of Education is himself an archeologist and it will therefore be for him a labor of love to aid the intended explorations at the bottom of the channel near Kythera. It was from this channel that the famous statue variously known as Hermes, Perseus and Paris was recently recovered, and there can be little doubt that other treasures await the activity of the Greeks with whom arrangements for the work are now being made.

THAT the musical instruments of early humanity were intended to last was illustrated at a remarkable open air concert recently given in Copenhagen. One of the selections was performed upon two horns which were made over 3000 years ago. These instruments were in good tune and are said to have an agreeable tone. The Copenhagen Museum of Antiquities possesses twenty-three of these ancient instruments of which nine are in sufficiently good order to be played upon.

U.

Valuable Ancient Manuscripts Found in the Mosque of Damascus

THE present period has been remarkable for the number and importance of ancient manuscripts which have come to light. A considerable proportion of these have been of a religious nature, and from some translated scraps which have been made public we may evidently anticipate a very interesting addition to early Christian literature. Of the full importance of the discoveries which have just been made at the Mosque of Damascus, it is as yet too early to speak with any certainty. The find is none the less remarkable as being an indication of what we may yet expect when all likely and unlikely depositories have been fully ransacked.

This particular discovery was made by Dr. Violet, and consists of a number of literary fragments in Latin and Hebrew. These are found to be marriage contracts, liturgies and Old Testament portions with some scraps of Egyptian origin. How they came to be deposited in the Damascus Mosque remains a mystery, unless it be assumed that they represent booty seized by the Turks upon some warlike expedition.

The most valuable feature of the discovery are the fragments in Palæstinensic Aramaic letters of the Old Testament, as well as portions of the Gospels. The portions of St. Paul's letters, which are included in these manuscripts, are said to be unique, and their translation and comparison is to be awaited with much interest.

STUDENT



THE SIBERIAN MAMMOTH

WE have already commented upon the discovery of a complete mammoth which has been found in Siberia. The accompanying illustration of this remarkable animal is from the pages of the *Scientific American*, and it serves to give an idea of the size and state of preservation of the enormous body. The world is indebted to Dr. Otto Herz for the skill with which the mammoth has been removed and placed on view in the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg. The position of the body indicates that the animal injured himself by falling upon a steep slope and was unable to move. The grave being flooded with water, which soon afterwards froze, accounts for the preservation of the flesh, which was so perfect that undigested food was found in the stomach.

Some Irish Burial Mounds

WE have already briefly described the very remarkable sepulchral mounds which exist at New Grange and Dowth, County Meath, Ireland.

We now see that these monuments have been made the subject of a lecture by Mr. George Coffey, who has paid very special attention to their construction and meaning. The mound at New Grange, which

is composed of large stones, covered about an acre of ground, and was over forty feet high at the center. But the most interesting feature is the carving with which the stones are covered. This carving does not seem to be decorative, and Mr. Coffey is therefore of the opinion that it has some special and religious significance.

He compared them to the painted scenes upon the Egyptian tombs, which had reference to the fortunes of the dead and not of the living. The carvings at New Grange differed very widely from those at Dowth.

The former contained splendid examples of spirals, both single and double; and while there were also spirals on the Dowth stones, they were in every case single.

The Dowth stones contain several instances of concentric circles, but none of the lozenge and triangle forms which are found at New Grange. Mr. Coffey believed that both these monuments are of very great antiquity, and are probably the most important of their class to be found in Western Europe.

Students of Theosophy will remember the references which H. P. Blavatsky made to Irish archeology and to the prehistoric civilization of Ireland. Efforts such as those which have been made by Mr. Coffey bring us appreciably nearer to the time when we shall understand more of these people and of their religion.

STUDENT

Nature

Studies

Expert Grape Culture in America

IF a man is worthy of honor who makes two blades of grass grow in a place where there was formerly but one, so must be the man who doubles the size of a fruit, makes it edible where it formerly was not so, or multiplies the number of species.

All this has been done for the grape by the Hon. T. V. Munson, of Denison, Texas; and his work may well stand alongside of that of our Californian neighbor, Luther Burbank.

The plan was simple, though the working out required much labor, observation and thought. It consisted in finding the best and hardiest native wild grape, and hybridizing it with some fine cultivated variety from elsewhere. The result is, of course, a grape combining the culture of the one and the hardness of the other. Under Mr. Munson's hands a large number of European grapes representing centuries of culture have been made to find a home in this country, and in particular in Texas. In return, with a Colorado grape of great vigor, Mr. Munson rendered a most important service to the French grape industry, at that time in a critical situation. So important, indeed, was this deemed by the French Government that Mr. Munson received a decoration of the Legion of Honor.

As soon as our western mankind begins to think of relying less and less upon flesh for its diet, the problem of feeding it will become simpler. In the new direction it will be met more than half way by the comparatively new school of experimenters in fruit and grain culture.

These products will be infinitely varied, enlarged, enriched in their nutritious elements, deprived of superfluous fiber, stone or shell; and the peculiar results of centuries of culture in one country will, by blending with natives, be rendered available in many others.

Cheaper food will mean some release from the stress of life, and better food a shortened tale of disease. No branch of practical science better deserves honor at our hands than that which attacks and solves the problems connected with food. K.

CALIFORNIA oranges are meeting with appreciation elsewhere than in their own country. Two hundred and fifty cases of the variety known as Washington Navel have arrived at Naples in Italy from Southern California. They have been procured by the Italian government and are to be sent to the agricultural institutes in Sicily and to the Royal Villa at Castelporziano, near Rome, in order that the necessary experiments may be made with a view to their general introduction.

THE MINERAL production of California for the past year shows a substantial gain over the preceding year, the last figures being \$35,069,105, an increase for the year of 713,124. The mineral resources of the state, except gold, have barely been touched thus far, and there is still a great future in gold production.—*Los Angeles Herald*

TO THE DAISY

by WORDSWORTH

BRIGHT flower! whose home is everywhere,
Bold in maternal Nature's care,
And all the long year through the hair
Of joy or sorrow;
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!

Is it that man is soon depressed?
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason.
And Thou would'st teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,
With friends to greet thee, or without,
Yet pleased and willing:
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all
Thy fraction apostolical.
In peace fulfilling.



AN AVENUE IN JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA

The Impossible in Plant Growth

IT was an article of faith with us, until recently, to believe that ferns grew principally in woodland shades and required a plentiful and constant supply of water to make any successful growth. In fact, the text-books upon fern culture warn their readers to never, never let ferns become entirely dry, as it will surely kill them. It seems, however, that Nature omitted to read that paragraph, because here at Loma-land we see it violated constantly.

All over the hillsides, on little points of rock, and on precipitous slopes, are ferns which have not known the touch of water since last winter, and yet they are alive, and when the rains come they will quicken into beauty and unroll their delicate fronds, often a foot or more in height, as easily, so it seems, as though raised in the saturated air of a fernery. There are several different sorts of them, of very widely distinct types. The ordinary woodland fern, with broad, finely subdivided fronds two or three feet long, grows only in shady places. The more common oak-leaf type is more adventurous, but does not care to challenge the sun too boldly. California maidenhair prefers the shadow, it is true, but is not fussy about it, and will grow in broad sun glare on a stone pile if it can find a convenient place to spread its pendent tresses.

There are two or three sorts with triangular, well-divided fronds, borne on smooth, wiry stems, but they are very seldom over six inches high. One of them, the dwarf of the family, seems to really prefer the driest places, and, when the water supply is exhausted curls up in a ball and waits for a revivifying drink. There is also the "coffee-fern," quite different from the others, with its wire-like purple stems and the thick, leathery leaflets, nearly round, each daintily separate on its own footstalk. The fronds are often a foot high, each with the family signature of one three-lobed leaflet at the base.

When the leaflets have dried to old-gold yellow, the purple stems make them very pretty. This sort also prefers a rather dry and sandy soil with plenty of dead leaves in it. We are eagerly expecting the time for the reappearance of these several beautiful plants as soon as the rain-elves give the plant-fairies a stimulant. As these lines are

being printed the clouds are pouring down upon San Diego county a generous rain. Tomorrow, or the next day, the sun will be bright again, and soon Nature will be robed in her new spring garb. L.

ARHODE ISLAND dog was in the habit of frequently jumping over the gate of a common picket fence. One day he appeared with a long bone in his mouth. He made several attempts to leap over the gate but failed every time. He stopped a moment and was evidently debating another plan. He placed the bone beside the gate, jumped easily over it, and then put his paw under the gate and pulled the bone through. He then went off wagging his tail complacently over the result of his experiment.—*Our Dumb Animals*

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

A GOOD audience as usual assembled at the Isis Theatre on Sunday night to hear Miss Ethel Wood's address on "Making a Choice." Mr. E. A. Neresheimer also read a paper on "Some Practical Suggestions for Daily Life." The music by the students of the Isis Conservatory was as admirable as usual. Miss Wood's address was strong and thoughtful and was received with every appreciation. She said, in part:

"There comes a time in every life when one stands at the parting of the ways, facing two paths, one leading to the heights, and the other into the depths where misery and shame wait to become our comrades.

"As the world goes, the young girl is usually so unwisely brought up that she remains all unconscious of this great soul-power that is hers, the power to choose her own path. Her acts are guided partly by her environment, in which the example of her parents and friends is an important factor, and partly by the tendencies and characteristics of her own nature. Without realizing it she is the absolute victim of all that is coarse and weak in her environment, and she becomes too often an easy prey to her own selfish and negative tendencies.

"This is the picture that we see about us every day, and if we ask why are there so many wrecked lives, we may read in this picture the reason.

"But the time of awakening comes, the time for making a choice. It comes to every woman sooner or later—generally later. If you don't believe this, examine the statistics of our hospitals, of our sanitariums, of our insane asylums and our divorce courts. They are the goal these days of thousands and tens of thousands of women who, when the time came for facing life, when the time came for making a choice, whether they wished to or not, found themselves unequal to the situation, unable to go a step further, simply crushed. And probably not one woman of all these but looks back and says, 'O, if I had only known. If I had only come to understand my own nature when I was a girl. If I had only chosen the right way instead of the pleasant way.'

"Then, there is another class who, when the time comes, have drifted too long, and who openly choose a life of self-indulgence, regardless of the sorrows they bring to others. And then, fortunately, we see that other type of strong sweet souls, who were strong enough and pure enough to make the choice bravely and right. Some of them are our mothers, and all of them we love.

"But must it always be so? Must women grow to thirty, forty, or even fifty years of age before their eyes are open? Must they find their strength failing already by the time they first realize they have it? These things need not be; we know that we are souls, who are determined to bring something of the soul light to humanity; we declare that they *shall not be*. We know that a new era is dawning for women, for by the light that is coming into the world, we know that young wo-

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Address by Miss Ethel Wood on
"Making a Choice," and Paper by
Mr. E. A. Neresheimer

Reprinted from the San Diego News

men can now see clearly what their mothers perhaps were unable to see at all. For those who make the choice and who choose right, and the unselfish life, and purity, and principle, and joy, that which to the world is as dawn, to them is as the day.

"Katherine Tingley dreams of a day soon to be, when the Knowledge that belongs

to women need not be gained through suffering and pain and risk.

"She dreams of the day when the child of seven will know that he is a soul and will *live* as if he knew it. She dreams of the day when the young girl will not oscillate perpetually between selfish indulgence and the disappointment that it always brings; the day when the young girl shall think a little less of her own likes and dislikes and a little more of her sister-woman's joys and sorrows; the day when the joy of the soul's life will belong to her, the joy that comes to every one who sees with clear eyes and walks with firm steps. What a picture and what a lesson is such a life as this! What would our divorce courts and the insane asylums do if all young girls had the poise and the honor and the common-sense that a few women of forty and fifty today possess.

"For the choice cannot be made aright save by those who know their own natures, and this knowledge never comes from indulging one's self and never will, this knowledge never comes from mere book-study and never will, for it is the doctrine of the heart-life and only those who live the life may read it.

"What is the choice? It is a time that comes to everybody, sooner or later in their life, when they stand still, as it were, in the midst of the whirl of their thoughtless life, and realize for the first time that they are a Soul. Then they ask themselves who am I? What am I here for? What is my purpose and duty in life? *Then* comes the time of choice. Shall they stifle the thought of responsibility, and try to become indifferent and distract themselves again in the whirl of life? Or shall they bravely face the question and strive nobly to find out what they are living for? We know that some things are real and some things are only sham, but have we in our hearts the ability to discriminate between the real and the sham, and in our souls the courage to choose the real? The choice is the stand we take when the soul first becomes our guide. There women stand, many of them just at the critical time when girlhood and womanhood meet, many of them—you cannot deny it—standing on the brink of a chasm which must be bridged or a life may be wrecked. What will bridge it but soul knowledge, and how many young women possess it? And so there they stand facing the two-fold path; joy on one side, on the other side misery, a life of service, or a life of self-indulgence; mental and moral physical health, or mental, moral and physical disease. There is the opportunity for choice—on the one hand the life that is bounded by intellect, warped and destroyed by the desires, or on the other hand the heart-life, the life of joy, service and fulfillment."

Lotus Group at Malmo, Sweden

Our Christmas festival at the great Hall of the *Arbetsforeningen* was the most successful we have ever held. *The Little Philosophers* held the first and principal place on the program. The scene, depicting a sunrise, formed an appropriate background for the two low Greek tables, decorated with flowers and fruits. The children were dignified and forceful in their bearing, dressed, of course, in white Greek costumes and wearing garlands. After the Symposium, which was splendidly given and well received by the large audience, the children had stereopticon views from the Raja Yoga edition of the NEW CENTURY PATH. Then the little Lotus children came upon the stage with SVEA (symbol of Sweden) in their midst, holding in her hands the national flag, to which the children testified their love by singing our national song, *Our Swedish Flag*. A large Christmas tree delighted the children, among whom we divided oranges, fruits and sweets, besides gifts. The second number on the program consisted of a fairy-play by Topelius. After the children's festival the Lodge members assembled and held a meeting. New Year greetings.

Lotus Groups of Chelsea, England

Reports from the Vernon Place and Chelsea Lotus Groups, England, show great enthusiasm over the Symposium recently given, *The Little Philosophers*. The children have risen, in presenting it, to a new feeling of responsibility and to a greater dignity and, it need not be added, to a better conception of the simple teachings of Brotherhood.

MABEL SWAN, Superintendent Chelsea Lotus Group

The Sydney, Australia, Lodge

Reports have just reached us of a public entertainment given by the Universal Brotherhood Lodge of Sydney, Australia, on December 13th last. Besides vocal and instrumental music, the entertainment consisted of the Greek Symposium, *The Conquest of Death*, given by the adults. This Symposium is already well known to students throughout the world, and those who have witnessed its presentation at the great Amphitheatre at Loma-land can never forget the spiritual uplift that it brought to them.

The Lotus Group of Sydney, Australia

New Year's Day was chosen as the most suitable time to give Katherine Tingley's Symposium, for we realized that it sounded a new key-note, and would, if studied right, bring something more into our work. The children entered into their parts with the heartiest interest, and the harmonious chant at the close, "To help humanity, to make Theosophy a living power in our lives," seemed like a benediction. One among the large audience said to me after the performance, "It was beautiful; now at last I begin to understand your teachings." Said another, "Now I can understand why your members and the parents of your Lotus Group children are so frankly enthusiastic."

The evening's entertainment was opened by Handel's *Largo*, then singing by the children themselves, followed by *The Little Philosophers*, closing with a selection by Beethoven.

EMILY I. WILLANS, Superintendent

A Glimpse
in the Assembly Room
during the daily Marching
Drill to Music



The Raja Yoga
Day School in Isis Theatre
Building at San Diego
California

Lotus Group of Groningen, Holland

On January 3d the Lotus Group of Gröningen, Holland, gave Katherine Tingley's Symposium of *The Little Philosophers* before an audience of several hundred, in the Hall of the *Harmonie*. The play was greatly appreciated, and the children, we found, had been wonderfully helped in many ways by the effort they had made in preparing their parts, and unconsciously to themselves they have grown into a certain calmness and dignity which will mean a greater strength and far more satisfactory work for the future year. Undreamed of opportunities lie before us in helping the men, women, and particularly the children of our city, and the work of this Symposium has given us just the uplift that we have needed. Our three Lotus Groups have now grown to five, each with its special character, and each, in a sense, with its special work.

The Symposium has sounded a new key-note in this work for the children, and has raised all our Lotus Group activities to a higher level. Truly, the Christmas bells sound with a new tone, and bring to us a new expression of the Christ spirit and of the way in which the little children shall give to the world Christ's teachings. Greetings,

A. GOUD, W. G. REEDEKER

Cardiff, Wales, Lotus Group

On the evening of January 1st, we gave our Leader's Symposium, *The Little Philosophers*. The evening's entertainment opened with music, recitations and songs. The chief feature was the Symposium itself. The rehearsals had been most interesting and promised well, but the public performance was an inspiration. Every one was deeply impressed and the children felt that they were teachers in very truth. After the Symposium we served light refreshments, and then Santa Claus came and gave the children what they had long wanted, each a box of paints and a book. The children, as well as the guests, were reluctant to go when the evening's entertainment was concluded.

JOHN MORGAN, JR., Superintendent

Everton Lotus Group, Liverpool

From the Everton Lotus Group at Everton, Liverpool, England, comes a most enthusiastic account of recent work. During December most of the time was spent preparing for the New Year's entertainment, the chief feature of which was Katherine Tingley's Symposium, *The Little Philosophers*. The children of the Old Swan Lotus group joined with us and the entertainment was a great success. The room was prettily decorated with flowers. In the evening we had a Christmas tree.

H. H. LOWE, Superintendent

A New Disease

IT seems that a new disease has appeared at one of our great universities. Its chief symptom is "mind-wandering," and its unfortunate victims are unable to read for ten minutes and then to describe what they have been reading about. So far it seems that four men and four women have had to discontinue their studies on account of this distressing malady. To the merely lay mind the number would seem to be remarkably small, as the outside world contains a very large number of people who are afflicted with mind-wandering, and who are certainly unable to concentrate their attention for ten minutes, or even ten seconds. Overstudy is suggested as the possible cause.

STUDENT

The Lotus Group at Helsingborg, Sweden

On December 19th the Raja Yoga children of our Lotus Group gave Katherine Tingley's Symposium of *The Little Philosophers*. The room was prettily decorated, the children were dressed in Greek costumes, and the Symposium was given with spirit and enthusiasm. Our rooms were crowded and every one was deeply impressed. On the 2nd of January it was repeated. Our Lodge had its usual Christmas feast for poor men, women and children. It was held in the name of the International Brotherhood League, whose motto is, "Helping and Sharing is What Brotherhood Means." After dinner we had a little talk on Theosophy and Brotherhood. There were, besides instrumental music, songs by the Lotus children, who helped serve the people. Besides the dinner we furnished clothing to a large number of poor children. Greetings for the New Year. ERIC BOGREN

Lotus Group of Lodge 4, England

The children of the Lotus Group of Lodge No. 4, England, gave a delightful New Year's entertainment. The main feature was the Symposium of the *Little Philosophers*. There were also songs and recitations from the NEW CENTURY PATH. The children had been most enthusiastic over the rehearsals, and as a result the Symposium was given in an excellent and harmonious manner. The room was prettily decorated with yellow and white chrysanthemums and quantities of trailing ivy. At the close of the entertainment the Superintendent of the Group made some remarks about the right attitude toward eating; that it was a truly sacred thing to keep the body, which is the temple of the soul, pure and healthy and beautiful by eating at the right time and in the right way, never merely to gratify the palate. After this the children and guests were served with simple refreshments of cake and fruit.

CONSTANCE SAUNDERS, Superintendent

Lotus Group at Gothenberg, Sweden

A Christmas festival was given for the Gothenberg Lotus Group in Sweden which was most delightful. The program consisted of music, both vocal and instrumental, recitations and tableaux. A pretty little Christmas tree lighted the room and gave additional happiness to the children. At the close of the entertainment chocolate was served in an adjoining room. We feel that by means of this festival the children have learned more than ever before of the blessing that lies in unselfish giving and in every effort which we make for the sake of giving joy to others.

The preparations that we have made for the festival have served to unite both comrades and children more closely.

C. KARLSON, Secretary

The New Jerusalem

REV. FRANK GUNSAULUS, the Chicago preacher, who held his services in the Iroquois Theatre, and who lost a nephew in the fire, has just preached a sermon in which he said:

Our pulpits—mine with the rest—have too much to say about the New Jerusalem and not enough concerning the vital needs of Chicago. I have neglected my duty. I have seen abuses—lawlessness, all pervading and unrebuked—negligence, incompetency and carelessness in public life, and have not lifted my voice against them. Hereafter, with God's help, I will do my duty as a citizen.

A SUBSCRIPTION to the NEW CENTURY PATH is an investment that bears interest far beyond the total amount of the principal.

"I'll thank you to mind your own business, Mrs. Murphy," said Mrs. Davis, with a toss of her head. "It's meself that undherstan's me own bisness better than ye could be after telling me," rejoined Mrs. Murphy vigorously; "and it's a disgrace to the street, it is, the way yer childern carry on. It's the schule alone that would be givin' them any chance, I'm thinkin'."

Before Mrs. Davis had a chance of replying, an agonized roar from within caused her hasty disappearance. Mrs. Murphy, still standing at the door, next saw little Susie come out and run crying down the street. Her anger abated in the face of an apparent calamity, as Tommy's screams continued to reach her ear. Mrs. Murphy put down her broom and entered her neighbor's house. There sat Tommy's mother in the kitchen holding the screaming and thoroughly frightened boy on her lap, vainly trying to stanch the flow of blood from a cut finger. Mrs. Murphy threw up her arms.

"The saints help us! he'll blade to deth before the dochter comes;" and she rushed from the room, followed by Tommy's piercing yells.

"You are in a hurry, Mrs. Murphy," said a voice pleasantly.

"Oh, dochter, and is it you? The saints be praised! There's Tommy blad in' to deth inside there!"

The doctor entered the house, and within a very short time a white-faced little boy with a well-bandaged hand was lying quietly on a couch in the corner of the kitchen, a grateful woman standing beside him.

The crowd of sympathetic neighbors had returned to their own homes.

"So he doesn't like school?" the doctor was saying.

"Wouldn't you like to go to a school where they have a big round tent out in the garden all the summer-time and beautiful flowers and plenty of music and singing?"

"I would," said Susie, who was listening, open-mouthed.

"Would you," he said, "and have a little garden all your own?"

"Wif flowers in it?" asked the child — "growing flowers?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Could you grow carrots?" inquired Tommy, with dawning interest.

"Perhaps," replied the doctor; then turning to the mother, "Your neighbor's children (Mrs. Murphy's) have lately begun school. John is a fine little fellow." Mrs. Davis froze instantly. "Thank you kindly, I don't think *my* children will be goin'. I don't hold with new-fangled notions!"

"I won't go to the other old school, so there," and flouncing round, Susie knocked the dipper onto the floor with a loud clatter which brought down the ire of her parent on her head.

Tommy eyed his mother thoughtfully, but was silent. Thirsting for information he called a truce with John, and began to ply him with questions calculated to elicit the desired information.

"An' there's no canes, and they never speak cross-like, and if ye haven't had any breakfast they give yer some, and they drill yer like sold'ers, to make yer stand like er man, and there's no fighting erlowed; me and you'd have to stop pelting stones at each other. Yer can't even put out yer tongue and make faces!"

"Why can't yer?" inquired Tommy.

"Becos," answered John with dignity, "yer know it ain't good — *it ain't brotherhood.*"

Tommy was silenced, this was something beyond his comprehension, but he relieved the tension of his feelings with an extra hideous grimace.

Neighbors

Little John's feelings were mixed and mingled. Though rarely the aggressor, he had always manfully held his own; now he was called upon to

act up to his principles or his words would go for naught, and he really was an adept at facial expression. It was really a sacrifice. "I'll be after saying good morning to yer, brother," he replied with slow dignity, and turned away, blinking the tears from his eyes. "I done it fur brotherhood," he whispered to himself, "and it's meself that knows I'm no coward."

Had the sky fallen, Tommy would not have been more surprised. He was well acquainted with John's finished performances in the line of making faces, and to be called *brother*! He felt very red and uncomfortable.

A few weeks later, during which the two families kept much to themselves, Susie rushed home from school in a great state of excitement. She had met that nice doctor who attended to Tommy's cut finger and he had given her tickets for her mother, Tommy and herself to go to a children's Christmas play and symposium, to be given in a hall near by.

Mrs. Davis finally consented to take them. As they entered the hall the curtain was just rising and Mrs. Davis hurriedly sat down in the only

vacant seat she saw near. What with the brilliant lights, the flags, the flowers and the exquisite scene on the stage where white-robed children walked and talked and sang among the trees and flowers on the margin of a lovely lake, the poor woman felt, as she afterwards expressed it, "quite flustered like," and not until the first interval did she discover that she was seated beside Mrs. Murphy. The children were wildly excited to find that John and Molly were among the fairy kings and queens and Greek philosophers on the stage, and Tommy's enthusiasm quite got the better of him, when John recited with action a poem which gave rich play to his inimitable facial gifts that spoke of the actor born.

"Well done, John," he shouted at the top of his shrill little voice. "Hurrah for brotherhood!" and didn't the people applaud! As for John, he never felt so happy in his life. The eyes of the two mothers met, and though they were misty with tears they had never seen so clearly before.

"It was just heavenly," said Mrs. Davis next morning to her neighbor, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron. "I'm not given, as you know, to new-fangled notions, but to see and hear them children! Mollie looked like an angel, and it weren't

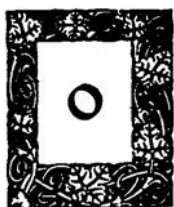
no play-acting, neither, it were just natural and real. What did yer say? Bring the children again next time? *They'll be in it next time themselves,*" answered Mrs. Davis proudly; "they're to go to school next week. I asked about it last night. I'm not given to new-fangled notions, but we are all brothers and sisters, and we ought to love each other, and nobody can deny it, and it's nothing but good they learn at them Lotus Groups anyhow! I've seen it with my own eyes. May be I've been a bit hard on yer, Mrs. Murphy; seems like there's more in the notions yer had about that school than I gave yer credit for."

This astounding admission almost took away Mrs. Murphy's breath, but true to her nature she rose to the occasion. "Sure an' it's an illegant lady I always thought ye ware," she said, and the kettle having boiled, the brown teapot was produced, and the two sat down to a cup of tea, while the children gathered on the floor to talk of the wonderful school in which they were, all four, to become fellow pupils. The spirit of brotherhood entered into the hearts of the little gathering, never again to be denied and derided, brightening henceforth, alike the lives of the old and the young, led by the example of little children trained and nurtured on "the principles of Universal Brotherhood."

E. I. W.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

by SHELLEY



WILD West Wind, thou breath of
Autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the
leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an
enchanter fleeing.
Yellow and black and pale and hectic
red,

Pestilence-stricken multitude; O thou

Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,

Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving the sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)

With living hues and odors, plain and hill:
Wild Spirit which art moving everywhere:
Destroyer and Preserver!

Be thou, Spirit fierce,

My Spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth;

And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth,
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!

Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Periodicity a Universal Law of Nature—Unknown Elements

THAT the universe is built upon geometric and mathematical lines was naturally an axiom with the ancient sages, discredited for a time as of course are all such axioms, but now coming once more to the surface by an irresistible force of gravity. H. P. Blavatsky emphasizes this fundamental truth in her efforts to persuade science to argue from universals to particulars, pointing out that by its means scientific prediction may always precede discovery and that research may be carried on in the light of certainty instead of the gloom of dubious experiment. To a certain extent the law of periodicity has already been recognized within certain severe limitations, but we are still very far from realizing how rigid is the hold of mathematics upon every branch of material science and the direct and guiding light which it throws upon research.

Sir William Ramsay has recently reminded us of the amazing results which have already followed the application of a single mathematical law to the discovery of new "elements." He points out that we have been accustomed to think of gold, lead, carbon, etc., as being distinct and inconvertible and as bearing no necessary relation one to another. A single mathematical fact, however inexplicable that fact may be, has however shown conclusively that there is a mysterious relation between them. That one mathematical fact has however done more than this. It proved the existence of other elements of which at the time science had absolutely no knowledge whatever. It proved that there must be other elements in nature and that these unknown elements must possess certain atomic weights and none others, and those unknown elements are now being found one by one. Although the particular periodic law which did these wonders is of course now well known it may not be amiss to briefly restate it and in so doing to follow the example of Sir William Ramsay.

If then we draw a diagram in spiral form and mark each known element upon the curve of that spiral with its atomic weight expressed in terms of the square of the distance from the center we shall see at once that these atomic weights bear a definite and mathematical relation one to another. We shall see more than this as did the chemists who first examined this table of the elements arranged in mathematical scale. They saw that upon this scale there were gaps, that there were positions on the spiral where elements ought to be found but of which the positions were vacant. Here was a mathematical prediction and a mathematical indication and the specialized research which followed was abundantly justified by its results. Helium and argon were speedily found, then came krypton and neon and finally xenon. All these elements accurately fitted the vacant positions upon the spiral scale, thus putting out of court all suggestions of chance and establishing the existence of a periodic law of which this tiny glance had been afforded.

It would be possible to cite other instances no less striking, and notably Bodes' law of planetary distances. Enough has however been done to show that nature does indeed mysteriously geometrize. We know that she does so in certain instances but we are coy in believing that she does so in all instances.

What is this mysterious geometric law which is thus intruded into material operations, what is this mathematical pattern which is thus imposed upon everything which nature builds? If we have the courage to face the problem we shall find that it will place in our hands a lever of tremendous potency for raising the stones which now cover the tombs of buried knowledge. If, for instance, we admit that there is a law of periodicity underlying the whole of nature may we not look for its operations in human life and human consciousness, in the events of history, in the waves of human knowledge, of human aspiration, of human passion and of human despair? Surely these things are as worthy to be controlled by law as are the atomic weights of elements. We already see something of a periodic law in human physical disease; why not also in mental disease and in all mental movements? Is not humanity also a part of nature, a not inconsiderable part, and must the human mind remain forever self-exiled from the charmed circle wherein is law and design and order? Let us make postulates for mind as well as for matter.

STUDENT

Science & Religion—Misconceptions of Herbert Spencer's Teachings

THE religious papers are of course talking much about Herbert Spencer. They are not all agreed that his influence was anti-Christian. To a certain extent the more enlightened perceive that the great thinker left religion at any rate unharmed. But even they do not see that an extension of his own main principle of psychology is the very key to religion.

His principle is that cognition and knowledge are gradually built up from sensation, that is, from what is subjective. Vague and unplaced and undefined sensations, such as those of the infant, gradually become clearer, are compared and separated; and finally there results clear perception of the world of things and changes.

But the same process, thus going on in the infant physically, is also going on in mankind spiritually. We are all dimly aware of spiritual "sensations," inspirations, impulses to aspiration, to loftier life, to compassion, to self-sacrifice, to duty. They are vague, unplaced, undefined. Yet they are the germ of our knowledge of the divine, of God. Humanity as a whole, with respect to these, is an infant; though a few have grown to manhood. But these are as insistent as are the physical sensations of the infant, and will one day lead to knowledge of *their* world just as definite. There is always a beyond, in the physical and in the spiritual, to which our ever expanding consciousness has not yet expanded. Man's account of the spiritual world he feels changes, from age to age, just as does his account of the physical. The "atom" today is not that of science yesterday. And so our conception of God changes and deepens from age to age. It can never come to finality, though there is no uncrossable bar on the farthest horizon. "This is my conception of the atom," says one man and "this mine," says another. Their difference does not prove no atom, nor that both are not approaching truth if their minds remain open. J.

Are Minerals Alive?—Jewels Require an Occasional Sleep

EVERY object in the universe, whether human, animal, vegetable, mineral, or otherwise, is organized, and is a center for the manifestation of the great intelligent Life-principle and World-soul which pervades all nature. It is absurd to call one thing alive and intelligent and another dead and mechanical. The latter designation has no real meaning, and is only used by inaccurate thinkers to explain things which they have not thoroughly investigated.

Every day science discovers new wonders and new complexities in what was thought to be inert clay; and all goes to show that life and intelligence prevail wherever our observation can penetrate. The following clipping is a case in point:

Many jewels require an occasional sleep, so to speak, in order to retain their brilliancy. Diamonds, rubies and sapphires are among the number. They should be put away in total darkness every now and then. The usual velvet or satin-lined cases are the correct receptacles. It is best to wrap them in jewelers' tissue paper, then pack them in wool and lay in air-tight compartments. A number of stones are seriously affected by fumes from furnaces, sewer-gas, moisture and sea air.

Fraternity of Science—Experiments That Were Reconciled

EMINENT scientists are often puzzled by the utterly contradictory results reached in the apparently identical experiments of different workers in their ranks. Sometimes years pass by before a reconciliation is reached.

A way out of all such difficulties has been found by a French and an American physicist who found themselves in the above plight, and the method does equal credit to the Johns Hopkins University, the Carnegie Institution and the Institut de France. These three bodies, supplying conjointly the expenses of travel, apparatus and experiment, made it possible for the two scientists to meet—the American going to Paris—and conduct their hitherto contradictorily resulting experiments together.

The point questioned lay in the domain of electricity, and the two workers, now perfectly unhampered with any difficulties, settled it once and for all. An apparently unimportant difference in their respective apparatus had originated the discrepancy.

STUDENT

UPON the anniversary of the birthday of General Washington it may not be inappropriate to remind our readers of a chapter in the history of the American flag which, largely through his valor and sagacity, became the flag of an united and independent people. In this connection we know no more remarkable record than that furnished by a little book published nearly fourteen years ago and entitled *Our Flag*, and of which Mr. Robert Allen Campbell is the author. He tells his story with a concise energy which leaves nothing to be desired, and our task would be most simply and adequately performed by merely transferring from his pages the scenes to which we would draw attention. This is unfortunately forbidden by the exigencies of space, and we must content ourselves with an all too brief resume.

It seems that in 1775 the Colonial Congress appointed Messrs. Franklin, Lynch and Harrison as a committee to devise and recommend a Colonial flag. Washington was then in camp at Cambridge, and in order to profit by his proximity, the committee arranged to meet at that place. They were to be entertained by a well-known citizen living in a small house, and who already had a guest under his roof, an old gentleman who was commonly known as "The Professor." The narrowness of the accommodation necessitated that one of the committee should share the Professor's room, and the one selected was Benjamin Franklin.

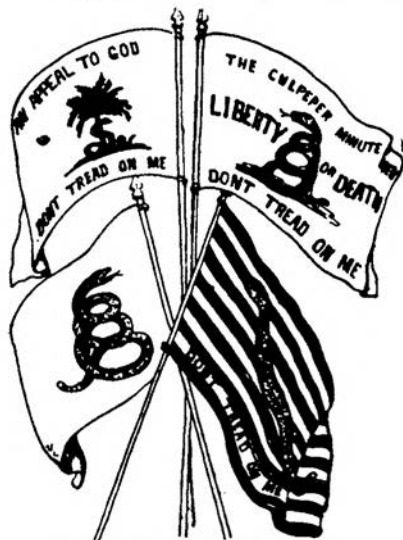
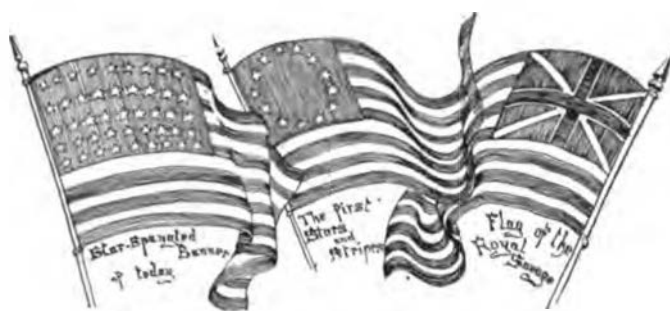
Of the Professor himself but little was known. He appeared to be of an advanced age, but strong and active. His manners were ingratiating, and he conversed freely of long past events as though he had participated in them. His manner of life was peculiar, his diet consisted entirely of cereals and fruit, and he devoted his time to a collection of rare old books and manuscripts, which he seemed to be translating or rewriting, and of which he took the most elaborate and secret care.

Soon after the arrival of the committee a dinner was arranged, at which Washington was present. The party consisted of the General, the host and hostess, the three committeemen and the Professor. So remarkable was the conversation of the latter and the wisdom which he displayed, that as the party was breaking up it was hurriedly decided, in whispered conference with Washington, that the Professor be invited to join the committee. This was done through the agency of Franklin, and the Professor responded with a few well-chosen words of appreciation, continuing as follows:

We are now six, an even number, and not a propitious one for such an enterprise as we have now in hand. We cannot spare anyone already a member of the committee, even though in so doing we should improve the conditions in one respect, by making our number five; but we must needs increase our number, so we will be seven. This increase of our numbers should be by the introduction of an element that is usually objected to—or even worse than objected to, ignored—in all national and political affairs. I refer to woman—the purifying and intuitional element of humanity. Let us therefore invite our hostess—because she is our hostess, because she is a woman, and above all because she is a superior woman, to become one of us; and may be she will prove a most important factor in solving the important question which we are to consider; for more depends on our work here and now than appears on the surface, to the multitude; and for her patriotism, her intelligence, her fidelity and her discretion, you may, one and all, hold me personally and entirely responsible, that is, if any one of you suppose that any man's endorsement, in any way, adds to an earnest and good woman's responsibility.

The suggestion was a startling one, but it was none the less adopted,

Birth of Old Glory



SOME EARLY AMERICAN FLAGS

and the hostess became one of the committee which was now of seven members.

During the afternoon Franklin and the Professor went for a long walk together and it was noticed that on their return they "wore the relieved and confident looks of earnest and determined men who had, in a satisfactory way solved a perplexing problem, and of victors who had successfully mastered a difficult and dangerous situation."

Upon the reassembling of the committee it was suggested by Franklin that the Professor be invited to repeat the conver-

sation of the afternoon and to describe the flag which he proposed to Franklin as suitable for the occasion. Responding to the invitation the Professor made a lengthy speech of which we can allow ourselves but a brief extract. He said:

Comrade Americans: We are assembled here to devise and suggest the design for a new flag, which will represent, at once, the principles and determination of the colonies to unite in demanding and securing justice from the government to which they still owe recognized allegiance. . . . This, I say, is what we are expected to do, because this is the publicly announced, as well as the honestly entertained intent of the great majority of the people of these colonies, as well as of their representatives in Congress and of their soldiers in the field. This is unquestionably true now; for the sun of our political aim, like the sun in the heavens, is very low in the horizon, just now approaching the winter solstice, which it will reach very soon. But as the sun rises from his grave in Capricorn, mounts towards his resurrection in Aries and passes onward and upward to his glorious culmination in Cancer, so will our political sun rise and continue to increase in power, in light and in glory; and the exalted sun of summer will not have gained his full strength of heat and power in the starry Lion until our Colonial sun will be, in its glorious exaltation, demanding a place in the governmental firmament alongside of and in no way subordinate to any other sun of any other nation upon earth. . . . General Washington here is a British subject; aye, he is a British soldier; and he is in command of British troops, and they are only attempting to enforce their rights as loyal subjects of the British Crown. But General Washington will soon forswear all allegiance to everything foreign, and he will, ere many months, appear before his own people, the people of these colonies and before the world, as the General commanding the armies of a free and united people, organized into a new and independent nation.

The flag which we now recommend must be one designed and adapted to meet the inevitable, and soon to be accomplished, change of allegiance. The flag now adopted must be one that will testify our present loyalty as British subjects; and it must be one easily modified, but needing no radical change, to make it announce and represent the new nation which is already gestating in the womb of time; and which will come to birth, and that not prematurely, but fully developed and ready for the change into independent life, before the sun in his next summer's strength ripens our next harvest. The field of our flag must therefore be an entirely new one. For this there are two reasons, either one of which is amply sufficient why it should be so. First the field must be new because it will soon represent a new nation. Second, the field must be one hitherto unused as a national flag; because it will

represent an entirely new principle in government—the *equal rights of man as man*.

The Professor then went on to suggest for the consideration of the committee a flag with a field composed of thirteen equally wide, longitudinal, alternate red and white stripes, and with the Union Flag of England for a union. He then described the way in which the symbology of such a flag would be explained and spoke so forcibly and with such obvious weight and wisdom that the committee unanimously adopted his suggestion and the flag thus outlined was accepted by General Washington and used by him as the general flag and the recognized standard of the colonial army and navy.

STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Washington & His Comrades

DEAR CHILDREN: Next Monday is Washington's birthday, the day that always takes us back, in thought, doesn't it, to the time when the thirteen little colonies stood banded together to fight for freedom. It is inspiring to live over again even the times when everything looked so dark, for the war wasn't all victory and glory, you know. In fact, when we read history we will find there were really not as many victories as there were defeats, counting them one by one. But, you see, the colonies were in the right, strong men were leading this nation, *and they just didn't give up.* That's the secret. They had the light, the real light, to guide them, and we find every year a new inspiration in thinking of the brave men who were soldiers

then; of two perhaps, more than others, George Washington, the Commander-in-Chief, and his beloved comrade and counsellor, Thomas Paine.

Why were these men great—what made them so? Well, look into their lives, and you will find some of the reasons. The greatest was that they knew the Raja Yoga secret, the secret which has always been known to a few great souls here and there, but which most people think is something else, because it is so very simple—and this secret is called "DUTY." Raja Yoga boys know all about it. But most people, particularly in those dark days, were too busy with their own troubles and their own cares to think much about their duty to others. Now Washington's life, as we study it in books that men have written about it, and as we study it by the traces that it left upon the history of our country, seems to have been guided by this love for duty, which today we see shining in the lives of our Raja Yoga boys like the great light. Nothing was too small for Washington to do thoroughly and well—if he found it worth while to do it at all. More than that, while he was doing even the simplest things as a boy, he *paid attention* to what he was doing, and he didn't let his mind wander off, thinking about the things he ought to have done yesterday and the things he wanted to do tomorrow. That's why, in after years, there was nothing too hard for him. So, step by step, he grew from boyhood to manhood, just as Thomas Paine did—and some day I shall tell you more about Paine—steady and honest and true.

Washington had another quality, too, which I somehow always associate with Raja Yoga boys and girls, and that is the peace-making faculty which blossoms pure and white out of Brotherhood. You remember when Washington was still a very young man, he was chosen to go as a peace-maker among the Indians to secure the signing of an important treaty, partly because he understood the Indian nature and he knew that Indians' hearts aren't all "savage," and partly because he was honest and could be trusted. Think, too, of the great compassion that Washington had, and many of the men that stood about him as well, not only Paine, but Jefferson, Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Lafayette of France, Alexander Hamilton, and ever so many other great men—and great women, too, such as Mercy Warren and Abigail Adams. We can read in their lives the reasons why they became great without ever intending it, or even dreaming of such a thing—the reasons why they had such a beautiful reverence for the true and pure, that serenity and calm, that faith

in humanity that even wickedness and treachery couldn't shake—they're all Raja Yoga reasons, too, every one.

Now, boys and girls, do you think that just because we are a great nation and have gotten quite used to our Declaration of Independence, that all the fighting has been done? Do you think the nation has no more need of great, true, strong leaders? Do you think that we are free while little children all over this land are being starved and injured because some men are so eager to make money? Do you think that we are free when homes are wrecked everywhere because so many people are selfish and forget all about duty? Do you think we are free when there is sorrow and suffering on one hand and selfish pleasure on the other; when some people have entirely too much to eat and other people not enough? If the nation needed one Washington and one Paine a century ago, it needs a hundred now. Where are they?

Now don't say "I haven't the opportunity to be great," or "there are no such chances today." Nonsense. You have a thousand chances where Washington and Lincoln and Paine had but one, and you have a thousand things to inspire you where they had but one. I sometimes think when I look out over the world, "how different the world's life is from the Raja Yoga picture that the Loma-land children are making, the picture of life *as it ought to be.*" I sometimes think that we have a thousand times as many enemies to fight as Washington had in the old days.

And besides all this, boys and girls, haven't you their great victories to rest on, like the broad lower steps of some great spiral stair-case on which to climb—and help others, which is more splendid still. You need more faith in yourselves—that is, Raja Yoga—more trust in the great Compassion that watches over life, but which must have strong hands and strong hearts to carry out its purpose; more real love for little children who haven't your opportunities; a great deal less ambition; in a word, *a great deal more light in your hearts.* Think what Katherine Tingley is doing to bring Raja Yoga light to children all over the world, and what greater inspiration can there be than to just fall in line, like soldiers, and help her; not "tomorrow;" nor "when I get ready;" nor "some other time," but "NOW."

We keep Washington's birthday as a sign of our gratitude to the brave

men of whom Washington is one. It is one of our sacred liberty days, and we cannot afford to let such days be forgotten.

Do you remember how the Temples of ancient Greece had great supporting columns sculptured to represent the human figure. *Caryatides*, the Greeks called them. General Washington and his comrades have always seemed to me like great supporting columns—pillars—on which the Temple of our Freedom rests.

UNCLE FRED



COLONIAL FLAGS



GEORGE WASHINGTON
A Character Study in the Historical Drama presented at
Isis Theatre, San Diego, and in the Greek Amphitheatre, Loma-land, by Raja Yoga Children

Students'Path

TODAY

by NIXON WATERMAN

“WE shall do so much in the years to come,
 But what have we done today?
 We shall give out gold in a princely sum.
 But what did we give today?
 We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
 We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
 We shall speak with words of love and cheer,
 But what have we said today?
 “We shall be so kind in the after while,
 But what have we been today?
 We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
 But what have we brought today?
 We shall give to truth a grander birth,
 And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
 We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
 But whom have we fed today?”

Churches and the Masses

THE Bishop of London has recently stated that only one per cent of the male population of the East End attend any place of worship. So much for London. From Glasgow comes the opinion of Dr. James Orr of the United Free Church College, that there is a vast and growing population “which was about as indifferent to the church and what was going on in it, as to what was going on in Timbuctoo,” and as a general summing up, the well-known divine Dr. Horton, says:

For the great multitude of strenuous, hard-working men of the modern world, the church has nothing to offer. Those within the church have no welcome and no sympathy.

No less inclusive and no less authoritative is the declaration of Charles Booth that,

Although it is difficult to form any definite judgment as to the religious character of London, the fact must be admitted that the great mass of the people remain apart from all forms of religious communion, apparently untouched by the Gospel that, with various differences of interpretation and application, is preached from every pulpit.

These quotations, although intended to especially apply to England are, of course, equally applicable to America and to the whole of the Christian world. The American churches are indeed particularly noisy in denouncing the apathy of the people and their utter indifference to the organizations which they have maintained so long. That a complaint of this nature should emanate from the churches is certainly one of the extraordinary signs of the day, and strongly illuminative of the mental condition which dictates it. What should we say to our physicians if they plaintively mourned that their patients persisted in being ill in spite of all their medicine? Should we blame the patient or the physician, and how much more severe would be our censure if the physician openly professed to have an elixir of life which would unfailingly cure all diseases? The physician exists for the benefit of the patient and not the patient for the benefit of the physician. If the patient is not benefited there is no possible intellectual jugglery which can hide the fact that the physician has failed and his medicines are of no use. He may have done his best, it may be an honest failure, but it is none the less *his* failure and not that of the patient. But if he should begin to throw stones at the sick man for his apathy, instead of at himself for his incompetence, then indeed we should begin to protest. Apathy is no excuse for failure. Apathy is a symptom of the disease which the physician is paid to cure.

That this state of things should specially exist among the very poor is a peculiar aggravation of the case. If only the rich and the comfortable

were indifferent we could afford to imitate the complacency of some of the churches. But we do not forget that it was for the peculiar benefit of the poor and the suffering that Christianity was established and ordained. It was the *poor* who were blessed, it was the weary and the heavy laden who were invited, it was the lame, the halt and the blind who were bidden to the feast; nay, they were compelled to come in. It now seems that these are the very classes who persistently remain outside, and who can neither be tempted nor persuaded to taste of the good things specially provided for them. How is this—because it was not always so? When Rome was at her lowest depth of corruption, when her streets were filled with the bloody phantoms of insensate cruelty and unthinkable vice, when her aristocracy and her democracy, patrician and plebeian, occupied a common level of bestial ferocity, the simple Christian message of love and fraternity ran like a flame among the flax, and the hideous barbarity which resisted it was a fan to the fire. The converts to a gospel of love changed their lives and not their clothes, and the divinity which was aroused in them overcame the last shrinking shame of the tortured body. Truly, it did not last long, because the political and social power which followed upon success was laid like a fester at the roots of faith and brotherhood, and a triumphant church wielded the old scourge of persecution, which she should have broken and forever destroyed. What then has happened since the days of Nero? Have human hearts hardened to divine truth during these two thousand years of “progress,” that the religion which melted the human stones of Rome can in no way touch the slums of our great cities of today? Are we less susceptible to divinity than the war-hardened soldiers of the Prætorian guard, are our multitudes more savage than the blood-fed throng of the coliseum? Or have the churches themselves lost the secret of success, have they lost the ideals which once crowned with triumph the teachings of Jesus?

We are told that the masses of the people have lost touch with Christianity. We would reply that the masses of the people cannot lose that which they never had. If they had ever been touched with the Christianity of Jesus, that touch would have redeemed and glorified our national life. The masses of the people, the toiling millions of our cities, the human swarms of slum and tenement, the pitiful wreckage of our civilization, have never heard of Christianity in the only way in which religion can at all be audible. Some there have been who have preached and taught and lived the religion of Jesus, but their number has been so small as hardly to touch the edges of the work, and even their efforts have been neutralized by the persecutions, the contempt and the denial of official theology. Christianity would today be as effective against the bestialities and the barbarities of the Twentieth century as it once was against the moral cesspools of the First century. But devils are not cast out by devils, and human misery will not depart by the clamoring of creeds, nor by puerilities, nor ambitions, nor the vain repetitions of ragged formulas.

Wisdom comes only from sympathy and love, and compassion lays her wreath of laurels upon the heads of those who seek her.

Never has there been so great an opportunity for real men and women to do the work which only real men and women can do. How many are there who will stand up in their own divinity and so go forward to the human harvest? How many are there who will discriminate between their true selves and the rags of prejudice and convention and creed in which they have stifled themselves, which they have supposed to be the garment of God, but which is nothing whatever but the livery of the devil? Truly the prayer of one righteous man availeth much if it be but the prayer of action.

STUDENT

A Just Judge

A SECTION of the press is rightfully applauding the action of Judge van Wart of Brooklyn, who has warned landlords and agents that it will be useless to apply to him for warrants for dispossession while the cold is such as to cause intense distress to those thus evicted. Who can question that the action of the Judge is distinctly illegal? Who also can question that it is in strict conformity with the higher law of humanity and compassion, and therefore of God?

That this announcement has been received with public applause is magnificent evidence of the better nature of the community which will never be called upon entirely in vain.

STUDENT

RELIANCE

by HENRY VAN DYKE, in *Atlantic*

NOT to the swift, the race;
 Not to the strong, the fight;
 Not to the righteous perfect grace;
 Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
 Come surest to the goal,
 And they who walk in darkness meet
 The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
 The Syrian hosts have died:
 A thousand times the vanquished right
 Has risen glorified.

The truth the wise man sought
 Was spoken by a child;
 The alabaster box was brought
 In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam,
 But from the stars above;
 Not from our hearts, life's crystal stream,
 But from the depths of Love.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

What is the need of promulgating Theosophy when there are so many other religions?

Answer

(1) This is a question which in the first place seems to imply a misconception of Theosophy, and in the second of religion. The inference is, that in the mind of the questioner Theosophy is simply one more of the numerous cults which are known as religions. But Theosophy, as has often been emphatically stated, is unsectarian. It has no creeds, and asks no man to subscribe to any faith except a faith in Brotherhood.

If religions are desirable to have in the world (meaning by this, groups of articles of faith), one would fancy that those who think so would be glad to welcome a new one. For certainly, to say the least, conditions in the world are not all that could be desired. The religions in their present form are unequal to the situation. Instead of mastering it, they have succumbed to custom. But Theosophy is not competing with any of these. It is not a new cult. And if it has an excuse for existence, it is on quite other grounds.

The very framing of the above question might suggest to some its answer: Perhaps there are too many religions. And, in fact, why should there be, how *could* there be, more than one? This is something which must have puzzled every thoughtful person. The human race must have a common origin, must have a common destiny—and truth must be truth, forever and ever.

At different stages of evolution and to different groups of minds, it may need to be translated differently, but fundamentally it must always be the same thing. There must be something which is behind all of these various expressions, something big enough to include them all, something basic enough to harmonize them all, something pure enough to purify them all. That something must be unsectarian, because it must be universal. It must be abstruse enough for the greatest intellect of this or any age, and simple enough for the merest child. It must be comprehensive enough to appeal to, and reach any part and all parts of any nature—and stir the right into action. It must be able to turn the currents of human energy into right channels.

Somewhere, something like this must exist. The universe is unthinkable without it. And since the religions have become so corrupted by man that they cannot reveal the art of living, it would evidently be a great advantage to us if we could find that which is behind all the religions.

Theosophy has been given anew to the world. Does it fulfill the conditions? Is it the key which can unlock the mysteries of life? This is a question which each one must answer for himself. G. V. P.

(2) In this question there is found the usual misconception in regard to Theosophy, the supposition being that it is another form of religious belief which must be accepted by would-be Theosophists.

With this idea in the mind of the questioner, coupled with the self-evident inadequacy of religious beliefs to really affect the lives of men, one can readily understand the mental attitude which gave rise to the query.

The Christian world for centuries has become so thoroughly imbued with the idea of "salvation through belief," that it is somewhat difficult to remove the misconceptions arising therefrom, and to turn the mind in the direction of a *knowledge which must be tested by each individual*.

Theosophy is this knowledge, conserved throughout the ages, and voiced by every great religious reformer more or less fully, according to the capacity or receptivity of the people of his time. A knowledge of Theosophy makes the common basis of all religions clear, and marks distinctly the cyclic efforts made to further enlighten humanity in the path of true knowledge.

The present period, with its wider intellectual knowledge, its advance in science, its freedom from superstition, and closer approach to fraternity among the nations, offers the greatest opportunity for a world-wide promulgation of this knowledge, not as a matter of belief, *but as a guide to right living and true progress*.

It covers every field of human activity, and meets the needs of every human life. It removes from men's minds the paralyzing influence of fear, the offspring of false religious conceptions and beliefs. It places man in his true position in the grand scheme of Universal evolution, and equips him with the right knowledge and power to work out his own salvation and that of humanity. To study and to practice it, making it the ruling power in one's life, is to enter into one's birthright spiritually, mentally, morally and physically.

As before said, it is not a matter of belief—each may test it—indeed, each one must test it in the fire of experience to know it, and certainly only those who have tested it in their lives, and continue to test it in every experience of soul, mind and body, are justified in promulgating it; and they, knowing it to be what it is—the salvation of humanity here and now—cannot cease from doing that which the great voice of humanity so emphatically demands. R. C.

Extracts from "The Fragments" of Novalis

WHERE no gods are, spectres rule.

Where children are, there is the golden age.

Spirit is now active here and there: when will spirit be active in the whole? When will mankind, in the mass, begin to consider?

The Holy Ghost is more than the Bible. This should be our teacher of religion, not the dead, earthly, equivocal letter.

All faith is miraculous and worketh miracles.

The greatest of miracles is a virtuous act.

If a man could suddenly believe, in sincerity, that he was moral, he would be so.

Man is the Messiah of nature.

If God can be man, he can also be stone, plant, animal element, and perhaps in this way there is a continuous redemption in nature.

The fate which oppresses us is the sluggishness of our spirit. By enlargement and cultivation of our activity, we change ourselves into fate. Everything appears to stream in upon us, because we do not stream out. We are negative, because we choose to be so, the more positive we become, the more negative will the world around us be until, at last, there is no more negative, and we are all in all. God wills gods.

Every act of introversion—every glance into our interior—is at the same time ascension, going up to heaven, a glance at the veritable outward.

DURING last year the United States added 5723 miles of line to its railway service, the total mileage being now 209,855.

A Rally of Materialism

THE address which has recently been delivered by Professor Landenburg upon "The Influence of Natural Science on Our Conception of the Universe," has attracted a great deal of attention because of its attack upon immortality. We would, however, suggest that a pronouncement of this kind derives its interest not so much from its intrinsic value as from the fact that it constitutes a momentary rally of certain intellectual forces, which were already in full retreat, and of which it cannot possibly delay the entire extinction. A belief such as that in immortality, which is shared by practically the whole human race, cannot be destroyed by a demonstrated lack of material proof. The world may for the moment be interested, some few persons here and there may be captivated, or pretend to be, but the majority of lay readers are at most in the position of those "convinced against their will," and who therefore "remain of the same opinion still." When Galileo renounced his heresies as to the movements of the world, he is said to have immediately remarked under his breath, "it does move all the same," and the fallacies and injunctions of materialism have very much the same effect upon the popular mind, as had the commands of the judges upon the convictions of Galileo. It does move all the same. It certainly does move.

Professor Landenburg is ingenious and plausible, and being doubtless of a great sincerity, we very willingly believe that he is himself the chief victim of his own false reasoning. Here is an illustration, and but one of very many. He bids us,

Think of men distinguished in art or science, of great statesmen, of philosophers, founders of religions, whose souls undoubtedly when in their prime were worthy of immortality. But these men become old, and crabbed and querulous, perhaps even childish, before they die. To which soul then will you award immortality? To the soul of the just departed, or to the soul which no longer exists? This kind of difficulty meets us at every step. I will content myself, however, with mentioning one instance only because it permits me to recall to you the beautiful address given under similar circumstances last year by Professor V. Eiselsberg, of Vienna. You heard then, if you did not know before, that in case of the complete removal of the thyroid gland the patient so treated frequently became idiotic, that is, they as good as lose their soul. What becomes then of your immortality?

If the Professor seriously wishes to combat the teachings of spiritual philosophy, of which Theosophy is the essence, why does he not at least take the trouble to find out what those teachings are? He is in the position of a general who opens fire before he has ascertained the location of the enemy. He makes a truly remarkable display but it lacks efficacy.

We would therefore point out that the existence of the soul and its immortality are in no way based upon the fluctuations of the intellect, or the seeming fluctuations. The soul is the divine and immortal part of man, and it is the light of the soul upon the intellect which confers immortality also upon those higher parts of the intellect which are thus illuminated. We might, however, put upon one side even so distressing and inexcusable a confusion as this, and still show that the Professor's arguments are strangely lacking in the logic which we have a right to expect. We would therefore point out that a change in the manifestation of intellect, which is induced by old age or bodily mutilation, is surely no evidence that the intellect itself has changed. The Professor reminds us of those savages who believe that the sun is extinguished because it is eclipsed. Spiritual philosophy believes that the brain is a vehicle or a medium which is used by the mind for its manifestation, in the same way that the light of a lamp shines through the glass globe which is placed around it. If instead of a yellow globe, we use a blue one, do we argue from that the flame of the light has in any way changed? We certainly do not, but that is peculiarly what Professor Landenburg is doing. Again, we may soil the globe, or allow it to become nearly opaque with dust and dirt, so that the inner light shines dimly. Is that inner light in any way changed? The light of the lamp is the mind, and the globe is the brain and body. The light shines quite steadily all the time, but the medium through which it shines may change from hour to hour.

May we allow ourselves one more illustration, equally homely? Do we say that the skilled carpenter has lost his mechanical knowledge because his hands are slowly incapacitated by disease, or even cut right away like the thyroid gland of which the Professor speaks? During the progress of that disease the work done by the carpenter will become more and more inferior, more and more faulty, but his knowledge of his trade will remain unimpaired. It can no longer be manifested because he has no longer the material vehicle or medium by which to manifest it, but the light is none the less burning, the flame itself has not been changed.

It is, of course, very easy to elaborate an attack upon spiritual philosophy if we allow ourselves to be consistently blind as to the contentions of that philosophy. The position that the brain is but the vehicle of the mind and that we know of the latter only through the imperfect translation which is rendered by the former may seem very absurd to the materialist, but it is none the less the only theory which will explain the complex phenomena of life in their entirety, along lines of cause and effect and of ethical equilibrium.

STUDENT

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		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
8	29.942	59	45	49	48	.01	E	7
9	29.868	58	41	47	45	.00	E	6
10	29.928	57	45	50	47	.00	E	5
11	29.886	59	47	53	51	.00	E	1
12	29.850	60	46	50	49	.00	NE	6
13	29.886	57	45	49	49	.00	E	5
14	29.888	59	48	52	52	.00	NW	light

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

A New Force in the World

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CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Greater Dignity in Life
Cotton Mather
Egypt as a Soul Asleep
A University Chancellor
To Save Chicago
Mining in South Africa—illustrated

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Girls, Boys and Crime
Indifference of Parents
Educational Reform
Hysteria of Civilization
Man and the Church
Population Figures

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Ibsen's Dramas
Music of Ancient Hawaii
Sun of Venice (illustration)
Mozart, the Child

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel
—illustrated
Women and Education
Appeal to Queen Alexandra

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Ruins of Gran Quivira
Work by Dr. Budge on
Ancient Egypt
Maori Art (illustration)

Page 9—NATURE

The Euphoria—illustrated
Feed the Birds
Little Brothers (verse)
Relations to Animals

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Anniversary at Isis Theatre
A Coaling Station
Glimpse of Loma-land
A Raja Yoga Day Class
(illustration)

Page 12—FICTION

The Awakening of a
Woman

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Giant Reptile Found
Mystery of Comets
Science and Food
Life Not Shortened
by Brain-work
The White Man's Burden

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Yawataro Nezu, Tokyo
(illustration)
Women Never Quarrel
A German Author
English Clergy's Poverty
Ten Commandments
Zionist Movement
Menelik Likes America
Auckland Ministers
Spencer to the Japanese
Boer Colonists

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Off for An Outing (illustration)
Jack Frost's Pictures
Soldier and the Bird
How Boys Can Help
Climbing Up Hill (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Silence (verse)
False and True Optimism
Plan for Emptying Hell
Wishing (verse)
Students' Column
The Soul's Traveling (verse)

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Hypnotism in the Sunday-school
Points of Wisdom
An American Volapuk

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

For a Greater Dignity in Daily Life

THAT life might be more dignified than it is, we all feel, some more strongly than others. Everybody who thinks and feels at all can imagine an ideal of life more dignified than the life that is actually led. We realize very keenly at times how little and undignified humanity is in this era of modern progress and enlightenment. Humorists and cynics have sought to prove that dignity and nobility are only a halo thrown over bygone times when viewed from the distance of present time, and have given us pictures of society in heroic and romantic ages in which the people are made to be as petty and commonplace as people of today. But though this may be true to a limited extent, though there is, of course, room for the error of false perspec-

tive in viewing history, it is by no means true altogether.

The past is not all imaginary, nor are all its colors merely the purple halo of distance. There have been civilizations as great and dignified as ours is little and undignified, and there shall be such again. Golden ages are not all dream, either in the past or the future.

Everyone can appreciate the difference between a person of noble and dignified bearing and character and one of a small mind and paltry spirit; and if it is possible for any man to be noble it is possible for you and me. We can make our lives sublime.

It Is Vanity That Makes Men Small

Anyone who seriously aspires to thus dignify his own life will probably be forthwith confronted with that arch-enemy of all greatness—conceit. It is vanity ("emptiness") that makes people small. And vanity, including morbid self-consciousness of all kinds, fear of others' opinion, constraint, posing and assuming various masks, is what makes modern civilization so small.

But there are times when the natural dignity, the unconscious greatness, the untroubled serenity of the rest of nature, come home to our hearts and throw into horrible relief the narrowness and discomfort of our own life. Then we feel the longing to be great and calm and free, like the Spirit of Universal Life, whose breath we have felt, whose presence has blessed us.

But it is not to cut a figure in the world that we aspire—that is only vanity again. The aspiration is to be rid of those innumerable little vexations that we have been allowing to ruffle us and distract our attention from the nobility of life.

It is to live the daily life allotted us as it ought to be lived, as it might be lived; to dignify that daily life and make it a joy and a consecration—this is the urge. To do things well and for pure love of the work and the art, to be silent, to be generous, to scorn all those absurd anxieties about our health, our reputations or our fates—

The Real Life Always Noble

these are the aims, and what do they all amount to but freedom from the false personality and from the false selves which we allow to hide the real Self?

It is the real Self, whose life is noble, that we desire to unveil; and the little grinning monkeys of false self, which chatter and strike attitudes all over the stage of life, must go.

And about the ancients again—our school-books will tell us how cruel the Assyrians were to their prisoners, and how voluptuous the ancient Persian empire was. But it is well to recall that, as H. P. Blavatsky said, we have copied all the vices of antiquity, and improved upon them, but their mighty virtues we are ignorant of or have ridiculed. She shows, in her vigorous articles, that no age of antiquity can compare with a modern capital in extent and ingenuity and variety of vice, and that we surpass all the cruelties and profligacies mentioned anywhere in history. But as to the virtues of antiquity, we either do not understand or scoff at them.

"The periodical rise and fall of human character on the external planes," says H. P. Blavatsky, "takes place now, as it did before, and the ordinary average perception of man is too weak to see that both processes occur each time on a higher plane than the preceding."

Brotherhood Alone Brings Happiness

Thus we shall see among us again the pursuit of grand ideals and the worship of character, as we see it in the past, but on an even higher level. The universal habit of estimating things by their money-price, the itch to get, the restlessness and inability to be calm and still, the cynical sacrificing of honesty and generosity to motives of personal gain, the ridiculous and degrading scientific conceptions of Nature and of man's place in it, the universal gadding-about and pleasure-seeking, and the monotonous lives of the poor—all these things are signs of one of those stages in human evolution when it turns a dark corner.

But man cannot continue to live without the light and fresh air and warmth from the spirit; and it is moral and spiritual starvation that is now once again compelling him to expand his heart to the sunshine of the grand old ideals. Life has for very many become intolerable. It can be made a joy and a dignity. But a united effort is needed; for, so long as we prey upon each other (by methods more cruel and inexorable than any that the ancients knew of—and more hypocritical), there can be no opportunity for true life for either victim or despoiler. Brotherhood is the condition of true happiness.

H. T. E.

Cotton Mather, Past and Present

THE following letter from Cotton Mather, the famous Boston minister, will be read with some interest. The original is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society:

To Ye Aged and Beloved JOHN HIGGINSON:

There be now at sea a Shippt (for our friend Elias Holcroft of London did advise me by the last packet that it would sail sometime in August) called ye Welcome, which has aboard it a hundred or more of ye hereticks and malignants called Quakers, with William Penn ye scamp at ye head of them. Ye General Court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huxett of ye brig Porpoise to way lay said Welcome as near ye coast of Cod as may be and make captives of ye Penn and his ungodly crew so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new country with ye heathen worshipp of these people. Much spoil can be made by felling ye whole lot to Barbadoes where slaves fetch good prices in rumme and sugar and we shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing ye wicked but shall make gayne for his ministers and people.

Yours in the bowels of Christ.

COTTON MATHER

Those were fine old days when a minister of religion could issue orders for the enslavement of "ye hereticks and malignants," and could even profitably exchange "ye whole lot" for "rumme and sugar." Cotton Mather was not a good speller, but this need not be remembered against him. At least he gave us the great principle, which is now in a hale, hearty and vigorous old age, of how we may "not only do ye Lord great service by punishing ye wicked, but shall make gayne for his ministers and people." Sometimes we reverse the order of these high aims, but we never forget the concluding benediction.

X.

Egypt as a Soul Asleep

Extract from a letter dated Luxor, Thebes, Egypt, January 25, 1904

HOW is mighty Egypt fallen! Fallen is her greatness, fallen is her people, fallen is her name, and today these hordes of Cook's tourists who infest this sacred land, who overrun its temples, and who chatter idiotically in the holy tombs, profaning their mighty majesty, seem so symbolic to me of a country, a people, and a Soul asleep. But there will come a new awakening. I know inwardly that it cannot but come some day. Whether it will be along the lines of the old days or otherwise, I do not know.

In studying the fellaheen, the low-caste native Egyptian, it is clear that they are a mixture of at least three different peoples—Arab, Copt and Soudanese. But there remains in them yet more than a mere touch of that spirituality that once made Egypt great. They cling tenaciously to many age-old customs; they are cheerful, bright and wide-awake, and many a time I have seen flashes of fire that can surely never spring from out of a dead heart. But most of them are miserably poor and in sore straits to make the most miserable of livings. But help will be brought to these people.

Another really fine and interesting body of people is the majority of the tribes living around and above Upper Egypt proper, and nominally called Nubians. One tribe especially, the Bishareen, are as little like the usual black man as it is possible to imagine. Their features are very regular, almost Caucasian in outline; while the shape of the head is distinctly brachycephalous and not dolichocephalous, as is the ordinary mark of the negro. It becomes interesting to recall in this connection that the ancient Egyptians claimed Ethiopia as their birthplace, and the Ethiopian claimed kinship with the peoples living beyond the Arabian peninsula. These Bishareens look more like Singalese than anything else. Who knows but that they may be the descendants of Aryan tribes now degraded by Karma and intermarriage? It is a fascinating study in any case.

G. D. P.

Frontispiece---Mining in South Africa

The illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows a gold mining scene in South Africa. Native miners are beginning work on the surface croppings of a large claim located in the vicinity of Johannesburg.

A University Chancellor

A CERTAIN university chancellor from whom we withhold the gratification of an advertisement seems to have held some conversation with a newspaper man on the subject of commercial ethics and the extinction of smaller enterprises by larger ones. The interviewer suggested that the process was "like mercifully taking up an ailing child and benevolently wringing its neck." In our benighted condition we should have imagined that a suggestion so frankly brutal would have drawn forth a condemnation from the chancellor of a university who is supposed to occupy some kind of moral position to a large number of young people. Probably our ethics are old fashioned and obsolete for here is the reported reply of this educational solon:

Yes; the analogy is not a bad one. I believe that society, as it becomes more enlightened, will come to adopt some such course as you suggest. Such cases will be referred to a committee of skilled physicians and if they decide that the life is a wreck, that recovery is impossible, on their decision the sufferer will be mercifully put to death.

Now if a statement of this kind had been made by a mere savage or criminal it would have needed no comment. It would be explained by its source. But that a university chancellor should advocate the legal murder of babies appears to call for some general condemnation. Society "as it becomes more enlightened" will strive to save and not to destroy, and we are satisfied that very few members of the medical profession would arrogate to themselves the necessary knowledge or would be unashamed not to possess the necessary ferocity for such a system.

Cruelty is always ignorant and always stupid, and we have here an illustration of both ignorance and stupidity. Many of the greatest men and women that the world has known have been "incurably" sickly as infants. Under such a system William of Orange would of course have been murdered, and so unquestionably would Helen Keller. Herbert Spencer would probably not have escaped, and other instances will occur in great numbers. We can only express our regret that one holding such opinions should have authority over the minds of the young. J.

To Save Chicago

THERE seems to be a growing desire to "save Chicago," by which of course, is meant the poorer parts of the city. The scarcer references to the other and wealthier portions would indicate either that they do not need salvation or that attempts in that direction would be useless. We sincerely hope that these efforts will be successful, but the philanthropy which becomes a fashionable fad is always to be looked at askance. It seems that "to go slumming" has now become something of a fashionable freak and while the impulse is doubtless an amiable one, the methods need intelligent supervision if they are not to do more harm than good. A similar fad was developed in London at a time when a series of peculiarly horrible murders directed attention to the slums of Whitechapel. The luxurious carriages of the west end descended in droves upon the east end and a thoughtless benevolence expressed itself by streams of silver coins poured indiscriminately into the hands open to receive them. The immediate and only obvious result was a raising of slum rents, and this ill-advised charity went direct into the pockets of the tenement landlords. There is nothing needing so much experience as the charitable distribution of money. Of all forms of benevolence it is the most dangerous and the most easy. There is, however, a benevolence which is neither dangerous nor easy. Let us ask ourselves to what extent our own selfish and luxurious lives are perpetuating the miseries which we wish to relieve. Philanthropy has no better beginning than self-reproach and self-amendment, and the ruthless self-application of a few economic basic principles would be the most powerful of all remedies for our general ills. The real creators of the slums are those who contribute nothing to the moral or material wealth of the community, who live at the expense of the community and render no service in return. If we were to say that these are the true criminal classes we should not lack for very high and intelligent authority and support. He who does not work for others, morally, intellectually or physically, is himself a representative of slum life and the creator of that life in others, whether he happen to live in the east end or in the west end. From those to whom much has been given, much will be expected, but it is the disgrace of our civilization that it is often those who have received the most who render the least.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Girls and Boys and Crime

THE annual report of the Juvenile Court of the state of New York brings out some interesting information. The greatest number of arrests are made among children between fourteen and sixteen years of age. The parole system has been found to be successful, for only twelve per cent of the eleven hundred children paroled during the last year were committed for violation of the parole. The report also indicates that "girls are not so bad as boys." Out of 4790 children under sixteen committed by the magistrates, 4360 were boys, while only 430 were girls. Against this showing for the girls is their tendency towards melancholia. Six girls were arraigned on the charge of suicide, while no boys were brought into court on this charge.

This report by no means indicates that girls have a monopoly of the virtues, for, at present, in the majority of homes the girl is more carefully guarded than the boy. That does not mean that she is treated more wisely, as the report concerning suicide would indicate; but the particular and awful forms of "badness" which bring boys into the police court, seem to be unusual among the girls. Not that they are not possessed of the same force. They are. Not that this force is turned into right channels, while that of the boys goes wrong. It does not. Taken altogether, just as many girls are warped and misunderstood by their bringing up as boys. That in their nature which might flow outward in active and positive tendency to crime, flows inward, and they destroy themselves in a dozen ways of which suicide is only one result. It is well to consider these things instead of congratulating oneself on appearances.

Statistics teach us much and often strike somewhere near the truth, but unless one has some knowledge of the laws that govern human nature and human life, unless one has some knowledge of the life of the world itself, statistics are about as misleading as anything one can discover in a week's journey. Statistics at the best give us but half-truths, and half-truths are sometimes as misleading as whole falsehoods. A. V.

Indifference of Parents to Education

A WELL-KNOWN lady educationalist is concerned at the lack of interest which parents take in the education of their children, and well she may be. She proposes that schoolrooms be furnished with a kind of grille behind which the said parents may sit and watch the proceedings. Apart from the embarrassment to the teachers which would be caused by such a scheme, it is not easy to see how the interest of the parents would thereby be aroused. Those who are already interested might avail themselves of the plan, but they are not the ones who need to be reached. The neglect of the duties and responsibilities of parenthood is a national danger, and indifference to school education is only one feature of it. The stolid indifference which is displayed by so many parents toward the real interests of their children is one of the great problems of the day. It is responsible not only for juvenile crime, but also for the recruits which day by day swell the army of the adult criminal classes. We need a national awakening rather than a school-room grille. STUDENT

Reform in Educational Methods

IN matters of education, Sir Oliver Lodge speaks as one having authority and not as the Pharisees. Referring to the schools of his own country, he says that they need reform. The reform he spoke of was, of course, intellectual reform. The fault he had to find with the schools was that the majority of boys turned out of them were ignorant; they neither possessed knowledge, nor did they know how to acquire it. They did not, as a rule, feel any interest in it, nor did they respect it.

This is a severe indictment. Its vibrations cross the Atlantic, and may perhaps persuade some authority of equal weight to corresponding eloquence wherever it may be needed in America. It might, perhaps, take the form of a discrimination between education and athletics. At present there is some confusion. STUDENT

The Hysteria of Modern Civilization

NOWHERE is the hysteria of modern life better illustrated than by the suicide statistics by which we are besieged. Professor Bailey, of Yale University, has devoted some attention to these data, and he tries to explain some of the curious phenomena connected with this distressing problem. He asks why so few of these crimes occur on Saturday, and he plausibly explains that Saturday is pay-day and the day following is a day of rest, two things which combine to throw a ray of light into gloomy lives. The argument may have something to do with it, or there may be other causes not yet understood. It is at any rate a terrible disclosure of the weakness of our hold upon the realities of existence that causes so utterly trivial should be the arbiters of life and death. No less suggestive is the fact that men usually commit suicide on Monday and women on Sunday. Monday, for the man, means a return to work or to the search for work, while for the woman, Sunday often means a day of religious excitement. The Professor also suggests that Sunday, for the woman, is preeminently the day of domestic troubles, the day when these troubles are most likely to culminate disgracefully and then tragically. It is a tremendous and terrible picture of social life to which the crime itself is the pathetic index. STUDENT

Why Men Don't Go to Church

A MODERN lay writer has joined the army of churchmen who ceaselessly ask why the ordinary man does not go to church. This question is customarily used as a basis for a hackneyed complaint of popular apathy, of the Higher Criticism, of anything and of everything except the true cause. The writer in question is not of this kind, he does not seem to believe that apathy has anything to do with it, and he speaks from the common-sense point of view, which is occupied by the "man in the street," who has some undecorated ideas of duty and who does not particularly want to argue about them. He says:

Is Christianity, thus interpreted, the name for anything characteristic or dominant in the Western World? . . . Shall society call itself Christian because, forsooth, after living all day by principles which turn the earth into a battlefield, it summons the ambulance in the evening and picks up the wounded, and sheds tears of pity over the dead? So asks the plain man, who has no turn for the subtle arguments of the modern apologist. He remembers that he is a responsible unit in the society professing this Christianity, and the suspicion crosses his mind that in his personal profession of such a religion he may be something of a pretender, and he ceases to go to church.

In still plainer language, if that be possible, the average man does not go to church, because, generally speaking, he finds there no answer, nor attempted answer to any one of the problems which haunt his mind; because he finds that the religion of most of the churches is perfectly powerless to mitigate any of the horrors of civilization or even to recognize them in their more conventional aspects, because he finds that it does not cool the flames of human cruelty nor melt the ice of human selfishness. For this long time we have asked, what is Christianity? We have altered our creeds and amended our definitions and split the world into a thousand sects which cannot even agree to differ. The average man does not ask *what* is Christianity; he asks *where* is Christianity and getting no answer, stays away from the church. STUDENT

Significant Population Statistics

THE last census returns show that out of a population of over 76,000,000, only 41,000,000 whites had been in America for more than one generation. To draw attention to such a problem does not seem to be fruitful at a time when self-interest so largely takes the place of an enlightened political wisdom. Nations, like individuals, learn by experience, and it is usually bitter experience. It may yet be the lot of America to discover at a time of national crisis that her population is large, but that it is not American, and that the ideas of freedom, which should be her peculiar heritage, have been submerged beneath a flood of imported old-world prejudices, customs and superstitions.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Ibsen's Dramas Picture Darkness Instead of the Light

THREE of Ibsen's dramas are being presented at the present time in three different parts of the United States by three different companies: *The Doll's House*, *Ghosts* and *Hedda Gabler*. Time was when Ibsen's plays were persistently quoted as being shocking and improper, but they set people to thinking and then it was admitted that Ibsen had a message, a pessimistic, cynical, unpleasant and quarrelsome message; but, a message. After awhile there came to be more thinking. Then some people began making a fetish of Ibsen.

The fact is, Ibsen has been countenanced without being wholly understood. He asked questions which he, as well as the public, was unable to answer, and he asked them in an irritating fashion. The questions were not unanswerable, and today are being answered by those who are sounding the note of a true philosophy of life, but Ibsen himself offers no solution.

That is why his plays, almost without exception, leave one gloomy, pessimistic, and heart-sore. At best they leave the mind unsatisfied and hungry. They are but fragments of Truth, broken arcs, as it were. In many of their phases they picture not life, but death. It is as if Dante were to take us down and down and down, through cycle after cycle, to the very pit of the Inferno and then plunge us into the ice-water of Cocytus and leave us there. Dante was wiser; he completed the cycle that he had begun, that cycle of the Soul's journey through the *Inferno* of experience, up through the *Purgatorio* of aspiration and trial and effort, on to the *Paradiso* of fulfillment, where the soul reveals its message and the lesson of life is known. Ibsen usually leaves us in Cocytus, a terribly chilly place. The philosopher who really longs to help humanity, and not merely disintegrate, must do more than simply state a problem, *he must solve it*. We are facing today the same old problems that Ibsen states so ferociously—if we may be pardoned the expression—problems of wrong-living, of the sins of the father which are visited upon the children, of fallen women, of the pure but dwarfed woman who makes havoc with her environment as soon as she begins to grow—and all the rest. But there is a solution and we find it in the wisdom of the human heart. There lies the mystery, there shines also the light. We cannot afford to talk darkness, nor to preach gloom. We have only to look up. The light exists. It is we who sulk and forget and turn away from it. Ibsen searches, but he does not reveal. He seeks, but he does not find. But today, there are those who have found the answer and the light, and who, through a purified Drama, will yet give to humanity a new revelation. And the time is nearer at hand than we believe.

STUDENT

JAPAN has recently lost her greatest tragedian, Danjuro Ichikawa, as he was known in private life, Shu Horikoshi. "He has been king of the Japanese stage for the last thirty years," writes Yone Noguchi. "He raised the standard of drama and the stage to high respect. He endeavored to make the stage an educational institution, and he almost succeeded."

The Music of the Ancient Hawaiian Singers Passing Away

WHAT the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were to the ancient Greeks, the *Mele* is to the Hawaiians, a record and a witness of the days of Hawaii's ancient glory, when warrior kings were her statesmen. And as Homer, so the Greeks tell us, wrote down the old records, preserving those which before his day had been transmitted orally from father to son for countless generations, so Kamehameha the Great has handed down for us today the song-poem of old Hawaii. An ancient custom among the Hawaiians was to bid to their feasts minstrels or bards who entertained the guests by chanting the *Mele*. Today the last of these old singers or chanters will soon have passed away. There are at present one or two living, but they are very old, and there are none to take their places, for the younger Hawaiians are out of sympathy and out of touch with many of the old institutions. Recently the Library of Congress has requested copies of the music of Hawaii, and as much as possible of this ancient poem-record, the *Mele*, will soon be sent to Washington.

The natives will tell you that most of the music popularly called "Hawaiian" and classed as such consists really of adaptations of American and other melodies brought into the island by foreigners. The *Mele* represents the heart and fiber of the real and ancient Hawaiian music. How long will we continue to study Homer, and shed tears over the ancient days when the Bards sang in the halls of Odin, while we ignore the same customs, and song-poems of equal value because just as intimate to the real heart-life of the people, simply because the people who sing them happen to be dark-skinned, uncivilized (fortunately) and modern?

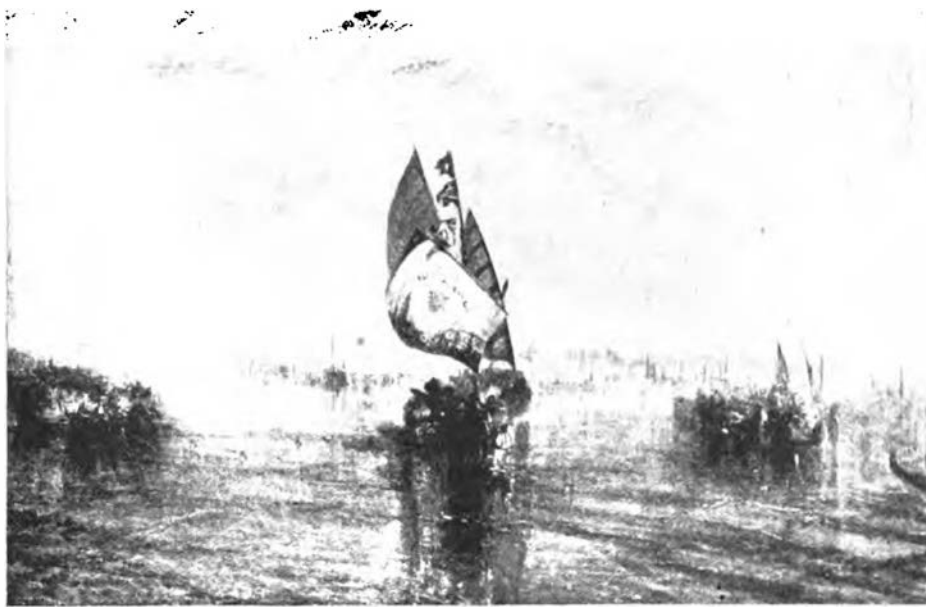
With the ancient Hawaiians music was used as an accompaniment to song, or else to the chanted lines of some poem, never alone. It is remarkable that the Hawaiians have preserved the *Mele* intact, as they have been able to do, for they had not the opportunities that the ancient Greeks had in intercourse with older and wiser civilizations. Nevertheless, they have evolved a musical system of their own which has value and beauty. A.V.

Mozart, the Precocious Child

IN spite of what cynics may say as to "hot-house genius," and about things which

Forced into bloom too quickly,
Perish e'er harvest come,

the fact remains that, almost without exception, our great musicians, particularly our great composers, have been marvelously precocious musically. Mozart is the example most familiar and most often quoted. At three years of age he amused himself for hours at a time picking out, not simple tunes, but chords on the piano. At four years of age the baby hands were actually playing certain simple pieces of classical music. Before he was six young Mozart actually played his own compositions, and, with his sister, was taken on a concert tour. Within three years from that time he had conquered what were then four of the greatest musical centers in Europe, and at ten years his reputation as a composer was established.

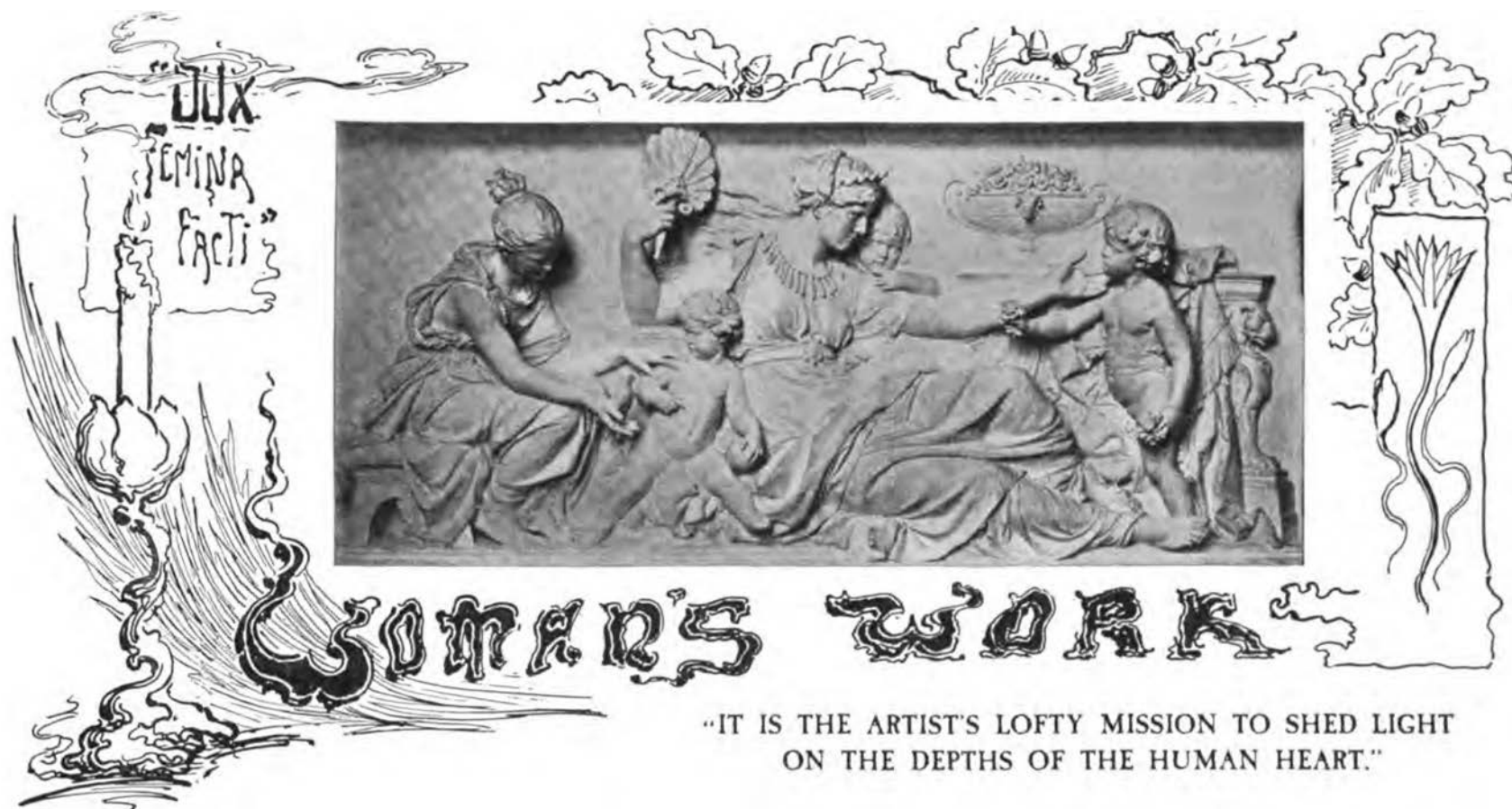


"THE SUN OF VENICE," by TURNER

POETS to come! orators, singers, musicians to come!
Not today is to justify me and answer what I am for.
But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental,
greater than before known,
Arouse! for you must justify me.

I myself but write one or two indicative words for the future.
I but advance a moment only to wheel and hurry back in the darkness.

I am a man, who, sauntering along without fully stopping,
turns a casual look upon you and then averts his face,
Leaving it to you to prove and define it,
Expecting the main things from you.—Walt Whitman



"IT IS THE ARTIST'S LOFTY MISSION TO SHED LIGHT
ON THE DEPTHS OF THE HUMAN HEART."

"YOUR Majesty mistakes. The song is not mine. It was composed by my sister!"

These words, spoken by Felix Mendelssohn to Queen Victoria, evidenced his own honesty no less than the genius of his sister Fanny. The Queen, then in all the happiness of her own married life, had summoned the famous composer to Windsor Castle, and, out of compliment to him, sang what she supposed to be one of his own songs, "Schoener und Schoener." His answer, in its unconscious and honest generosity, betrayed traits that were characteristic not alone of the composer but of all the members, without exception, of the gifted Mendelssohn family.

Fanny, the sister of Felix, and four years his senior, was scarcely less gifted musically than her brother. That she has not a separate and distinguished reputation is due partly to the fact that not only Jewish notions but German traditions were quite at war with the idea of a woman having a separate, public career as a composer, but chiefly to the fact that she gave the best of her musical life in service to her brother. In 1822 she wrote of Felix: "I have seen his talents develop step by step, and I myself have contributed something to their development; he has no musical confidant before me, he never commits a thought to paper without laying the first copy of it before me. For example, I knew his operas by heart before a note was written down."

Fanny Mendelssohn was blessed as are very few by parents whose wisdom was of the heart no less than of the head. Her father, Abraham Mendelssohn, was noble and just even to austerity; her mother was one of the purest and most refined of orthodox Jewish types, of poetic temperament, familiarly acquainted with French, English, Italian and Greek. Homer she read in the original. Musically gifted, she was the first teacher that Fanny and Felix ever had, conducting them even through the most difficult studies of Bach. As a mere child Fanny not only played Beethoven and Mozart, but twenty-four of Bach's fugues. Not long after her birth her mother wrote to a friend, "The child has a Bach fugue hand."

Wiser than the traditional German fathers, who, even today, contend that the woman's sphere is properly bounded by "*Kinder, Kirche, und Kuchen*"—children, church and cooking—Abraham Mendelssohn gave his daughters, as well as his sons, superior educational advantages. Fanny was by no means an amateur in music. As a pianist she was conceded to be her brother's equal, and in musical composition he should have been the last to underrate her capacities. Fanny received advanced training in thorough-bass and musical composition, yet traditional German prejudice

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel

is strong, and it must be admitted that her father failed to aid her in her musical life as he might have done, for

although he and Felix admitted all the possibilities of Fanny's mind, they did not favor her having a career as an independent author. "For many years Fanny yielded to the opinions of her father and brother on this point, but at last her desire for an honorable fame, and the large inducements offered her by the first publishers of Germany, caused her to yield and she set herself to the preparation of a volume of songs. Felix made a laughing surrender of his position and in a characteristic letter admitted her to a place in the guild of musical literature. This concession was very near to the death of both Fanny and Felix."

Many of the compositions attributed to Mendelssohn are probably hers; others owe the best in them to her criticism or her touch, while a few are openly acknowledged to be the work of her hand, among them some of his best "Songs without Words," Nos. 2, 3 and 12 in Opus VIII, and Nos. 7, 10 and 12, in Opus IX.

Fanny Mendelssohn was temperamentally an artist, using the term in its widest signification. Her face was singularly frank and beautiful, her eyes large and expressive, her movements vivacious and decided.

Her love for the beautiful amounted to a passion. The ugly, dull or insipid she could not bear, while her love of purity and simplicity made her indifferent to luxury and mere comforts. What she did require was refinement and a musical life. The "Sunday Mornings" at the luxurious old Mendelssohn mansion were famous all over Berlin. At these gatherings Fanny and Felix played, assisted by an orchestra of their own training, and from a mere family circle, their audiences gradually increased until they included the most distinguished residents and guests in the Prussian capital. No contemporary private home witnessed a gathering more exclusive, and it was as one of her father's guests that Fanny first met William Hensel, who later became her husband.

Hensel was an artist, his works today well known in England and in Prussia, but when he begged permission of Fanny's parents to win the love of their gifted daughter, he was poor and unknown. Fanny was but seventeen. Naturally, the parents were slow to give their consent, and when Hensel finally left Berlin for Rome he had permission to correspond with Fanny's mother but not with Fanny herself.

The mother's letters reveal, to a marvelous degree, the secret of the rare balance possessed by all her children, so unusual a thing among those who are marked with genius. "You know that I esteem you," she wrote to Hensel at one time, "and have a real affection for you, but the same

Women and Education

"I FIND, in my experience as a teacher, that women are more original than men, that they are more spontaneous and less often swayed by ambition. It is astonishing to me how little selfish ambition many very able women have and they seldom have any avarice at all."

Mrs. Sophie Bryant, whose statement is given above, is head-mistress at the North London Collegiate school, England, and a member of the Consultative Committee of the Board of Education which is composed of persons appointed by the Crown to draw up regulations and act as advisors on educational matters. She also occupies a seat in the Senate of the University.

Mrs. Bryant has many ideas quite in advance of those currently accepted. She is an educationalist by heredity, as it were, her father having been, as rector of a large parish, a profound student of the education problem as affecting the poor. She was accustomed from her earliest years to an atmosphere of discussion and it is interesting to know that she never went to school. Her father was her only teacher, but she had "plenty of fairy tales and Pope's *Homer*." Mrs. Bryant would keep the daily newspapers and most of the magazines quite away from the children, although she is a profound believer in the educational value of good fairy tales. "The first duty of a teacher," she says, "is to look after the little lost sheep at the bottom of the class. A teacher can only be an ally, after all, for only what a child does for himself will serve him in the long run. Part of a teacher's skill, in my opinion, consists in keeping in the background at the proper moment."

Mrs. Bryant advocates an all-around education for girls, and believes in thoroughness in work. "I have found," she says, "that girls who 'do well' in school usually 'do well' in whatever they undertake afterwards. If they don't 'do well' in school they are not apt to come out well in later years. They may desire to climb high, but they have nothing to climb on, for their mental equipment is too shadowy. They may take on polish, but there are times when that will not meet emergencies. I believe that the domestic arts generally could be taught as a part of the school course with profit. But if girls are brought up with a habit of serviceableness and general adaptability they will become good housewives and mothers, with proper effort, quite as a matter of course. If it becomes their duty to read Greek they will read Greek, and if it becomes their duty to cook a dinner they will cook that dinner and do it beautifully." M.

reason that makes me forbid an engagement makes me declare myself adverse to any correspondence. . . . Fanny is very young and, heaven be praised! has hitherto had no affair and no passion. I will not have you by love-letters transport her for years into a state of consuming passion and a yearning frame of mind quite strange to her character, when I have her now before me blooming, healthy, happy and free." Something here, methinks, for the average mother of today to ponder over; and in Leah Mendelssohn's wisdom we read, beyond doubt or cavil, one of the reasons why the marriage of Fanny and young Hensel, which occurred some years later, was the gateway into a comrade-life that was an idyl in its purity, its serenity, its simple cloudlessness and joy. Their only son, Sebastian Bach Hensel, has become the discriminative historian of the entire family.

JULIA HECHT

An Appeal to Queen Alexandra

PETITIONS addressed to Queen Alexandra and the English government respectively have recently been circulated under the auspices of prominent London women in behalf of the women and children of Macedonia. The petition to the government emphasizes "the burden of responsibility which rests on our country for the prolongation of the system which makes possible the horrible deeds now being perpetrated in Macedonia," and appeals to the government to take some effective action speedily. This is a portion of the text to Queen Alexandra:

Your petitioners are deeply moved by the indescribable woe which is being heaped upon the women and children of Macedonia. Bereft of their male relatives, their babies torn from them and murdered before their eyes, their daughters ravished and killed, many of themselves outraged and butchered, their homesteads burned, the case of the survivors is desperate unless Europe comes to their succor without delay. The Turk refuses admission to those who would tend the sick and wounded, and it is in every way made most difficult to convey to them the needful food and clothing. Your Majesty's tender sympathy and gentle wisdom are potent with the crowned heads of Europe, and it is with the confidence of loyal subjects that we appeal to your Majesty to come to the help of these innocent sufferers.

AND now that women are stepping into "Man's sphere," it may be that some of our vexed problems will be solved by the opposite process. It is said that quite recently several thousands of foreign young men have been brought to London to engage in general domestic work among English families.

So far, according to report, the experiment has been more than satisfactory to both of the parties most directly concerned. The young men servants perform housework, which it must be admitted is, in some particulars, too laborious for any woman, in a cleaner and more thorough manner than "Jane," who has been so ruthlessly displaced.

Their employers tell us they have no grievances, no "visitors," and do not worry about "evenings out."

But then, the experiment is new and new brooms are pretty certain to sweep clean. The real solution will only come when human life itself is simplified, and the true equilibrium attained. Until that is done we will simply oscillate between one experiment and another, arriving nowhere.

R.

QUEEN ELIZABETH was a highly skilled performer on the virginal, and required her maids of honor to be able to sing and play on the lute. Her reign was characterized not less by the stronger qualities of statesmanship than by her patronage of art, literature and music.

It is conceded that the Woman's String Orchestra of New York fills a certain niche in the musical life of the metropolis that would otherwise remain unfilled. It is at present giving a series of concerts, the last, held in Mendelssohn Hall, being a pronounced success.

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE was Gluck's pupil when a young girl. Later, it was her strong support that enabled Gluck to carry out some of his most advanced ideas in musical interpretation and composition. The Queen played both harpsichord and harp.

WHERE you are is of no moment, but only what you are doing there. It is not the place that ennobles you, but you the place; and this only by doing that which is great and noble.—*Petrarch*



FANNY MENDELSSOHN

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

The Ancient Ruins of Gran Quivira in New Mexico

A REPORT from the Governor of New Mexico gives an account, all too brief, of the prehistoric ruins of Gran Quivira, thirty miles north of Whiteoaks and fifteen miles west of the Gallinas Mountains. We cannot do better than quote this report, with many wishes that it was more extensive and more detailed:

The walls of a large church, some thirty feet high, built of blue limestone in a mortar of clay, and the remains of a number of other large buildings indicate the former presence of a great population. The nearest water is fifteen miles away in the Sierra Gallinas. Surrounding the Gran Quivira at various distances are the ruins of other towns of almost equal extent. Among these are the ruins of Abo, built of red sandstone embedded in clay mortar, with a town wall surrounding it, part of which, running in one direction, is 950 feet long. Quarra, another Indian town of similar dimensions, was not far distant. All of these have the ruins of churches, showing that at one time the Spaniards held possession. Southerly, extending along the malpais, from Gran Quivira to Tres Rios, opposite Sierra Blanca, and in the numerous cañons of this range and of the Sacramento Mountain range, and in the Salado, were a number of towns and villages, now in ruins, indicating that there must have been concentrated here a population running into the thousands. The strangest feature about nearly all of these towns is the absence of water near them, and in some instances it is many miles off. A casual observer following the general course of the line of towns and villages can reach no other conclusion but that the face of the country has gradually changed since these towns were built and occupied.

The Gran Quivira proper is situated in Socorro County in the eastern foothills of the Oscura Mountains and about three miles west of the Lincoln County line. The ruins of the Abo pueblo and others in that vicinity are in Valencia County, while the ruined pueblos and the malpais to the south and southeast are in Lincoln County. A description of Gran Quivira is included in this article, as it is easiest reached from the highway running from Santa Fe to Lincoln, and will be easy of access from Progresso station on the Santa Fe Central Railway, about thirty miles distant.

In the malpais, the lava fields, are the ruins of great rectangular buildings, sometimes built of dressed stone. Into some of these the lava has run and partly submerged them, others are filled with volcanic ashes. Among the ruins is a triangular building 400 feet long on one side and 300 feet on the other two, also the ruins of a circular building 150 feet in diameter. Corn that had been gathered and put in piles has been found embedded in the lava and was evidently overflowed during a sudden catastrophe. The skeletons found under the fallen walls of Gran Quivira and other towns also indicate that the towns were suddenly destroyed and not deliberately abandoned.

In 1540 Vasquez Coronado, while in search of the far-famed Seven Cities of Cibola, heard of the grand city of Quivira, in the country of the Tagnos, where there were princely palaces three and four stories high, built of stone and decorated with jewels, where the roofs were covered with gold and silver and glittered in the sunlight; where the streets were broad and shaded with trees; the gardens resplendent with flowers and the women wondrously beautiful, and he determined to visit and conquer it. After a weary tour from Culiacan in Mexico, by way of the Rio Gila and the great cañon of the Colorado, he finally reached it. Day by day, as the sun became fervent and the mirage flattened in the landscape, the magic city was before him. Then it vanished, and before him lay a Pueblo Indian town, like other towns he had visited, and the inhabitants had neither gold nor silver.

Castaneda, who accompanied Coronado's expedition, wrote of it: "At Quivira, mountains began to be perceived, and it appears to be a well-peopled country, with

plants and fruits similar to those of Spain, such as plums, grapes, mulberries, rye grass, oats, flax, etc."

Don Antonio Espejo (1581) says: "Many of the people wore long gowns of cotton tastefully painted, and one of the tribes, the Jumanes, painted the face, arms and legs. They had great bows and arrows and sharp-cutting swords, with sharp stones on both sides, similar to those of the Aztecs, and they were very expert in the use of the sword and could cut a man in two at one blow. Their shields were covered with untanned bull's hide, and some of the tribes lived in houses of stone four stories high."

Repeated attempts have been made to lift the legendary treasures of the Gran Quivira.

A Remarkable Work by Dr. Budge on Ancient Egypt

DR. BUDGE'S immense work upon *Ancient Egypt* will be a landmark of research. As Curator of Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum, the author is peculiarly qualified for the work which he has undertaken and which he has brought to so successful a finish. The volume in question consists of over a thousand pages, with two hundred and fifty illustrations, and while there is here no question of finality a remarkable work has been produced and Egyptian research has been epitomized and brought well up to date.

It is from the religious aspect that Dr. Budge is most illuminating.

His scholarship is too ripe to be mingled with the dogmatism of modern theology or modern civilization, and while we do not doubt that many of his conclusions will be modified by still further discoveries he, none the less, shows a broad and enlightened sympathy with his subject which should mark the end of the futile attempts to belittle the attainments of old Egypt.

The most remarkable of the author's arguments is that by which he seeks to penetrate the mask of Egyptian deities and to discover a belief in one supreme ruler of the universe. In support of this contention he cites the writings from the earliest dynasties, writings of a very rare spiritual beauty and which prove beyond contention that behind the everchanging figures of the Egyptian Pantheon there was a conception of a Supreme Being which did not change nor disappear, that there was an exalted monotheism too lofty for casual reference or for visible imagery. One of the quotations which he gives to us declares that this God "cannot be figured in stone. . . . His dwelling-place is not to be found out . . . and the heart of man is unable to depict him." None the less illustrative of a religion undefiled are the Egyptian precepts which were written more than six thousand years ago and upon which Dr. Budge lays a well-deserved stress. Here are three of them, which represent

their lofty character: "If thou wouldst be a perfect man make thou thy son to be pleasing unto God;" "God hateth disobedience;" "Verily, a good son is of the gifts of God." To attempt a review or a description of a work so immense as that of Dr. Budge would be impossible here and indeed undesirable anywhere. It must speak for itself and we can but express our obligations to the distinguished author for so substantial an epitome of progress and for the painstaking care with which it has been prepared.

STUDENT



A GOOD EXAMPLE OF NATIVE MAORI ART
The carved entrance to an old time native Pa at Ohinemuhi, Auckland, New Zealand

Nature

Studies

A Queer Member of a Strange Family

AMONG the many interesting wild plants of Point Loma there is one which is especially remarkable, not so much for its lack of beauty as for its general strangeness. It is a species of the curious *Euphorbia* family, and its stiff, shrublike shape, two or three feet high, renders it noticeable even before one is close enough to observe the gray bark, the few small grayish leaves, and the solitary flowers, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, of a pale yellowish color, with light chocolate-brown centers. The little fruits hang oddly beyond the flower, as shown in the cut. The bark is no thicker than tissue paper, next beneath it being a white sapwood, which, when cut, exudes a milky sap which dries into a rubbery gum. This sap is said to be an excellent dressing for wounds, especially such as cuts, etc.

Only a little of the sap will come from one cut, because the plant has some way of stopping it quickly. The heavy, fleshy root is still more remarkable than the blunt thick branches, because within the white sapwood is a relatively large core of what looks like raw meat, though the sap in it is white like the rest, and when this sap is mixed with the other it makes an excellent mucilage.

The plant grows on the driest hillsides, and lives through the summer as the other plants do, by a sort of hibernation. When it does die, it dries away to a corklike brown pith. When furnished with water, the plant tends to lose its shrub form and becomes of a more trailing or creeping habit, with a much increased leafage.

On the whole, this plant gives the impression of being more animal than vegetable, and to have very definite ideas of its own. Indeed, all the *Euphorbia* are a strange lot, with uncanny, unvegetable characteristics. Some are almost vinelike, while others, like the *Poinsettia*, become loose, reedy trees of extremely rapid growth. And they all have queer, freakish flowers, as though they were experimenting.

STUDENT

Feed the Birds in Dry & Frosty Weather

THOUGHTLESS people have not the slightest idea of the suffering of wild birds during the frosty weather, or when the ground is covered by snow. The little ones of the household should be encouraged to remember the poor birds, so dependent at this time of year upon assistance.

Remains of cold potatoes, broken small, will be picked up eagerly; a handful of rolled oats will be a perfect feast, and cooked rice, barley, peas, etc., left from a meal, are all very much appreciated. The pleasure of watching the birds eat is very great, especially to children, whose natural love toward all dumb creatures is intensified by the knowledge that they are befriending them, and perhaps saving them from a cruel death. Those living in a city flat have, perhaps, not the same opportunity of studying the wonderful variety of birds, but even a town sparrow would be glad of a few crumbs put out on the window-sill. I have seen a sardine tin with water on the window-sill of a flat, and the avidity with which it was drunk, showed the kindness was appreciated.—*George's Weekly*



THE EUPHORBIA

LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE GROUND

by EDWIN MARKHAM

LITTLE ants in leafy wood,
Bound by gentle Brotherhood,
While ye gaily gather spoil
Men are ground by the wheel of toil;
While ye follow Blessed Fates
Men are shriveled up with hates.
Yes, they eat the wayside dust,
While their souls are gnawed by rust.

Ye are fraters in your hall,
Gay and chainless, great and small;
All are toilers in the field,
All are sharers in the yield.
But we mortals plot and plan
How to grind the fellow-man;
Glad to find him in a pit,
If we get some gain of it.
So with us, the sons of Time,
Labor is a kind of crime,
For the toilers have the least,
While the idlers lord the feast.
Yes, our workers they are bound
Pallid captives to the ground;
Jeered by traitors, fooled by knaves
Till they stumble into graves.

How appears to tiny eyes
All this wisdom of the wise?

THE ANT

by PRINCE KRAPOTKIN

IF the ant stands at the very top of the whole class of insects for its intellectual capacities; if its courage is only equaled by that of the most courageous vertebrates; and if its brain—to use Darwin's words—"is one of the most marvelous atoms of matter in the world, perhaps more so than the brain of a man," is it not due to the fact that mutual aid has entirely taken the place of mutual struggle in communities of ants?

about among them, sniffing at their handbag and bundle. Soon his master hears a little bark. He knows what that means, and finds Scip dodging about the heels of a passenger. The Warden quietly invites the suspect into the baggage-room and questions him about the game which he has concealed about his person or effects. The dog has never been known to fail, and when he has made up his mind that the law has been violated he has always been correct so far.—*Boston Record*

Our Relations to the Lower Animals

THE United States exploring party which discovered the little island of Laysan in the Southern Pacific reports that it is the nesting place for countless myriads of birds of many different species. It belongs to the United States and will be at once made a national reserve for the preservation of the bird life which centers there.

The discoverers state that the birds there "are absolutely fearless, . . . seeming not to know that man is an enemy. It is a curious example of what the relation of the animals to man might be." We would suggest that instead of being an example it is scarcely more than a hint. Those birds are not afraid, it is true, but they do not seek man's company, nor apparently regard him as any concern of theirs as long as they are unmolested. But this is a merely negative friendship; it should be positive. Man has, of right, dominion over all other animals, he should be their deity, their guardian, their judge and lawgiver, but he has chosen to be their tyrannical robber instead. It should be that every wounded, sick, hungry or distressed animal would appeal for assistance to the first man it saw, as to an elder, stronger brother, or a kindly parent. Instead of this they run away and hide, knowing only too well that men, with few exceptions, are their worst enemies. Man should be the dominant lord of all the brute creation, regulating the balance of animal, and thus of vegetable, life; assigning the range of species, and by careful selection and elimination without individual pain, improving their types and developing their highest possibilities.

Instead of the grim chaos now existing in wild life there should be rational system and well-planned arrangement; instead of the intense and constant struggle for existence there should be orderly adaptation under a ruling mind, even as a farm is kept. This condition we may hope to see when men learn to live simply and think highly, and cease to regard their wild brothers as personal property. This ideal relation between man and the animals is both recorded and predicted in the Bible and other sacred books, and we may hope that the time is not far distant.

S. E.

SCIP lives in Old Town, Maine, when at home, and is an undersized cur, with bright eyes and sharp ears, of badly mixed lineage. He is owned by the State Game Warden, whose duty it is to examine certain trains coming down from the game region. Every piece of game must be checked up and suspicious packages examined. The Maine law positively prohibits the taking out of the State of game birds in any way whatever. As the people alight from the train few notice the little dog dodging about among them, sniffing at their handbag and bundle. Soon his master hears a little bark. He knows what that means, and finds Scip dodging about the heels of a passenger. The Warden quietly invites the suspect into the baggage-room and questions him about the game which he has concealed about his person or effects. The dog has never been known to fail, and when he has made up his mind that the law has been violated he has always been correct so far.—*Boston Record*

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

AT the anniversary meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society on Sunday evening, Isis Theatre contained one of the largest audiences ever gathered there. The entire house, including the very uppermost balcony, was thrown open and many, who were unable to obtain seats, were reluctantly forced to depart. A special program had been arranged by the Point Loma students to celebrate the third anniversary of their public meetings in San Diego. February is a month of anniversaries in The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. On February 13th, four years ago, Katherine Tingley took up permanent residence at Point Loma; on February 18th, six years ago, The Universal Brotherhood Organization was founded by Katherine Tingley at the great Theosophical Convention in Chicago, at which The Theosophical Society merged itself into and became an integral part of the new and greater Organization, now known as The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society; on February 23rd, seven years ago, the corner-stone of the School of Antiquity was laid on Point Loma by Katherine Tingley, who had just returned from her great Crusade around the world.

The addresses were "A Human Garden—an Allegory," by Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt, and the Anniversary Address by the young Loma-land orator, Master Thorley Von Holst.

The following songs by the special Raja Yoga chorus from Loma-land were enthusiastically applauded by the great audience: "What Say the Clouds?" (Hutton); "Violet," (Frank Damrosch); "In the Meadow," (J. C. Macey); "Tell Me What the Brook Doth Say," (A. F. Anderson).

The instrumental music by students of the Isis Conservatory of Music included: Overture, "Rienzi," (Wagner); "Rondo Capriccioso," (Mendelssohn).

Master Thorley Von Holst said in part: "Today is the third anniversary of the Sunday meetings held at Isis Theatre. When we look back a year, we are surprised at the changes and improvements that have occurred since then. The students of Point Loma and the children of the Raja Yoga School, are deeply interested in the welfare of this city, and sincerely wish to see its rapid advance, both on material and moral lines.

"When we attempt to look forward to the future of San Diego, we are simply astounded by the possibilities of this city. But, are we to confine our ideals and ambitions to having our city simply a great manufacturing and trade center, or shall we determine that we will have our city held up as a shining light and example of purity and beauty?

"It is well known that all of our great cities are hotbeds of crime and disease; yet why is this so? Is the reason for men living in cities simply because they wish to accumulate wealth, and live in selfish enjoyment, while the less fortunate brothers are starving? Surely not, and if we once kill out the demon of selfishness this would not be so.

"Fortunate indeed are the children who have the love and protection of Katherine Tingley. How I wish all the boys and girls could receive the blessings of the Raja Yoga School! Then they would realize that a city owes its reputation to the *lives and characters of its citizens*. The Raja Yoga children are trying to make their daily life so honest and upright that when we grow to manhood and womanhood, we will have a foundation for true citizenship."

In the course of her description of "A Human Garden," Dr. Van Pelt said:

"This garden had the power of speech, and its flowers bore the form of faces. They were not human faces, nor was the speech such as we know it. It was a speech through thought, which was just as intelligible and natural there, as is communication through speech with us.

"Another fact, which it was impossible not to observe quickly, was that nothing ever rested in the same condition for a moment in that garden, and that from every particle of soil something was growing. The plants were either growing more full and vigorous every moment, or they were becoming withered, drooping or sickly.

"In the center was a human form of kingly bearing, who was plainly the lord of the garden. Everything that took place had some relation to him. He either explicitly gave his consent to it, or at least tolerated it. Many permissions were constantly given in a half-stupid condition, as if he were but little interested. And this appeared to the old man as very strange, for every thing *was* of such vital importance to him. He showed his power once or twice so clearly that there could be no doubt of it, and then he seemed to forget, himself, that he had this power. At one time, in the midst of a terrible thought confusion, he uttered the command,

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Anniversary Exercises — An Allegory by Dr. Van Pelt & an Address by Master Thorley Von Holst

Reprinted from the San Diego News

"Silence!" and instantly there was a deep quiet. The countenance of the lord became radiant with joy, and he held an intense listening attitude, as if he were communing with some invisible host. "During the most of the time this lord was subject to one delusion after another. So intimate and mysterious was this connection that he was constantly confusing his

own identity with theirs—in something the same way that a man will say sometimes 'I am sick,' when perhaps it is only his body. He threw his whole force into one plant after another, and for the time being entered so completely into the desires of these curious things growing within his garden, that his whole energies were directed toward satisfying them. Even if these were directly opposed to his own interests, it was the same thing. Under these circumstances, such a plant grew to undue proportions, and for the time being dominated all the others. When he had appeased its cravings so that it was content to rest, another instantly began to clamor for attention, and for some unaccountable reason the lord exhausted himself by gratifying one after the other of these insatiable plants. Once or twice he reversed the order and made the plants bend to his purpose, just long enough to show that he had the power. And at such times they all took on a new color and began either to wither away or work for him.

"It was a pitiful sight to see this lord, so capable of great things, making himself into a slave, harboring and raising plants, cultivating, in fact, the very things that poisoned the air he breathed. It was a strange case of infatuation. Some of the most noxious weeds he guarded with special care. They used him the most unkindly, rendered him the most exhausted and miserable after he had thrown his life-force into them for a time, yet through some unaccountable attraction he nourished them the most.

"There was one plant, rather taller than the others, who had the desire to appear wise and brilliant and learned. He was none of these things, but he persuaded the lord of the garden to lend him *his* power, *his* talents, *his* energies, and then he seemed great. In return for this, the lord was used remorselessly. He was forced to strain himself to acquire knowledge which was to him altogether valueless, but which for the time being gave him a brilliant reputation in the world in which he moved. He merged his desires with those of the plant and lent himself, without reserve, to their accomplishment, until overcome with weariness, he tore himself from this entanglement, and asked himself seriously to what end he was working. For an instant, he saw the folly of his recent pursuits, but before he was able to grasp its full import, another plant of graceful bearing persuaded him that he desired, above all other things, to make himself admired; that it was his right, his due; and that life held no other treasure equal to this. Quickly all his energies flowed with those of *this* plant, and he yielded to the impulses he felt within him with all the intensity of his nature. Suddenly on the verge of doing a mean act, he was startled and came to himself, for he was not a mean man by nature, and the shock aroused him.

"As the old man watched this noble man turn hither and thither between conflicting emotions; moved alternately by ambition, pleasure and disgust; used and abused by those beneath him; saw him weary and confused, and all unconscious of his greatness, an anguish took possession of him, which was more than he could bear. He longed to seize this lord, and hold him for a moment quiet. Surely, he thought, if he but pauses, he will perceive his folly. He turned to the child for help. 'In pity,' he cried, 'arrest him, show him.'

"'Not through coercion,' the child replied, 'can he be helped. He is a lord. Although he has drugged himself with the emanations from these plants, and now sleeps a strange hypnotic sleep, yet he is guarded and watched over. A rift in these clouds will be made from time to time, as has even come to pass during our watch, and then he may raise his head above them, and even disperse them. There are those waiting to help him to find himself, when he asks, or if he but gropes toward them blindly. It is the light beyond which renders luminous these overhanging clouds.'"

Government Coaling Station

From Los Angeles Examiner, February 14th

ALREADY the government officials have decided upon a coaling station in San Diego harbor, to be located upon the government reserve, which includes several hundred acres on Point Loma. It has been delayed only through the fact that the \$75,000 quarantine station is located in the middle of the tract of land upon which the naval department desires to build. A bill carrying an appro-

pritation of \$200,000 is now pending in Congress providing for the removal of the quarantine station to a point further north on the reservation, to make room for the new improvement. Money is already available for the construction of the coaling station. It is believed that the coming of the coaling station will be followed by further expensive improvements, including the installation of a general naval station and dry-dock.

A movement is also on foot to remove the naval training station from San Francisco to this harbor, the officials favoring it because of the superb climatic conditions and the conveniences for training Uncle Sam's youthful tars here afforded.

A Glimpse of Loma-land

Reprinted from the *Los Angeles Saturday Post* of February 13, which also contained two fine illustrations of views of the Homestead and Children's Grounds

THE fact is generally recognized in San Diego today that the present wave of prosperity in that beautiful bay city had its inception with the establishment on Point Loma of the International Headquarters of the Theosophical movement throughout the world. And the city and the Theosophical colony have advanced during the last four years hand in hand, until now the Point Loma institution stands as one of the most beautiful and attractive places in the entire west, while San Diego is entering upon an era of progress and growth that bids fair to outlive, and in a far more substantial and lasting manner, the tremendous years of the great Southern California boom.

Nearly a million dollars have already been expended in transforming the erstwhile desert acres of Point Loma's summit into a vast garden of beautiful students' homes and educational institutions, and yet the work there is only fairly begun.

A great university building of stone, to be known as the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, is among the projected improvements in the near future, while every month witnesses the completion of some structure, the expansion of some one of the many departments of the world-wide work. Gathered on Point Loma now are men and women and children from every quarter of the globe—over half a thousand of them. Naturally the Americans predominate, but as the chief purpose of the institution is to give practical force and effect to the broadest teachings of Universal Brotherhood, the beautiful little city on the hill has come to be the home of what is probably the most cosmopolitan group of men, women and children to be found anywhere on earth.

Just now the head and heart and hand that planned and has guided the destinies of Point Loma (or Loma-land, as it is lovingly called by its residents) is absent. Katherine Tingley, beyond doubt the most remarkable woman of her time, is in Europe—or Asia—or perhaps Africa. At any rate she is away off somewhere forwarding the movement in some quarter of the world—just where is unimportant to this review, the remarkable fact being that during her prolonged absences everything moves along in Loma-land at its wonted pace, without friction in the slightest detail and with seemingly no diminution in the remarkable energy with which the manifold phases of the great work are habitually conducted.

To teach Brotherhood, demonstrate the practicability of its application to even the smallest affairs of everyday life—this is the one central purpose of the movement; to this end was Loma-land founded, in the exemplification of this truth has its magnificent progress been made, and to this end is every effort of the entire institution continually and persistently directed.

A chimerical purpose, it may be thought—but those who have visited Point Loma do not think so when they come away, whatever may have been their prejudices before their visit. Katherine Tingley spells success in large, bold letters. Everything she has touched since her incumbency of the Theosophical Leadership has turned to gold—the gold of a higher standard of living and a greater joy in life. Point Loma is the proof. The now world-wide famous Raja Yoga children of Loma-land are veritable incarnations of brightness, intelligence, good health and joyousness. Sometimes of a Sunday evening a band of them will come riding over to San Diego to sing and play at Isis Theatre. On such nights the theatre is jammed and often hundreds are turned away. Sometimes they give one of their historical tableaux or a drill, or something—and these exhibitions are marvels in their way.

Whatever anyone may say or think of the Theosophical philosophy which is built up around the central theory and practice of Brotherhood, no one who expects to be regarded as a sane member of his community, will gainsay Katherine Tingley's work for the children. It is superb. It is also intensely human, as well as humane. The Raja Yoga children are children of warm red blood, full of life, vigor, play

and laughter—as all healthy children should be. But they are vastly more than all this. They are independent, self-reliant, keen, intelligent, even intellectual to a most remarkable degree. Without exception they are musicians. Most of them are vocalists. They learn to read music almost as soon as anything else, and their original musical compositions are more excellent and more frequent than are good prose compositions among other children. Yet the actual school hours at Loma-land are much shorter than elsewhere. One of the secrets of the Raja Yoga training—so far as the present writer has been able to discern it—is that work and play are so inter-blended that the child never realizes the difference between them. Every duty is a pleasure, every pleasure and recreation is at the same time a part of their constant education.

Here in the past two years over a quarter of a million dollars has been expended in constructing quarters for men and officers. The buildings which comprise post quarters are rapidly nearing completion.



A CLASS OF THE RAJA YOGA DAY SCHOOL IN SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

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“Katherine Tingley's system of education early inculcates the truth that the child is a living soul, responsible for its every thought and act,” said one of the Raja Yoga teachers recently.

And from the tiniest to the tallest of these wonderful children, all of them love, nay, adore their good god-mother, Katherine Tingley. Not one of them but would—indeed, constantly do—go to extraordinary lengths to win a smile or a glance of approval from her.

But the children have no monopoly of this. Katherine Tingley's rule, though autocratic beyond that of a czar, is absolutely moral. Indeed, therein is its strength. As the moral law is superior to the civil law, so is this woman's power—not only on Point Loma, but wherever in the world there is a group of loyal Theosophists—infinitely stronger than that which could be delegated by any written contract or constitution. Those who look to her for guidance do so voluntarily—voluntarily to the very last degree. No creed or dogma binds them—no fear of excommunication holds them. In Katherine Tingley's philosophy there is no hell to terrorize. Membership in the Theosophical Society carries with it no special privileges—either in this world or the next. Only an added responsibility, and perchance, a better opportunity to work and serve and give—these are the perquisites of membership. Those who are self-seeking and ambitious for personal advancement do not join the Point Loma Theosophists. Yet the membership increases. Men and women of wealth, education, intelligence, refinement—men and women who are masters in their arts, crafts and professions constantly seek membership—rich and poor alike. All are rich at Point Loma, rich in good health, energy, vitality, high aspirations and lofty purposes—rich in a genuine, joyous brotherhood of unselfish work. You and I, who are busy winning dollars, will call them dreamers, visionaries, of course. Well, theirs is a pleasant dream, at any rate—and who of us gets even so much as a pleasant dream out of life? Seriously, it is a very remarkable movement, with a remarkable object in view, a quite remarkable membership, and with a most remarkable Leader. It will be interesting to watch its future progress.

"DON'T feel bad, ma-ma." "O, we're going to carve her the loveliest tombstone!"

"Mama, Uncle Ned's going to get us another dog, just as nice."

"Mama doesn't 'feel bad,'" said Mrs. Dayton. "She feels grateful that we have had such a splendid comrade as Juno." Though her face was a little paler than usual, the mother smiled as her three sturdy boys tumbled out of the room, led by Hal's exclamation, "Come on, let's hurry and carve it and Uncle Ned'll help us set it up."

"How in the world, Nell, with all due respect to you, can anyone come to think so much of a dog?" This from Hester Morrison, an old classmate of Mrs. Dayton's, who was making her a visit after many years of separation.

"Hester, if you knew my gratitude to Juno, you wouldn't wonder. I'm not a bit sentimental, but there was a strength and a beauty in that dog's comradeship that I confess, Hester, I haven't found very often in those who have called themselves my friends. I owe Juno a great deal."

"That's right, Hester," and Uncle Ned turned from his desk, which was littered with the usual business man's correspondence. "We practically owe Nell to Juno. I don't know what might have happened if it had not been for that dog."

"Well, Ned," said Mrs. Dayton, "at least, she gave me my first lesson in compassion."

"O, how romantic," said Hester, a shallow nature, but ready and quick of sympathy. "Tell me about it. Juno's only an ordinary shepherd dog, isn't she?"

Mrs. Dayton closed her eyes for just a moment, as if she were looking into the past. She was one of those strong, sweet natures, of whom the world affords but few. Her self-control had been acquired, not easily, but bravely, for the sake of the three little boys who looked to her for all their ideals. Few realized the depth of her nature, because of this balance and her usual reserve.

Suddenly she smiled. "Ned," she said, "do you remember when you had that ranch in Montana?"

"I remember the visit you made me, Nell," rejoined Ned, throwing down his papers. "Seems like a century ago, doesn't it? Why don't you tell Hester about it? She'd understand you then."

"Tell me, Nell; I'm desperately interested!" said Hester.

"Well," said Mrs. Dayton, "you see Ned had been ranching for several years and my vacations were lonely, for we'd always spent them together. You remember, one summer, I wrote you asking if I couldn't come and make you a visit."

"Yes," broke in Ned, "and I wrote you in reply that you never could stand it, but that you were welcome to come!"

"Well, Hester, I went. Ned met me at the train, took me to his ranch, a curious old place, some four miles from Helena. The city seemed not more than a mile away in that clear air, but immediately about us there was nothing, nothing, nothing—not a house in sight, and there were days when I didn't see a soul besides Ned and the cook."

"One afternoon, when I was there alone, a camp wagon drove up. I was not alarmed, for I knew Ned was expecting some of the herders in from the mountains. As they came in from the stables, after putting up the horses, I noticed following one of them a beautiful shepherd dog. I had never cared for dogs, but I took an interest in this one because my appearance frightened her."

"She never seen a woman, Miss," said the herder—"Joe." "We raised her up to camp, and she's never been out o' the mountains before. She's less'n a year old." And then I remembered that I was among the ranches of Montana, where womanhood is so chivalrously recognized and so precious, and where women were then so rare.

"Come on, Juno; she won't hurt you," said Joe.

"I offered her a bone. The great brown eyes gave me another glance and she slunk under the table. She was as unused to kindness as she was to women—that was evident."

"She's hungry enough, Miss," said Joe; "she ain't had anything since we started. Maybe you can coax her to you with a bone." Joe was a Tennessee 'cracker' who had come west with a little money, had invested in sheep and had made his thousands. He was herding then for Ned and had charge of a flock up on 'the Divide.' Well, to come back to Juno. Within a week she would not only eat from my hand, but she followed me everywhere, and even insisted on remaining in my room at night. She slept on the floor beside my bed.

"One day Joe said, 'Shepherd dogs have a hard life, Miss Nell, and if you like Juno, I wish you'd keep her for your own. She's much finer than any dog I've got, but the life's terrible hard on her, and I don't be-

The Awakening of a Woman

lieve she'd ever last another winter. She's too fine, that's the fact. I'd like to see her in a good home.'

"Well, frankly, I didn't care much for Juno, but I thanked Joe, and I wondered what I would do with the dog later. That was all. At last it came time for me to go back to my school."

"Don't forget about the trip up to camp," said Ned.

"I'm coming to that," rejoined Mrs. Dayton. "I wish you could have seen Ned's camp, Hester. It was located on the very top of the old Rockies, on what was called 'the Divide'; so high up that the clouds were below us when we awakened mornings. A few rods away was one of those mountain streams whose banks are as clean cut as the facets of a jewel, and all about there were woods. It was lonely enough, for no human being ever passed that way oftener than once in three weeks and then only to bring the herders provisions. Joe, Ned and I went on horseback—the camp was some sixty miles from Helena. The cook followed with the big camp wagon and supplies. There were the immense flocks and the faithful dogs beside them, and at the sight Juno seemed to have lost her head. She looked at me; then she looked at the sheep."

"Then she went out to her guard duty over the latter."

"In a short time, back she came to see that I was safe. Then her sense of duty became stronger and led her back to the sheep. That night when I retired, she remained with me, saw that I was safely tucked under the blankets upon my bed of fragrant pine boughs, and then went out into the cold and damp to her duty, guarding the great flock—and there she remained until morning."

"The next day it occurred to me to take a walk. Juno, of course, went with me. I intended to go but a short distance into the forest and I started off alone, for my ideas of danger were extremely provincial. Finally we came to a stream and I was startled, for Ned had told me that the only trout stream back of us was some four miles away. I was lost, that was evident. Hardly had I made this discovery when I slipped and sprained my ankle. Juno was in despair—and certainly I was. She evidently realized what had happened. The situation was serious enough, for night was coming on and my foot was agonizingly painful. I made a final attempt to walk, but the effort was too much and I think I must have fainted."

"When I opened my eyes Juno was gone."

"I can assure you, Hester, I never felt more desperately alone in my life. Not ten rods behind, we had passed the tracks of deer on the soft ground. At my right I could see a great tree, the bark of which had been injured by a mountain bear in his efforts to pull down wild grapes. I knew that as soon as night came on I should hear the coyotes calling and altogether—well, the situation was terrible and for the first time in my life I really faced despair. I knew that Ned would search for me and reach me in time, but how soon I didn't know and the prospect of a night in that forest was not a pleasant one. I wondered why Juno had to go away just at that point. I really had not particularly cared for her. She had seemed to me to be more of an attaché than a comrade and it was my utter loneliness that made me think of her then rather than any deeper feeling. But then I realized for the first time that she had been in a very real sense a protection to me."

"Suddenly, I heard Ned's voice and immediately Juno came bounding along, covering my hands and face with kisses." "Well, Nell," said Ned, "I guess if it hadn't been for your dog, you'd have been here all night. We'd already started when she'd got back to camp. We went north. You veered round, it seems, and you can just thank Juno for that. She came back and told us about it and she showed us the way."

The little group were very quiet. "It's true, Hester," said Ned, suddenly. "Nell did change after that. She's never been quite the same since, but a heap finer."

"Ned," said Mrs. Dayton, "I've often wondered how we, as a race, came to lose that loyalty and fidelity and purity that dogs have, almost without exception. We're not half grateful enough to them for their comradeship and the lessons they teach us, and today I must say my feeling is rather one of gratitude than one of grief. I was selfish as a girl. It was that little shepherd dog that gave me my first start toward being a better woman."

"Do you know Nell," broke in her brother suddenly, "I never saw you and Juno together but I found myself thinking of the old Knights, each with his horse or hound. You know, I fancy there must be a real relationship between us and these beautiful creatures that we neglect so. But we haven't discovered it. Curious idea, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dayton with a smile, "Curious."

STUDENT

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Gigantic Prehistoric Reptile Found in a Montana Lake

THE *Scientific American* gives a description and illustration of the gigantic fossil head of the *triceratops*, found in Montana by an expedition of the American Museum of Natural History. In speaking of this animal as a reptile we have regard rather to its scientific classification than to its appearance. Belonging to the extinct family of the *dinosaurs*, it had affinities with present reptile types, but in other respects differed considerably from them. The illustration shows us a beast like a rhinoceros, with three horns on his face, going on four short legs, and with a thick tail, trailing like that of a lizard. This is a restoration of the animal by an artist skilled in that kind of work.

The *triceratops* flourished and became extinct during the Cretaceous age, from three to ten million years ago. Its size and strength can be gauged from the dimensions of the skull found, which is seven and a half feet long, and five and a half wide; and it was probably twenty-five feet long and weighed ten tons, or about twice as much as an elephant. The formation of the teeth show that the animal was herbivorous, and did not grind his food but clipped the foliage and branches, consuming from two hundred to four hundred pounds for a full meal. The intelligence could not have been anything remarkable, with only half-a-pint of brains to ten tons of body. But the beast only needed to know the road to its mouth, for its size, toughness and horns made it invulnerable.

The place in Montana where this find was made was in remote times a great lake basin and inland sea, and is now regarded as America's great prehistorical burying-ground, where are reposing the petrified remains of numbers of the strange and rude animals of the past. A horn was noticed projecting from the earth, and careful excavating revealed the whole head, which was most cautiously unearthed and cleaned, glued and plastered, and transported to New York. The specimen, incased in plaster, weighed 3100 pounds.

STUDENT

The Mystery of Comets Has Not Yet Been Solved

BORELLY'S Comet of 1903 has now passed out of sight, except in the very largest telescopes, but we have not solved the riddle which these "long-tailed" visitors present again and again. This comet, with its mysterious divided tail streaming away from the sun, as is usual with these appendages, was clearly visible to the naked eye, and was the brightest we have seen for several years. But it did not approach the brilliancy of the great comet of 1882, a magnificent object in the dawn, which appeared about the time of the last war in Egypt. A remarkable statement just made by Mr. Vernon Boys, President of the Mathematical and Physics section of the British Association, is worth noting in connection with H. P. Blavatsky's teachings:

What is a comet and of what does its tail consist? asks Mr. Boys. It was impossible not to be struck by the similarity of the language used in describing comets and that used in any paper written on radium. He knew that mere superficial similarity was worth very little, if anything, but for centuries the sky has shown phenomena still not entirely understood, and inability to remove all difficulty by the aid of radium or similar material, was no reason for dismissing the idea of any connection without further thought.

H. P. Blavatsky speaks of profound difference between cometary and terrestrial matter as known to us, and says that comets have much to do with the original formation of planets. They are partly self-luminous, but even the magic power of the spectroscope has not yet solved the mystery of their constitution, and their origin is entirely unknown to science. A plausible suggestion is that they have been ejected from terrestrial, planetary or lunar volcanoes. Certainly some of the tracks of the shooting stars are precisely coincident with the orbits of a few comets, and the meteoric iron may have come from volcanoes.

R.

THE students of the University of Missouri have petitioned to be allowed to eat only two meals a day. Experiment has shown that a student is thus in better health and spirits and better equipped for work.

Scientific Delusions About the Nutritive Value of Food

THERE is no sense in the attempts to estimate the nutritive values of foods by analyzing them into constituents such as water, albumen, fat and the like. No law that we know of ordains that constituents have the same value or properties in combination as they do when separate, in fact, experience proves the opposite.

If a plum pudding is analyzed into the above mentioned substances, why not analyze it further into carbon, oxygen, potassium, sulphur, etc.? The answer will doubtless be that there is a distinction between chemical and vital, or between inorganic and organic substances, and that the nutritive value of a food stops short at the point where we break up the proteids, albumen, etc., into inorganic compounds and elements. But it is more probable that such a distinction is one of degree only, and that any analysis, however slight, changes the properties of the constituents, making these properties different from what they were when the constituents were united.

An apple may be 88 per cent water, but should we obtain the same nutriment from 88 parts of pure water and 12 parts of dried chips? It would not even seem surprising to find entirely innutritious substances combining to form a perfect food, if the combination were effected by nature's alchemy.

In short, the whole principle of appraising a thing by what can be extracted from it, or estimating the value of a perfect whole by its parts, is fallacious, whether in the studio or the kitchen. The statistics of food-values obtained by such a process can never be anything but most misleading. In some cases the results may be very near the truth, in others only a rough approximation, and in others entirely erroneous. Such a loose and illogical method is not worthy of a science claiming exactness and infallibility; and no one need be disturbed by such statistics of the value of foods.

STUDENT

It Is Not True That Brain-work Shortens Any One's Life

THE octogenarian physician, Sir Herman Weber, has been combating the idea—not an unusual one—that brain-work tends to shorten life. He maintains the exact opposite. The woman who does no brain-work is apt to live in her feelings and emotions, and that is a short path to disease of mind and nerves. Women who are saved from that by the necessity for continuous household labor, have, as part of it, an equally continuous mind strain. The combination would only be productive of health and longevity if their hours of night rest were unbroken, if there were no anxiety, (*that* is what kills) and if the conditions of sunlight, air and food were properly looked after.

The man who does no brain-work is apt to live in appetites and thirsts for sensation—assuredly the path of death. From that he may be in a measure saved by hard physical work; and if to this he would add mental occupation, his salvation would be complete. Man is meant to be a worker. To fulfil his destiny, to achieve health and longevity, and to live each day to its utmost, he must work, using all parts of his nature, physical, mental and spiritual. Idleness is a fermentation in which poisons are generated on all planes.

STUDENT

The White Man's Burden Is Ill-temper Instead of Gaunt Hunger

THE question of whether or not we eat too much is one which continues to arouse a good deal of discussion, but it could perhaps be settled more quickly by experiment than in any other way. Let those who wish to solve the problem for themselves begin by making a substantial reduction at meal times and note the result. The experiment must however be of sufficient duration to allow the stomach to get over its initial attack of ill-temper at being deprived of the white man's burden, an ill-temper which is usually mistaken for hunger. The result of an honest trial will probably be the discovery that health is better in every way, the body less torpid and the mind more clear. The problem will then be solved as far as we ourselves are concerned and our share in future discussions will be confined to the bare statement of our own experience and the recommendation to go and do likewise.

X.

Here and There Throughout the World



YAWATARO (CHATEAU) NEZU, TOKYO, JAPAN

Where Women Never Quarrel THERE is a certain sect in the State of New York which claims to be leading the Christian life. Thirty families live together in one community,

The women have cooked over one range and we have all eaten at the same table for over two and a half years, without a single quarrel or harsh word. That is evidence that we are living our religion.

So speaks the head of this community, and the very homeliness of his proof excites respect. Truly it is the little things of life which show character, the power to resist the every day temptation, the tranquillity which is not ruffled by the vexation of the day, the sweet reasonableness which is itself calm and which creates calm. The religious beliefs of this community seem to be as attractive as their domestic life. They have thrown out the conventional God and try to find God for and in themselves. They say, too,

We do not believe there is a hell. The true God would no more prepare a hell than he would make a devil. The only devil a man sees is when he looks into a mirror. The only devil is in us.

A life of concord must usually follow upon a sane theology, and it seems to do so in this case.

Prosperity of a German Author "SWEET are the uses of adversity." The German military author who incurred the imperial displeasure by writing a novel descriptive of army life is said to be now living affluently in Vienna, thanks to the advertisement which his work received from exalted quarters. A similar fiat was issued against another work which forcibly advocated international peace, and this also has produced a perfect harvest of gold for the author, who will devote this unexpected income to the very object for which he wrote the work which has been so ineffectively banned. It seems almost fortunate that persecutors never learn anything. Their hostility appears to be more valuable than their indifference.

The Poverty of the English Clergy THE pitiable poverty of the English clergy, and especially of curates, is a well-worn topic of the religious papers. The size of the curate's income seems invariably to be in inverse proportion to the size of his family, and constant appeals for a remedy are in the air. A casual glance at some church newspapers suggests to us a possible remedy and we hasten to make it known. In these papers we see references to the expenditure of \$25,000 for a reredos, \$500,000 for a bishopric and \$2500 for an altar-cloth. Why not devote the money to the impoverished curates? The other articles would never be missed.

French Premier and 10 Commandments THE Premier of France has enriched the vocabulary of the world by a new phrase. He speaks of the "ferocious egoism" which so often dominates international politics. If there should be any doubt as to M. Combes' meaning in thus speaking of ferocious egoism, we would suggest the word patriotism as an explanatory alternative in the sense in which that much abused word is frequently used. There is a feeling among the baser portion of humanity that patriotism constitutes a perpetual indulgence for the blatant and arrogant advocacy of a national policy which would disgrace and dishonor an individual. The French Premier shows an inclination to apply the Ten Commandments to nations as well as to persons. It is an innovation, and one which leads us to believe that even the Sermon on the Mount may one day make a somewhat forceful intrusion into international politics.

The Zionists & the Immigrant Problem THE problem of pauper immigration is not an easy one to solve without violation of humanitarian instincts which are already none too strong and none too plentiful. Mr. Greenberg, a prominent worker in the Zionist Movement has recently commented on some proposed restrictions upon Jewish pauper immigration, and he said:

After reading these proposals, it occurred to me that if they had been in force in Judea 2,000 years ago the great founder of Christianity himself could not have entered Jerusalem, for He glorified in having "No visible means of subsistence."

Perhaps the Zionist Movement itself will help to answer a very distressing question.

King Menelik Likes American Policy A GOOD character is a commercial asset of no small value, and let him that standeth take heed lest he fall. The Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, is said to have a favorable view of the American Government because he believes it to be innocent of the land greed from which some other nations are not entirely free. The result is distinctly advantageous to American interests and is an object lesson of the extraordinary power of justice in such international affairs in these and in dealing with potentates like Menelik. But nothing is so easily lost as a good reputation.

No Fraternity for Auckland Ministers ON a certain Sunday in the year it has been the practice for Auckland ministers of all denominations to exchange pulpits. This very small expression of Christian fraternity has now been forbidden by the Episcopal Bishop so far as his own clergy are concerned. He calls it "a make-belief in the expression of my faith." It probably is a make-belief, so far as he is concerned, like a good deal else that may be found in certain church practices. "See how these Christians love one another."

Herbert Spencer to the Japanese A VERY remarkable letter from Herbert Spencer to the Japanese nation has just been published. The message of the great philosopher to Japan was pointed and concise—"keep other nations at arm's length as much as possible." Herbert Spencer was acquainted with Europe and he knew what effect the falsenesses of modern civilization would have upon an Oriental nation too emulative and too imitative to discriminate between the worthy and the unworthy, the fruit and the thorns.

Boers Want Colony in America CERTAIN Boer delegates are still searching for land suitable for the settlement of a number of their people who are anxious to leave South Africa. At the present time Mr. Luther D. Wishard is on his way to Sonora, Mexico, with this object in view, and he intends subsequently to examine the lands in Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Off for an
Outing with Mulitta, the
Raja Yoga Boys' and
Girls' Donkey at
Loma-land



Over the
Hills for a romp among
the Native Brush and
Wild Flowers of
Point Loma

Jack Frost and His Pictures

WHAT an airy, fairy, lace-maker Jack Frost would be, or what a wonderful goldsmith, if his materials were only filmy strands or beaten gold. They tell us there are not less than a thousand forms among the frost crystals on our window-panes, every one of them exquisite and perfect in pattern. It is not hard to believe that this is true when we get up these mornings (not in Loma-land, to be sure, for it's always summer here), and trace out the wonderful forms that Jack Frost has left upon our window-panes. There are stars and comets, and then that exquisite leaf form, which the old French goldsmiths in the days of Louis XV loved to model about the base of some jeweled vase, and which the Greeks called the *acanthus*, and placed on their temples. Then there is the strawberry form, and the queer little overlapping arcs that make us think of Siegfried's dragon, so much are they like scales—filmy, waving lines, as if the sea had washed over the panes—coral forms and all kinds of sea-weed forms, and beautiful maidenhair ferns and many, many others. How does Jack Frost do it? When we look at a frosted window-pane that was so clear and clean the night before, we feel sure that the pictures he traces are first cousins to the wonderful pictures that our scientists are making of voice tones. Do you suppose that Jack Frost just *sings* them upon the window-pane? A. V.

The Soldier and the Bird

IT is related of General David S. Stanley that at one time, while leading a force across our great plains, he suddenly gave the order "Left oblique!" The broad column swung at once outward to the left, a column of more than two thousand men, with many horses and wagons; and as the soldiers passed, there on the ground, by their side, they saw a tiny bird's nest. In it were wee nestlings and above it the mother-bird hovered, chirping in the greatest anxiety. And then they knew why General Stanley had given that order. The wee bird's nest had been built on the ground directly in the line of march. But General Stanley was bringing his men across the plains to fight for a principle, and it was not in his heart to injure, wantonly, even a little bird. There must have been in his heart a great love for the helpless and beautiful among God's creatures. Soldiers *should* be compassionate. E. H.

How Boys Can Help

by a Young Student of the Raja Yoga School

MOST boys do not realize, at the present day, that they have the responsibility of the future resting on them. They have got into the way of thinking that they must wait until they are grown up before they can do any good or be of any use. This is a false notion. When we are young we are sowing seeds and we will reap the harvest from them when we are men. So it all depends upon the early years of his life whether a boy will be of use to humanity or not.

Great deeds spring from the small, unseen duties of life being carefully and conscientiously performed. A boy who has been taught something about the laws which govern his being, as we are taught in the Raja Yoga School, knows how true this is. And these laws can be, and *are* taught, to little children not more than three years old. A boy so taught has a high ideal to work for and Raja Yoga shows us *how* we can work for it in our school, or in our home, or wherever we may be. And working for this ideal leads us to make our surroundings bright and clean and beautiful. How can boys or girls expect to help their nation, or be of any great use to humanity if they do not build up a simple greatness at home?

The way to attain to this ideal is to strive constantly to build character and to build it on a firm basis. And the boy who tries every day and does not get discouraged or selfish will succeed.

GREAT BRITAIN was the first country to issue postage stamps. That was in 1840. Brazil came next, and in 1844 Switzerland followed. France did not issue stamps until 1849.

It is interesting to know that some years before our own government adopted postage stamps, postmasters made private issues for their own convenience. This was done also in Switzerland.

LITTLE six-year old Lizzie Smith of England, has recently received a medal from the English Humane Society for rescuing her brother, a tiny baby boy only fifteen months old, from a burning house. She fought her way through smoke and flame with the little one in her arms and saved him, although she was burned herself. She must have known about Raja Yoga, or heart-light—don't you think so?

CLIMBING UP THE HILL

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY and Faint of Heart
Set off on a journey with Only Try.

And each was ready to do his part
While the sunny hours went merrily by,
But when the shadows were growing long
And the crickets chirping their evening song
Up rose like a barrier mighty and strong
A rocky hillside aigh.

Said Happy-Go-Lucky, "Suppose we wait,
And somebody passing may give us a ride."
"We shall break our necks if we climb so late!"
Poor Faint of Heart, in a panic cried.
But Only Try, with a resolute eye,
Looked up at the hill and the sunset sky.
"There is plenty of time," said Only Try,
"And the moon is full besides."

So Only Try, without stay or stop,
Went clambering up over rock and root.
Till he stood at last on the hill's green top,
In a beautiful clearing, with flowers and fruit.
But the other two are waiting still,
For nobody lives or ever will
That can reach the top of the smallest hill
By sitting down at the foot!

— New York News

Students'Path

SILENCE

by SWINBURNE

BUT ye, keep ye on earth
 Your lips from over-speech;
 Loud words and longing are so little worth,
 And the end is hard to reach.
 For silence after grievous things is good,
 And reverence, and the fear that makes men whole,
 And shame, and righteous governance of blood,
 And lordship of the soul.
 But from sharp words and wits men pluck no fruit,
 And gathering thorns they shake the tree at root,
 For words divide and rend;
 But silence is most noble to the end.

Optimism---True and False

THERE is an ever greater tendency among our public men to examine the watchwords which we have nationally adopted, to ascertain if they still bear the meaning which was originally intended, and whether we may not reasonably search for still higher ideals to guide our national life. President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, has referred to some of these points in a recent speech upon Americanism. Optimism is, of course, a supreme virtue. It is itself creative of the conditions which it anticipates, but it ought to be based upon something more definite than a calm oblivion to the actual dangers which threaten. True optimism recognizes all perils with the assurance that they can be rightly overcome; it is productive of vigorous action and not complacency. President Wilson says "we now have things on a national basis which does not seem at present to be threatened by any catastrophe. It is true that we have anarchy to deal with, but this is no evil peculiar to us." Now, our ideal has certainly been lowered and not raised if we can console ourselves for the evils which we have by the recollection that other nations possess them also. We are accustomed to deplore the conditions which rule elsewhere and to attribute to them the social wrongs from which we hope to be free. A threat is not less dangerous because it is directed against many, and if the disorders which afflict some other countries are found also to exist in America, we must necessarily ask if they spring from the same cause. If they do, then have we not failed to establish our claim to introduce a new social order which shall make these things impossible? For America to plead that she is no worse off in this respect than some of the countries of Europe is not a position which America ought to occupy.

President Wilson speaks well when he says that we have entered the present century with a big question-mark staring us in the face. "We pride ourselves," he says, "on our liberty, but if what we call liberty is found in the cities it is a peculiar liberty." It certainly is—a very peculiar liberty. It is a liberty which consists of wholesale oppression and general license, and the learned President is justified in saying that the makers of the Constitution would fail to recognize their handiwork in its present condition. The Constitution was framed by men who believed that the preservation of liberty would remain instinctive in the American heart. They supposed that they were drawing up an instrument which would be a guide to those who were determined to possess liberty and to confer it. They were far too wise to suppose that any constitution could either create or preserve a freedom which was not based upon the continuing intention of those to whom that constitution was given. The Constitution is a memorial of that intention, and it has no abiding efficacy outside of it. Does that intention still persist, or have we learned to look upon the Constitution as an amiable obstruction which can be climbed over, through, and around in a hundred different ways? The Constitution ordained freedom, but have we freedom? Is the individual at liberty to effectively participate in the government of the country in the way in

which it was intended he should participate? Is the individual at liberty to entertain and to express his religious opinions free from all pains and penalties? We know very well that he is not, and that if he avows unpopular religious views he will be immediately and deliberately crushed by a carefully constructed Juggernaut against which there is no appeal. Has the individual any remedy against the outrages of some few sections of the Press? Practically, he has no remedy whatever, and we all know it.

We look back with pity upon the old nations who were despotically governed by crowned tyrants. But the fact that the government was centered in one individual tyrant was itself a check upon abuse, and history is full of instances of the way in which that check operated. Rome grew tired of Nero as England did of Charles I and the Stuart Dynasty. The tyrannies of today have many heads, and they are all safer than was that of King Charles. Today we have no remedy whatever against oppression in its worst forms, and with such an outlook we cannot share in the false optimism which sees only a cloudless sky and a clear horizon. We do, however, profess that better optimism which recognizes many and grave dangers, but which is confident of victory, because it relies upon the divinity of man and an innate national nobility which will not fail for long to assert itself.

X.

A Plan for Emptying Hell

IN one of George Macdonald's novels, *Robert Falconer*, a singularly noble-hearted boy, brought up in the strictest and narrowest Calvinistic and predestinarian line, proposes a plan for emptying hell, which perhaps has not its parallel in literature.

The boy is distressed at the thought of the myriads in hell, doomed to be there for all eternity; and he cannot imagine the possibility of his own happiness in heaven whilst knowing of the torment going on below. He is discussing the matter with his old grandmother, whose heart (to her great remorse) constantly affronts her rigid creed. Apologizing to the author for slightly simplifying the Scotch for ordinary readers, here is the plan: The preliminary line of reasoning starts from his perception of the fact that in life the innocent have frequently to suffer for the sins of the guilty. This he submits to his grandmother, who says:

Ay, laddie, many a one has to do that. But not to make atonement, ye ken. Nothin' but the sufferin' o' the spotless could do that. The Lord wadna be satisfied with less nor that. It must be the innocent to suffer for the guilty.

But (says the boy), gin we gang to the good place, we'll all be innocent, willna we, grannie?

And being thus made innocent, we are in position to satisfy the requirements of "the Lord," and can ourselves make an efficacious sacrifice.

All them that sits doon to the supper o' the Lamb 'll sit there because Christ suffered the punishment due to their sins—winna they, grannie?

Doobtless, laddie.

But it 'll be sair upon them to sit there eatin' and drinkin' and talkin' away, and enjoyin' themsel's, when every noo and then there 'll come a sough o' wailin' up from the ill place.

What are ye drivin' at, laddie? I canna unnerstan' ye.

So the lad unfolds his plan. He will first take care that he himself gets into Heaven.

Weel, once I'm in there, the verra first night I sit down wi' the lave o' them, I'm goin' to rise up and say—that is, gin the Maister, at the head o' the table, disna bid me sit doon—an' say: "Brithers an' sisters, the whole o' ye, hearken to me for ae minute; an', O Lord, gin I say wrang, just tak' the speech from me, and I'll sit doon dumb and rebukit. We're all here by grace an' no by merit, save His, as ye all know better nor I can tell ye, for ye hae been longer here nor me. But it's just ruggin' and tearin' at my heart to think o' them that's doon there. Maybe ye can hear them. Now, we hae no merit, an' they hae no merit, an' what for are we here and them there? But we're washed clean and innocent now; an' now, when there's no stain lying upon oursel's, it seems to me that we might bear some o' the sins o' them that have over many. I call upon each one o' ye that has a frien' or a neebor down yonner, to rise up an' taste nor bite nor sup more till we gang up all together to the foot o' the throne, and pray the Lord to let us gang an' do as the Maister did afore us, an' bear their griefs an' carry their sorrows doon in hell there; gin it may be that they may repent and get remission o' their sins, an' come up here with us at the long last, and sit doon with us at this table, all through the merits o' our Savior Jesus Christ, at the head o' the table there. Amen."

This is the plan. And we doubt not that there is many and many a Christian of Calvin's gloomy creed who would gladly make any sacrifice here or hereafter if they had any hope in its efficacy.

STUDENT

WISHING

by ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

DO you wish the world were better? Let me tell you what to do.
Set a watch upon your actions, keep them always straight and true;
Rid your mind of selfish motives, let your thoughts be clean and high;
You can make a little Eden of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser? Well, suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom in the scrap-book of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly; live to learn and learn to live.
If you want to give men knowledge, you must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy? Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness as you pass along the way;
For the pleasure of the many may be oftentimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn shelters armies from the sun.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

[CONTINUED FROM FEBRUARY 14TH]

Question

How can you expect such an all-embracing science and philosophy, as Theosophy is claimed to be, to reach the masses?

Answer

(3) It is unquestionably true that the masses need—not only something which they can readily understand

—but something which explains life, and also meets the requirements of everyday existence.

Dogma and belief play but a small part with the people, and they have drifted away from the influence of the churches: at the same time the ears of the common people are open to anything that savors of truth, as witness the many forms of "new thought," which find so many followers. The people are ready for the truth, and their understanding is better than they are generally given credit for.

The form of the question implies that Theosophy is a very complicated and difficult subject. As to this a great Teacher has said, "It gives the greatest minds their fullest scope, yet . . . it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child." Its fundamental principles are easy to understand, they are reasonable and just and meet the requirements of daily life, as well as awaken the highest and best in man. There is nothing in Theosophy itself to prevent the masses understanding it and making it a power in their lives.

The question, therefore, resolves itself into one of methods, and of these there are many. There is continually being directed—in this as well as in other countries—the promulgation of Theosophy, pure and simple, and this is reaching not only the cultured and educated, but the masses in ever increasing numbers, for the application that is being made is of such a nature as to be of practical guidance and support in daily life.

But our greatest work perhaps is being done in the Raja Yoga Schools for the children, the success of which is admitted by all who take the opportunity to inform themselves as to the results of the few years' work—in building of character and the conferring of a high-grade of scholarly attainment.

Besides the direct methods, there are the indirect, which are seen in the leavening of science, philosophy, literature and even sectarianism, with Theosophical principles: all this reaches the masses, for the influence of the cultured and educated upon the people is very strong. These indirect methods do not promulgate Theosophy by name, nor do they impart a knowledge of it with any degree of completeness, yet they lift men's minds out of the narrow grooves of thought of the past, and prepare the way for a fuller exposition of that Theosophy which is complete in itself and sees no unsolvable mystery anywhere. R. C.

(4) Surely it is only through an all-embracing philosophy and science that the masses can be reached. They are waiting for something that will deal with the problems of daily life, something that reaches right into their homes, and every day common-place affairs. It is through the practical application of right philosophy and science, which Theosophy alone can give, that the hearts of the people can be reached and men and wo-

men aroused to a better understanding of themselves and of the daily perplexities of human life. When the students of Theosophy can show them the philosophy of pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, and how to fill the whole of life with joy and happiness, by right living; when they can demonstrate the nobleness and dignity of labor, done with a spirit of love and helpfulness, then will they turn towards us and our philosophy with outstretched hands and demand to be shown the way. And all this is being done and the students of Theosophy are learning to live such a life under the guidance of Katherine Tingley.

There is no phase of life which Theosophy can not reach. It applies to the rich as well as the poor, oftentimes it is those who have felt the sorrows of life who are more easily reached, for oftentimes they have already learned to look upon their circumstances from a philosophical standpoint, many times even trying to get happiness out of their very misfortunes.

The beginning, which has already been made, to make Theosophy practical in daily life, is even now arousing the minds of the people, and it is just this practical application of Theosophy that alone can reach the masses. They want to see and know the results of this application, and when they realize that it is possible to live such a life as Theosophy teaches, full of joy and happiness, also that health and happiness of people and nations are the result, the seed sown will bring forth bountiful harvests. A. E. W.

(5) To this question the first reply that might occur to some persons would be the answer conveyed in the inquiry, that is, that we expect to reach the masses because Theosophy is so "all-embracing." In fact it has well been designated as a *Universal Religion*, as it is adapted to the needs of all.

For the past ten years there has been a tremendous and wonderful increase in all the activities of life from the fact that the time had arrived when a rebirth was to take place of what has always been, for never were there truer words uttered than, "There is nothing new under the sun." With this old-new order of things there is a great tearing down and a general casting aside of many so-called "precedents" that have tied the hearts, minds and hands of the people.

When such a time arrives in the world's history at a casual glance it may well be called a *dangerous situation*, but why not look deeper and see for ourselves that the value of precedent, outside self-complacency, much so-called science, the getting together of money for other than legitimate uses of life and many other objects in life, rest on a most precarious foundation inasmuch as they do not rest on *Law*, but a *fleeting, ever-changing order of things*. But let us look deeper and we find that we can make it a harvest-time for the gathering in out of the chaos of that which is good, and there is much, and apply it for the good of all.

And Theosophy is already doing its work of uplifting the world. The seed planted and nurtured by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley shows itself in the plant now reared, for the shackles are falling off the minds of the masses—the leaven has been doing its work. G. A.

Theosophy is that ocean of Knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of the evolution of sentient beings; unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope, yet, shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child.—W. Q. JUDGE

THE SOUL'S TRAVELING

by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

I DWELL amid the city ever,
The great humanity which beats
Its life along the stony streets,
Like a strong and unassuaged river
In a self-made course
I sit and hearken while it rolls.
Very sad and very hoarse
Certes is the flow of souls:
Infinite tendencies
By the hute prest and pent,
In the infinite turbulent.
How we tremble in surprise
When sometimes, with an awful sound,
God's great plummet strikes the ground.

THE higher the mind, it may be taken as a universal rule, the less it will scorn that which appears to be small or unimportant. Greatness of mind is not shown by admitting small things, but by making small things great under its influence. He who can take no interest in what is small will take false interest in what is great.—*Ruskin*

Hypnotism in the Sunday-school

AMONG recent exports from the American continent is a certain gentleman who has now landed in England, and whose mission it seems to be to conduct a sort of revival in Sunday-school teaching. He has addressed various conferences of teachers on the subject of hypnotic suggestion as an aid in Sunday-school work. He has pointed out how impressionable is the mind of the child, and the extent to which this kind of hypnotism can be used for educational purposes.

We can well understand that nothing short of hypnotism could persuade the child of average intelligence to believe much that is told in the Sunday-school, but it is none the less horrible in the extreme that such abominable advice should be given in the name of religion. Would that it were possible to reach the ears and the understandings of the parents in time to prevent such reckless tampering with the minds of their children, and the almost certain and incurable mischief that must follow.

And yet how many parents are there who would act upon such a warning even were it possible to give it? There seems to be no limit to the covering capacity of a religious profession. It appears to be equally effective as a disguise for the fraudulent public company or for the moral vivisection of a child.

STUDENT

He who has an enemy for a critic is fortunate; he who has a friend for a critic is more fortunate; he who has himself for a critic is most fortunate; he who has no critic is entitled to our commiseration.

By keeping the mouth shut it is easier to keep the eyes and ears open.

POINTS OF WISDOM

from H. P. Blavatsky

THERE is but one Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite and changeless Spirit of Love, Truth and Wisdom.

There is one Light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves and has its being.

The Universal religion can only be one, if we accept the real primitive meaning of the root of that word.

We are all brothers—by the laws of nature, of birth and death, as also by the laws of our utter helplessness from birth to death in the world of sorrow and deceptive illusions.

The "Christian" virtues were taught and practised by Buddha 600 years B. C., as other Chinese and Indian good men and adepts accepted and taught them to the multitudes thousands of years before Buddha. Why call them "Christian," since they are universal?

It is not "the fear of God" which is "the beginning of wisdom," but the knowledge of self which is wisdom itself.

He who would profit by the wisdom of the universal mind, has to reach it through the whole of Humanity, without distinction of race, religion or social status.

Truth can never be killed: hence the failure to sweep away entirely from the face of the earth every vestige of the ancient Wisdom.

In the Twentieth century of our era scholars will begin to recognize that the Secret Doctrine has neither been invented nor exaggerated, but simply outlined.

A Native American Volapuk

THE following very interesting passage is copied from the preface to a dictionary of the Chinook jargon, which is the trading language in general use between whites and Indians all through Western Canada and the Northwestern United States. It is also used more or less by the Chinese of the same region. The parentheses are ours:

The language of the native Indian is seldom heard (by strangers). The progressive English is forcing its way even into the lodges of the most savage tribes, and many of the original Indian dialects of the coast, of which Chinook was the most important, have disappeared entirely with the nations that spoke them. It is a remarkable fact that the Indian tribes, occupying so small a territory, and compelled to traffic, travel, make war and carry on such intercourse as their nomadic life required, spoke languages as different from one another as modern Spanish is from English. These languages were almost as numerous as the tribes themselves. In the strip of territory from the mouth of the Willamette river to the ocean (about fifty miles) at least five distinct languages were spoken, the Wahkiakum, Cowlitz, Multnomah and other tribes using among themselves only their own tribal language (as most of them still do); but in voyages along the rivers or in hunting parties in the mountains, the Wasco Indian who happened to meet the Clatsop—one from the mouth of the Columbia and the other from Central Oregon (200 or 300 miles away)—made himself perfectly understood in this accommodating jargon, which was in use from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific as a trading language.

We venture to predict that such a universal language will come into use when "the great civilized nations" learn to live with as little international friction as these "barbarous tribes" did.

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Meteorological Table for the week ending
February the 21st, 1904

FEB	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DAY	NIGHT		DIR	VEL
15	29.860	56	50	53	53	.00	NW	18
16	29.694	56	52	55	53	.00	SE	5
17	29.746	56	50	53	50	.32	W	5
18	29.830	57	47	53	51	.00	E	light
19	29.830	60	51	55	52	.00	NE	4
20	29.798	59	47	53	51	.00	E	2
21	29.816	60	48	51	51	.00	E	4

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

No Heaven-bent Mob for Him

At an evangelistic service at Glasgow, the other day, the preacher at the end of his address cried: "Now all you good people who mean to go to heaven with me, stand up!" With a surge of enthusiasm, the audience sprang to its feet—all but an old Scotchman in the front row who sat still. The horrified evangelist wrung his hands and addressing him, said: "My good man, my good man, don't you want to go to heaven?" Clear and deliberate came the answer: "Aye, Aww gangin' but no wi' a pairsonally conducted pairty.—*St. James Gazette*

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Grave International Situation
An Irish Village—frontispiece
Onward! Christian Soldiers
Egypt—Past, Present, Future
Silvela on State of Spain
Welsh Discovery of America

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Relics of the Inquisition
Confessions by Torture
True and False Education
Queer Reading for Children

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Architecture of Cities
Shakespeare's Environment
Alfred Tennyson (illustration)
To Victor Hugo (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

The Marriage Question
A Step Forward
Honor of Erin's Women
Bridge Killarney (illustration)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Europe's Prehistoric Caverns
Hydroscope and Archeology
Prehistoric Animals Extant
Native South African (illustration)
A Babylonian School

Page 9—NATURE

Man's Dominion
March (verse)
Building of a Daisy—illustrated

Pages 10 & 11—U. S. B. ORGANIZATION

Rev. S. J. Neill's Address
at Isis Theatre
Point Loma Rivals Gibraltar
Our Relation to Others
Senior Raja Yoga Class
(illustration)

Page 12—FICTION

The Triumph of Mabel
Hawthorne

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Vivisection and Public Interest
Types in Cosmic Intelligence
Consumption and Open Air Treatment

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Castle Ruins, Ireland (illustration)
French Premier & Peace
Swiss Parliament
Tahitians and Civilization
French Clericals
Diplomats and Servants
Danish Minister's Mistake
Chinese Editor Convinced
Lace Industry in France
Child Life in Russia
German Chemist's Discovery
London Child Mortality

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Tommy's Fun
From Japan
Aryan Temple Rehearsal
(illustration)
Old Stone Basin (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Pioneers (verse)
Unpractical Speculation
Men Are Four (verse)
Imbecility and Naughtiness
Let the Heart Say (verse)
Students' Column
Earl of Cromer

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Historic Religion
Columbian Ideals

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

► A Grave International Situation ►

WE should have to turn back many pages, many chapters of history before finding an international situation of equal gravity to the present. The waters of human hate have risen as though impelled by some demon hand and the lilies of peace have disappeared. Two great peoples have cast their civilization into the crucible of war and the shock of their contending forces has created a military maelstrom of such colossal magnitude that all other nations are straining at the slender ties which bind them to peace.

Who can say what the end of it shall be or through what dark valleys of desolation humanity must pass before it shall reach the tranquillity which is founded upon fraternity and not upon the menace of its protecting armies.

There is nothing magnificent in most of the international quarrels of today. There is in them no trace of that nobility which has at times laid a redeeming touch upon the most ruthless wars. Men have fought for freedom until they have forgotten their common humanity, they have been stirred into conflict by the primitive passions which have demanded no excuse whatever for their display and no stimulus to their exercise. But today the nations fight as though they were soulless machines directed only by the mind of the money-maker, and the sentiment which calls itself

Unblushing Political Intrigue

patriotism is but the unwholesome effervescence of a collective greed. Political intrigue is so unblushing and its cupidity so unconcealed that the actual clash of arms is almost a relief from its base preliminaries.

Here at any rate is something we can understand, here at any rate is the ferocity of the wild beast triumphant and unashamed. The causes of war, of the present war and of all its possible extensions, are given to us glibly enough, in our daily newspapers whose omniscience is often tempered only by a desire to make confusion worse confounded and to add fuel to the destructive flames. But the true student will look further and deeper than the dispatches of foreign state secretaries and the wiles of the embassies. He will see that war is but an expression in its most brutal form of the time spirit, that it is but the Moloch which has been born and nurtured in our homes, our counting-houses and our pulpits and which has now grown so great and strong that it must be fed upon blood, triumphant in the desolation of broken hearts and the ruined homes of the poor. The burden of this guilt and of all guilts which are yet to come does not rest upon parliaments nor upon governments. It is shared by every human unit whose heart has been soiled by hate and strife and there is not one of us exempt. Not from the blue sky comes the tornado

► Upon All Rests the Guilt of War

but from the piled up clouds which frightfully obscure the sun and which give warning of devastation before the thunder breaks. Up from every civilization the vapors of human hate and greed and oppression have steamed for these many years, up from the heart of every human being who has hated his brother. The storm center may circle hither and thither and the lightning may strike now here and now there, but its force is a world force, created by the world and destined to be the scourge of the world.

Inasmuch as upon every one of us lies the guilt of war as well as its retribution, unto every one of us is given the power to enforce its cessation. No calamity is altogether without its crown, if it bring with it the realization of responsibility, not alone for the support of peace congresses and the persuasion or compulsion of others but for the establishment of concord and fraternity within the boundless sway of our own hearts. Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer. He has added his portion to the sorrowful sea of strife which encompasses the world and whose waves break in ruin upon unseen shores. If we will not learn the fraternity of joy then must we learn the fraternity of grief. Even through the iron mouth of guns the great law speaks to us and in the cry of the war-orphan is the judgment and the inexorable doom.

Unto each man comes a moment when every act and every uttermost hidden thought springs to sight from the dark caves of memory, to stand in accusation or in defence before the soul. How great shall be our condemnation if there be then any record of opportunity wasted or misused when by thought or speech or act we might have aided the cause of peace upon earth, which is the outcome of that other inner and individual peace which passes all understanding.

STUDENT

Frontispiece—An Irish Village

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week gives a typical view of a street scene in a village in the south of Ireland. There is a peddler's cart in the foreground, and the usual complement or sunny-faced children are in sharp contrast against the clean, white walls of the cottages.

"Onward! Christian Soldiers"

THE following words conclude a farewell speech recently delivered by an European Prince to some soldiers on the point of embarkation against a "savage" foe: "May every bullet find its mark! May God be with you!"

Egypt---Past, Present, & Future

(From our Special Correspondent)

LUXOR, EGYPT, 25th January, 1904

SUPPOSING one, after journeying up the Nile to the confines of what was ancient Egypt and then back to Cairo again, were asked to give his impressions of the Egypt of today, what could he say that would be distinct from both guide-books and from what former travelers have written on the subject? Little; but supposing again that such an one looked out upon the country and brought it in his mind to compare with the hidden life of those long passed days of the Pharaohs when Egypt was great and mighty and the mother of not only all we have today but also the child of that unknown past whose relics are now slowly coming to light. In that field of thought might it not be found that men know not all? To-day the towering chimneys of sugar refineries replace the obelisks of the past raised by people who thought more of the mysteries of life than of its outer garment, darting tapering fingers to the heavens and offering eloquent testimony to the thought and wisdom of the centuries. Whether one wanders through the desecrated temples of that land, whether one ponders upon the secret meaning of the holy signs engraved upon their walls, whether one gazes upon the profound tombs and the bodies of the dead that they hold, but one thought is uppermost. What was the life, what the wisdom, what the vitality, of this ancient people who built so grandly, who thought so nobly and who made so great an impression upon the mind of the world? There is a feeling of compassionate power, a sense of assurance produced upon one by all this, and the wonder of it all is that the further back one goes into the life and achievements of these old Egyptians, the finer becomes the art, the more majestic the architecture. The fact is that Egypt has no known beginning. She marvelously and wonderfully springs from the thought of the infinite in the full bloom of her national existence.

Whence came all this? It is history that when the first known settlers appeared upon the banks of the Nile they found there two races living side by side, one fair and the other dark. Yet the ancients of this land traced their history back to Menes the first human king, right into the heroic and divine ages. Now has America of prehistoric times no part in this? If not, how explain the multitudinous similarities which are found in religious symbolism in the two Americas, and even in exactly the same manner of embalming the dead whether in America or by the Egyptians, as proved by the testimony of Herodotus and by the mummies themselves and by the exhumed dead of the two Americas? Aye, the voice of history speaks with a very certain sound on this subject but facts speak with an even more certain and positive voice and the day will come when these facts will no longer brook contradiction. In those days there will be a revelation and many a monument raised to bigoted and biased genius will topple from its base. One who knows says that America will prove to be a book of revelations for the world, and truly if there be such a thing as sequence and evolution's onward march that book is now about to be opened. Surely everything points that way. The days may come when the study of Egypt's temples and hidden wonders may be "the study of fools," as that same teacher has said, for there will be fountains of human knowledge laid bare in America while here will be only—however great the gap—a reproduction of what went before elsewhere. Who lives will see.

Then the Egyptians of today, what a sorry rôle they play! What a contrast with their mighty fathers, these wretched fellaheen. Their one hope in life seems to be to get as much backsheesh as Allah will send them in his great mercy. And they look upon the hordes of Cook's and other locusts who swarm over the land as a providential dispensation of the Most High. But it would be unfair to ignore some redeeming points and more agreeable qualities which the fellaheen has. He is bright, astonishingly quick to grasp a truth and is ensouled with a spark of spiritual fire which leavens and purifies him. How often have I not wished that the advantages might be given to them that are given so bountifully to others at a certain place on the Pacific coast, in Cuba and elsewhere. They are the most promising type I have ever seen and these unfortunate people are deserving of better things. What is more, they will get them too, that I feel and know.

The English supervisory direction of affairs has done inestimable things for this miserable land. Lord Cromer's actions and suggestions to

the native heads have been so far-sighted and beneficent that one may well think he has obeyed a higher impulse and acted upon a nobler feeling of humanitarian instinct than is common to men.

What will be the future of Egypt? An age old prophecy says that her star will some day rise again and I fully believe that prophecy. Her recuperative power is astonishing. Her people are patriotic, industrious and very intelligent; her climate for the greater part of the year is simply ideal and she is almost absolutely protected from foreign aggression. Her future will again be a brilliant one and may be a world forming one, but that not before epochs have rolled from time into eternity. G. D. P.

Silvela on the State of Spain

FOR very many years Señor Silvela has occupied a position in Spain which gives him a special competency to speak with authority of the condition of the country. He has recently allowed himself to be interviewed, and the opinions which he then expressed are worthy of much attention, although those who are accustomed to look below the mere surface of events will see in them a pessimism which is not justified. He does well to speak with a profound regret of the deteriorating influence of the bull-ring and of the public lottery, and he then goes on to say:

I wished to govern Spain as an European State, as a country cultured and free; but I found at all times concealed enmity where I naturally looked for strong and loyal support. . . . We possessed at one time men of war, which appeared to be men of war, and sailors appearing to be sailors. With this double deception people feared us a little. Today, however, no one fears us, and no nation can continue to stand alone without inevitable decay. No republic is possible without Republicanism, and no great country without patriots. Patriotism is disappearing in Spain because the country costs money. . . . Finally, the Spaniard of today is either a bull-fighter or desires to become one; anything in fact, except a Spaniard.

Señor Silvela is despondent because he is justifiably disappointed. He does not see that his pessimism is contradicted by the very turmoil into which his country is now plunged. There is no effervescence without energy and while Spain is, of course, suffering from her own peculiar malady, her vigor is proof that national death is still a long way off. Turmoil is better than apathy, and the unpleasing features which are so apparent in her national life, are but as the scum which must rise to the surface, while a wholesome regeneration is in process below. X.

Welsh Discovery of America

IT seems that there are more claimants to the discovery of America than is usually supposed. There is a story in existence that about the year 1140 the Welsh Prince Madoc crossed the Atlantic and landed in Florida. Soon afterwards he returned to Wales and organized an expedition of about 300 men who once more crossed the ocean, reached America and founded a colony. Only one of his followers came back to Wales and his story was recorded and preserved by the bard Gwyllon Owen, and the manuscript is said to be still in existence.

The story has never lacked believers both in Wales and in America. Catlin, who lived among the Mandan Indians, firmly believed that this tribe was of Welsh origin. They alone of all Indian tribes used the coracle, and the manuscript in question specifically states that Prince Madoc introduced the coracle among American Indians. The Mandans, moreover, were of fair complexion and had red wavy hair like the Welsh. They were proficient in making glass beads and similar civilized ornaments and a great many of their words were identical with the Welsh language. The Rev. Benj. F. Bowen is another authority, who examined the story and accepted it as true, and his book, "America Discovered by the Welsh," published in 1876, contains a large amount of very interesting evidence. STUDENT

If there is one thing on which the modern advanced thinker prides himself, it is his open mind. . . . The Bible is probably inspired, but probably also it is not; free trade is unquestionably sound in theory, but so is protection; . . . the moral law should always be supreme, but we need not apply it strictly in practice. In short, our minds are not only open, but open at both ends. . . . We no longer hold to any tenet fiercely enough to burn the infidels; but what is more, we are so doubtful about our own creed that we will not even back it with our money, let alone going to the stake for it.—*The Nation*.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Modern Relics of the Inquisition

DURING the last week the authorities of the city workhouse of Kansas City state that they have wrung from prisoners, confessions which laid bare a plan to escape, in which fifteen or twenty of the inmates of the institution were implicated. Confessions were wrung from them by such means as were used in the Spanish inquisition. H. A. Couch, Thomas Brennan, Joseph Morely, Walter Allen, Charles Evanston and his brother Fred Evanston were separately placed in the dungeon and were tortured until they told all they knew. — *Syracuse Telegram*

In the most casual manner the clerk in charge of the prisoners recently gave an account of the way in which they were tortured. It is almost impossible to read the account with anything like equanimity, so horrible is it. The cell in question is a small circular room, just high enough to allow a man to stand erect. The victim's manacled hands were fastened to the wall, level with his face, by means of a short chain passed through the handcuffs. The prisoner, of course, cannot stand up, or lie down, or even kneel. He is fed on bread and water. If he becomes so tired that he must relax his muscles, he is permitted to let his body hang loosely from his suspended arms, while the iron handcuffs cut into the flesh. Said the city clerk:

It is nothing. Why, I have kept a man in there as long as forty-eight hours. Most of them are game, you know, and we just have to keep them in there until they think they are dying; and when a man gets in that condition, no matter how tough he is, he is ready to tell everything he knows when you carry him out; and if he shows the least reticence, back he goes. I tell you, it is fine.

But quite outside of humanity [the reporter asked him], What about your responsibility? Suppose these men die under your treatment?

O, we have the city physician examine him. We don't leave them there until permanent injury results, of course.

This is the Twentieth century, and these are some of the methods by which we unmake certain products of our civilization, after carefully making them what they are. As Samanthly Allen used to say:

Confessions Extracted by Tortures

We spend all the money we take in on high licenses buying ropes to hang the criminals we make.

What hope is there for a civilization that will tolerate such things as these, that will place over our criminals a keeper who says, "It is nothing, we have a city physician come out to examine them!" And after all, what is the result of this? Do they get the truth? If they do, there might be a shadow of an excuse, but they don't. Did Galileo tell the truth under torture? One cannot think of human torture without recalling that scene in Joan of Arc's dungeon when Cauchon, the despicable Bishop of Beauvais, threatened her with torture if she did not answer and "tell the truth." She had been for weeks suffering under the questioning of her Inquisitors. This was to be the climax. Said Cauchon:

There is the rack and there are its ministers. You will reveal all now, or be put to the torture.

And then she made that answer that will last as long as time; which shows the absurdity of torture, the awfulness of it, and its futility:

I will tell you nothing more than I have told you, no, not if you tear my limbs from my body, and bear in mind that even if, in my pain, I did say something otherwise, I would tell you afterwards that it was the torture that spoke and not I.

She laid her hand upon a truth as old as the world. That was centuries ago. Have we not learned by this time?

We pretend to be very humanitarian in our prisons, but in some of them we make a dead-set determination to get the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, the excuse for more diabolical cruelty than the average mind can take in and keep its balance. That is why the vivisector tortures dumb animals, to get at the truth about something—or nothing; and that is the excuse we make today for tortures that would have shamed the dungeons of medieval Europe. We are after "the truth," and yet the simple fact is, as Joan of Arc declared, that words spoken under torture are always valueless. "It is the torture that speaks and not I."

A. V.

The True and the False Education

IN Loma-land every one learns to be practical and to convert his theories into deeds. Thus it is a school in which true education is gained—education in the art of living. In the Raja Yoga Schools for children the same thing is true: there also education in real life is considered the mainspring, practical knowledge is made to keep pace with theoretical learning and the children early learn to act.

All this is well-known to those who have studied the ideals and methods of life held and carried out in Loma-land, and there is no need now to more than mention it sufficiently to introduce our main topic. In Loma-land all work is deemed as equally honorable and valuable, and every student takes his share of the general work necessary to a common life. This would perhaps be of small account were it not that Loma-land is setting a pattern which the world will surely copy. That the world is crying out for such a lead as we can give it, is sufficiently evidenced by the voices that reach us from the world. Among those is an article in *The Philistine* for January, from which the following is quoted:

By separating education from practical life society has inculcated the vicious belief that education is one thing and life another.

I will never be satisfied until one-half of the curriculum at Harvard is devoted to doing things, instead of merely talking about them.—*President Eliot*

The preacher who is separated by education and custom from the world of useful effort, hasn't anything worth telling on Sunday.

The best way to learn to be useful is to be useful. To take a young man from life for four years and send him to college, in order to educate him for life, is to run a grave risk that you will not get him back into life. The colleges are constantly graduating incompetent people, and this will continue until men get a living and an education at the same time.

To do a certain amount of manual labor every day, should be accounted a privilege to every normal man and woman.

To work intelligently is education.

To abstain from useful work in order to get an education, is to get an education of the wrong kind, that is to say, a false education.

The chief error of the colleges lies in the fact that they have separated the world of culture from the world of work.

In short, the world is tired of false education, which separates learning from practical life, making the learned men useless and the workers ignorant. It is crying out for some one who can make life once more a glorious whole for each one:

For the man who can weld Life and Education, the laurel awaits.

STUDENT

Some Queer Reading for Children

THERE is a curious bit of reading in a recent number of a magazine intended for boys and girls. It describes the new rifle of the United States Army. This weapon, it appears,

will shoot a single bullet through the bodies of fifty-five men formed in a straight column all facing its muzzle, the nearest man being fifty-three feet away. At a distance of 1500 yards it can, with one of its little lead projectiles, mow down twenty-three men; at 1000 yards, thirteen men; at 1500 yards, six and one-third men. According to a law deduced by ordnance experts, the fleshy part of a man's body, from front to back, offers the same resistance to a bullet as does a plank of white pine one inch thick. This has been demonstrated by shooting bullets through the corpses of men and through targets of the wood mentioned from various distances—

and so on, three columns of it. The rifle is evidently a good one; but does the description of it, as above, make a very improving couple of pages' reading for a lot of boys and girls whose doings the paper is designed to chronicle? Need they be introduced to these gruesome details in a magazine for their own reading?

Immediately following this article is a poem by Whittier, commencing:

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes.

A large proportion of the homes would doubtless be mourning the work of the rifle eulogized on the preceding page.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Architecture of Our Great Cities

YOUR Athletic Association Building is two Venetian palaces, one piled on top of the other; that warehouse on the Lake Front is the Campanile with the top cut off; two buildings that might stand in Damascus are shown in the upper and lower parts of your Medinah Temple—and so it goes. But the worst is your Desdemona house on the Lake Shore Drive. The house of Desdemona from which this was copied was built in Venice in the Fourteenth century. In the Eighteenth century its owner took the liberty of spoiling it architecturally because he wanted to enlarge the entrance and it is this spoiled building that you have reproduced in your city for a home.

It is in this fashion that M. Antoine Borel, a Parisian art critic, recently discussed the architecture of one of our great cities, and the shots certainly struck home. If there is one feature of our civic life that must seem ludicrous to the well informed it is the collection of architectural curiosities that make up portions of our great cities. Civic life means almost less today than it meant in some of the cities of medieval Europe.

Here and there efforts are made to reach something like harmony and unity in the design of say, a group of buildings in our parks, or the laying out of a long driveway, or possibly a block or two of houses. But the city as a whole just grows, and the man who feels like putting up a Venetian palace is never in the least disturbed if his neighbor builds a German Rathhaus over the way. Washington is one of the few cities which has a certain unity in its beauty. This is largely due, of course, to the general plan adopted in laying out the streets, and to the fact that private and particular prejudices have not been permitted to have full scope in the erection of every particular building.

It is absurd to talk of a more beautiful civic life until those who make up our cities are capable of working together on some one line. Why should our street commissioners and our park commissioners always be politicians? Why not elect on our Boards an educator or two, a landscape-gardener, a practical and well-informed architect, a sculptor, an artist, and a man of general culture who has traveled abroad and can bring to those of us who have not a great deal that we need—with one or two politicians, of course, just for leaven? And why not consider art as well as expense in the erection of our public buildings?

This does not mean that every building should be a palace. It means in the truest sense that every building should be fitted in purpose as well as in structure for the use for which it is intended.

If the truly useful is beautiful there can be no beauty in a structure which is obviously out of its proper environment. It is time we changed our fashion of copying Venetian palaces for livery stables and medieval dungeons for our homes. Let us regulate our desires by moral fitness. STUDENT

AN "Irish Folk-song Society" has recently been organized by prominent women of Ireland. Their purpose is to collect and publish the ancient airs and ballads of the Irish race and they will make special effort to have the airs published in the old traditional scores.

Fragment—Shakespeare's Environment

WE have yet much to learn in the production of our modern drama, and the greatest lesson of all is outlined for us by a single glance at the time in which Shakespeare lived and dreamed and worked. From among his own comrades he chose the actors for his dramas, and they, responding to the magical influence of the master in their midst, rose to heights undreamed of, often surpassing themselves in their performances, so that, notwithstanding the total absence of scenery and external aids, the production of these plays was often a revelation.

The mystery dramas of Shakespeare, pulsating with life—the vigorous, sturdy life of those times—are not the work of a student in his study, but that of an actor among his student-actors. Despite the unsurpassed depths of thought revealed in them, Shakespeare's appeal, first and last, is ever to the heart, rather than to the intellect.

A word, too, of the scenery among which these actors and comrades lived and worked. The Avon, on which Stratford lies, is a series of curves, dotted with little islets and having so gentle a current that one may row up stream almost as easily as down. The river, too, being level with its banks, enables you to glide between wooded slopes, or meadow-land, golden with buttercups, glorious with great elms and spreading oaks. Then the hedges of wild-roses, hawthorn and clematis—does any one, I wonder, outside of England, know what a hedge is like? The bright-hued kingfisher darts in and out among the overhanging willows, the tall reeds and rushes—it is a picture that enters your heart and stays there, like the smile of a friend.

May not the calm, the serenity, of these dramas be, in a measure, due to the fact that Shakespeare and many of his actor-friends spent the days of their youth beside the Avon, lifted and quickened by the very power of its sunlight and its peace?

M. V. H.



ALFRED TENNYSON, from the portrait by WATTS

TO VICTOR HUGO

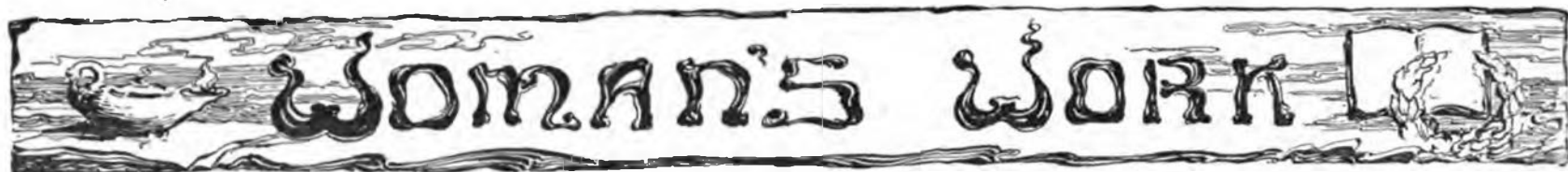
by ALFRED TENNYSON

VICTOR is poesy! Victor is romance!
Cloud-weaver of phenomenal hopes and fears!
French of the French and lord of human tears!
Child-lover, bard, whose fame-lit laurels glance,
Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance
Beyond our strait their claim to be thy peers!
Weird Titan, by thy wintry weight of years
As yet unbroken! Stormy voice of France,
Who does not love our England, so men say;
I know not! England, France, all men to be,
Will make one people, ere man's race be run;
And I, desiring that diviner day,
Yield the full thanks for thy full courtesy
To younger England, in the boy, my son.

M. REDON, architectural expert of the Louvre, Paris, has made the interesting discovery that the walls of the great art gallery are buried to a depth of nearly twenty-five feet. "It is as though some splendid statue had been standing for centuries covered with earth up to its knees." According to M. Redon, the hidden base resembles that of a magnificent palace and there are indications that a moat fifty feet wide originally surrounded the building. As soon as the requisite funds are forthcoming excavations will begin. It is three hundred years since the glorious Louvre has been seen as a whole.

THERE is in the museum of the Academie des Sciences of Paris an air violin. It resembles an ordinary violin excepting in the fact that the strings are acted upon by a current of air instead of a bow. The tone is said to resemble that of a French horn. Will the violin yet be classed among wind instruments?

HERBERT SPENCER, the philosopher, was devoted to music. In his youth he was somewhat of a singer, and even in old age and under the stress of ill health was a frequent attendant at concerts and operas.



HAPPY UNION WITH WIFE AND CHILDREN, IS LIKE THE MUSIC OF LUTES AND HARPS.

— Confucius

IT is a matter of record that, not longer ago than 1820, one Brouchet, who resided

near the village of Broughton,

England, led his wife to the cattle-market at Canterbury and requested the cattle salesman to sell her for him. The salesman declined, saying that it was somewhat out of his line, whereupon Brouchet hired a cattle-pen, led his wife into it by a halter and sold her before many hours to a Canterbury resident for five shillings. That was but eighty-three years ago, and in England.

The woman question, in its march through the ages toward the answer which the future holds, has passed through many phases and written for itself a varied and entertaining record. It is ordinarily believed that to find the custom of bartering wives one must go to the primitive tribes of darkest Africa. But it is really necessary to do no more than go back a hundred or two years in the history of almost any civilized country. It was not many hundred years ago that fair young English women came by the ship-load to Virginia, then just being settled, and were virtually sold to those who became their husbands, for so many pounds of tobacco. In England, among a certain class, the custom was continued until even the present century. In the *Times* of September 19, 1797, we read, "An hostler's wife in the country lately fetched twenty-five guineas. We hear there is to be a sale of wives soon at Christie's;" and a few months later the same paper records, among its news items, that "at the last sale of wives there was but a poor show, though there were plenty of bidders. One alone went off well, being bought by a Taylor who outbid eight of his competitors." Such sales were usually held in the public markets and market tolls were frequently collected similar to those charged for cattle. The woman was always delivered to the purchaser with a halter around her neck. In Birmingham, in the toll book kept in the Bell Inn, Edgbaston street, the following entry may still be read:

AUGUST 31ST, 1779.

Samuel Whitehouse, of the parish of Willenhall, in the county of Stafford, this day sold his wife, Mary Whitehouse, in open market, to Thomas Griffiths, of Birmingham, value one shilling. Signed, Samuel Whitehouse, Mary Whitehouse. Voucher, Thomas Buckley of Birmingham.

It is, of course, true that these instances have no weight as showing that the English people made any excuse for that sort of thing. The people undoubtedly belonged to that class from whom—while not criminal—almost anything may be expected. But the condition existed, and the better classes allowed it to exist, therein becoming sharers in the responsibility for this disgrace. It was, of course, a sign that the flame of the old ideals of woman's position had not quite burned itself out, and it would be a fertile bit of material for those who are still playing on the same old note of "woman's rights and man's wrongs." But there are two sides to every question and the woman question is no exception.

There was once a time—or tradition as well as archeological records err—when woman's position was that of man's comrade, co-worker, even teacher. She stood beside man, not his inferior nor his superior, not his rival nor his dictator, but his equal and his trusted friend. Just what happened of course we do not know, but something must have happened,

The Marriage Question

something terrible in its Karmic results. Woman lost her place and her power; she became in the eyes of man his inferior,

and man quietly placed his heel upon her neck and psychologized her into thinking that she truly was. From the first step downward the descent was swift and easy.

Today, nine-tenths of the disturbance that is in the very air we breathe is the result of the struggle made by the womanhood of the world to rise out of its old and degraded position and to regain, to a degree at least, the position it has lost. The instances quoted are only a few out of many signs showing the upward trend and the slipping away of the old order. One might easily condemn the men who led their wives to the cattle-market and turned them over to the highest bidder with a halter around their necks. But what of the woman who would submit to such a thing without protest?

These women were wives—possessions, of course—but still women—souls. There must have been a time in the life of each when she had it

in her power to awaken in the man whom she married the little spark of justice and compassion that slumbers in every heart. There must have been a moment of choice, a moment when it lay in that woman's power to decide whether the ways should go up or down, the ways of that journey which she and this man, her husband, should tread together. But the woman was ignorant, unthinking, absolutely without any conception of her own power, her life's possibilities, her own divinity. The moment passed, the opportunity slipped away. Instead of taking her place as that man's guide and comrade, she became his servant, his property, his inferior. It is a part of the law that it should be so, for it is of the law that those who do not seize the great opportunities that present themselves will be crushed beneath the Karmic results of that neglect. They may not err wilfully, but no hand can stay or turn aside the results of error, once made.

It is useless to depend on laws alone or public sentiment alone or any outer thing to bring

the womanhood of the world to a realization of its true position. The only hope lies in awakening within the hearts of women themselves a living, glowing assurance of their own divinity, the infinite power of their souls *if they will but claim it*. Laws may do something to adjust matters after women have fallen into pain through ignorance or some mistake, but what we need more is something to prevent the mistake being made. The divorce court at thirty is a poor substitute for the knowledge, the self-reliance, that a woman should have had at twenty. It alleviates but does not cure.

The only remedy for the injustice that is inflicted on women—and for the injustice that women inflict on men by allowing them to continue in a selfish course of action without protest—is the knowledge that the soul lives and that every woman who submits to that which crucifies the soul is not only doubling the chains that hold her a prisoner, but is laying fetters upon all womanhood throughout the world. Within the hearts of women themselves the battle must be fought and won before they can ever step upward and outward into their true position and—which may be even more important—before they can even be thoroughly just to the men beside whom they stand.

RACHEL

THE following was written by the poetess, Elizabeth Barrett, after her meeting with the poet, Robert Browning, and before their marriage. It was published under the title of "Sonnet from the Portuguese," in which she gave a picture of her ideal of that comradeship alone which makes the true marriage possible. The marriage of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning was, as is well-known, one of idyllic happiness and purity, and it was under the inspiration of their life together that the best work of each was done:

XXII

When our two souls stand up erect and strong,
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,
Until the lengthening wings break into fire
At either curved point—what bitter wrong,
Can the earth do to us that we should not long
Be here contented? Think, in mounting higher,
The angels would press on us, and aspire
To drop some golden orb of perfect song
Into our deep, dear silences. Let us stay,
Rather on earth, beloved—where the swift
Contrarious moods of men recoil away
And isolate pure spirits, and permit
A place to stand and love in for a day,
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

A Step Forward

THE bill providing for the appointment of a "State Director of Marriage Reform Instruction," which has been proposed by Representative Dashiell of Iowa, has been the target for some ridicule. But it certainly merits more than a passing laugh, for it means, to those interested, a step forward from out of the tangled network of modern social problems.

The bill states that the director is to serve for five years with a salary sufficiently ample, and his duties are "to formulate a course of instruction for candidates for matrimony," the same to be furnished to every reputable physician in the State. Representative Dashiell is himself a physician, and it is stated that the bill is endorsed generally by physicians.

That physicians should have taken the initiative in this matter arises probably from a laudable desire to better the physical conditions of the race. That the majority of men and women at present prove their incompetency in selecting matrimonial mates is evidenced by the great number of unhappy marriages, and perhaps a little education on these lines may be beneficial. Good men and women are making efforts to change these troubled conditions, but the majority are so misdirected.

A religious society of women has recently been formed, having for one of its fundamental objects the suppression of divorce, which is becoming too prevalent to suit their dogmatic ideas. Again, we hear of a woman lecturer (who, by the way, is unmarried) going to the alarming extent of advocating "cells for divorcées." Can such things be? For a proper readjustment, and a true solution of the difficulty, would it not seem more rational to go to the root of the matter: deal with conditions *before*, rather than *after*, marriage?

The ounce of *prevention* is better than the pound of *cure*, which now, in lieu of something better, must be divorce. But divorce or the suppression of divorce cannot help the children born from uncongenial marriages.

Regarding the said "School for Matrimony," certain important questions arise. Who are the men that are competent to undertake such an important work? In what school of life will their training be? Is the work of such a nature that it should be conducted by men only? After all, is not a School for Matrimony rather limiting the question?

To our way of thinking, the basis for all true reform is to begin with the children. Teach *them* the true principles of life, *right action* and *right thinking*. If every boy and girl knew how to live a clean, healthy and upright life, based on the true principles of life, and knew how to govern his or her own life accordingly, by the time maturity was reached the question of matrimony would be dealt with as properly and easily as any other natural event in life.

E. C. S.

WE are all of us more graceful by the inward presence of what we believe to be a generous purpose; our actions move to a hidden music—a melody that's sweetly played in tune.—*George Eliot*

It is reported that a society known as the Filiae Fidei (that is, Daughters of the Faith) has been organized by Roman Catholic women for the purpose of protesting against productions like *Parsifal* and to censor current literature. One of the by-laws reads, "No member of the Filiae Fidei shall recognize socially, or in any other way, any divorces. She shall not accept invitations from such, nor extend her hospitality to those having violated, according to the dogma of our church, the marriage tie." Several prominent members objected to this clause and have withdrawn.

Honor of Erin's Women

ALTHOUGH in one way we are bound by space and time, yet the light-winged heralds of freedom that rise in our hearts and unite the present with the distant past, are smiling denials to such a thought. Sometimes from across the centuries, from a woman's purity and trust flashes the light which brings forth that which kindles the flame of aspiration, in which a nation may be reborn. As the flame is lit, it blends with the parent flame, the torch of purity and trust that called it into being, thus bridging the past with the present in a glowing radiant stream of heart-life which knows neither time nor death, only the undying purpose, and beauty of the soul.

In the reign of King Brian, Ireland was prosperous and peaceful, and a bright inspiring picture of the people is given in a beautiful poem of Moore's, which was founded on a true narrative. A queenly Irish maiden, to prove her trust in the people of her country, traveled alone, richly dressed, from the one end of Ireland to the other:



BRIDGE KILLARNEY

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring in her hand
she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white
wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this
bleak way?
Are Eria's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or
gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least
alarm,
No son of Eria will offer me
harm ---
For though they love woman and
golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honor and
virtue more!"

On she went and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the
Green Isle;
And blest forever is she who relied
Upon Eria's honor and Erin's pride.

THE first woman factory inspector to be appointed in New Jersey recently began work, under orders from Governor Murphy to inspect child labor conditions, and her work was entered upon without her identity being known to the mill owners or to the parents of children employed.

"I am ascertaining," said she recently, "the true conditions of child labor in the mills. I find that the real difficulty lies with the parents. This is particularly true in Passaic, with its floating population, where parents, in order to make their children bread-winners, swear falsely. I have met with no opposition whatever from mill owners, but on the contrary am treated with every courtesy. Manufacturers, as a rule, want the child labor laws enforced, and I am convinced that the blame which rests upon them rightly belongs to the parents. If the parents can be forced to obey the law there would be no trouble with the manufacturers themselves. American fathers and mothers, even if desperately poor, want their children educated, and with rare exceptions will make great sacrifices to that end. The foreigner has quite other ideals, and it is not uncommon to find an entire family dependent upon the earnings of two or three sickly children. In some cases part of the earnings of even these children is squandered in gambling and drink. The immigration problem lies back of this, as it lies back of many others."

In a Chicago hospital lies little Carrie Anderson, a young girl whose heroism at the Iroquois fire resulted in the saving of fifty lives. She herself was badly injured. In spite of the fact that the entire left side of her garments was ablaze, she caught a ladder thrown across the alley from the Northwestern University Building and carried it to a resting place on the fire-escape of the second balcony. Across this ladder fifty men, women and children escaped. Carrie's mother was a scrub-woman.

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Some of the Remarkable Prehistoric Caverns in Europe

THE Rev. Lambert Karner of Göttweig, in Austria Hungary, has done a remarkable work of archeological research, and he has done it so quietly that the book which he has just published is almost the first indication which has reached the outside world. It seems that scattered throughout Central Europe, but chiefly in Austria Hungary, are a number of immense caverns, artificially excavated from the sides of mountains and extending far into the earth. Some of them are of great length, the usual form being a straight passage of from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet in length, which then divides into various passages running in different directions. New caverns are constantly being discovered, the outer orifices being so small as to be readily hidden by the vegetation and through natural changes. At frequent intervals these passages widen out into chambers. The course of the excavation is at a constantly changing level, and their direction is winding and often semicircular. There is no apparent reason for this, as there seems to be no difference in the consistency of the soil and rock through which they pass. The chambers vary in size from six to ten feet, and are sometimes double, one opening into the other, but at a different level, and are often provided with stone seats or recesses cut into the walls. However intricate and extensive these excavations may be there is never more than one entrance, and this is of the smallest possible size consistent with human use.

Inscriptions have in some cases been found, but these are always in relatively modern tongues and are supposed to be of later work. Some utensils have also come to light, but these also are supposed to be of subsequent periods, although some of them go so far back as the Roman Empire. The book which Father Karner has now published is of considerable size, and contains a large number of maps and some excellent photographs, which must have been taken under circumstances of great difficulty.

The original purpose of these excavations remains a mystery. One authority suggests that they were designed for burial purposes. If this is so they seem to be of very unnecessary extent, and the fact that no human remains have been found in them would negative this theory. That they were used as residences is equally improbable. The most plausible suggestion is that they have some religious significance, and their serpentine form would lend itself to such an idea. Readers of H. P. Blavatsky's works will remember her explanation of this universal cult and the philosophic meaning which underlies it.

STUDENT

The Adaptability of the Hydroscope to Archeology

THE newly invented hydroscope is to be pressed into the service of archeology for which, indeed, it is peculiarly suitable. It will be remembered that this remarkable instrument illuminates the bottom of the ocean, even at very great depths and enables the divers to work with very great precision and certainty. The hydroscope is now to be used to search for the fleet of Xerxes and, if successful, the results would be of enormous importance. Arrangements are also being made to recover the ship which Pompey loaded with the art treasures of Greece and which was wrecked on its way home nearly two thousand years ago. If this ship could be recovered we might reasonably expect to be placed once more in possession of Greek works of art surpassing anything which we now have. The great danger is, of course, that the silting sand may have buried ship and cargo beyond the possibility of recovery. X.

Probability of Any Prehistoric Animals Being Still Alive

ARE there any living prehistoric animals still in existence? The discovery of the okapi lends some plausibility to the theory, and now we have some curious stories from Patagonia which suggest that the relatively unexplored and inaccessible parts of the world may still have some strange secrets for the daring investigator. It seems that a large cavern near Puerto Consuelo, in Patagonia, has long been known for its deposits of animal remains, and among these relics has been found a piece of skin about five feet by two feet in size and covered with thick hair two inches long and bearing a number of bony excrescences like peas. It appeared to be fresh, producing gelatine when boiled, and there were even traces of blood to be seen upon it. The discoverer believes that it belongs to an edendate, greatly resembling the mylodon, an enormous fossil animal ten feet high, whose remains have been often found in the upper tertiary layers.

A contributory story is furnished by a Patagonian traveler who fired at a strange animal having a strong resemblance to a pangolin. Some Indians gave him a piece of skin which seemed to belong to a similar animal to that at which he fired, and Professor Ameghino, to whom he sent this specimen, pronounced it to be a part of an edendate of great height, and to which he gave the name of *Neomylodon*.

We now have a further and corroboratory account from M. Tournouër, who has also been exploring in Patagonia. A translation of this gentleman's story is furnished by the *Literary Digest*. He says:

Being one day on the bank of a stream in the interior, near which he had encamped, he saw emerge from the middle of the current the head of an animal as big as a large puma. He shot at it, and the animal dived and did not reappear. Its head was round, with brown fur, and its eyes, surrounded with light yellow hairs, were elongated toward the ear, and without external eyelid. According to the description by an Indian guide, this was the mysterious hymché.

What is this animal to which the Indians give the name of hymché and of which they

seem to stand in great dread? Is it possible that the ancient mylodon is still to be found alive, and if this is true of the mylodon, why not of other monsters long since supposed to be extinct? In this connection we are reminded of many Indian stories to the effect that live mastodons are still to be found in the far north.

STUDENT

A Babylonian School Four Thousand Years Ago

SOME curious information is to hand with regard to the ancient Babylonian school, which has lately been discovered, and which is certainly 4000 years old, if not considerably more. The school consists of a small brick house in the center of the city of Sippara, and the number of inscribed bricks which have been found are shown to be the models and the exercises of the pupils. One such brick declares that "he who learns to write well in the school will shine as the sun."

The building contains seven rooms, which were obviously used for the various classes. In one the inscribed bricks were found to be grammatical exercises, and another room was apparently used for poetical exercises, and others for geometry and arithmetic. The thumb-marks of the teacher are clearly discernible where he obliterated errors upon the soft clay. It appears that girls and boys received the same education, and a legal document has come to light which had been revised and corrected by a woman learned in the law, named Amat Baon. X.



A NATIVE WARRIOR OF SOUTH AFRICA

Nature

Studies

Man's Dominion Over the Earth

IN the vast schoolhouse of nature we learn one supreme lesson, or rather we should learn that lesson had we the wisdom to look and read. We should see that beauty and usefulness are so akin that neither can at all exist without the other, and that as function becomes more and more perfect so too it becomes more and more exquisite. Nature does not try to be beautiful, she does not seek to decorate herself, she devises no ornaments. She wills only that each of her parts shall be even better adapted to fulfil its mission and with the growth of perfection comes absolute increase of beauty.

Our growing indifference to nature is born of our resentment at her reproof. She reproves us for the ugliness of our lives and of our systems, for our distorted notions of utility, for our unwillingness to learn. Within our cities we fortify ourselves against her, and within our hearts we bid her defiance, not knowing that she has lent unto us the elements of her own being for training and guardianship. There must truly be a commerce between man and nature, for are not our bodies and our passions made up of the countless myriad lives that we have borrowed from her for our service and that we may control and guide them? When death looses the chain which has held these lives around us do they not return from whence they came with the message of our neglect, like children who have rioted all day in the schoolhouse without a teacher?

It is said upon authority not yet altogether without weight, that "God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it," and furthermore that unto man was given "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." The life of all the world was given unto man to guard and to keep, that it should serve him and that he should serve it. Have we recognized that the soul of man is the divine apex of the pyramid of nature and that the whole of nature is represented by all those other parts of man which are inferior to the soul? Nature is within us as well as around us and the pictures of nature which fall upon our eye are but the reflections of that within ourselves.

Do we complain of the rigors of external nature, of her destructiveness, of her turbulences and of her cruelties? Let us first look within ourselves and see if indeed we have dominion there, and if there also we shall not find elemental riot and both tooth and claw red with the blood of conflict. Had we established order within ourselves, had we exercised dominion over the "beasts of the field," had we done our duty in the garden, "to dress it and to keep it," then too we should see order and design and a gracious beauty in all externals.

STUDENT

MARCH

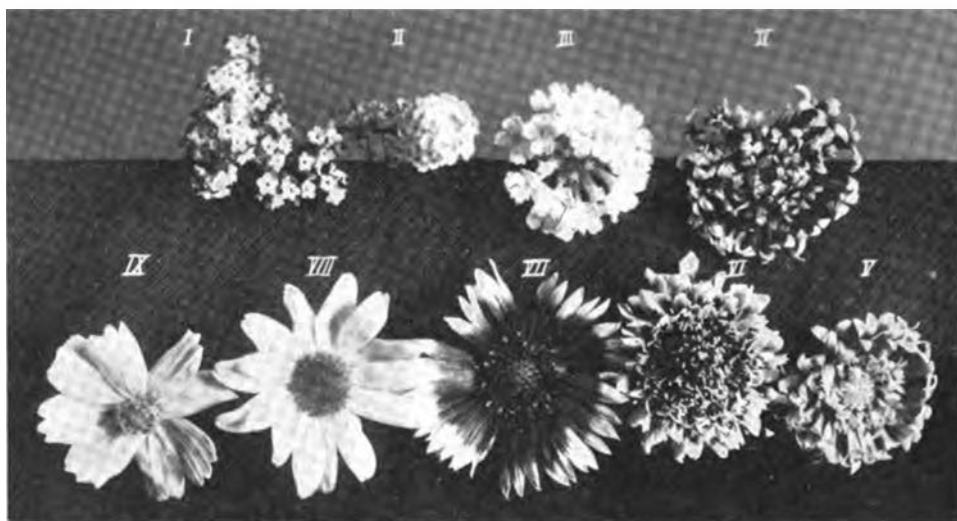
by LUCY LARCO

MARCH! March! March! They are coming
In troops to the tune of the wind:

Red-headed woodpeckers drumming.
Gold-crested thrashers behind;
Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
Past every gateway and door;
Finches with crimson caps stopping
Just where they stopped years before.

March! March! March! They are slipping
Into their places at last:
Little white lily buds dripping
Under the showers that fall fast;
Buttercups, violets, roses,
Snowdrops and bluebells and pink;
Throng upon throng of sweet posies,
Bending the dewdrop to drink.

March! March! March! They will hurry
Forth to the wild bagle sound;
Blossoms and birds in a flurry.
Fluttering all over the ground.
Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
Shake out your red tassels, larch!
Up, blades of grass from your pillow!
Hear who is calling you --- March!



THE BUILDING OF A DAISY

The Building of a Daisy—Type & Heredity

IT seems to be taken for granted by all botanists that one species or genus, or one form or type, must necessarily be "evolved" from another by lineal descent, under the influence of—well, no matter what, *something*, anyhow. But when we take a long, wide view of the vegetable kingdom we see an approximation and blending of some one factor of plants otherwise so widely divergent that their "common ancestor" must have been several million generations back.

Indeed, any factor of a plant's structure is connected, by an endless series of small differences, with the same factor in every other sort of plant in existence. In the picture are shown a few of the steps, or detail studies, which go to make a composite flower.

First, the loose spray of the heliotrope, then the regular spike of the candytuft, and in regular order the progressively perfected types of the galardias, and so on to the cosmos, which contrasts so strangely with the heliotrope with which the series begins. To properly fill out even the

short interval of type between the first and last of these nine would require specimens of many hundreds of species, including the poinsettias, bougainvilles and their kindred.

It might be extended both ways until the series would reach from the buttercup to the calla-lily, which is a composite flower with only one petal. But in arranging such a series we should find that the other factors of the plants selected would not vary in accordance with the flowers.

Indeed, we would separate near kin and unite wide

strangers. The same would be the result if they were arranged in the sequential order of any factor, because of the unrelated divergencies of type; no factor of plant structure having any observable fixed relation to any other. Following this line of thought in detail, which space here forbids, we reach two or three very obvious conclusions, for it can scarcely be longer questioned that the production of new species is under the direction of some form of intelligence which has a definite purpose to accomplish.

It is equally evident that the sequence of type is not the same as the sequence of heredity, and we are forced to the conclusion that this world of effects only shows us the types resulting from, or incident to the relation which exists, and the development which occurs upon the (to us) invisible world of causes where all "missing links" really exist. Y.

FRENCH people have a curious industry known as truffle hunting. In Vacluse and in the old province of Perigord, are great oak forests so dense that the sun does not penetrate. In taste the truffle is slightly like a very fine-flavored mushroom and it is considered a great table delicacy.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

A GOOD audience assembled at the Isis Theatre on Sunday night to hear an address by the Rev. S. J. Neill on "The Federation of the World." The music by the Point Loma students of the Isis Conservatory of Music, was of the usual high order and was much appreciated. Mr. Neill said in part: "In the vision of the poet and

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Address by the Rev. S. J. Neill on
"The Federation of the World," and
Music by Students of Point Loma

Reprinted from the San Diego News

seer when he 'Dipt into the future far as human eye could see, Saw the vision of the world and all the wonders that would be,' in that vision he beheld the advent of a happier era when the 'War drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled, In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.'

"It is fitting that we, as believers in Universal Brotherhood, should at all times, and especially at such a time as the present, lift up the ideal of international Unity, the ideal of an United Humanity, 'the parliament of Man, the federation of the world.' For the present is verily a time of unrest and anxiety to all nations, and the vision of the poet seems very far off. The federation of the world seems much less likely than it did a month ago. 'Nation shall rise against nation,' said Jesus, and again and again His words have been fulfilled, but the end is not yet.

"The seeds of strife have been sown, and the harvest of strife must be reaped. Nevertheless the federation of the world will, like many other great things, come about so simply and so naturally that men will wonder it did not come sooner. Men will wonder that Universal Brotherhood was not long ago seen to be the wisest thing, the best thing for all, and in harmony with the life of the universe.

"Glancing at what we know of the history of the world, we see that in spite of many wars, and many things very evil, there is, nevertheless, a silent and resistless force above all, and in all human affairs which is lifting the race to a higher plane.

"Looking at the condition of nations generally we see that in ancient times people were more isolated from one another than now. Roads were few and bad. Journeys by sea were dangerous and lengthy. The railway and the telegraph were not dreamt of. There was no universal postal union to link the nations together; no widespread commerce to bind them in common interests. No doubt this isolation, while it had many drawbacks, was not without some compensating advantages: it developed those strong qualities which mark the individuality of different peoples. And when, like distinct notes of music, these national individualities, in a happier time, are harmoniously joined together, then we shall see how all things are made to work together for good. 'For brass I will bring gold, and for iron silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron: I also will make thy officers peace, and thy governors righteousness.' Then will be seen that

"The Soul of Things is Sweet,
The Heart of Being is Celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will: that which was Good
Doth pass to Better — Best.

"When that age of isolation gave way to the beginning of commerce there came naturally a more general knowledge of other countries and peoples, but gradually and painfully the lesson has still to be learnt that all the world is bound together, and that the suffering of one is the suffering of all, and the welfare of one the welfare of all. There is no standing alone. 'No man liveth unto himself, and

no man dieth unto himself.' We may sometimes hear a person say, 'It is my own, and I can do what I like with my own.' This is a mere illusion. We are all of us tenants, and a single day may transfer what we think is our lasting possession to some one else. We are not owners, but only stewards for a little while, and the more we can use the steward-

ship for the good of all the richer we are. It takes individuals a long time to learn this truth, and it takes nations much longer, but learnt it must be in the end: and the Great Master who weaves the pattern of the web of Humanity casts nothing as 'rubbish to the void.'

"For a time the apparently diverging interests of a few merchants of various countries may produce strife, but in the end there is an interweaving of national interests which tends toward a recognition of international unity. Gradually the barriers which separate are taken away and it is felt that the world is one, and that humanity is one.

"Suffering in itself is not a blessing, its use is to act like a red signal warning us against taking the wrong path. In a word, the great life of the universe is love, righteousness, peace, and whatever goes contrary to these, must bring disharmony and suffering.

"I think the present time is especially the day of judgment. I do not use this word in the corrupted sense which calls up the picture of a human court of law on a cosmic scale, the good on the one side and the bad on the other. Each day is a day of judgment, *i. e.*, it is a day of separating and discerning. But now and then events may be so grouped, nations may be so grouped that we may see more clearly the working of the good and the opposing evil. The great danger has ever been when the evil powers so cleverly assumed the garment of light that they were mistaken for the children of light. And now we have reached a clearance in the forest; we have evolved to a time of discerning when we may, if we will, discern the powers that work for evil and the powers that work for good. Where we see a tendency to link nations together not for selfish ends but for universal peace; where we see a fostering of international amity and concord, there we may discern the presence of the friends of humanity. But where we see the semblance of this only, and underneath the spirit of selfishness, disunion and strife, there the evil powers are made manifest.

"Every time we are quick and generous enough to see the good in other peoples and nations; every extension of the principle of arbitration; every effort we make to realize the brotherhood of humanity—all these things are bringing nearer and nearer that federation of the world when the 'kindly earth shall slumber rapt in universal law.'

"Therefore, in the midst of war and rumors of war, we look confidently to the ceasing of strife, and the unity of all nations and peoples in one great federation—Universal Brotherhood become, not an ideal simply, but an actual fact. As in the 'White Christ,' the poet heard

"Countless voices far and nigh sing sweet beneath the sky,
All that is beautiful shall abide, all that is base shall die.

"So may we hear the song of the heart of the world, a song of victory over darkness and evil, a song of joy and peace unto united humanity."

Gibraltar Has a Rival in Point Loma

Reprinted from the Los Angeles Examiner of February the 14th, 1904

in which it was finely illustrated with good views of Loma-land

SAN DIEGO, February 13—San Diego has every reason in the world to feel proud of that massive strip of land which forms the outer wall of its famous harbor—known the world over as Point Loma.

"The Point," as it is called, has two great values. First, as a strategic naval base it can be favorably compared with the famous Gibraltar, which has so safely guarded the Mediterranean for so many years. The United States Government has already made this point a powerful fortress, and with its masked batteries a naval attack upon San Diego is almost an impossibility. From its outermost point burns a beacon which assures the weary seaman a safe anchorage within its walls.

Second, but not less important, Point Loma ranks high in the minds of all admirers of nature, art, music and drama as an educational center. Upon this massive earthly structure stands the Homestead of Universal Brotherhood—a well-chosen spot for work of this kind.

Point Loma is the world center of the Universal Brotherhood Organization and Theosophical Society, which has for its supreme object the elevation of the race. It asserts that "Brotherhood is a fact in nature," and it professes to teach brother-

hood, to demonstrate that it is a fact in nature, and to make it a living power in the life of humanity.

The activities at the Point, in addition to the daily duties of home life, comprise lofty ideas through lectures, literature, music and drama.

The Theosophical movement was brought to the attention of the world by Helena P. Blavatsky a quarter of a century ago. On the death of Madame Blavatsky it remained but to illustrate the pungent application of these teachings. This is now being done at Point Loma.

The term education here has a much wider significance than it usually receives. It means no less than the development of the soul with all the capacity that belongs to it. This is done by the tuning of the whole nature, so that perfect harmony is produced.

The basis of the whole education is the essential divinity of man, and the necessity of transmuting everything within his nature that is not divine. The intellect must be the servant and not the master, if order and equilibrium are to be attained and maintained.

In such a system all services must be voluntary, and therefore no salaries are paid.

The aim of true education is not to acquire a store of facts. For this a retentive memory is the only requisite. It is too often found in the world that memory and knowledge are accredited with an identity which they in no way deserve. Thus true education is the power to live in harmony with our environment—the power to draw out from the recesses of our own natures all the potentialities of character.

The education at Point Loma consists of the regulation of the whole life upon the highest ideal, which must alike govern the most hidden thought as effectually as it does the mutual relationship of the student.

At the Raja Yoga School children are treated with the facts of life along with its needs. The love which is extended to them is the truest of affection, which constantly thinks of their welfare without regard to the selfish pleasures they can render in return.

The manifestation of true love for a child is to help it to develop its highest faculties, to teach it to help itself and so to grow strong to help its fellows.

The Theosophical education is not so much a something which is imported; it is a liberation from the powers of the lower forces which hinder and check a growth which ought to be unchecked and spontaneous. Great progress is being wrought daily at Point Loma by this wonderful institution of instruction, conducted by Katherine Tingley and her able assistants. The higher ideals of life are instilled in the child from the time it is brought there until it leaves, fully prepared to meet any contingency in life.

Military discipline is maintained, which gives all an erect carriage, together with perfect physical development. As only a few hours are spent in the schoolroom, much time is devoted to outdoor life, where sunshine continually smiles upon all.

The artistic eye finds many charms at this ideal spot. The construction of the main building is the result of much study, and can only be fully appreciated by a close inspection.

R. W. Machell, late of the Royal Academy of London, has done much to further improve the Homestead. Upon its walls are hung some of his most famous paintings, which are masterpieces of their kind.

The entire grounds offer many attractive suggestions in landscape gardening; along with the great amphitheatre for the reproduction of Greek dramas and open-air plays, which has for a background the grand Pacific—an ocean of untold beauty.

Our Relation to Others

Paper read before the Sydney, N. S. W. Lodge

THE answer to this question as to all others, depends upon the general view we take of life, hence the importance to our welfare of a True Philosophy of Life. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and it may be added, *so will a man act*, for the hidden thoughts and ideals of our lives, color our actions daily. We all know this to be true of our own experience if we pause and think.

In the light of Theosophy it no longer becomes possible to ask the question of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" because we learn that we are so. The relation of ourselves to others is a very close and intimate one. There is nothing sentimental about the Theosophical ideal of Brotherhood, it is taught in that great philosophy as a *fact in Nature*, and facts as you know, are something from which we cannot escape, they are there to be dealt with and they are taken into consideration by practical people as active factors in their lives. Theosophy is not a new teaching, it is but a representation of truths as old as the world, given out age after age to the various peoples, by the Spiritual Teachers of those times, and afterwards embodied in the Sacred Writings, the Bibles of the world. At the present age, however, the presentation has been more detailed and more complete, because as a people we have grown ready for it, and need it for our further development on right lines. Truly, as sheep, we have wandered and gone astray from the green pastures of unity, unselfishness, and brotherhood, into the barren wastes and among the rocks of selfishness and separateness. But the voice of a great spiritual Teacher is calling to us through the mists and desolation, whispering words of hope, inciting to nobler action.

The Philosophy of Life breathes the spirit of the Eternal Truths, is founded upon a rock that the test of experience will prove immovable and that the testimony of the



A SENIOR CLASS IN THE RAJA YOGA DAY SCHOOL AT SAN DIEGO

sages of the past has sanctioned by repetition in their day. Simple and few are the great Laws of Life, half a page will suffice to write them down in words. As we learn to live in accord with them, our lives will become grander, nobler, happier and sweeter. First and foremost, Brotherhood is an actual fact in Nature; it is a truth that with what measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again. We are Immortal Souls dwelling in Temples of Flesh. Threefold Beings, Souls in a house of clay overshadowed by the Eternal Spirit. "Ye are all Sons of God," said one of our Divine Teachers, who added of Himself, "I and my Father are one," and commanded his followers to also become perfect and united to the Supreme Spirit to which they owed their origin. To "become perfect," it seems absurd! And so it would be, if we only lived on earth once, and here we come to the lost chord of modern spiritual teaching, the missing note that has destroyed the harmony, and rendered so many hopeless and pessimistic. We are Souls, living while on earth in bodies fashioned and formed, and the circumstances of our lives decided, by the thought and actions of our lives that have gone before. All who are here tonight, all the people in the world, are the effect in character and environment of their own past. Collectively and individually we are what we have made ourselves.

So much for the past; a study of our own lives, and the collective life of humanity at the present time, and historically will discover a great deal of unbrotherly action, a great forgetfulness of these four great Truths I spoke about earlier in my paper, and a persecution of the Teachers who came to show us the way, with the consequent great suffering and great confusion. Turning our eyes away from the Light Within, so largely unheeding of the Teacher's words, "the kingdom of heaven is within you," we have groped in the darkness of our lower natures, looking only at the outer separateness of mankind to the utter neglect of that vital truth our Inner Unity, for in very truth Soul is knit to Soul in the bonds of a Common Origin, Spiritual Identity. So our relation to others has been viewed in a false light and our interests have not been considered identical. But really there is a common goal ahead of us, Universal Perfectibility, and our true interest lies in aiding our neighbors to walk the path that leads toward it. This can only be done by reforming ourselves; all growth proceeds from within outwards, and we can none of us start a reforming current of energy at work in the world of which we are not ourselves the center and starting point. In the light of Theosophy how foolish, how puerile, become the quarrels of the world, national and individual. As parts of a whole we are fighting with and wronging ourselves, and must feel the discord and hurt within our own being. In our true relation to others, our attitude must be one of uncompromising Brotherhood, and those who have tried to act in that way will bear witness to the clarifying effect upon their own natures.

It is not always easy to hold in practice to the fact we are Souls, but it is the task set before us, so we may as well make a beginning to bring the Kingdom of God upon earth, for that is what it means. Amidst the general unrest, uncertainty, the feeling of change in the air, the uprooting of time-honored landmarks, this True Philosophy of Life has been again presented for man's acceptance and many thousands of lives are affected by its beautiful teachings.

E. I. WILLANS

The Triumph of Mabel Hawthorne



ABEL HAWTHORNE sat on the piazza of the old Hawthorne home, her eyes fixed upon a Latin grammar which lay open before her on the broad piazza ledge. "*Hic, haec, hoc — bujus, hujus, bujus.*" She was preparing for the morrow's examination. Before her spread the broad lawn and as she lifted her eyes she saw the gardener cutting great branches from the Japanese quince hedge which grew in front of the stables.

The Hawthorne home was one of the most beautiful in the village. The Hawthorne family was one of that group of wealthy and sensible colonial families of which a few New England villages still can boast.

A voice floated out through the open window. "Yes," said Mrs. Hawthorne, "Mabel is almost more of a student than I would wish. She is very ambitious and I am sometimes afraid that she will injure her health. Just now she is studying for her examination in Latin, and to be frank, Mrs. Mead, I expect her to win the medal."

"You are certainly blessed in your daughters, Mrs. Hawthorne," the caller replied. "Mabel is a beautiful girl and she will blossom into beautiful womanhood."

"But tell me about the work of your committee, Mrs. Mead."

Mrs. Hawthorne was President of the Woman's Club, and Mrs. Mead, Chairman of the Committee on Practical Philanthropy, a committee for which she had recently organized a new plan of work, that of friendly visiting among the families of the poor.

"I have been about a good deal during the last week, and I am convinced that the practical, neighborly touch is the secret. Yesterday I visited Mrs. McQueen." Mabel stopped studying and listened. Sara McQueen was one of her classmates, and between the two there existed, unfortunately, nothing gentler than a cordial antipathy. "McQueen, the father, is a ne'er-do-well, evidently, and the mother takes care of the whole family."

"I understand," said Mrs. Hawthorne, for Mrs. McQueen's jellies found their way into the finest homes of the village.

"I could see that she has the utmost difficulty to get along. I asked her if I could do anything. Instead of the usual complaints, I was astonished to find her reserved and dignified. She told me that she 'got along' nicely and that just now she was counting on Sara's winning the medal. It seems that this year they need an assistant in the preparatory Latin class and the student who stands highest in this examination is to receive the position. The salary is not large, but twenty dollars a month would mean a great deal, I can readily see, to that family."

The conversation then drifted into personal channels and Mabel went back to her Latin grammar.

Mabel Hawthorne was fairly idolized by her family and by her friends. In fact, she was selfish and spoiled. However, too sensible to blight her girlhood by forcing her into society, Mrs. Hawthorne kept her mind filled with the ideal of study for a few years, and after that some useful work to do. Yet deep within Mabel's nature lay a certain unselfishness of which no one had ever become aware.

Sara McQueen was the oldest of a family of seven. When Mabel was out upon her pony, or rowing upon the lake with her brother, Sara was scrubbing, baking, sewing, waiting upon her sick father, washing dirty little faces and settling stupid little differences between the six children younger than herself. She was the backbone of the family. She, like Mabel, was studious and ambitious, and for something like a year the rivalry which had existed between herself and Mabel in the Latin class had grown more bitter as it had become more real. Mabel's one ambition was to respond properly and creditably to the family pride and this she did term after term by carrying off the honors at examination.

Sara's ambition was to help her over-worked mother and to open up a bit of a path, at least, for the education of her younger brothers and sisters. She looked forward to the coming examination with an intensity of feeling that was unusual. Twenty dollars a month, think of it—if she should win the medal—but there was Mabel. Every time she thought of Mabel, her face grew sad and sometimes it darkened just a bit.

When Mabel went back to her grammar, there was Sara McQueen looking up at her from the pages instead of the declensions and conjugations. She felt very uncomfortable. She looked again toward the hedge of Japanese quince and pulling aside the great branches of wisteria that obstructed the view, she was startled by a little "cheep, cheep." There, fairly within reach of her hand, was a robin's nest and two struggling, crying little robins. They were the homeliest things Mabel had ever seen, and the hungriest. She put her lead-pencil between the little yellow-rimmed bill of the largest. It wasn't a kind thing to do, but Mabel felt like experimenting. Then she gave them a little poke. She was decidedly out of humor. A flutter of wings drew her attention and she saw the mother bird flying about in

the wildest excitement. "Well," said Mabel to herself, "I expect they *are* hungry, but they'll just have to wait, for I have my Latin to get," and instead of going away, as the quivering mother had a right to expect, she remained close to the nest. The bird fluttered about for a moment, and then losing sight of her fears in compassion for her babes, flew down to their nest, fed them, then brooded them beneath her warm feathers. Her bright little eyes were fastened upon Mabel every moment. A feeling still more uncomfortable came into Mabel's heart. She sat quiet, dreamily looking at the little bird, so willing to sacrifice herself—for what? Two homely little scraps of something that she loved! Then there came before her again the face of Sara McQueen, also guarding, like the mother bird, the little bits of humanity that she loved. For one awful moment Mabel realized the emptiness of her own life. Was it possible that *no one needed her*?

"Well, Mabel," said her brother that evening, "going to 'bone' tonight for examinations?"

"No," said Mabel; "I'm tired." But she mentally resolved to rise early the next morning and study then. How she hated Latin just then!

The next morning, as she entered the schoolroom, the teacher was writing the questions upon the board. The sight of them was as the scent of powder to a war-horse. Mabel's compunctions vanished. How proud her mother would be, if she were to win the medal—and Harold—think of it!

The first question plunged her into verbs, her pride: "*Give translation and principal parts of the following verbs: Ignoscit, dicere, dare, sumus, oportet, miror, surrexi, vixi, amabitur, incedit.*"

Mabel plunged into the examination with zeal. Then came definitions. "*Define and write five original sentences showing the correct use of the following: Ablative absolute, supine in um, locative ablative, subjective genitive, and dative of indirect object.*"

The questions were difficult, but Mabel knew her ground. She wrote on and on. Once she lifted her eyes and looked at Sara McQueen who sat three aisles to the right, and that queer feeling came into her heart again, until at last, as she neared the end of the examination, it seemed to her that she could hardly breathe. Within her heart there was being fought out a battle of more moment than some that are known as decisive in history. She reached the end of the ninth question and threw down the pen. Her head was aching, her face was flushed. She felt almost bewildered, as if she *must* stop and think for a moment and get a free breath. She buried her face in her hands.

"What is it, Miss Mabel?" said the teacher. "Have you missed something?"

A moment passed. Suddenly it seemed to Mabel as if the weight of ages had rolled from her shoulders. She looked up at the teacher with a smile which was like an illumination.

"O, no, Miss Andrews; I am quite all right."

Miss Andrews was just writing on the board the last question: "*Name five regular deponent verbs.*" Mabel could have named a dozen. She took up her pen, tried the point reflectively on the edge of her writing pad, and then quietly and steadily wrote: "*Nascor, patior, queror, utor, loquor.*" Quickly, as if she feared that delay might mean danger, she went to the teacher's desk with the sheet of foolscap.

"I have finished, Miss Andrews."

"You have done well, Miss Mabel. If you like, you may go now."

Mabel passed out into the sunlight.

The following Monday simple exercises were held in the schoolroom preliminary to Commencement. At these it had always been the custom to announce the result of examinations, giving the names of the fortunate students who had ranked first. Mabel's brother was, of course, on the *qui vive*.

"Don't be too sure, Harold," said Mabel the final morning. "I have an idea I didn't stand so high."

"Nonsense; we will see."

That afternoon, when the teacher made the announcement, she said, "For Latin, first year, Sara McQueen." Sara passed up the aisle and the teacher pinned the medal upon her well-worn white dress. She glanced at Mabel on her way down. "Have one of my roses, Sara"—this to Sara, who carried herself so badly—Sara, whose complexion had been made abominable by late hours and insufficient food, and whose hands had been coarsened and roughened by hard work. Mabel smiled; Sara smiled, too, through her tears.

"How in the world did it happen?" said Mabel's brother that evening. "You know that Latin grammar from beginning to end."

"Well, Harold, it *was* rather queer about that last question. I should have given five regular deponent verbs and I gave five irregular."

Harold glanced at his sister and then looked steadily into the grate fire. "H'm!" he said, reflectively.

STUDENT

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

The Case Against Vivisection Depends on Public Interest

WE fear that the opponents of vivisection have a hard fight yet in front of them. For the vivisection is not an abnormal horror, wholly out of relationship to the consciousness of the age. To appreciate this, note the softened attitude that people assume, directly they think it proved that from vivisection has resulted knowledge valuable to doctors in combating disease.

Vivisection will not cease till the public attitude is: Though vivisection increase our knowledge of disease; though it provide us with new remedies; though it save human lives that would have been lost without it—yet we will not have it. We will not permit that our sick shall be in the hands of men whose consciences have been beaten into insensibility to animal suffering. Vivisection will not cease till then.

The whole picture is dark. Among the vivisectioners you see the desire for fame, money and abstract knowledge, wire-pulling the lay figure labeled "Desire for relief of human suffering." And on the other side you see the public accepting the label, piously accepting the word *anæsthetics*; and willing to have its own pain relieved at the expense of animal pain.

Vivisection will not cease till men recognize animals as living beings with the destiny of evolution within them, behind us, blinder than we, led by us, of another degree, but not of another kind. Then they will begin to wonder what they are doing to the consciousness of the animal when they send it to death, with the ideas *man* and *agony* perhaps indissolubly connected, perhaps registered as an instinct for ages to come.

In no long time, vivisection will be part of the training of all medical students; they are already in hourly familiarity with its results. An idea may arise from that fact, capable of appealing to public selfishness. As things stand, it is the only argument of much use. Discoveries of physiological and pathological fact have been made by vivisection, are being made, will be made. It is not very telling, though true, to say that all thus discovered of fact would also have resulted more slowly along other lines of research, from the study of accidental injuries, and so forth. It is not very telling, as yet, to suggest that what the vivisection-won "serums," etc., give in one way, they take in another; and that in the end they have an evil effect on the average death-rate. It will avail little to point out that the greatest therapeutic triumphs of our day—the work of x-rays, ultra-violet light and radium—owed nothing to vivisection, and that they show the way to the most fruitful and beneficial research. And it will avail nothing at all to assert the living truth that the practise of vivisection has the effect on the operator that he becomes incapable of conceiving any of the finer operations and connections of physiological life at all. Our whole ideas and ideals of the physician are changing. He will pass with most of us, nowadays, if he has a case of "serums," another of animal extracts, a box of one of the coal-tar *anæsthetics*, and some morphia in a syringe. Is it any wonder that the cries of *no drugs and no doctors* get louder and louder? They arise from the growing intuition that the training of the modern medical student is such as utterly to blunt his appreciation and treatment of all the finer forces in that human body which is the matter of his study. Those who can understand the situation will not be found urging legal *limitations* to the practise of vivisection, licenses, or any other partial measure—but its total abandonment. It is altogether out of tune with the next note of human evolution, a note already beginning to sound. SURGEON

A SECOND specimen of the African quadruped known as the okapi, discovered by Sir William Johnson, has been secured by Mr. Walter Rothschild for his extensive zoological museum at Tring, England. A special expedition was organized in Central Africa to secure a specimen from the Congo Forest, dead or alive. That which has been received by Mr. Rothschild is the skull and skin of an adult okapi, says the *Scientific American*. This animal was depicted in the very ancient Egyptian sculptures and paintings, and was until recently believed to be either mythical or a conventionalized deer. X.

The Preexistence of Ideal Types in Cosmic Intelligence

THE platonic doctrine of preexistent ideal types seems about to re-enter the world of biology. The form in which an approach to it has just been stated by a French geologist, M. Meunier, may be understood from this quotation:

Organized beings have often been compared to the products obtained by the potter in baking clay. . . . The potter, in fact, after having for a long time made hemispherical vessels, bowls and the like, invents a more spherical form to prevent so much evaporation. A further step consists in furnishing the opening with a cylindrical extension, which may be closed with a stopper. Thus we have a bottle. The addition of a handle is an obvious advantage, and thus we have a flask.

M. Meunier argues that the bowl did not give rise to the bottle, nor that to the flask: but that the idea of the bowl in the mind of the potter suggested the idea of the bottle, and this gave rise to the idea of the flask.

So with the various species and orders of living beings, which, in their ascent from the lowest up to man, give us the picture of evolution. Not one of them gave rise to another; but the idea of which each is the embodiment gave rise to that higher idea of which the next higher form is the embodiment.

M. Meunier's view is not exactly the platonic. The platonic teaching is that the ideas of which all things are the embodiment preexisted in the Divine Mind from eternity. But in M. Meunier's view, they evolve one after another in that Mind—though he does not use the words "God" or "Divine Mind." Moreover, if his analogy of the potter is to be pressed, it would make the cosmic artificer a learner from experience. His doctrine will not therefore find favor with the platonist, the Christian (of any ordinary type), nor of course with the orthodox scientist. But it will be welcomed by those who think of the Divine Mind as having fashioned within itself an absolute ideal of life, an ideal towards which nature-life constantly strives. But that implies that nature-life is intelligent, or consists of intelligences, from the highest to the lowest; close to the absolute ideal at one pole; guiding material evolution at the other; like the gradations of rank, with their subdivisions of duty, in an army; living forms representing their experiments, adaptations, concessions, successes and sometimes even failures, in their attempts to guide life to ever more perfect expressions.

Science may presently move more and more in some such direction as this. Her changes are rapid and complete. Every decade witnesses a reversal of some once "axiom." The veteran von Hartmann, writing last year, said of Darwinism that, supreme as it was during the eighties of the last century, it had now "been weighed and found wanting. In the first decade of the Twentieth century it has become apparent that its days are numbered." The theory of ideal types may not be so far away after all. X.

Success of the Open Air Treatment for Consumption

THE open air treatment of consumption as carried out in New York has been followed by the happiest results. Out of one hundred and twenty-seven of the worst cases that could be found, eighty-four were discharged as cured at the end of six months, and eleven were still under treatment. These results are very wonderful, when it is remembered that consumption is only now emerging from the category of incurable maladies.

Tuberculosis is probably not the only disease that unaided nature is willing to heal. There is still a rooted opinion among the unthinking that the sick man must be hedged around with every possible contrivance to prevent the intrusion of fresh air. We are told that the very gods fight in vain against stupidity and we can therefore understand why the victories of medical common sense are not more rapid than they are. The invariable wish and effort of nature is to heal, and she usually succeeds when she is allowed to stand by the sick-bed, instead of being forced to wait outside the room. She would succeed still more often if we would learn to open our minds as well as our windows, and to consciously invite and anticipate the healing force. It is never refused. X.

Here and There Throughout the World



RUINS OF DUNLACE CASTLE, COUNTY ANTRIM, IRELAND

The French Premier Believes in Peace ARE WE once more to see the day when statesmen will not be ashamed to publicly avow a moral sentiment. The French Premier, M. Combes recently said:

We regard peace as at once the first need and the first duty of nations. It is for Republican France, the country par excellence of democracy and of solidarity, a moral obligation, of which we are profoundly sensible, to do everything to ensure peace to others while preserving it for ourselves. . . . France is for peace, wholly for peace. All her thoughts are thoughts of peace; all her dreams, even the fairest, are dreams of peace. Patriotism is misled when it is asked to do otherwise than to work for the consolidation of peace.

The policy of France indicates sincerity to the principles thus avowed.

Swiss Parliament & the Referendum A BILL has been introduced into the Swiss Parliament requiring that all cattle shall be anesthetized before being killed. The bill was rejected, but by invoking the power of the referendum it was passed over the heads of the Legislature and has therefore become the law of Switzerland. The system of the referendum is found only in Switzerland and New Zealand. By its means a direct appeal to the people can be made in order to elicit their judgment upon a disputed measure. If referendum were in force in other countries we should find many instances in which the nation is more humane than its government and of course more intelligent.

Tahitians Killed by Civilization THE "blessings of civilization" are probably not appreciated by the Tahitians so much as we should like to see. When Cook landed at Tahiti in 1769 there were 200,000 natives. There are now 11,000, the remainder having been exterminated by the white man's burden—alcohol, disease and vice. The most trivial ailments are fatal to the Tahitian, but Dr. Nicholas Senn, America's famous surgeon, says that they are "a simple race of happy, honest, forbearing, but dreamy people, who are doomed to extinction by civilization." Is there no cure for civilization?

Clerical Interference in France THE speeches which the French Premier has delivered on the subject of clerical interference with education and upon other matters of a like nature have just been published in book form with a remarkable preface by Anatole France. It would indeed be unfortunate if these speeches were lost. They were addressed directly to France and indirectly to the whole world.

The Diplomats Are Leaving Serbia THE representatives of the Great Powers are leaving Serbia one by one and under a variety of excuses.

The real reason is that they are unwilling to accept the King's hospitality at the approaching festivities when they might find themselves side by side with the unpunished murderers of the late King and Queen. If they were to give the actual cause of their absence it might produce a wholesome effect, but to tell the truth would be opposed to the traditions of diplomacy. This action on the part of the Powers makes it all the more difficult to understand the complacency with which they viewed the slaughter in Macedonia. Surely quantity is not a palliative.

Mistake of Danish Minister of Justice THE Danish Minister of Justice has proposed to re-establish corporal punishment as a deterrent to highway robberies. He probably regrets that proposal as it was immediately negatived by a consensus of Parliamentary opinion. He defended his scheme by the plea that civilization ought to defend the "weak" with which every one very heartily agreed upon the understanding that the morally weak need protection as much as the physically weak. Brutality can never be cured by more brutality, although a good many brutal people believe that it can.

How China Convinced a Journalist FRANCE has a distinguished visitor in the person of Wei Tang Tao who has just arrived from China. Wei Tang Tao was a journalist and he was so indiscreet as to print a statement that "the government is compromising the future of China by its stubborn refusal to have anything to do with western discoveries." For this offence Wei Tang Tao had both his ears cut off, and is of course now satisfied that his recommendation of western discoveries was entirely erroneous.

The Lace Industry Waning in France FRANCE is beginning to mourn the decay of its lace industry, which machinery has driven from the field. There are, of course, many industries which are better performed by machinery than by hand, but lace-making is not one of them. Machine-made lace can hardly pretend to be even an imitation, and it is strange that so beautiful a fabric as home-made lace should ever fall into disuse. Eventually it must have a revival to the great profit of those who participate in it.

Exhibit of Child Life in Russia AN extraordinary exhibition may now be seen at the Tauride Palace, St. Petersburg. All the exhibits relate to some different phase of child life, from birth until the farewell to school. The Empress of Russia is said to have inspired the idea, and it has been carried out in great detail. There might now, however, be a special department for children who are rendered orphans or homeless by war. That would bring the exhibition up to date.

Eucalyptus & Sulphur for Phthisis A BERLIN chemist has introduced to the medical profession a preparation which he believes to be a new cure for consumption. Several doctors have tried it and the results are said to be very gratifying. The preparation consists of oil of eucalyptus, mixed with sulphur and charcoal, and evaporated over an alcohol lamp. The virtues of eucalyptus are, of course, well-known, but sulphur has probably not yet begun its full career of usefulness.

The Child Mortality in East London THE child mortality in the east end of London is three times that of the west, being at the rate of 350 per 1000. The statistics from other great cities would tell a similar shameful story. They constitute the answer of civilization to the divine command, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Little children are indeed suffered to come, and they come through suffering.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Tommy's Fun

TOMMY peered out from behind a tree. "She's coming," he muttered, his blue eyes dancing with mischief as his sister appeared in the doorway daintily dressed, and carrying a tennis racket and a small white parasol.

"Madge and Gwen are coming to tea, Charlotte," she called out, as she ran down the steps.

"Why don't she put it up?" mused Tommy, as he watched her walking briskly down the avenue. "The sun's hot enough to spoil her complexion." But Amy, unconscious of what was desired of her, went serenely along and, reaching the gate, passed out of sight.

The merriment faded out of Tommy's face and he became grave and meditative. "Suppose she doesn't put it up till she reaches the village! I wonder who she's going to visit? I wish I could see her put it up. I will!" and off he ran full speed down the avenue. The gate shut with a bang. "There she is!" he gasped, "and there's Madge and Gwen. I guess they are all going to a tennis party."

"We decided to come and meet you, Amy," said Madge.

"She's going to put it up," whispered Tommy. "There it goes!" The dainty parasol opened and over the astonished Amy fell a shower of visiting cards. A moment of bewildered silence, then the air rang with merry peals of laughter.

"Tommy did this. I know he did," said Amy.

"Why, there he is!" exclaimed Gwen.

Tommy, in his excitement, had come nearer and nearer, and now stood close beside them, grinning and chuckling.

"Come here, you naughty boy, and pick up every one of these cards," commanded Amy severely. "How dare you do such a thing!"

"I intended you to open it in the avenue, Amy, honor bright," replied the culprit, as he began picking up the cards.

"Do you think that is the way to start in to become a knight, Tommy?" asked Madge.

"We must go," said Amy, "and Tommy, you go home and put these cards where you found them."

Tommy gazed after them with his eyes fixed on Madge. "They are coming back to tea," he commented to himself, "and Madge promised to tell me more about that hero. I wonder will she now—'twas only fun."

Madge found a small piece of paper by her plate, and written on it: "But I don't forget what you tell me. I remember the hero said, 'When you do wrong take the blame of it; do not give up the truth for any man.'"

And that night Tommy heard more about the hero.

A. P. D.

From Japan

DEAR CHILDREN: I have just received a letter from a friend in far-away Japan, and some portions are so interesting that you must share them with me. This is what she writes:

"Japanese children are simply delightful. They hardly ever cry and they almost never make a noise—and they play without quarreling! (That's Raja Yoga, you know.) They are always self-possessed, always polite, and I don't wonder that the grown-ups love them so much—for

the grown-ups *do* love them, Aunt Esther, and many little ones in this land are surrounded with a care and a solicitude that even the best American homes do not always afford. Japanese children are very fond of fairy tales and they have a great many that resemble our own nursery tales of fairies, ogres, and giants.

And then there is the Japanese 'Bre'r Rabbit,' too, who tells all kinds of tales, and there is even one dialogue between a Rabbit and a Crocodile—think of it! But that may be one reason why Japanese children are always so interested in animals and are invariably so kind to them. Then, too, Japanese children are taught to be more tender in their treatment of flowers than our children are. You never see a Japanese child whipping off the heads of daisies with a cane. They treat plants and flowers as if they were little living comrades."

AUNT ESTHER

DEAR CHILDREN: I live in a suburb near London, and near my home lives a lady who has the queerest pets you ever saw. They are baby lions. Some of them are not so very small, and it is interesting to see her with them. They were sent to her when they were very little, so little that she had to feed them on warm milk. Perhaps that is why they are so fond of her

now. Whenever she walks in the garden there are one or two always beside her, and one day when I called upon this lady I saw a lion cub sitting in a big armchair beside the baby. Before the grate-fire was another, stretched out at full length. You see, even animals that are believed to be savage, are not so when they are treated as animals should be treated. They will respond as quickly as little children will, and when people learn this, how much happier the world will be!

There is an old, old legend—and perhaps it is a true one—of a musician named Orpheus who, when he played upon his lute, would call to him all the animals of the forest. There at his feet they would sit, enchanted. While they were wild before, his music made them tame. And I sometimes think that that is the way it will be again some day. Surely it will, if Raja Yoga comes to be known, for Raja Yoga means justice and love.

A LOTUS GROUP TEACHER



REHEARSAL IN THE ARYAN TEMPLE, LOMA-LAND
A group of American, English, and Cuban Raja Yoga Students

■ The Old Stone Basin ■ by SUSAN COOLIDGE ■

IN the heart of the busy city.
In the scorching noon-tide heat.
A sound of babbling water
Falls on the din of the street.

It falls in an old stone basin,
And over the cool, wet brink
The heads of the thirsty horses
Each moment are stretched to drink.

And peeping between the crowding heads,
As the horses come and go,
The "Gift of Three Little Sisters,"
Is read on the stone below.

Ah! beasts are not taught letters;
They know no alphabet;
And never a horse in all these years
Has read the words; and yet

I think that each thirsty creature
Who stops to drink by the way,
His thanks, in his own dumb fashion,
To the sisters small must pay.

Years have gone by since busy hands
Wrought at the basin's stone—
The kindly little sisters
Are all to women grown.

I do not know their home or fate,
Or the names they bare to men,
But the sweetness of that precious deed
Is just as fresh as then.

And all life long, and after life,
They must the happier be
For the cup of water poured by them
When they were children three.—Selected

Students'



Path

PIONEERS

by ELLA HIGGINSON, in the Voice of April Land

WOULD God that we, their children, were as they!
Great-souled, brave-hearted, and of dauntless will;
Ready to dare, responsive to the still,
Compelling voice that called them night and day
From that far West where sleeping Greatness lay
Biding her time. Would God we knew the thrill
That exquisitely tormented them, until
They stood up strong and resolute to obey.

God, make us like them, worthy of them; shake
Our souls with great desires; our dull eyes set
On some high star whose splendid light will wake
As from our dreams, and guide us from this fen
Of selfish ease won by our father's sweat.
Oh lift us up---the West has need of Men!

Unpractical Speculation

THE *Babel of Modern Thought* is the title of one of H. P. Blavatsky's writings; and, as Babel signifies a vast confusion of voices ending in nothing but strife and failure, the word is peculiarly appreciable to the condition of current speculation and opinion.

The extreme multiplicity of our books, magazines and papers, and the fact that everybody is nowadays "educated" up to the point of being able to babble plausibly and with much self-gratification, make this an age of talk and gossip beyond belief. There is a vast whirlwind of speculation and opinion on every conceivable topic and from every possible point of view, until the weary brain aches with the attempt to keep up with even a small fraction of it.

Of all this talk the greater part may be at once ruled out as babble of the hastiest kind, opinions thrown off without reflection, speculations indulged in without any clear idea either of the object aimed at or the premises on which they are based.

Of the remainder, which may be more serious and carefully considered, there is again a major part which is impractical, having no bearing on the problems of actual life. This composes what may be called modern philosophy, so far as any definite and uniform conception can be traced in such a nebulous mass.

And modern philosophy is almost entirely of the unpractical kind, such as is usually evolved in ages of rank material civilization.

It deals with abstractions rather than realities. For example, we speak of men and women, not as actual persons, but as types and classes; and in this way we deal with mere conceptions which may be very unlike the realities which they are intended to represent. Thus there are "the workman," "woman," "nations," "the millionaire," "the child," and so on. And similarly in other departments of speculation we have abstractions like "government," "the people," "commercial interests," "religion," and so on. And in science words like "motion," "matter," "space," etc., which denote the same kind of hazy and unreal conceptions.

Hence modern philosophy is for the most part a game, played with counters, and with "men" who are about as much like real men as the ivory chess bishop is like the actual black-robed church dignitary. When problems in real life claim attention, philosophers forget their games and parlor puzzles and behave with the usual mixture of horse-sense and stupidity that characterizes plain people.

The "philosopher" is notoriously a failure in the ordinary affairs of life; so much so that the two things are generally regarded as going together. The kind of speculation we are speaking of is elaborated by men of but little experience of life—"arm-chair philosophers," as they have been called. We read of their simple, unpretentious lives, their regular and cautious habits, delicate health, eccentricities, etc. Men of affairs and much experience do not weave these systems.

It is easy to make a philosophical system when facts do not interfere much to check the accuracy of one's conclusions; when one is allowed to use imaginary men for real ones—men who will do what they are calculated to do; and when one is not required to modify one's own mode of life in the way which the philosophy would demand.

Now all this abstract speculation is a sad misuse of the intellect. The intellect is surely intended to be a guiding light through the winding ways of life. Intelligence is opposed to ignorance, as light to darkness; it is a divine ray shining in the depths of our carnal nature, and capable of raising the latter to divinity.

But there seems to be a tacit understanding between the carnal man and the intellectual man, that, so long as the former is permitted to continue a life of self-indulgence and inactivity, the latter shall have free play in the realms of imagination. Thus we get the arm-chair philosopher, weak, amiable, impractical, slovenly, big in the forehead and weak in the knees. And below him come a numerous host of less prominent individuals, all with their imaginations developed far ahead of their executive power, and as clever in abstract reasoning as they are incapable in actual conduct.

In the mode of life which, under the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, the students of Loma-land are so thankfully learning to live, all this visionary and unpractical learning has to give way to real usefulness. The speculating, inventing part of our nature has to take its proper place in subordination to the will acting under the influence of noble aspiration and the desire to be brotherly and true and useful in the world. It costs some people no little patience and trouble to neutralize the set habits of thought and feeling and mode of living contracted before they came to Loma-land, and to get themselves into condition to do a little practical philosophy. But the joy of the effort and the meed of victory are well worth the trouble.

And if, as we in Loma-land believe, our life and institutions are indicative of those that the world will have to adopt in the near future, we may look for a speedy reaction against the time-worn ruts of thought in which that world still grinds on. Freedom from enslaving ideas, and from the sluggishness of behavior which turns all speculation and aspiration into the region of vain dreams, is the kind of freedom that hearts are aching for.

As the discussion of the problems of life has now become inextricably tangled, it is time to rule all motions out of order and revert to the "previous question" of "what shall I do now?"

STUDENT

MEN ARE FOUR

THE man who knows not that he knows not aught---
He is a fool; no light shall ever reach him.
Who knows he knows not, and would fain be taught---
He is but simple; take thou him and teach him.

But whoso, knowing, knows not that he knows---
He is asleep; go thou to him and wake him.
The truly wise both knows, and knows he knows---
Cleave thou to him; and evermore forsake him.

An Arab Proverb

Moral Imbecility and Naughtiness

DR. STILL, of some European note, is of opinion that the naughtiness of some children is due to "moral imbecility." This of course is perfectly true, but the imbecility is on the part of the parents. If Dr. Still will take the trouble to acquire a due understanding of the way in which these naughty children have been trained he will wonder that their naughtiness is not ten times greater than it is. Indeed it speaks volumes for the moral buoyancy of some children that they are able to resist the moral influence of their loving, mischievous and well-meaning parents.

STUDENT

WHEN the day has come the light of the candle grows dim and it is extinguished. Within ourselves is a higher illumination before which the flickering glare of the lower desires grows dim, until, at last, we extinguish them.

MANY times the climber thinks the heights are reached, but finds there are others beyond; and yet, at last, the top is reached.

QUANTITY does not make quality. No process of addition or multiplication can make that which is poor good.

If you wish to discover faults search amongst the faultfinders.

LET EACH WITH A HEART SAY

by ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, in *New York Journal*

I AM the voice of the voiceless,
Through me the dumb shall speak,
Till the deaf world's ear be made to hear
The wrongs of the worldless weak.

From the street, from cage, from kennel,
From stable and zoo the wail
Of my tortured kin proclaims the sin
Of the mighty against the frail.

Oh, shame on the praying churchman
With his unaltered steed at the door,
Where the Winter's beat, with snow and sleet,
And the Summer sun rays pour!

Oh, shame on the mothers of mortals
Who have not stopped to teach
Of the sorrow that lies in death's dumb eyes—
The sorrow that has no speech!

The same force that formed the sparrow,
That fashioned man, the king;
The God of the whole gave a spark of soul
To furred and feathered thing.

And I am my brother's keeper—
And I will fight his fight,
And speak the word for beast and bird
Till the world shall set things right.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

What are the Theosophists trying to accomplish at Point Loma at such a distance from the great centers?

Answer

(1) If we look at the fact that modern Theosophy, as a philosophy and science of life, has been taught and studied for more than a quarter of a century by a great many people throughout the world, and that the object of its promulgation was not intended as a mere matter of intellectual attainment on the part of individuals, but that its principles, and the knowledge gained therefrom, should be applied to the lives of the people of the earth, it is clear that the time must come when those students who were ready to take part in a demonstration of those principles in daily life should come together and do so.

The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood has from its inception been under the guidance of great Teachers and Leaders, and it is to the present Leader, Katherine Tingley, that the establishment of the Point Loma Headquarters is due.

That the choice of location was a wise one cannot be questioned, as far as a pure, clean mental and physical atmosphere is concerned, unsurpassed physical surroundings and climate—and, in fact, every condition that makes for success in a movement of this kind.

The fact that this school of training is removed from the large centers does but add to the certainty of its success, for the disturbance and contamination of those places is not felt; at the same time the Headquarters is in close relation to those large centers through the same channels as connect all cities, and also has a still closer connection through its many lodges and members distributed throughout the world in large and small centers alike.

The work done at Point Loma finds its way directly and indirectly to the people of many countries, and that work is constantly extending. A body of men, women and children is being trained to render unselfish service for humanity, and is constantly increasing in size and effectiveness.

Most particularly effective is the situation at Point Loma for the training of children, for by its very distance from the large centers are avoided the follies and mistakes, the wrong habits of mind and body, and the erroneous conceptions of life which obtain in these places, and there are provided the very best conditions for the growth of noble men and women—such citizens as the world so sadly needs.

Moreover, other centers similar to that at Point Loma are being established—conducted by teachers who have been trained here; and so from

this apparently sequestered spot goes on the good work of bringing light and succor to those in darkness and distress, and the demonstration of the near possibility of a higher, better civilization than has yet obtained, and a fuller happiness for all creatures.

R. C.

(2) Theosophy is nothing if not practical. For thousands of years the world has been drifting further and further away from soul-wisdom, and the principles and practices of Brotherhood. These are no longer the basis for life, but have been replaced by other and selfish considerations. At the Point Loma Center the principles of equity and Brotherhood are the key-note of life; the daily life there is an illustration of them, and as the work expands into manifold departments all human work receives the touch of wise and unselfish endeavor, and there is established a nucleus of right living, a new reign of conscious adherence to the higher laws of being that constitutes the hope and promise for the future of humanity.

To the light that shines so pure and clear all hearts will turn at last, and this home of the soul-life will be recognized as the spiritual center of the world.

M. M. T.

(3) It would be impossible to tell all they are trying to accomplish, but in general terms they have set themselves to work to create a new and entirely different environment from that which can be found elsewhere. The Point Loma world center is composed of earnest people, who are not satisfied with present conditions. The great centers are the points where modern methods, forms and ideas are the most intense, and they are therefore the points where, of all others, the Theosophist would least like to be.

It is not easy to change one's habits, to get out of old ruts, to shake oneself free from others' opinions and influence. And in the great centers where, so to speak, all these things are in the atmosphere, it is well nigh impossible. In order to have a chance of success in remodeling life, there must at least be a sweet, clear unspoiled place in which to work.

From this center, once it is established, the work will widen and spread, so it is not in a spirit of seclusion that Theosophists have separated themselves from the great centers. If they thought the social fabric was in the main right, they would no doubt be content to work in it, supporting it and helping it a little here and there. But to the Theosophist anything short of radical measures is simply a waste of time. There must be a fundamental change, a complete transformation—a new order of things, and at Point Loma is the spot which is destined to establish this.

G. V. P.

The Earl of Cromer

IN 1883, after Arabi Pasha's rebellion had been crushed by the British, a Major of Engineers named Evelyn Baring was made British Agent and Consul-General in Egypt.

Soon after he took up his duties a Turkish merchant called at his office in Cairo and was astonished to find that it was unnecessary to bribe him in order to secure attention and get business done. Gratified by this fact he gave the Englishman what he thought was good advice.

"Depart from this country," he said. "I perceive that you are an honest man who has come into a nest of scoundrels. You can do no good here."

"Everything in the Government of this country is rotten. Justice is bought at a price, and the very Judges are worse thieves than those whom they punish."

"The starving fellahs [peasants] are flogged into paying their taxes, but the rich landowners need pay no taxes at all, provided they bribe the officials."

"I am here to change all that," Baring replied.

"You cannot. Every one of the officials is a vampire, and lives by draining our life-blood. Do you think they will let you spoil their feast? They will kill you rather."

"I will stay and fight them. You follow the Prophet, and you must believe, as I do, that the sword of Azrael falls when Allah wills."

"Allah shuts his eyes to a fool," snapped the Turk, quoting a favorite Mohammedan proverb. "Within the year I shall see your funeral pass my door."

That was twenty years ago. Evelyn Baring still lives, but he is now the Earl of Cromer, P. C., G. C. B., G. C. M. G., K. C. S. I., C. I. E., D. C. L., and most of the remainder of the alphabet.—*New York Sun*

ARROGANCE and ignorance are good pals; when unearned wealth joins them they can take up the whole sidewalk.

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FEB	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
22	29.900	60	50	57	54	.00	E	4
23	29.828	60	46	51	51	.01	N	6
24	29.764	57	48	52	52	.02	E	5
25	29.798	57	51	54	53	.04	E	2
26	29.864	59	52	56	55	.00	E	1
27	29.846	63	52	57	55	.00	E	4
28	29.864	62	54	56	54	.09	NW	8

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Education in a Republican Government by Montesquieu

It is in a Republican Government that the whole power of education is required. The fear of despotic Governments naturally arises of itself amidst threats and punishments; the honor of monarchies is favored by the passions, and favors them in its turn; but virtue is a self-renunciation which is very arduous and painful.

This virtue may be defined, the love of the laws and of our country. As such love requires a constant preference of public to private interest, it is the source of all private virtues. . . . Now Government is like everything else; to preserve it we must love it. Everything therefore depends on establishing this love in a republic; and to inspire it ought to be the principle of education; but the surest way of instilling it into children is for parents to set them an example. Parents have it generally in their power to communicate their ideas to their children; but they are still more liable to transfuse their passions.

It is not the young people that degenerate; they are not spoiled till those of maturer age are already sunk into corruption.

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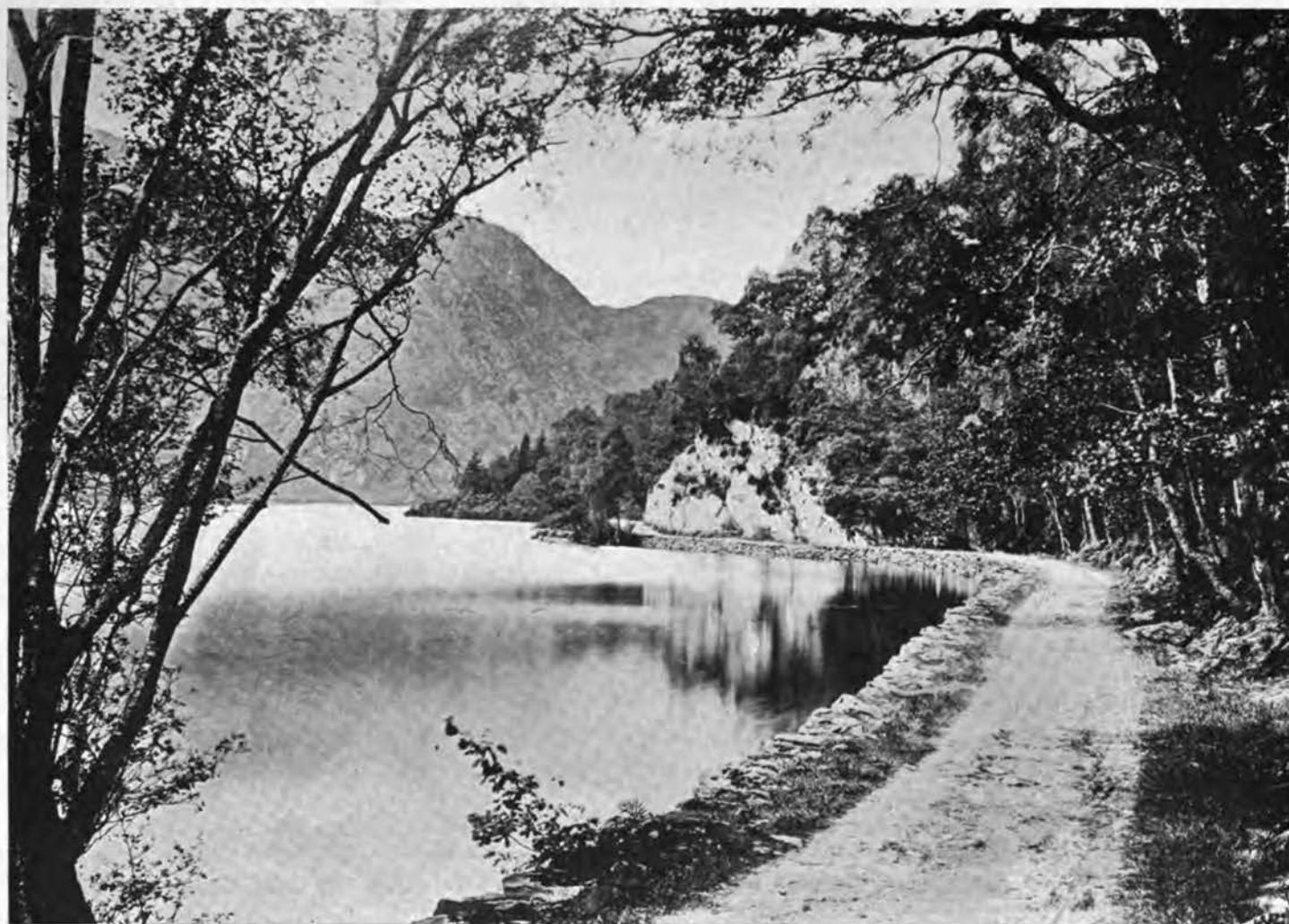
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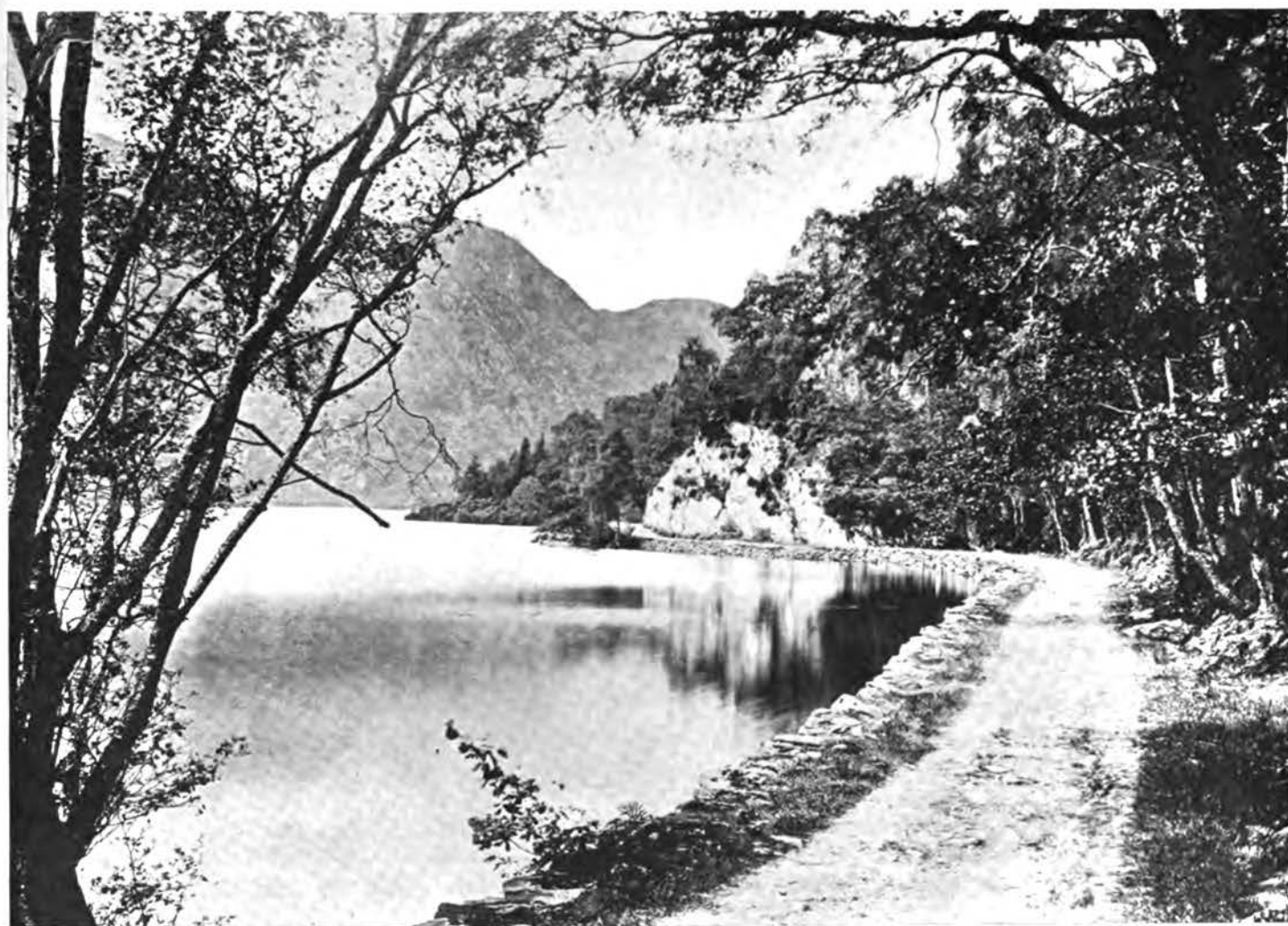
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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Eternal Law of Fraternity
Suicide and Guilt
A Suicidal Institution
Dr. Max Nadau
Loch Katrine—frontispiece
Cheapness of Life
Rich Men's Sons

Page 4—XIX CENTURY PROBLEMS

Fruit of Selfishness
Self-Indulgence & Alcohol
Slum Life and Selfishness
Who Will Arouse the Churches?

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Descriptive Music
The Pentatonic Scale
Fragment (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Carmen Sylva—illustrated
Carmen Sylva on Joy and Sorrow
Women of Ainos
To Carmen Sylva (verse)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Egypt and the Bible
Old Maori Warrior, New Zealand (illustration)

Page 9—NATURE

Sky's Own Message for All
Forget-Me-Not (verse)
Similarity of Structure
Loma-land Sweet Peas (illustration)

Pages 10 & 11—U. S. ORGANIZATION

Mrs. Tyberg's Address at Isis Theatre
Work of Swedish Lodges
What We Miss Through Selfishness
Wisdom of H. P. Blavatsky

Page 12—FICTION

In the Face of Tremendous Odds
Past and Future (verse)

Page 13—XIX CENTURY SCIENCE

Unseen Color Octaves
Civilization and Cookery
New Era in Medicine

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Muir Glacier, Alaska (illustration)
Literary Treasures of Spain
Our Policy in Panama
England and Immigration
Boer Colony in Chile
Ohio Children Well Drilled
Oriental Books from England
British and American Ministers
Japanese Soldiers Sober
American Volunteers
Hague Tribunal and Press
France's Private Soldier
Shaw on the New Race

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Letter from Lucifer—illustrated
Story of Narcissus
Little Gray Kitty (verse)
Kindness to Animals

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

The Mason (verse)
In Prison
Mind of the Savage
Travels in Thibet
Creedless (verse)
Students' Column
Civilization
Church and Education
Waste Human Material

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

An Agnostic Apology

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

The Eternal Law of Fraternity

THE ancient philosophers inculcated the study of self as the solution of all human problems, collective as well as individual, and this was but the presentation in a philosophic garb of the eternal law of fraternity. The family, the town, the nation and the universe are reflected in the individual who contains within himself the developed or the latent possibilities of all. The forces which move in the world and which make for peace and war, for good and evil, for progress and stagnation, can all be identified in ourselves upon however small a scale, and humanity advances as a unit through its dangers and towards its goal. Such an idea is the enemy of pessimism and of fear, because it gives to the world the power of choice and of reform, which

we know ourselves as individuals to possess. He who sees that the events of his own life are regulated by law, knows also that the will of nations cannot prevail against that same law, that there is a design, an intention, a necessity behind all things.

In looking at the affairs of the world we lack the great perspective which would give us a glad confidence instead of a dread. We stand aghast at the efforts which humanity makes to adjust itself and to control the incubus of its lower nature, and we suppose that because the body politic trembles and shakes that it is therefore in its death throes. Death would indeed be near if there were no adjustment, if greed and cruelty were to breed no compensating pain, if heartless luxury had no tomorrow. So long as the earth endures, seed-time and harvest shall not fail from off the face of it. It is because the world is divinely alive that we must reap the whirlwind where we have sown the wind. And if perchance we have sown dragon's teeth, these also must come to fruition for our salvation, that we may know our handiwork and so pass on and sin no more.

Upon every side we hear of national catastrophe and the forebodings of pessimism. Prophets of disaster speak to us of wars and rumors of wars, and the air vibrates with portents and presentiments. Is it inopportune to suggest that the only real calamities were the world-wide selfishnesses which have produced these things, and that all possible results therefrom, whatever they may be, are in the nature of remedies, none the less curative because they are distasteful?

There is no possible disaster except the commission of folly and the worship of self. That we must readjust ourselves is not a misfortune. The poison was a calamity but not the antidote.

The Throbbing Forces of Health

And so, because the world of men is but a vast and faithful picture of the individual man, so within each one of us there is a reforming power which can be wielded by the wayfaring man as well as by the scholar. The throbbing forces of health are abroad in the world to an extent of which we little dream. They will tolerate no hidden evil but will fetch it forth upon the surface where it can be seen and handled. There is no individual who cannot become a center for the restorative forces of nature, no individual who cannot become a world of light in miniature in which the radiance of hope will go out into all other worlds which are, or may be, in the darkness of dread and despair. It was said that even a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without the divine will, without the judgment of the Law. Is not a vast discrimination the very essence and heart of divine law, and shall it not translate chaos into order and execute justice among nations?

And so now and always, we can do much, not only by preaching our philosophy of hope, but by practising it. We believe, we know, that it is well with the world. Let us act as though we believe and know it. Hope is irresistibly contagious, and men need only an invitation to lift their eyes from the ground with its magnified perils, and to fix them upon the horizon where heaven and earth meet and mingle. Let us think steadily of life and not of death, of peace and not of discord. Let us believe in justice, and the triumph of right. Let us be assured that the Oversoul of humanity is alive forevermore, that it has the keys of fate within its hands and that it will subdue all insurrection from below, imposing at the last its utmost perfect peace upon all turbulences and upon all violences.

STUDENT

Suicide and Guilt

GENERAL SIR HECTOR MACDONALD, when accused of a disgraceful crime, committed suicide, and the world said that he had thereby admitted his guilt. The world is usually anxious to return a verdict of guilty from a standpoint too lofty and too virtuous to be troubled by mere evidence. It has now been ascertained that General Macdonald was *not* guilty, that there was no shadow of justification for the charge, and that it was the result of malice and slander. Suicide is evidence of moral cowardice, but is it evidence of guilt? There is perhaps something in the contrary contention. The guilty man has steeled himself against possible detection and has mentally arranged whatever defense is open to him, but to the innocent man the charge may come with such unexpected force as to shatter the mind and conquer courage. Those who thus assassinate an honorable man and brave soldier are not to be envied.

A Suicide Institution

IT seems that one of our well-known universities is earning for itself a reputation as a "suicide institution," because of the frequency with which this horror occurs. Various representative men have been invited to advance theories in explanation of such a sinister state of affairs, and their replies may be quoted as evidence not only of a wide divergence of views but of the inadequacy with which so serious a problem is sometimes faced. Here are five opinions which have been obtained from five separate authorities:

- Coeducation is the leading cause of suicide at ———.
- Dyspepsia, caused by wretched boarding houses.
- Hard physical and mental work.
- The most reasonable explanation seems to me to be that of imitation.
- The lack of religious and moral training.

We hope that the first theory may at once be ruled out of court. If we have actually reached a point of degeneration where men and women cannot be educated together without producing an epidemic of suicide, such a condition would seem even more menacing than the crime itself.

The second explanation, that of dyspepsia, is an illustration of inadequacy that it would be hard to equal. How deplorable must be the mentality which is driven by dyspepsia over the edge of sanity, and how dangerously near the edge must that mentality normally be. Are we to believe that there is any considerable number of students who need only the final urge of dyspepsia to take their own lives. It is almost incredible, and in any case such an explanation does but move the problem one step further back.

The third theory of hard physical and mental work is almost equally unsatisfactory. Hard work never hurts any one if it is properly systematized, and invigorated by worthy object and ideal. There is hardly any breaking strain to a due combination of mental and physical labor so long as it is fortified by lofty aims and intentions.

The fourth theory, that of the fatal power of imitation, may have much to support it, although it also is deplorably inadequate. We must, however, again express our wonder at the picture which it displays, a picture in which the minds of young men and women at the time when they should be healthiest and strongest are yet in a condition so morbid, so diseased, as to be irresistibly driven to imitate the irrevocable crime of another.

The final suggestion that suicide among students is caused by lack of religious and moral training may mean very much or it may mean very little. It all depends on the definition we attach to these expressions. If they mean ordinary creed and dogma we would suggest that these things are the cause of suicide and not the prevention. The religion which gives to life the crown of a supreme sanity is the religion which recognizes the existence of the soul, its sublime mission and the unflickering eternity of conscious life. The religion which shows that law is the ruler of events is the destroyer of despair, and the perspective of life which it gives to us proves that hope and attainment have no boundaries, and that all circumstances are helpful and friendly. If this is the kind of religious and moral training which is meant, we would express our hearty agreement, knowing well that suicide and all other crime would disappear forever wherever its light can penetrate.

STUDENT

Dr. Max Nordau

DR. MAX NORDAU is a striking illustration of what can be achieved by unaided ability. He was born in very poor circumstances and at the age of fifteen he was already supporting his mother, father and sister. At the age of eighteen he was studying medicine at the Pesth University and earning the money as a reporter. His writings soon attracted attention and his fame culminated with the publication of his great work on *Degeneracy*. Truly, men become famous, not by the education which we put into them but by the innate ability which is allowed to come out of them.

STUDENT

Frontispiece---Loch Katrine

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week gives a fine view of Loch Katrine in the County of Stirling, Scotland. This is one of a group of very famous lakes in Stirling County, the others being Lochs Lomond, Arklet, Coulter, Ellrig, and Black.

The Cheapness of Life

INSCRUTABLE are the workings of the human mind and of human sympathies. Especially is this true of the very divergent values which we place upon human life. A sudden calamity, such as the destruction of a theatre, fills us with consternation and pity, but an infinitely greater and more needless waste of life we are able to view with unconcern. During the last five years 38,890 persons were killed and 253,823 were injured on the railroads of the United States. We should like to see how these figures compare with the results of all the world's wars during the same period. And this frightful casualty list is unnecessary. The *Chicago Tribune*, writing editorially upon the subject speaks

Of the thousands sacrificed every year to human indifference, carelessness and lawlessness, and to the risks taken by greed and indolence.

It seems that we annually kill one person for every 300 railroad employes, but in Germany only one in every 750 is killed; in Austria, one in every 1000, and in Great Britain one in every 1500. In America there is no decrease from year to year, while in Great Britain, in the year 1874, forty-six were killed out of a total of 250,000, and in 1894, out of 381,000 only six were killed. The mining, manufacturing and building industries tell the same tale. According to the *Chicago Tribune*,

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* has investigated some of them. It finds that among 142,420 employes in the Pennsylvania anthracite mines in a recent year, there were 461 fatal and 1030 non-fatal accidents. Last year 788 persons were killed in mines in the United States. It also finds that on the railroads, in the mills and factories and in the building operations the yearly number of fatal accidents is not less than 20,000, and of non-fatal 150,000, and that from one-half to two-thirds of these are avoidable.

The disgrace of it all is in the concluding sentence. If an individual causes the death of another through indifference, carelessness, lawlessness, greed or indolence, it is usually left to a jury to give that offense a name and to a judge to award a punishment, but apparently if the offense be upon a sufficiently large scale there are no such penalties resulting.

STUDENT

Rich Men's Sons

DR. GUNSAULUS is one of those preachers who seems to be unafraid to take hold of the vital truths of practical religion with bare hands, and apply them to the needs of the day. He has lately preached a sermon upon "Rich Men's Sons," and while he avoids the vulgarity of attaching a spiritual halo to either poverty or riches, he recognizes that every social condition has its peculiar dangers as well as its peculiar opportunities. None the less he says that "it seems easier to go to perdition in a dress suit than in a sack coat," and he goes on to offer the unpalatable truth that,

Society, as organized today, swallows many a young man into an early grave, and the young man is unfortunate who comes into the city and gets into a wealthy crowd. In the sixteen years I have lived among you, I have gone to the graves of young men with wealthy fathers, who themselves have dug the graves for their sons. The United States Government can never be strong until fathers give to this country boys that have been governed.

That the graves of the children are dug by their parents is lamentably true of every class of the community and not of one alone. If we could but more clearly see the workings of the law of cause and effect, if we could but see the roots from which the baleful, poisonous flowers of civilization have sprung, there would be a reform in nursery and school such as the world has never yet seen, nor ever so urgently needed. There would be fewer gray hairs brought in sorrow to the dust.

Dr. Gunsaulus sends an arrow straight to the heart of the question when he says that this Government will never be strong until fathers give to their country more sons that have been disciplined. We have today a strange and fatal fallacy that freedom and discipline are antagonists. We shall have to learn that there is no freedom without discipline. Slaves we must all of us be either to the good or to the evil, and strange indeed is that freedom which binds us hand and foot and throws us into the arena of our own passions. To discipline a child is to give it a knowledge of good and evil, and the divine free will which can discriminate and choose between them. Mothers and fathers can learn this lesson now if they will, or they can wait for the scourge of nature to teach it to them by sorrow.

STUDENT

✻ Some Views on XXth Century Problems ✻

✻ Fruit on the Tree of Selfishness

THERE are some old books which produce a feeling almost of despair, not because of the social picture which they paint, but because of the indifference with which that picture has been received. It has been admired as a work of art, we have rhapsodized over color and composition, but we have been blind to the burning message with which it throbs, and the dance of death has led us ever nearer to the precipice from which it was meant to warn us. Such a book is Carlyle's *Past and Present*. Take it up now and read page after page of burning denunciation, of a great heart's bitter, compassionate wrath, and then realize that by all usual human standards that book has failed, its merciless dissection of the horrors in which we live and move and have our being has left us unaffected, and the passage of years since its publication has but heaped misery upon misery and crime upon crime. Slum life has increased, despair, disease and vice are more aggressive, and the fruit upon the tree of selfishness has become the desire of all nations.

Another such book is made up of the early writings of John Richard Green, the historian. These writings were first given to the world in 1867, when the eminent author was a clergyman in the east end of London. Almost every word that he wrote then might be written today, except that his sorrowful pleadings for the poor and the oppressed would today be intensified by an intensified and more calamitous misery. He speaks scornfully of our "charities," which, he says, are a sign not of our compassion, but of our indifference, and which do but intensify the misery by adding unto privation the inevitable corruption of mendicancy. Society is too indifferent either to leave the slums entirely alone or by determining the cause of social disease to end it.

All that some people know of it is summed up in the annual winter's cry of distress. Christmas after Christmas brings the same appeal to public charity, the same plea of want of employment, of starvation, of death. Every year the appeal is more generally responded to, but the cry grows louder with the response. Charity—benevolence, that is, with other people's money—has become the winter business of the East end.

This corrupting charity is administered by the religious organizations, who scramble with one another for the influence to be gained by its distribution.

There is no inquiry as to solvency or responsibility or a proper auditing of accounts; the tap is turned on, and the one question is, Who shall be first with his bucket?

These essays were written nearly thirty years ago, and while they have not, of course, had the same enormous circulation as the writings of Carlyle, they were, nevertheless, widely read, and are now given to the world in book form. Is the world likely to do any more than admire their literary form, their vigor and their scope? Will the world listen to this voice from the dead, or will it render to the writings of John Richard Green the same homage of stupidity which it has continuously offered to Carlyle?

Such books as these produce, as we have said, a feeling akin to despair. The slum life of all our great cities grows more extensive and more cruel, year by year. Year by year the corrupting stream of gold is poured out that the feeble whisperings of embryonic consciences may be quieted. What is to be the end of it, because to an end it must most speedily come?

STUDENT

✻ Self-Indulgence and Alcoholism

THE number of people who take no alcoholic drink whatever is steadily on the increase, but the total consumption of alcohol is also on the increase. This can only be explained on the assumption that those accustomed to alcohol are drinking it in larger quantities, thus maintaining and enlarging the old averages. In England, for example, the consumption of alcohol has increased 21 per cent during the last twenty years, and many other nations could tell the same story. It may well be called one of the problems of the age, and it is a problem which is likely to remain unsolved so long as we devote so much attention to the eradication of evils and so little attention to the

removal of evil. The alcohol habit is a growth upon the tree of self-indulgence and so long as we assiduously cultivate the tree the supply of fruit is not likely to diminish. We deliberately set our children afloat upon the broad stream of self-gratification without oars or compass, and then we marvel at the almost inevitable shipwreck and call it one of the problems of the day.

STUDENT

✻ Slum Life Is Based on Selfishness

SOME wealthy men of Chicago are about to inaugurate a scheme for the alleviation of slum misery. The plan is to transplant the people from the congested districts to agricultural lands which will be procured for the purpose.

Very similar experiments have been tried in London, and to a great extent they are a failure. The slum dweller is not fitted for farm life and he cannot work productively, and unless he can work productively the scheme is simply a financial charity. We have also to remember that the slums are being recruited far more quickly than they can be emptied, and the true remedy is to stop the inflow. To do that we need something more than a mere tinkering with externals. The congestion of the slums has a cause and until the cause is removed the congestion will go on. What then is the remedy?

We must frankly admit that we see no remedy whatever, no possible alleviation until we are ready to reconsider the basis of our social life, and by this we refer in no way to legislation, nor agitation, nor any of the social anti-toxins which we are so noisily anxious to compel each other to swallow. The true basis of our social life is a mental and moral basis. All miseries and all remedies begin here and nowhere else. So long as we are willing to live like hungry wild beasts in the arena, so long will there be a certain number of unfit who cannot defend themselves and who will fall before the sharper teeth and the longer claws of the remainder. To cease for an occasional hour from the work of mutual destruction in order to pick up one or two of the wounded and disabled is of course good, if ineffective, but how infinitely better to cease inflicting the wounds. One thing is certain. No reform is possible which is based upon a continuance of the present mental conception of daily duty. Slum life is not in anomaly, it is an integral and inevitable part of our system. Slum life is not a disease, but the symptom of a disease, in the same way that a headache may be the symptom of blood-poisoning. The real malady must be sought for in the collective life of the community, the home, the counting-house, the pulpit and in the pew.

The real slums are to be found in the thought life of all classes, the habits of selfishness of which the material slums are but the inevitable deposit. Very much of what we call charity is paid as a ransom for our habits of thought and we would willingly pay ten times as much rather than see rude hands laid upon the ark of our greedy covenant. No true reform will ever come out of subscription lists nor board meetings, but wherever there is one man who determines to live righteously, with or without the support of others, and to face "ruin," and ostracism and ridicule, and all the other pitiful ghosts of fancy and fashion, there within that man's heart has been liberated a force which shall not fail. X.

✻ Who Will Arouse the Churches?

A WRITER on the drink problem of a nation says that, to overcome the evil finally, resort must be had to legislation. "But meanwhile legislation halts, because the churches, which should be powerful in the formation of an enlightened public opinion, are inadequately aroused on the question."

Here is an ingenuous and unconscious admission of the fact that the churches do not lead, but follow. What, one asks, is the function of the churches supposed to be? They need arousing? Then who or what is to arouse them? The churches are to be aroused to form an enlightened public opinion, and this in turn is to cause legislation, which again will prevent the drink evil. In the absence of anyone who will arouse the churches and so set the train of mechanism going, we must wait until they wake up.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Descriptive Music and the Soul's Higher Need.

MUSIC of the higher kind awakes in us the dormant faculty of intuition, it stirs the imagination, and calls into action a part of our nature that the ordinary life of the world today tends to deaden and obscure, a part of our nature that is purer and more subtle than the reasoning, analytical mind. For this reason, perhaps, the better kind of music always irritates people who have given up the attempt to raise or purify their own lives and who only want to hear that kind of music which appeals to the sensuous or to the intellectual.

The intuition has been so long neglected and despised that it has become dormant in a great majority of people, and any appeal to it produces in these people a feeling of irritation, akin to the feeling produced by a demand made upon them for any kind of effort. Also, it causes them to feel annoyed because they do not "understand" it; that is to say, they can not give themselves any clear statement of an intellectual kind of the meaning of what they hear. They are so completely at the mercy of the intellect that they want an intellectual analysis of an emotion and an intellectual formula in which to express it. This they call "understanding," not seeing that the higher emotions are greater than any intellectual analysis, formula, or expression of them.

The intuition is the voice of the soul and the soul is greater than the mind. For this reason what is called "descriptive music," although generally popular with the intelligent masses, is condemned very often by those who see the higher possibilities of music. For the same reason the general public like to have an explanation of the meaning of a piece of music and the more artistic or cultured equally dislike such interference with the action of their own intuition. There is, indeed, something vulgar and even impertinent in an attempt to suggest to an audience what it shall think about while listening to a musical composition, and such explanations are only excusable when they are so lofty and inspiring as to raise the mind to a higher state preparatory to the hearing of the music. But this is not what the lower nature wants, and, if offered, serves only to bring about the irritation alluded to. To be popular the description must appeal to the emotions familiar to the lower nature, and so must tend to close the door of intuition which it is in the power of music to unlock. If the explanation or description should fall below the level of the intention of the composer of the music, it becomes an offence morally and artistically, an insult to the composer, and an injury to the audience.

Far better is it to seek no such intellectual explanation, but to let the music tell its own tale and let the soul of the listener have a chance to awake for a moment and fill the mind with even a confused impression of higher things. Better the unsatisfied wish for an understanding of what is heard, than such a sop to the lower part of the mind, which is truly the Cerberus who barks at the gate of the Soul's castle. R. MACHELL

The sound of music that is born of human breath,
Comes straighter from the soul than any strain
The hand alone can make.—*Arion*

SCHUBERT was one of those great musical geniuses who was able to write out his choicest melodies on the inspiration of the moment. "One afternoon, as he was sitting with some friends in the garden of a tavern near Vienna, he saw a volume of Shakespeare on the table. He took it up and turned over the leaves till he came to 'Hark, hark, the Lark.' After looking at it a few moments he exclaimed, 'a lovely melody has come into my head: if I only had some music paper.' One of his friends drew a few staves on the back of a bill of fare, and Schubert, undisturbed by the tavern noise, jotted down his delightful song."

Celtic Music and the Pentatonic Scale

RESEARCHES being made within the last few years in the matter of Celtic music are not without their significance. One of the chief characteristics of Celtic music, the pentatonic scale, arises from the limitations of the instrument used, the harp. Examples of the pentatonic scale are not common today either in Scotch or Irish music, although one finds instances in a few well-known Irish airs, such as "The Groves of Blarney." The latter, with certain additions and interpolations, came to be known in the early part of the last century as "The Last Rose of Summer."

It is interesting to know that until 1100 B. C., the Chinese had only the five notes of our ordinary pentatonic scale, C-D-E-F-G, but in that year F sharp and B natural were added. This scale was used for several centuries until at the time of the Mongolian invasion there was introduced another scale, having the F natural instead of F sharp. The result of this was something so very like confusion, or so it appeared to the Chinese, that we are told an imperial edict went forth that no subject of the emperor should, after that time, use the interval of a semi-tone; and so the scale was reduced to C-D-F-G-A. There is an interesting analogy here, but whether there is any immediate connection between the musical system of the two countries is not yet determined.

FRAGMENT

by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

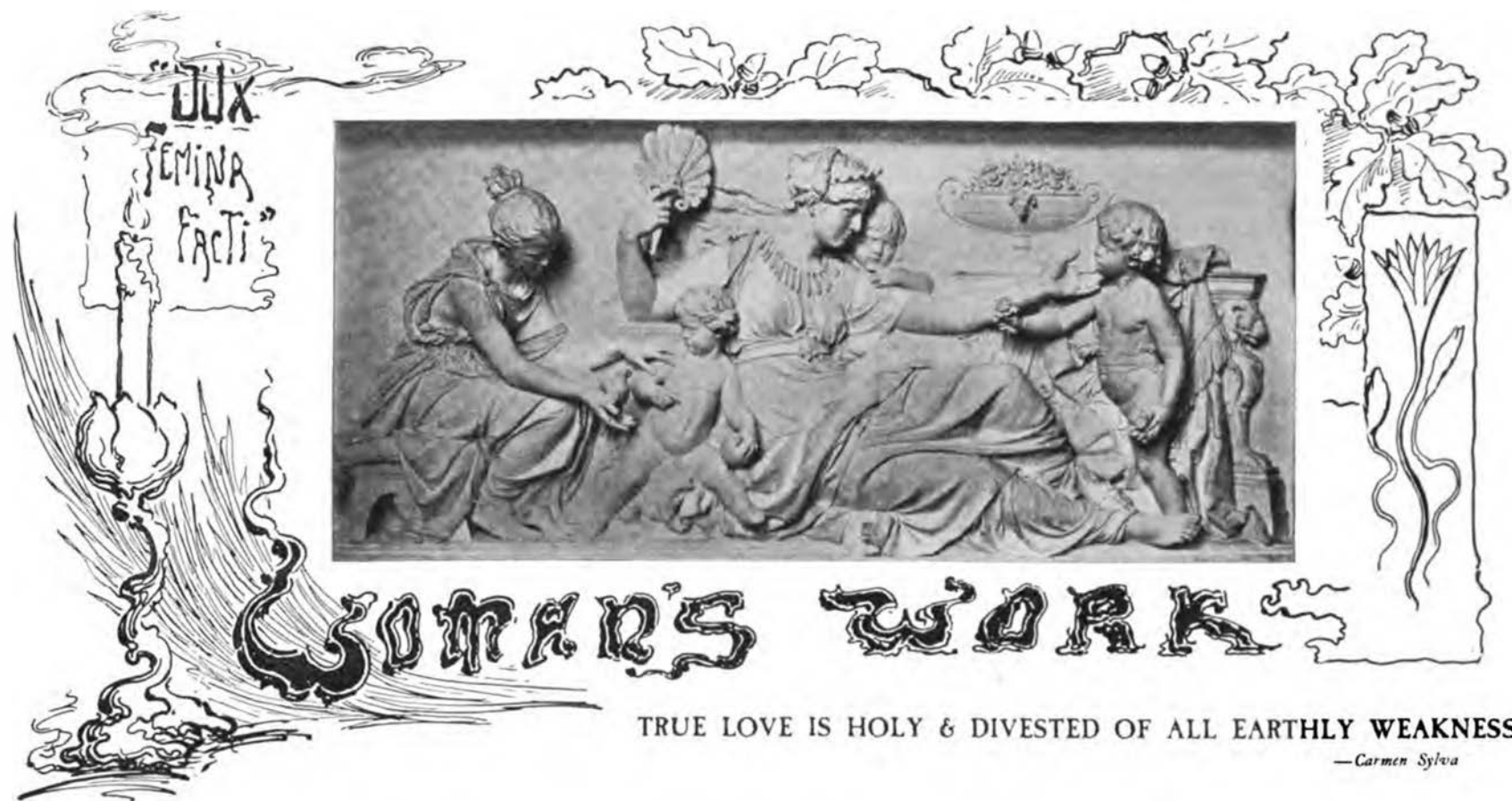
THE cygnet finds the water; but the man
Is born in ignorance of his element.
And feels but sin at first, disorganized
By sin in the blood---his spirit-insight dulled
And crossed by his sensations. Presently
He feels it quicken in the dark sometimes;
When mark, be reverent, be obedient---
For such dumb motions of imperfect life
Are oracles of vital Deity
Attesting the Hereafter. Let who says
"The soul's a clean white paper," rather say
A palimpsest, a prophet's holograph
Defiled, erased, and covered by a monk's---
The apocalypse, by a Longus! poring on
Which obscure text, we may discern perhaps
Some fair, fine trace of what was written once.

ures, and if they were enlightened, in most cases they would repudiate the suggestion. In Holland the 'planting' of falsely decorated Delft was not long ago almost a 'cottage industry,' designed to meet the convenience of the foreign ill-informed tourist, intent on picking up pieces of genuine Delft."

JOHN LOCKE in his *Thoughts Concerning Education* (and educators are already calling him old-fashioned, you know), says with regard to teaching children rhythmic motion, that is, dancing: "Nothing appears to give children so much becoming confidence and behavior and so to raise them to the conversation above their age for, though dancing consists only in outward gracefulness of motion yet, I know not how, it gives children manly thoughts." He adds that the teacher should be chosen with the utmost care. One must take exception, however, to the statement that "dancing consists only in outward gracefulness of motion." Much that today goes by the name of dancing certainly reflects no more than that, but Locke's ideal of the dance must have somewhere skirted the boundaries of the real thing, or he would not have prescribed it for children. The ancient dance was a ceremonial, majestic, sacred, consecrated to the Temples—one of the mysteries truly. It was one avenue by which the Soul expressed itself. How has it been degraded!

SPEAKING of "wonder children," little Katherine Mills, a child of eleven years, is organist in an Essex, England, church, and Master Johann Sebastian Magill, a child of six, is organist in a church at Southgate, according to an English paper. The latter has recently been giving organ recitals, in addition to his regular musical work in the church.

CHOPIN was always averse to playing after dinner, and it is related that he once said, after having declined to play, in spite of the host's suggestion that all great artists played at that time, "*Mais, j'ai mangé si peu!*"



MUMA MANTILOR—"Mother of the Wounded"—by this name is Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, known to many thousands of her subjects. As "Carmen Sylva" is she best known to the reading public.

The life of Roumania's beloved queen is as romantic in its history as a fairy tale. Born in a castle on the Rhine, descendant of the knightly House of Weid, the little Princess Elizabeth, in spite of the claims of her environment, lived a free, out-of-door life, never so happy as when wandering with her two faithful dogs, among the towering beeches of the forest about her castle-home. "Princess of the Wild Rose," she was called, and justly.

Sensitive, passionately fond of the beautiful, gifted musically, refined and most prepossessing, she grew to young womanhood surrounded by an admiration which did not, however, taint the sweetness of her disposition. At nine the little Elizabeth was writing poems, dreaming dreams and getting up theatricals among her playmate friends. At fourteen she wrote her first drama. She studied music with Rubinstein and Madame Schumann and today loves nothing better than to sit in the palace music-room as the twilight deepens, improvising upon the great pipe-organ. It was to the Queen, his one-time pupil, that Rubinstein dedicated his composition "The Sulamite." And her marriage to Prince Charles—a love marriage, by the way—with their romantic entry into Bucharest, amid such popular rejoicing as even a Queen rarely sees, was as a doorway closing upon a fascinating past and opening into a superb future, a future whose griefs served but to strengthen, purify and refine. In nothing is the Queen more remarkable than in her capacity for work. She rises long before the sun, and there, in the great conservatory-library, before breakfast, her poems, essays and stories are written. This leaves the day practically free and she devotes it, hour after hour, to the welfare of her people.

In Castle Pelesch she spends her summers. Built high up in the Carpathian mountains, as the castle is, the Queen is close to nature, and yet, surrounded by almost every marvel of art, from gorgeous oriental tapestries to carvings and paintings. And there is music always, for the Queen has her own orchestra and at times conducts it herself.

Carmen Sylva, in her poems, has sounded some of the deepest notes in human life. In some we read between the lines but the serenity and

✧ Carmen Sylva ✧

TO be in a position to do even the most insignificant thing to raise the veil which hides the divine from the vision of men should be regarded as an inestimable privilege. Only as we are true to ourselves can we be true to our trust.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

sweetness that is native to the unspoiled woman-heart; in others, we perceive the warrior, who, outraged with the world's in-

justice and saddened with its sorrow, is all fire and flame. The death of her only child, little Marie, brought into her life an overshadowing grief. But with the courage that is ever the sign of those who are innately unselfish she transmuted the personal sorrow into pure compassion. Only one incident in her life is the record of her services to the wounded, during the terrible Russo-Turkish war, when, dressed like the plainest of her subjects, she worked day and night for weeks in the emergency hospitals. And many a soldier declared that his fever was cured not by medicines but by the visits of his beloved Queen.

In her recent book Carmen Sylva says:

A woman's real knowledge need not be so great as her desire for knowledge in order that she may be a spiritual support for her children. . . . Ideal life would be in the country, in one's own garden, which would yield what one needs for food, with simple, healthy clothes, and books in which one could learn what no stereotyped school-lesson teaches.

If only women would learn that they are not here to be understood, but to understand! That is their holy vocation. People, especially men, seldom understand

women, for the man is much simpler in his sentiments and has seldom time to hearken to them. It suffices for him if he finds his hearth comfortable when he has worked himself tired. He doesn't want, then, to study the fine wheelwork of a woman's soul, but thinks that the simple fact of his loving her is enough, and that she wants nothing further. If women only knew what holy strength was bestowed on them by locking up in themselves their solitary thoughts and being always amiable, unnecessary storms would not so often arise. . . . Perhaps there was a time when man and woman were one single being,

and perhaps the legend of the rib dates from the time of the separation. They can now never become one again except in self-sacrifice. . . .

Nature rewards great and deep love with beautiful and highly talented children. All know this and yet have the unconscientiousness to place unhappy children in the world because they forget to love one another. With a great love, a sacred love, heaven can come quite near. . . .

If one, from the beginning, regarded marriage as a holy sacrifice one would perhaps get on better. For this reason no laws and regulations can be made; it is for the individual to ennoble and perfect this.

There would be no "woman question" if the question of marriage had been differently handled.

STUDENT

Carmen Sylva on Joy and Sorrow

THE Newspaper Enterprise Association has secured a translation of a recent article contributed by Carmen Sylva to the *Leipsiger Zeitung*, in which the writer says:

"Few people on earth can have enjoyed reaching their 60th birthday as much as I have. When I was 20 years of age, I had a burning desire to be 60. Old age seemed to be a haven of refuge from the storms and troubles of life, but now that I have reached my 60th birthday I find that life is still dark and incomprehensible.

"During the first 30 years of my life, I experienced everything which a human being can experience in respect to sorrow and misfortunes. I have begun to write an authentic and full account of the earlier years of my life in order to put an end to many inaccurate versions now in circulation.

"The second 30 years have been filled with laborious work. What remains to me is to watch the gates of heaven slowly opening and revealing to me the dear ones who have gone before. Such a heavenly light shines down on me that earthly matters can no more trouble me.

"I have preserved such a capacity for enjoyment that every moment of life brings me a fresh pleasure. A flower, a ray of sunlight, an innocent young face, a venerable old face, a word, a song, one note from the strings of a violin, a leaf, an animal, a good deed, all these things inspire me with gladness and the joy of living.

"I have never experienced disillusion. Many spoil their own lives and those of others by their inability to love their fellow-men as they are, instead of figuring out how they ought to be. I am able to see beautiful features in every face and fine traits in every character.

"Two words have been struck out of my dictionary—family and strangers. I had to desert my own family to adopt a whole nation, and the only child that I bore was taken up to heaven. There are no strangers, for all men are brothers, and all claim treatment from me as such.

"We have no right to have sympathies and antipathies, if we desire to live as Christians. Every one of us is on earth for the service of all the others, according to his strength and capacity for doing good. Old age should be bright sunshine which lights up the lives of all around, and I pray God that I, too, may radiate these rays of kindness and benevolence. I welcome old age with its peace, its patience, its charity. God grant me the power to warm the lives of others till that great moment comes when I can shake off the shackles of earth, and rise in unspeakable happiness to greet my Maker face to face."



CARMEN SYLVA

TO CARMEN SYLVA

by JOHANNA AMBROSIIUS

NOT even once have I looked on thy face;
Yet when all cloudless beams the sky's blue space,
I think as deep, as pure, serene and clear,
Thine eyes may be as this fair azure sphere.

When earth in all her pomp of bloom beguiles
And from each flower-cap an angel smiles,
When breath of love through all the world goes forth,
I think e'en thus bewitching is thy mouth.

All beauty which the heaven and earth enfold,
I could, O noble Queen, in thee behold!
In very joy and rapture I must weep,
Because the earth and heaven in thee tryst keep.

The Women of Ainos

WE need not go back in thought to prehistoric times, nor even consult ancient history, to discover proofs abundant that evolution proceeds not by the urge from below, but by the patient, compassionate helping from above. Since man existed this compassionate help has been extended. Those who are inferior have learned from the races and peoples above them, and Great Teachers have come from age to age bringing the light. But for their coming the races of men would not have advanced. It is part of the Law that there must be the compassionate down-reaching and out-pouring or evolution cannot go forward, for "compassion is the Law of Laws."

Professor Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago, is about to go to the island of Yezo of the Japanese group, to investigate the Ainos, a race which, centuries ago, was driven northward, presumably by the Japanese. They took refuge in this island and have existed for centuries, practically cut off from all intercourse of a helpful kind, with any contemporary race. While the Japanese have a certain connection with them, they regard them as their inferiors and treat them as such, and as a result the Ainos have degenerated, until today they are a dying race. They have no history, no ambition, no future. A hundred years ago they were in the midst of what was practically the Stone Age. A hundred years hence, it may be, they will have ceased to exist. They no longer make even a reputable bow and arrow, and their position in the scale of evolution is assured, if all other evidence were lacking, by the treatment of their women.

According to Aino religion, women have no souls. They are drudges, mere conveniences, and while there are occasional women who rebel against the pressure of their lives, most of them sink into a stolid indifference. It is not at all uncommon for Aino women to commit suicide. She is one of the Aino institutions merely, and a very lightly considered one. Divorces, however, as certain bishops and cardinals will be delighted to know, are practically unknown in that land.

Professor Starr is already well known because of his many original ideas, one of which has recently been commented upon by the newspapers. He is reported to have said in an address to his students, that alcoholic liquors are a valuable aid to genius and that, instead of hindering the processes of evolution, stimulants are a positive help! Whether Professor Starr's investigations among the Ainos will bring about any change in his opinions remains to

be seen. Perhaps he will classify this race as among the "exceptions to rules," for the fact is that the Aino man loves his Saké above all else, and drinks almost continuously. The women do not drink, for the reason that Saké is a drink for gods and men only! Upon women, as they are soulless, it would be wasted.

STUDENT

A TEMPEST, according to report, has been created in some sections of the University of California by the announcement made by Professor Gayley that his course in the English Department will be open to men students only, and that women will hereafter be debarred from attendance. The reason given by Professor Gayley is simple and presumably satisfactory. He says, merely, that the men have been crowded out of even the largest lecture-rooms by the great number of women students, and that they simply have no chance to take the work against the greater number of women. This is an argument for—or against—higher education for women, according to one's personal view!

THE Indiana Supreme Court recently announced the doctrine that a mother-in-law is of a right entitled to dutiful and honorable conduct on the part of her son-in-law, particularly when she trusts him as a son. When one considers what a husband owes to the one who loved and reared, cared for and educated, the woman who gives the best of herself to enrich his own life, it is strange indeed that the position of mother-in-law is often so anomalous. It may be the tide is turning.

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Egypt and the Bible in the Strong Light of Archeology

A SERMON delivered by the Rev. Newton Mann, of Omaha, is worthy of very considerable study, not only for its erudition, but also as evidence of the extent to which enlightened preachers are focussing the light of archeology upon Biblical research. The sermon is one of a series upon the "Causes of the Modern Transformation of Religious Thought," and the discoveries of archeology are handled in a manner so distinctly Theosophical as to constitute something of a landmark in religious thought. We are in no necessary agreement with all of the preacher's conclusions, but it is none the less gratifying to see that the proved facts of archeology are so soon bearing fruit, and that there are, at any rate, some pulpits where theology and indisputable truth are not at variance.

Mr. Mann very rightly points out that the mere testimony of the ancient has hitherto counted for very little where such testimony was supposed to be in conflict with the Bible. He points out that even the statement of Callisthenes, that he himself had visited the Babylonian observatory and had there examined the astronomical observations of over 1,900 years, went for very little and was forgotten. How could there be such knowledge within a century of the flood? It mattered not that Callisthenes was a witness of unimpeachable veracity. His testimony seemed adverse to Biblical revelation and that was sufficient.

But now we have something more than written evidence. We have Babylon itself with its libraries of learning. We can no longer deny and it will soon be equally impossible to ignore.

Egyptian discoveries have been no less startling, no less subversive to popular theology. Seven thousand years of Egyptian life are now firmly within the grasp of history and the dawn of the Egyptian race is still out of our sight. This is perhaps the worst blow which theological chronology has ever received or is likely to receive.

Ages before the "captivity" Egypt had attained to a civilization which the "chosen people" were never even able to imitate, and Mr. Mann goes even so far as to say that we must now revise our ideas as to the Biblical story of captivity and exodus. He says, indeed, that the whole account "is in the main a work of the Hebrew imagination, having only slight foundation of fact." He points out as a matter for some wonder that after so long a residence in Egypt the Israelites should have emerged with so little trace of such a contact.

On their first appearance in Palestine they lacked the civilization of Egypt, were inferior, except in a rude art of warfare, to their neighbors, knew nothing of embalming, had no idea of personal immortality.

The Rev. Mr. Mann seems to be disappointed with the literature of Egypt. He admits that it is based upon the positive assumption of immortality, but he finds much that he thinks unworthy of the height to which Egypt had reached in other directions. This may perhaps be due to an incomplete understanding of writings which we have only been able to read since the discoveries of Champollion. It may also be due to the materialism of our minds which find it hard to attune themselves to an entirely spiritual faith. Mr. Mann thinks that the creative genius

of the Egyptian people was in doing and not in thinking. We should, however, suppose that thought is necessarily the mother of action, and that mighty and enduring deeds are always born of mighty and enduring thoughts. A majestic art, for example, can never flourish side by side with a puerile religion, and an architecture which is still the wonder and the admiration of the world must be the expression of lofty thought and an aspiration which is religion in its truest sense. Mr. Mann himself quotes from Professor Petrie, who describes the finding of an ivory statuette of the First Dynasty. The Professor's words are so graphic that we reproduce them, although the discovery is now so well-known. He says:

Suddenly a patterned robe and then a marvelous face appeared in the dust, and there came forth from his six-thousand-year sleep one of the finest portrait figures that have ever been seen. Wearing the crown of Upper Egypt, and clad in his thick embroidered robe, this old king, wily yet feeble with the weight of years, stands for the diplomacy and statecraft of the oldest civilized kingdom that we know. No later artist of Egypt, no Roman portrait-maker, no Renaissance Italian, has outdone the truth and expression of this oldest royal portrait, coming from the First Dynasty of Egypt. . . . We must now grant in future that a complete art had arisen nearly seven thousand years ago, and that it has seldom been equaled and hardly ever surpassed in the five fresh births of art which have occupied the course of human history.

Mr. Mann very truly says that "the existence of a well-developed civilization, in which so advanced an art as sculpture had attained rare perfection 7,000 years ago, more distinctly negatives the Biblical story of creation than the geologists' requirement of 50,000,000 years for the laying down of the sedimentary rocks."

To a very great extent the churches have failed to take advantage of the progress of archeology. They have watched that progress with undisguised hostility, and theology has allowed itself to be forced from point to point at a loss of dignity which it will take a long time to recover. The interference of science with Biblical chronology has been resented as an insult to the very ark of the covenant, and while science was confined to abstruse and difficult speculation, it could be resisted, so far as the ignorant

were concerned, with some measure of success. But times have changed. Geological theories, and even geological evidence, could, after a fashion, be explained away, but all our colleges of theology combined cannot explain away the ruins at Luxor or at Karnac, and the chronology which is engraved upon stone. Babylon remains as a stupendous fact, and when theology has condescended to recognize Babylon and Egypt, it will be time to invite its attention to ruins more ancient yet, the buried cities of America, the birthplace and the nursery of the mighty men who went forth to establish the land of Khem.

STUDENT



OLD MAORI WARRIOR AT THE CARVED HOUSE, TE KUITI, King Country, Auckland, New Zealand

FEW parts of the world seem to be without remains of the now extinct mammoth. The latest discovery of the remains of this gigantic animal has been made near Sittingbourne, in England, where a splendid pair of tusks has been unearthed. They are nearly eight feet in length, and were found in the course of some deep excavations.

Nature

Studies

The Sky Has Its Own Message for All

IN one of his finest nature sketches Ruskin expresses his surprise that the beauties of the sky receive such scanty attention even from those who profess to be lovers of nature. Of the landscape and ocean we never weary, to mountain and lake we give all the wealth of our admiring wonder, but if we speak of the sky at all it is but as the touch of completion which makes perfect the magic picture. We should perhaps better understand the reason for this if we more carefully examined the source of our nature-love and the meaning of the all too vague stirrings within us which seem longing to break forth into voice. Is not our love of nature a higher egoism, an egoism so pure and true that we would willingly find some other word less soiled by unwelcome associations?

Does not nature speak to us in a thousand voices which we recognize to be also our own, or which we know were once ours and can be ours again?

Is she not speaking to us of a Garden of Eden behind us and within us, a garden in which God walked and talked with man?

Some message from her boundless peacefulness enters as a sad reproach into the heart which also was once the dwelling place of peace, and with the vibration of that message the dark curtain of our blindness is stirred as by a night-wind, and we know that somewhere within the heart there is still the domain of a great peace which passes all understanding. There is in the face of nature a mighty patient yearning to be understood. Her own forces are within us, and it is our kinship with mountain, lake and valley, with storm and summer sun, and with the kindly brooding night, which strives for the recognition which we have not love enough to give.

And the sky; has it no message? Surely, it has no message that we can read or hear. Surely, no whisper of the mystery has reached us, or we should have put all little things away from us, the smallnesses which to our distorted vision have seemed great enough to cloud the brightness of that other boundless firmament within. The landscape and the sea call forth from us some welcome from their counterpart in ourselves, but what shall be the counterpart of that which is measureless, which knows no boundary save that of our baffled and returning thought, of the abyss into which the imagination peeps and shudders? Silent are the immensities of space above us, and though we should rise and set our feet upon the stars, the stairway of infinite space leads ever onward.

We speak not much of the sky because we fear it. We dread the mystery above us and the mystery within, the ineffable presences which poise themselves amid the suns, and the still small voice which vibrates through the portals of the heart. Beyond those portals are immensities like unto those without, in which is a light ineffable upon which no human mind can look and live if it bear one stain of sin or self.

Is it our smallnesses which cannot bear to look upon infinity, the real infinity within, the mirage of infinity without? And not until we have more greatly loved, more greatly dared, shall we roll away the clouds which cover the face of the great deep, not until then shall we gaze unabashed into the abiding and transcendent glory of the sky. X.

FORGET-ME-NOT

WHEN to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came);
And standing at its Father's feet,
And gazing in His face,
It said in low and trembling tones:
"Dear God, the name Thou gavest me,
Alas, I have forgot."
Kindly the Father looked Him down,
And said: "Forget-me-not!"



EARLY SWEET PEAS FROM LOMA-LAND

Is Similarity of Structure a Safe Guide?

IN all botanical and zoological classifications great stress is laid upon "similar structure," etc., as evidence of family relationship, if not of actual lineal descent, but to the uninstructed mind it is not so clear why there is necessarily any such extensive system of kinship, and, if there is, why similarity of appearance should be considered the evidence of it. This may seem, at first glance, like a rather wild suggestion, but some very familiar facts go far to justify it.

Even the most exact of our present-day scientists now see fit to adopt the belief, firmly held by Kepler, Herschel, Spencer, etc., that the visible Universe is but the outward garment and instrument of an unspeakably sublime Intelligent Purpose. Having gone so far they must and do perceive the definite and practical fact that everything has a REASON for existing. Some of them have seen yet a little deeper, and do confess that that REASON is, in some few cases, unknown to them.

One curious fact especially annoys them, that the most similar species are so often so very widely separated while those inhabiting the same region are so diverse. Suppose a suggestion be

sought in the creations of human intellect. There is no outward similarity between a letter, ready to post, and a telephone instrument, yet we know them to be essentially related and that each may perform the other's function of conveying information. A straight wire fence looks very much like a relative of the telegraph poles and wires beside it, but we know that they are not related either in origin or function.

The primitive composing-stick does not at all resemble a Mergenthaler linotype in appearance, but they are closely related in function; the rotary press has many points of resemblance in appearance and manner of motion to a planing-machine, yet they have no similar function in human economy; one can in no way replace the other.

We see in our own land the sword, the sickle and the hatchet, very different implements, yet by searching the world over we may find an unbroken line of transitional types from one to the other. Is the analogy sufficiently obvious? May it not be that the Controlling Intelligences have done the same thing and that we may finally find truer bases of classification in purpose and function than in similarity of structure and of habits?

Possibly we may also, when we adopt that view, perceive more clearly the purpose which each species serves in the infinite complexity of life and in the great evolutionary plan of the Guiding Minds. W. E.

EXPERIMENTS are being made for the introduction into America of the Egyptian fodder grass known as berseem, and enough has already been done to show that this valuable grass can be successfully grown in Texas and Louisiana in rotation with rice. Mr. D. G. Fairchild, the special traveling agent of the Department of Agriculture, says that "it will be good to grow between rows of trees in the irrigated orchards of California and the Southwest, and the Department will introduce it upon the plain of 1,500,000 acres flooded annually by the Colorado River. It grows quickly, looks like alfalfa and is a fine fodder."

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

A NEW Heaven and a New Earth," was the title of an address delivered at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Isis Theatre last Sunday evening. The large audience was appreciative and unsparing in applause of this, as of Mr. Sidney Coryn's address, entitled "The Man of Character." There were several excellent violin quartette selections by Raja Yoga boys, and an instrumental number or two by the Isis Conservatory students. In the course of her address, Mrs. Tyberg said:

"Those who, in childhood, have a fair share of careless pleasure and freedom from responsibility, and some training of the mental faculties that is supposed to prepare them for life, have considered themselves fortunate; if the opportunity for enjoyment continues through youth, if there is physical health and perhaps beauty, and talent in some direction with the means to cultivate it, they regard their youth with satisfaction. Manhood and womanhood are supposed to yield the happiness of close association with others in different relations, the pleasure of beholding children grow up, preparing to live as nearly as possible according to the parents' ideas of how they would like to see them live; we crave for ourselves and those we love, immunity from the ills that beset human life—from poverty, from disease, from the results of evil doing (for it is easy to forget our own evil doing or that of others, if we can make ourselves believe that the painful consequences can be avoided). Wealth and power and influence in the world, the means to gratify our desires, of whatever kind, and the means to make others happy or comfortable, travel, books, art, music, social success, a high degree of attainment in our chosen calling—all these are prized and thought to constitute happiness. But, alas! how many lives are devoid of any of these things, spent in misery and suffering, some even without the fictitious hope of a heaven. Into some rare lives enters the joy of being able to help others wisely, but even for these the hour strikes, and all too soon the opportunity to achieve on earth is over. Three score years and ten at the utmost to learn, to suffer, to enjoy, to work, to live. This is human life as the majority have looked upon it for more than a thousand years.

"But fortunately light has begun to glimmer through the awful cloud that has obscured the truth concerning man's destiny, and, thanks to the teaching of the wisdom religion, there is rapidly spreading in the world the knowledge that this view of human life is but the ignorant formulation of a few minds, blinded by material desire, which, nevertheless, could be foisted upon many other minds that, also blinded by material desire, have dully accepted the doctrine of despair and death. Now is revealed once again to the world the knowledge that man is a soul; that he has a thread of consciousness that persists through many lives on earth; that opportunity succeeds opportunity, by which man can build character and work out his destiny. 'There are no breaks, no gaps, to the one who knows himself as a soul.' The unknowable Heaven-state is transformed into a resting period between lives on

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Mrs. Tyberg delivered an Address on "A New Heaven and a New Earth," also Address by Mr. Coryn

Reprinted from the San Diego News

earth. We know once more that it is *here* that man must perfect himself; *here* must he fit himself for higher states; *here* must he fashion himself into a higher being.

"But do even those to whom has come the priceless teaching that man is a soul realize in full the possible dignity and beneficence of a human life on earth? Do

they think what the human kingdom represents in the great life of the universe? Man is the crown of the kingdoms of Nature: for millions of years the forces of Nature in harmony with the law underlying all manifested life have been building a body that the mind and soul could occupy and use. 'For the sake of the soul's experience the universe exists,' and into the human form is that soul at last destined to enter, and through it experience earth-life and win its fruitage. We are in error, deluded, if we believe that we can live unto ourselves alone; each of us is a part of the great universal life, and we do but nullify an existence and debar ourselves from our full sphere of action, if we ignore this truth. Little enough do we think of the mystery and sublimity of the opportunity a human life offers. The wonderful human form is the synthesis of all the form building of the ages. Man contains within himself the history and experience of all the kingdoms of Nature, and now on him and his choice depend his own destiny, and that of all the kingdoms below.

"For where Nature has followed serenely and unconsciously the mandates of the law, man must *choose* to attune his being to the *higher law*. He must consciously 'throw himself into the sublime order, and do with knowledge what the stones do by structure.'

"If we realized this broad and high destiny that we have in common with all others, would we not bestir ourselves to sound and remove the causes of the waste and destruction of human life that is the tale of every day? Should not our compassionate hearts have found wise ways of helping our brothers out of all misery and suffering? Let us awake! and turn the world with us into pure and regulated ways of living that will make it possible for the higher consciousness and intelligence that overshadows humanity to enter and become the motive power in our lives! When we *have* regulated our lives, when we live in higher unity with our brothers, a higher unit of the divine mind that planned the universe *will* enter into the human race and lift all life.

"In the old order of things, men believed they would die and go to heaven, to be with God; but now we know it to be the truth that, by pure lives and unselfish effort, we can make it possible for the gods to come unto us, and teach us as they did the early races of humanity. Then shall we reach the heights of life which, as yet, we have not hope, or faith, or insight enough to picture.

"Let us awake to our great destiny! Let us, by sublime effort, win for the human race a life in which humanity's *heart*—still unrevealed—may find the way to make a *heaven on earth*."

MISS ELLEN BERGMAN, who has just returned to the Loma-land student life from

Work of the Swedish Lodges

these, however, for a great many of our students know English now."

"What most impressed you, Miss Berg-

man, during your last visit to your home in Sweden?"

her old home in Sweden, brings with her most enthusiastic reports of the loyalty and activity of the Swedish lodges. "There is in the work," she said, "a unity and a harmony which I have never known before. We begin to realize there, for I still feel myself in every sense a part of the Swedish work, that we can never come to Point Loma until we have builded a real Point Loma spirit in our midst. We begin to realize, at last, what an opportunity we have to put the personality on the altar and just let it burn and burn and burn! It is not that we have less of the intellectual, but that we have now *more of the heart life*. The change in the last two years, or even in the last six months, has been marvelous."

"To what do you attribute that change, Miss Bergman?" I asked.

"To many things, doubtless, it is due," she replied. "But in my opinion it is due mainly to the sense of nearness to the Center that the members have, and that has come, I believe, from the way in which they study and read the NEW CENTURY PATH. Every week, as soon as the NEW CENTURY PATH has arrived, certain pages are allotted to certain members to translate for the rest of the Lodge. One takes the art page, another the editorial, another the science, another the archeological, another the children's page, and so on. Every article in the paper is thus translated and the translations read to the members in session, with comments and discussions. I cannot begin to tell you what this means to those members who do not understand the English language. There are not so many of

"Well," she replied, her eyes twinkling, "I think I was most impressed by the sight of the Boys' Club on the wharf just as I sailed, shouting, 'Hurrah for the Raja Yoga School and Point Loma!' The Boys' Club has been doing splendid work under a young man who is a member of the military. They have, of course, some military drills, and they are also giving a series of dramas in which the lives and heroic deeds of our great kings are dramatized. The Girls' Clubs are taking up dramatic presentations, too. How I wish Katherine Tingley would do for members of these clubs what she has done for the Lotus Children in sending the latter their new Symposium. But how can she? When does she get time?"

"It would be difficult," continued Miss Bergman, "to give you any idea of the interest aroused in the public mind by the presentation of Katherine Tingley's new Symposium, *The Little Philosophers*. The Lotus Children were assisted by members of the Boys' and Girls' Clubs. In fact, the work of these clubs and that of the Lotus Group is interblended, because our young men and women are only Lotus Children grown larger. There is a loyalty and a clearness of insight in the members that I have never before seen, and I believe we are on the way in Sweden to become fitted to carry on the Leader's larger work without so much strain and so many mistakes. Just now the hearts of all are with the Leader as well as with the comrades at Point Loma."

STUDENT

HEAVEN is here on earth, is a familiar saying, and it does indeed depend on man's

own will and intelligence (God-given) to make it so. The theologians have removed heaven to the clouds and postponed its enjoyment to the hereafter; and this as a compensation for taking all the joy out of human life in the here and now.

We preach not against religion itself, but only against that which is misnamed religion, the dogmas and creeds that have overlaid religion and turned it into a barrier instead of a revelation.

Nature is infinitely bountiful. No one has fathomed her depths or come to any stopping place beyond which she has no more wonders to reveal. The universe, in which we live *here and now*, is infinite in resources; the more we search in it, the more we find; and each new discovery, instead of bringing us nearer the limit, only opens up vaster avenues of knowledge and experience.

If we do not find life sufficiently full and rich and joyous, that is not because these things do not exist on earth, but because our dulled senses do not perceive them. Some people—poets, artists, of refined and sensitive nature—see and hear and feel much more than others. There was a time when each one of us, in the freshness of childhood not yet blunted and distorted by false living and wrong education, found in this world more joy and life, more beauty and interest, than we do now.

The question is: Could the organism of man be so strengthened and purified that it would always be ready to respond to the harmonies of nature and to thrill with the same deep joys that nature thrills with? Could the brain of man be so refined and cleansed that it would transmit light like a cleaned window-pane and make us wise? If so, life might become a joy, and earth a heaven indeed.

When we consider the way in which humanity has been abusing its body, misusing its mind, and defiling its soul, for ages, we cease to wonder that our eyes have grown dim and cannot see, our ears deaf to the music of the spheres, and our nerves too lax and heavy to thrill to any of the higher and purer emotions. Think of the generations of blood and strong drink and gluttony behind us. Think of the ages of blind faith in dogma, of religious wars, and of superstitions. Think of the lives spent in the useless hunt for wealth or the frivolous round of amusement or the grinding of perpetual overwork. It is not such a kind of life that can breed bodies strong and healthful, refined and well-proportioned; minds comprehensive and free from prejudice; hearts mild and generous, serene and unpoisoned by pride, anger, jealousy.

H. P. Blavatsky has explained how the human organism contains two sets of nerves: one coarse, like catgut, and able to respond only to coarse, powerful stimulation coming from the passions and appetites; the other fine as drawn silver wire, answering only to the breath of pure and lofty thought and feeling coming from the soul. Thus man has these two musical instruments, one strummed on by passion and lust, the other

What We Miss Through Selfishness

lightly swept by the fragrant breezes of wisdom like an Æolian harp.

Needless to say it is the catgut harp that we usually play, and many are the desires we have to employ to keep its slack chords continually vibrating. Hence the universal need for strong stimulation, for greed, for excitement, for stimulants of all kinds.

But the finer nervous system, like a well-tuned lute of silver wire, needs no such coarse twanging to make it yield its exquisite harmonies; and a race of men with this kind of organization would need no second-rate heaven to console them.

The aim of Raja Yoga training for children, as taught in Loma-land, and of the Universal Brotherhood ideal generally, is to produce bodies, minds, and souls, strong, pure, well-tempered, and balanced, so that human life may be what it should, and men no longer need to drug themselves with wine or excitement or heaven.

The knowledge gained by our present science can never be truly beneficial to humanity, nor reach any satisfactory conclusion, unless science changes its methods. For this science tries to discover truth by the use of the imperfect and crippled senses; which however only misrepresent nature. A much shorter and more successful road to knowledge would be to refine the senses so as to be able to perceive nature clearly and truly. It is owing to this wrong method of pursuing knowledge that nature is represented to us as being crude and bloodthirsty, and that unseemly and despairing views of life and of man are promulgated. Could our scientists see nature through undimmed eyes, they would penetrate some of her many veils and recognize the goddess herself.

Oh! to think what we are missing by failing to attune ourselves to nature! Living (or rather existing) in a dull world shut in by walls, with darkness made visible by lamps, groping like blind people among the paths of life which we ought to see clearly but have to guess at.

Selfishness is the giant disease that has wrought all this havoc in our natures. The self-seeker descends into a narrow vault in his own nature, and there dwells shut

out from the broad sunshine of the common or shared life. His finer senses, no longer used, harden and become dulled. In his blind pursuit of self-interest he has destroyed sympathy—that wondrous faculty by which we blend ourselves with other beings and partake of their experiences. The indirect consequences of self-seeking, when it has been practised for generations, are many and varied, and are to be traced in our racial infirmities, moral, and mental, and physical.

Having learnt the bitter lesson of experience, our race has now to regain (with added glory) the joyous and enlightened state it has lost. Brotherhood is the key-note. We must ever strive to realize how very much we all lose by pursuing the mistaken paths of personal incentive, and how very much we all stand to gain by enlarging our ideals and conceptions and then putting into daily practise what we have discovered.

STUDENT

WISDOM OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

OURS are the days of "Sheffield plating" on the moral plane.

This is not a time for golden rules, for people prefer moral pinchbeck.

A religion in the only true and correct sense is a bond uniting men together—not a particular set of dogmas and beliefs.

Religion, per se, in its widest meaning, is that which binds, not only all men, but also all beings and all things in the entire Universe, into one grand whole.

Theosophy transmutes the apparently base metal of every ritualistic and dogmatic creed into the gold of fact and truth.

Theosophy heals the wounds inflicted by the gross asperities of the church "isms" on the sensitive soul of every naturally religious man.

Man is but a fallen angel, a god within, but having an animal brain in his head.

Theosophy has brought back from materialism and blank despair to belief (based on logic and evidence) in man's divine Self, and the immortality of the latter, more than one of those the church has lost.

✧ In the Face of Tremendous Odds ✧

"TAKE an inventory of myself! Well, I have, and mercy, don't it make me look small! A quick, suspicious temper, a keen eye for my friends' faults, a fatal habit of dawdling, a —"

"No wonder you feel inclined to despair," remarked Lucy, with a twinkle in her eye, as she laid down her work to reach for the embroidery silk.

"No, is it?" returned Mabel dolefully. "Perhaps now," she added with a touch of chastened pride, "you will not wonder that I find it difficult to be always sweet and pleasant and brotherly, when you think of my many deficiencies, indeed"—dwelling with interested regret on the picture conjured up—"you may even feel surprise that I do as well as I do, miserable sinner that I am." She leaned her elbow on her knee and her chin in the palm of her hand and gazed blankly outward.

The pity deepened in Lucy's eyes, while she silently stitched away.

Presently she quietly said, "Do you know, I think you have omitted quite the most important item, something that would alter all the rest?"

Mabel looked up sharply. "What?" she asked.

"Yourself," answered her friend, with the sweetest of smiles.

"Myself!" gasped Mabel, "well, who have I been describing?" with indignation in her voice and the fire of battle in her eye; for, between ourselves, she rather reveled in the picture presented, and felt herself in quite the right attitude to extract the spirit of the Lenten virtues prescribed for the truly humble. And here was Lucy laughing at her, or very near it, and looking as cheerful as possible.

"Your outer garments, merely," her friend replied, "the rind, not the core, the persisting immortal part."

"I don't think I understand you," answered Mabel, "you'll be saying myself isn't myself, at all, in a minute; you metaphysical people are awfully abstruse and quite beyond my range of intellect," she concluded with the self-complacent air of the quite-satisfied-with-her-ignorance.

"My dear," said Lucy, "what I am saying is not abstruse metaphysics, but simple Theosophy, just the bare, beautiful truth. The fact is that we are souls, and not a mere collection of faults, failings and limitations, which are obstructions and hindrances to the light of the soul. Of course they are part of us, in the sense that our character is what we have builded up as the vehicle through which we must express ourselves as souls, and is, of course, the result of our past deeds and thoughts. But that's different from the way you view it."

"It is," commented Mabel, "and there is the tea bell ringing. Bother! why cannot we have it later? This is just the nicest part of the whole day in summer to take an airing."

"I am sorry, girls, we need to have tea so early tonight, but Clara's mother is ill, and if we have it later it means clearing it away ourselves," said their aunt, "and I promised your visit was to be a holiday."

Mabel felt guilty.

"If I'm a soul," she commented next day, sitting on the grass leaning against an old pear tree as she watched Lucy sketching, "why do I not stop thinking mean thoughts? It is all very well to talk, but you good-natured people have little idea of the struggles of us less favored mortals."

"We have all a higher and lower nature," answered Lucy, "and what you call good-natured people are those who have recognized their divinity and their power to control their animal nature and have set about putting it in its proper place. If one does not rouse and subject the animal in us, it will subjugate us, and that is where all the trouble and pain and

complications begin, because when the reign of selfishness begins, the soul qualities cease to manifest."

"The words you use are long and awe-inspiring, but I think I catch the drift of what you say."

Months and years passed. The two friends drifted apart. Lucy became a teacher and found, in the needs of her pupils, opportunity and outlet for all the richness of her sweet nature. Mabel married and for a time forgot all else in her life's great happiness, which was crowned and blessed one fair day by the coming of a little babe. She became, all unconsciously, selfish. But after the sunlight came shadow. Death had claimed her child.

Hands tight-locked together, lips compressed to keep back the choking sobs, Mabel knelt by the window. With the awakening of love in her heart came the realization that she was a soul. Stronger it grew when they laid her baby in her arms, and the blue eyes looked up to hers, and the mother's heart refused to say "good-by" forever, when, after the happiness of a few short months, the little soul returned to whence it had come. In the pain, the rebellion and bitter grief, the agonized questionings that followed brought at last back to her memory the recollection of the talk

that she and Lucy had had together in their young days. "I wonder where she is now! she was always so good and sweet—if I could only see her once again!" A letter came to her next morning from her old friend who had seen the notice of her baby's death and wrote to express her sympathy. "Loma-land," the very name breathes of peace," she murmured, "so that is where she is, in sunny California." "Why not go there for a trip?" Why not? I will see what Percy says."

"I am more than glad I came, we both are, aren't we, Percy? And you really do live your doctrines here, the very atmosphere gives one hope; I feel now I must begin to make myself over again, I have led my poor husband a life since we lost our darling, with my selfish grief, but I won't any more," she added resolutely, wiping away her tears. "These babies here

are an inspiration, and I shall be a better woman all my life for my glimpse of Raja Yoga; even if I have no baby of my own, I can still help you in this beautiful work for the children, can't I, dear? I can send you some money at all events, that will mean the rescue of another little waif and stray."

Lucy's face beamed. "The true mother's heart never stops at her own, but includes the babies wherever they be," she replied, "and the joy of helping the helpless would brighten the saddest lives, could they but rise to their opportunity. Some day they will, for they will know that selfishness is the path that leads to peace, and brotherhood is the law of life."

Mabel and her husband were on the lawn of their pretty home in Loma-land. "I am glad indeed, we came to sunny California," she said, "and that I know about Raja Yoga. Percy, it has seemed to me as if all the past were as a message to turn me from my selfish ways. I can bless my sorrow now, and that will mean so much of good to the other souls committed to our care. Surely we loved our little one in the past, and as surely now I feel we shall in some life meet again. How glorious the teachings that take away our grief and fear; how true are the words of the dear old Bible, "The truth shall make you free," and it is practical Theosophy that has taught me to see it."

E. I. W.

PAST AND FUTURE

by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

MY future will not copy fair my past
On any leaf but Heaven's. Be fully done.
Supernal will! I would not fain be one
Who, satisfying thirst and breaking fast
Upon the fullness of the heart, at last
Says no grace after meat. My wine hath run
Indeed out of my cup, and there is none
To gather up the bread of my repast
Scattered and trampled; --- yet I find some good
In earth's green herbs and springs that bubble up
Clear from the darkling ground --- content until
I sit with angels before better food.
Dear Christ! when thy new vintage fills my cup.
This hand shall shake no more, nor that cup spill.

✧ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✧

Unseen Color-Octaves—Some Science of the Future

IT is now definitely established that the human body yields one (at any rate) of the five or six kinds of "rays" whose discovery began some years ago in the laboratory of Professor Röntgen.

Not long ago it was found (by M. Blondlot) that almost all luminous bodies, even a Welsbach burner, emit as part of their light an invisible set of rays now known as "N-rays." They are also emitted by tempered steel, sulphur in crystals and some other things, permanently; and temporarily during the compression of wood, glass, or india-rubber.

These, like X-rays, cause a phosphorescent screen (for example, a plate covered with certain crystals), to glow. They thus become indirectly visible. But these N-rays have the special peculiarity that any object upon which they have fallen for some time continues to give them off after the original source has been removed. In respect to the phenomena of refraction and reflection they behave like common light.

The radiations of the human body answer to these same tests, and seem therefore to be Blondlot's N-rays. D'Arsonval, reporting some results from his own experiments on them, says:

The apparatus used in showing the human radiations is composed of a screen of platinumcyanid of barium rendered slightly luminous by a fragment of a radium salt. Under the influence of the *n*-rays, such a screen acquires a higher degree of luminosity. Now, if instead of bringing the *n*-radiations we approach the screen to a muscle, an increase in luminosity is seen. This increase is in proportion to the contraction of the muscle. The same effect is produced by the nerves. The sensitiveness of the apparatus is so great that we may trace with it the course of a nerve under the skin.

By a study of the wave-lengths and rates of vibration of all the ether waves now known to us, including electric waves, the light-spectrum with its ultra-violet and infra-red addenda, and some of the recent "rays"—those, namely, that are real waves and not, like the "cathode" rays, mere showers of particles—we can make a most interesting table of octaves. As in music, an octave is here considered as consisting of those waves, the rates of whose vibrations lie between any number and its double, together with these two extremes.

Highest up come three octaves of ultra-violet rays; then the octave visible to us as the seven colors; then seven octaves of infra-red waves; then a gap of five octaves, a "gap" because its contents are so far not discovered; then twelve octaves of Hertzian electric waves; then other octaves of other forms of electric waves of enormous length and correspondingly slow rate of vibration. The N-waves fall somewhere in the infra-red set or just below that.

We find, then, that out of all these thirty and more octaves, one only appeals to our senses. We only see objects in so far as their radiations come within our little octave of perception. The wealth of their radiations lying beyond that, octave beyond octave of light and color, is to us nothing. What a new world we should discover if our eyes could take in another octave or so! If our vision ran down to the N-rays, the human body would be seen as radiating light with every move and thought. If it ran up through the ultra-violet octaves, we should doubtless perceive something of chemical changes by the changing of light about the substance.

Could we but look forward to the science coming during this century, the record would seem like a handiwork on ancient lore, or a chapter from the Arabian Nights. The writings of more than one old "magician" may, as after all they turn out to be, science quaintly put, redeem him from the stigmas of superstition or charlatanism. STUDENT

PROFESSOR HUSSEY, of the Lick Observatory, California, who for weeks past has been camping at Canoblas, near Orange, New South Wales, is reported to have discovered ten new double stars. The *Daily Mail's* correspondent says the Professor, who is visiting Australia in pursuance of the Lick Observatory scheme to establish a chain of astronomical stations round the world, has removed his camp to the Blue Mountains for the purpose of making further observations.

One of the Marks of Civilization Is Elaborate Cookery

WE note, in an advertisement of one of the innumerable "break-fast foods," that it is "pre-digested beyond the liver stage." That seems to be regarded as a great recommendation.

One of the marks of civilization is cookery. The more elaborate the civilization, the more elaborate the cookery, the further from their natural state are the products eaten. Cooking is of course (considered simply as the application of heat) a stage of digestion. Our modern aim is to go further than heating, and by the use of natural and artificial digestives to save our organs more and more of their proper work. And food is esteemed in the proportion in which this is done.

It does not seem to occur to us that something may be lost from food both by pre-digestion and even mere cooking; a set of essences dissipated outside the body which should be dissipated inside it—to its great profit and invigoration. And this profit may greatly exceed that resulting from the saved labor of digestion.

There are undoubtedly many people whose misfortune it is to need their food not only cooked but pre-digested. But we should certainly class pre-digested foods as medical expedients, suited only for such. To all others we should suggest that labor saved the digestive organs is not necessarily a favor to them or the body, provided that they are not expected to work beyond the needs of the body. And if they are, it is better to get the ill results from them than from the deeper physiological mechanisms. They call attention to their overwork in no obscure way. The cry of the others is obscure, not attended to, not ascribed to its true cause.

And need we even cook everything that passes our lips? M. D.

The New Era in Medicine Is Working Wonders

THE animal world must be looking with hopeful eyes upon the progress of modern medicine. Already the N-rays are beginning to tell us more about the localization of faculties and functions in the brain than all the monkeys, dogs, and guinea-pigs in the blood-stained back yards and vaults of all the vivisectors in the world.

The Finsen red-light treatment of smallpox, rendering it a brief, non-disfiguring and fairly trifling malady, should surely have its vast effects. And there can be no question that the ultra-violet and X-rays might do the same for the serum treatment of diphtheria. The same Swedish benefactor (who, by the way, was characteristically stigmatized as a charlatan fifteen years ago by the medical profession) has already put an end to the tuberculin treatment of lupus. It is worth noting that this man refuses to make anything by his discoveries, contenting himself with a modest annual pension of \$1200 from the Danish government.

In a word, medicine is on the threshold of its new era. If the doctor of today could look forward fifty years at the methods of diagnosis and treatment which will then be in full activity, he would probably fail to understand a single maneuver. No serums, no vaccines, no anti-toxins, no hypodermic syringes, no morphia, no coal-tar poisons, a surgical cabinet rarely opened—and no basement with caged rats and poisoned dogs.

Instead, as many methods of producing and applying—*light!* And further on yet may come the era of sound and music. Further ahead yet, men may have learned not to generate the causes of disease, and so to lead lives to which all physical maladies will be unknown. M.D.

AMERICA certainly intends to lead the way in astronomical observations. Prof. George E. Hale, the director of the Yerkes Observatory is apparently not satisfied with the present Yerkes refractor nor with its location and he is now searching for a sight upon which to build an astronomical establishment which shall be the best in the world. Up to the present he seems to think that the atmospheric conditions upon Mount Wilson are the most suitable for this purpose. It is his intention to build an astronomical telescope 150 feet in length which will produce an image of the sun sixteen inches in diameter. The magnitude of this task will be appreciated when it is remembered that the present Yerkes refractor produces only a seven inch image. J.

Here and There Throughout the World



SECTION OF MUIR GLACIER, ALASKA, SHOWING BLACK ICE

Unusual Literary Treasures of Spain THERE are some welcome indications that the seals are about to be taken from the literature of Spain, which is probably far more extensive than we at present suppose. Mr. Martin Hume, for example, finds that a course of ten lectures is not too lengthy to adequately deal with "Spanish Influences upon English Prose Literature." There are many who believe that Spain possesses a vast wealth of Moorish, Arabic and Jewish manuscripts which have never been translated and of which the existence is almost forgotten. Where is the scholar who will do for Spain what Max Muller did for India and so enrich the world with some of those ideas which through great age have become young again? We need them.

The American Policy in Panama PROFESSOR HART of Philadelphia has made an animated defence of American policy in Panama. Discreetly disavowing an intimacy with a game which he believed was called poker, he had been given to understand that "when your cards were on the table bluff was impossible." In dealing with Panama all the cards were on the table and there was no recourse to the wiles of diplomacy. The relations between the American nation and its president reminded him of the house in which the partitions were so thin that you could hear the man next door changing his mind, and that was the kind of partition separating the nation and its president.

The Immigration Problem, England THE immigration problem is as ever-present in England as it is in America although its menace may be of a different nature. Mr. Evans Gordon writing upon this subject in the *National Review* expresses a contention which we have ourselves often urged that the solution must be "sought in the countries whence the immigrants come, not in those to which they go." To prevent the landing of undesirable arrivals is of course necessary and a step in the right direction. How much better it would be, and how much more humane, to dissuade them from leaving their homes.

Progress of Boer Colony in Chile GENERAL VAN STRAETEN says that the Boer colony at Araucania, in Chile, is doing well and is likely to be successful. There are now three thousand members. They have been well received by the Government and the people, and are rapidly establishing a flourishing industry in the exportation of timber.

Ohio School Children Well Drilled A REPORT from Ohio describes how four hundred children marched in perfect order from their burning schoolhouse, while the teacher set the step by playing the piano. These children seem to have been educated, and congratulations are due to them and to the teachers.

Oriental Books from England AN English publishing firm known as the Orient Press, is about to devote itself to the issue of a number of hitherto untranslated Oriental works, which will be sold at an almost nominal price. The series will be known as *The Wisdom of the East*, and the first volume to be issued will be a translation from the Arabic of Rabbi Bachye, entitled *The Duties of the Heart*. Other publications will be, *The Sayings of Confucius*, *The Odes of Confucius* and *The Sayings of the Brothers of Sincerity*, who flourished in Persia during the Ninth century.

The British & the American Ministers THE following telegram has been sent by Mr. Choate, the United States ambassador in London, to Sir Mortimer Durand, the British ambassador to the United States:

Accept my cordial greetings and best wishes for the success of your noble mission to promote perpetual friendship between Great Britain and the United States.

Sir Mortimer Durand is likely to be as popular in Washington as Mr. Choate is in London, and that is saying a great deal.

Japanese Soldiers Decorous & Sober A TRAVELER who has recently returned from Japan writes as follows of the Japanese soldiers:

They may be seen in numbers in the streets, walking along decorously with happy, smiling faces, frequently two and two, holding each other's hands like little children. They seem never to be noisy or intoxicated, even on the most festive and demoralizing occasions.

Joyousness and sobriety will go a long way in affairs of peace as well as in those of war.

The American Army of Volunteers THE following is extracted from a letter addressed to a correspondent by Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley:

The American army is the only one I know of which, like our own, is obtained upon the system of voluntary enlistment. But the American government, wiser than our own, pay their men well, and the result is that the American army, as far as it goes in numbers, is, I believe, the finest army in the world.

This is high praise and we know that it is well merited.

The Newspapers & Hague Tribunal THE industry with which some newspapers fan the war embers into a flame was well understood at the preliminary meetings of the Hague tribunal. A proposal was made to inflict severe legal penalties upon any newspaper which should continue to comment upon international difficulties after they had once been submitted for determination. The suggestion was of course found to be impracticable, but it none the less indicated the extent of a very dangerous nuisance.

The Private Soldier in French Army THE fate of the common soldier appears to be receiving some of the attention which it deserves. General Passevien, of the French Army, struck a high note in an open letter to his men, in which he asks them to remember that ill-treatment of recruits is unworthy of honorable traditions. He asks for a spirit of comradeship, and for a fraternity which is not sealed by drunkenness, but which is to be proved by a thousand little mutual services.

Mr. Bernard Shaw on the New Race MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is very tired of the innumerable expedients for the hastening of the millennium, expedients which usually consist of forbidding other people to do things which they want to do and for which we do not ourselves happen to have any inclination. Mr. Shaw says, "What we need most of all is to train a new race of men—a better race—a more intelligent race."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Letter From Lucifer

MY DEAR CHILDREN: For a long time I have wanted to write you a letter, but Madame (O how I love Madame) always said, "Wait, Lucifer, until I have your picture taken." One day when my brother and I were singing a song in the kitchen—a real duet, I assure you—Madame came in with the photographer. "O," she said, "that is magnificent. Just the right view. Take it quick." That's why I am able to send you our portraits. I have another one, too, that I shall send you later on. My name is Lucifer. I am jet black. My brother's name is Fifi, and he's white and gray. We used to live at the Refectory, but one day we went to visit the people at the Homestead. Madame said, "Mes pauvres petits chats!" and gave us a drink of milk. Fifi was frightened and ran away, but I wasn't.

I stayed with Madame all day, and that night on going back to the Refectory I had a serious talk with my brother. The next day we came to the Homestead to stay. We like the Japanese ever so much; we like Madame better; but we like Brotherhood best of all.

Fifi misses a great deal of petting. I don't. Every time the students have a meeting I always attend. They never pay any attention to me when I come in, but that doesn't disturb me in the least. I just jump up in the lap of the student nearest me, and then, after I have visited them all, I take my seat on the large window-sill back of the secretary. When Fifi first went to the Homestead, he was afraid of everything. One day I heard him calling me. He was standing at the foot of the stairs. I told him to come up. Still he cried, "Meow! meow!" and then it occurred to me—for Fifi is very timid—that the poor little cat didn't dare to come up alone. I went down to him immediately, and after talking to him a few minutes, we went up together.

I often go to visit my friends, sometimes at the colony; but Madame told me yesterday that I must stop going because Fifi is so lonesome when I am away; he cries all the time.

Fifi is naturally just a bit nervous, and so when we eat our dinner together I eat just a little at first. Then I go away and let Fifi have the plate to himself. Then, after he eats part of his dinner, he goes away and waits for me and I go back and eat just a little more. That's Brotherhood, you know. One day I heard Madame say to herself, "Strange—I don't believe Lucifer knows what the word 'selfish' means." She was right. What does that queer word mean: s-e-l-f-i-s-h? In our language, that is, cat language, we don't have such a word.

I am very fond of music and so is Fifi. They always have music at the meetings which the students and I attend, and I sit as still as a mouse and listen to every note. Fifi doesn't go with me to the meetings because he is so nervous, so I remember what I can and sing to him.

Now, children, perhaps you think Madame is writing this letter. Of course, she is holding the pen, but I am sitting on the arm of her big chair and telling her every single word. Can't you hear me purr? Perhaps I shall write you soon again. Yours for Brotherhood, LUCIFER

The Story of Narcissus

DEAR CHILDREN: The beautiful fragrant Narcissus is already blooming in Loma-land. That is because the rains have come. Where many of you live it is still too early for even the least bit of green to peep through the ground, and I doubt whether you have even set out the bulbs yet. Yesterday when I looked at the flowers I wondered how many Buds and Blossoms knew the story of Narcissus.

Once upon a time, years and years before, there lived in a land called Greece, a beautiful youth. His name was Narcissus, and he had a sister whom he loved devotedly. Narcissus believed his sister to be the most beautiful being in the world, and the sister believed her brother to be more beautiful than even the daylight when the sun shone on it.

One day the sister died and Narcissus was desolate. He still wandered through the fields of this land called Greece, but no longer with a free step or a light heart. One day when he was very tired he sat down near a spring. Bending over, he saw his own face reflected in the water. Now, they had no looking-glasses in those days, and Narcissus never dreamed that the beautiful face was his own reflected in the water, but he believed it to be that of his sister.

He tried to seize the form and hold it, and then, failing to do so, in disappointment, he died. That night the fairies came to take his body away to the mystic island, but all they found was a pretty white flower—and they named it Narcissus. AUNT ESTHER



"THE DUET"

Lucifer and Fifi, two Cats of Loma-land

MY LITTLE GRAY KITTY AND I

WHEN the north wind whistles round the house,
Piling the snowdrifts high,
We nestle down on the warm hearth-rug—
My little gray kitty and I.
I tell her about my work and play,
And all that I mean to do,
And she purrs so loud, I scarcely think
That she understands—don't you?

She looks about with her big, round eyes,
And softly licks my face,
As I tell her 'bout the word I missed,
And how I have lost my place.
Then let the wind whistle, for what to us
Matters a stormy sky?
Oh, none have such jolly times as we—
My little gray kitty and I.—Selected

Kindness to Animals

DEAR CHILDREN: I wonder if you know how kind the Chinese are to little animals. I have recently been traveling in China and, while in many ways their customs would not appeal to us and might even seem to us absurd, they could teach us many lessons in kindness to God's little creatures.

They are very fond of birds and it is not at all uncommon to see a Chinaman of the upper class sauntering along holding up a stick to which a little bird is attached by a long string. You will admit that it is a great improvement on a cage, for instead of being a prisoner the bird can make short flights and enjoys doing so, chirping and singing all the time. I have seen bird cages quite open, in which the birds contentedly remained inside or perched upon the edge. The Tient-sin lark is celebrated for its songs and can be trained to sing when commanded. I have seen a Chinaman place a cage before one of these birds on the ground and, going away a short distance, whistle. At this command the bird would burst into a most exquisite song. Outside of the bazaars one often sees wicker baskets full of common sparrows and it is not at all unusual for Chinamen to visit a bazaar for the sole purpose of buying these little birds and then letting them fly away, just for the pleasure they find in making the little things happy. When we think of the joy and brightness that the birds bring to us and of their great service to man, is it not strange that anyone should find pleasure in being cruel to them? A LOTUS GROUP TEACHER

Students'



Path

THE MASON

by GORTHE

THE Mason's ways are
A type of existence,
And his persistence
Is as the days are
Of men in this world.

The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow,
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us---onward.

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal---
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent!

While earnest thou gazest
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantoms and error,
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices---
Heard are the sages,
The Worlds and the Ages:
"Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless:

"Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work and despair not."

In Prison

THEOSOPHY appeals to all kinds and conditions of men because it is a philosophy of actual life and based upon the realities of life, and because it arranges events and conditions in their true perspective of human immortality. It appeals to the cultured because it includes culture, not as the possession of a class, nor as depending upon intellectual education, but as a condition to which every one may attain who looks at the reality within instead of the appearance without. It appeals to the ignorant because it places knowledge within their reach even although material wealth and opportunity be not within their reach. It equalizes all men in our common need of aid and wisdom and it offers to all men the courage and the dignity which must come with the recognition of an indestructible divinity.

That Theosophy is doing its gracious work we have abundant evidence and none can be so gratifying as the assurance that it carries some hope where there was none and that it calls forth a light where there was only darkness. It has not failed if it can minister to those who are in prison, if it has a message to those who are bewildered and it may be crushed by forces which they have never been taught to understand, to those whose lives have been darkened by wrong action, as indeed the lives of all men have been darkened. From inmates of prisons we have received many expressions of appreciation such as the letter addressed to the editor of the NEW CENTURY PATH, of which the following is an extract:

My minimum sentence expires next year. If during that period you would kindly send me any available Theosophical literature (or such of it as you may think a neglected mind can understand) I am sure you would be rendering quite a few of us a kindness that would leave us so deeply your debtor that I know it would be impossible for us ever to repay you. Hence I make no promises on that line but I will endeavor to lend a helping hand to others in every way possible right now, today,

tomorrow, if possible, and some day in the future I may be able to thank you personally for your great and arduous labors for mankind in general and for us poor, ignorant fellow human beings in particular, who find ourselves shut out from all outward pleasure and sunshine. I for myself never had a small ray of hope, never really lived, never had the right idea of this life and could not bear to think of any other until, thanks to you, I happened to get hold of, and read and reread my first copy of the NEW CENTURY PATH. That was over a year ago. What a change for the better in that short time and how different everything is to me it would be impossible for me to describe or explain.

There is certainly no man anywhere to whom the message of eternal life and boundless opportunity is inappropriate, no man anywhere to whom the assurance of a law and justice boundless and absolute can fail to bring courage and light.

STUDENT

THERE rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.—Tennyson

The Mind of the Savage

A MUCH disputed point is whether the mental power of savages are in any way inferior to those of civilized men, or whether their peculiarities are entirely due to lack of education. We should have supposed that civilization itself could furnish abundant illustrations of a mental, and also a moral, incapacity unsurpassed, and unsurpassable, by any variety of savagery. Mr. D. G. Brinton, however, reviews this question. He says that it

Has been answered by taking the children of savages when quite young and bringing them up in civilized surroundings. The verdict is unanimous that they display as much aptitude for the acquisition of knowledge and as much respect for the precepts of morality as the average English or German boy or girl, but with less originality or "initiative." I have been in close relations to several full-blood American Indians who had been removed from an aboriginal environment and instructed in this manner, and I could not perceive that they were either in intellect or sympathies inferior to the usual type of the American gentleman.

It is said that the average Cherokee child learns to read and write in two and a half months, while the Cree child can read rapidly after a few weeks' teaching. Very similar results have been observed of the Australian aborigines, who are supposed to stand, intellectually, at the lowest point of human development. But of them it has been remarked that the limit of attainment is soon reached. In later life they show a "want of application and stability, capricious morals, variety and love of praise"—serious defects and, of course, entirely unknown to civilization.

STUDENT

Travels in Thibet

DR. SVEN HEDIN tells us that he traveled into Thibet from a pure love of adventure. He says:

I wanted to pit my alertness, my courage, my resourcefulness, and my resolution against the strong hand of destiny. In a word, it was adventure I sought for, far more than I sought to get to Lhasa.

He seems also to have had some desire to verify the gruesome stories of torture which were recounted by another Thibetan traveler a short time ago. Dr. Hedin did not believe these stories:

A few years ago an uncritical young man astonished us with tales of his having been tortured in Thibet; but I was in no degree deterred by his sensational stories, for the simple reason that I did not believe them.

This is very plain speaking, but not so plain as his conclusion. He writes:

It would be a gain for everybody concerned if people who find it difficult to stick to the plain truth would leave the writing of books alone.

Dr. Hedin himself was expelled from the country, but there was no torture, nor suggestion of it.

STUDENT

THE well-bred man is not self-conscious. The man who prides himself on his case is persistently conscious of himself.

CREEDLESS

by J. C. BUCHANAN

I HAVE no creed,
 But I have in me that surpassing words,
 Of faith in God as boundless as the sea;
 A love that takes in all the human race.
 I see good in all creeds,
 Good in all religions,
 Good in all men,
 Good in all living things.
 The only sin to me is selfishness;
 The only happiness the good we do.
 Oh, let us drown these empty sounds and forms—
 The letter that divides in warring sects;
 And let us fill our hearts with love to men.
 Oh, build a church as wide as human needs;
 Imbue it with the Spirit, not the husk;
 And henceforth leave the race unfettered, free,
 To follow out its impulses divine,
 For God is in us and will lead us on,
 If we but leave our hates and follow him.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Do the Theosophists believe in heredity?

Answer (1) Theosophists, being students of Nature's laws, most certainly recognize the fact of the transmission of traits and tendencies to offspring, but they do not consider that physical heredity fully explains or settles the question of character.

Looking upon man as an immortal soul, with an immense past behind him, they regard bodily heredity as but a portion of that soul's heredity—a natural law affecting the physical instrument of the soul. It is held that the guiding mind and real character of each soul are not the result of body and brain, but are peculiar to the soul itself, and that the coming into any particular race or family is in exact accord with the soul's needs in the way of experience or readjustment.

In the past we, as souls, took part in, and are therefore responsible for social conditions in which body and brain were helped or hindered in development; and we are in this life reaping the exact results, individually and collectively, of our previous thoughts and actions. With this idea in mind we are able to perceive the scope and purpose of the teaching that "as a man sows, so must he also reap." Heredity, therefore, means to the Theosophist much more than the ordinary conception, and with his understanding of it he is able to combat and overcome traits, tendencies and limitations which, without this knowledge and effort, would dominate his life and his progress.

That physical heredity does not cover the ground of individual character nor meet the facts of recorded history, is easily shown. We have many records of ancient and high civilizations now extinct. If physical heredity explains the transmission of power, knowledge and capacity, how is it that these civilizations have disappeared, and that from some of them we find but a few degenerate descendants? Or, in the case of families, do we not find great musicians and other geniuses springing from parents and ancestors of very mediocre abilities and knowledge, and, on the other hand, of the families of such exceptional characters showing no evidence of the transmission of genius?

Theosophy teaches that the real capacity and ability belong to the individual soul; are, in fact, the soul's heredity. As the body grows old and dies, so physical races reach the end of their existence: but the soul's great line of paramount heredity moves on through new races and peoples on its path of evolutionary progress.

R. C.

(2) Heredity refers to certain influences with which a child is born and which he is supposed to have received from his parents and more remote ancestors.

Every one comes into the world with certain tendencies and characteristics. And any one can observe that children resemble their parents in looks, in manners, in mental traits, in small and curious idiosyncrasies; that certain diseases run through families for generations often; that vices

and morbid appetites are perpetuated; that criminals beget criminals, and that people of refinement almost always have refined offspring.

All these things any one can see, and why should not Theosophists believe in facts which are so apparent? It is even probable that many of them believe in it more deeply than do most others—not Theosophists—for they talk not only of family heredity, but race heredity, soul heredity, and spiritual heredity. If they differ from others on this subject, it is in regard to the hold this force must of necessity have.

There is a very common superstition that the chains of heredity are unbreakable, but there is also running along with this a belief that this is not the case, for all people make efforts to overcome their heredity where they think it is worth while. If they thought the task of modifying these tendencies were a hopeless one, they would not attempt it. And to admit such a condition would be to deny the possibility of progress. Probably the world holds few such pessimists as this, so that every one practically believes in a certain degree of power to overcome heredity.

Theosophists believe a child is what his parents have made him, and something more. This also is a belief shared by the majority of the world. The only question is whether this something more is more powerful than bodily and brain tendencies received from the parents. Theosophists believe a man is a soul inhabiting a body; that the soul is more powerful than the body with its tendencies; and that to the extent this is realized physical and mental heredity can be modified.

Evolution proceeds from within, outward, and consists in a ceaseless molding, modifying and purifying of the physical and social organism, with the purpose of making both perfect transmitters of the soul life.

G. V. P.

Civilization

WE note that the melancholy roll of suicides in this country shows the same steady increase as in the older countries of Europe.

The figures are: in 1899, 5340; in 1900, 6755; in 1901, 7245; in 1902, 8291; in 1903, 8597. Half of them were by poison, showing definite predetermination. One might have thought that the conditions of life in a comparatively new country would be so different to those of the older ones, that the spirit of a young nation would be so buoyant, as to reduce suicide almost to nothing. It is hardly possible to avoid the pessimists's axiom that civilization is a disease, one of whose symptoms is suicide.

Crimes of criminal violence have also increased, and are answerable for about as many deaths as suicide. More than *seventeen thousand* persons in one year hurried into death by their own act or that of another! And those figures have to be multiplied by four or five to include those whose despair would drive them to suicide save for fear; and those victims of violence which fell short of complete murder. And we are dealing with but one country and one year. Surely it is time to cease to prate about the glories of our civilization.

STUDENT

The Church and Education

THE *Guardian*, which is the organ of the established Episcopal Church of England, has recently said:

In order to keep going our own Church schools, we are obliged to block, whenever we can, the general advance of the education movement.

It is always interesting to see the wolf, in an unguarded moment, throw off the sheep's clothing. Before long the whole of civilization will awake to the fact that dogmatic theology detests secular education and will lose no chance to injure it. This is not always confessed with such engaging candor, but it is always true.

STUDENT

Waste Human Material

ADMIRAL FISHER, who is practically in supreme command of the British navy, is a severe disciplinarian, but his views upon the training of boys are sound and sensible. He, at any rate, is not a believer in original sin, or if there is any such sin he does not think it any cause for discouragement. He recently said: "Give me a boy young enough and I can make anything out of him." There are certainly boys enough for whom no one seems to have any particular use, waste material, which is allowed to go to contagious ruin because we have not yet learned where the true wealth of the nation is to be found, and how it may be developed.

STUDENT

AGNOSTICISM is not yet entirely inarticulate, as is evidenced by *An Agnostic's Apology and*

Other Essays, which has now passed into a second edition. We have no quarrel with an agnosticism which endeavors to live up to the humility of its name. A confession of ignorance is often the beginning of wisdom, but very much of the agnosticism of today goes further than this. It not only proclaims its own ignorance, but it denies the possibilities of knowledge, and in defence of its creed it becomes as aggressive, as dogmatic and as intolerant as the theologies which it tries to supplant.

The author of the apology in question defines agnosticism as "an assertion that there are limits to the sphere of human intelligence," which appears to be an assertion as unphilosophical and as illogical as the ordinary and mischievous creeds of the churches. At this period of the world's thought, it must require much courage to base any prediction whatever upon human incapacity. The history of the human mind is full of such falsified prophecies.

The apology in question is, of course, not an apology at all, but an aggressive bombardment. If it is intended as an attack upon Christianity, it is an entire failure, because its object is not Christianity, but only the grotesque caricatures which are trying, now more vainly than ever, to pass under that name. The author must, indeed, be well aware that the dogmas which he assaults are disowned and denounced by many of the most prominent and commanding figures in the Christian churches. Indeed, so well does he know this that he quotes to us Canon Farrar, who

Declares and calls God to witness that if the popular doctrine of hell were true he would resign all hope of immortality if he could thereby save, not millions, but one human soul from what fear and superstition and ignorance and inveterate hate and slavish letter-worship have dreamed and taught of hell.

On the subject of infant damnation, the author writes with a force which commands the admiration of every Christian who has gone to Christ for his religion instead of to the churches. He says:

What are we to think of the religion in which so fearful a belief grew and flourished; a belief calculated to drive men mad, to make them pray for annihilation as infinitely preferable to the state which it reveals, and which, so far from exacting a moral influence, pollutes the imagination and lowers the tone of character of all who accept it? . . . If the accepted version of this doctrine be utterly repulsive we should be forced to hold that Christianity poisons the springs which it represents as the sole support of the spiritual life. No other doctrine is so important in regard to practice, and none so horrible.

✻ An Agnostic Apology ✻

But why give the name of Christianity to these revolting beliefs? It is true that there are some peculiar and fantas-

tic people, the backwash of the churches, who believe, or pretend to believe, in infant damnation; but it is not fair to give the name of Christianity to a savage dogma which is rejected by every intelligent Christian. Christ's own words were, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." How then can we give the name of Christianity to what is the antithesis of Christianity?

On the subject of immortality, the author says "the preëxistence of the soul is as plausible a dogma as its post-existence." Here, of course, he commands our very enthusiastic assent, although he is only repeating the words of Hume, who said that if the soul be immortal it must also have been eternal, and that the "doctrine of preëxistence is the only one unto which philosophy can hearken." Reincarnation, or repeated earth lives, is the necessary corollary to preëxistence; but here again we must object to an attack upon Christianity, on the ground that it does not teach preëxistence and Reincarnation. It is true that these beliefs are not ordinarily held by the churches, although even here there are many exceptions. Nevertheless, Reincarnation is explicitly taught in the Bible in many places, and by Christ himself, for did he not say of John the Baptist, for example, "This is Elias, who was for to come." The early churches held to a belief in Reincarnation, and the author's strictures should not therefore be applied to Christianity, of which Reincarnation is part and parcel, but rather to modern theology, which, for reasons best known to itself, has unlawfully expunged from its systems the one supreme teaching which makes clear the justice, mercy, and love of God.

It is, of course, fascinatingly easy to select from the Babel of opinion which now calls itself Christianity such portions as especially lend themselves to attack. This, however, is not an assault upon Christianity, which consists of the teachings of Christ and of nothing else. Such a procedure would be quite justifiable if the churches were the only avenues through which we could learn of Christianity. But the churches have no other means of knowledge than the humblest citizen who has learned to read and can buy or borrow the four gospels. To demolish the creeds of today may be an admirable proceeding, although an unnecessary one, as they will speedily demolish each other. But let us clearly avow what we are doing and refrain from attacking Christianity—that is to say, the teachings of Christ—for misdemeanors of which it is in no way guilty.

STUDENT

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FEB MAR	BAROM ETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
29	29.804	61	47	54	49	.00	E	7
1	29.800	60	49	57	51	.00	E	4
2	29.784	62	49	52	52	.00	W	3
3	29.784	64	48	51	51	.00	W	2
4	29.790	62	49	54	52	.00	N	4
5	29.820	61	52	61	57	.00	E	4
6	29.808	66	51	57	52	.00	E	4

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

INSTEAD of bemoaning our difficulties, we ought to be thankful for them, for it is out of these trials is forged what we call character. We know men in whose faces we can read it, and we know how it has been won. Whenever we see a face marked by an expression of strength and self-reliance, we conclude that it represents a history in which there has been something to fight against, something to overcome. The influences which have left their impress upon it have not been of the arm-chair and slipper kind. We know that many a victory has been gained in the midst of rough experiences, for we can read the scars of battle in the lines upon the face. Yes; hardship, trial, difficulty, make character; or, to change the figure, they are the stepping-stones upon which the soul rises.
— C. A. Keightley in Great Thoughts

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Battles of Olden Times
Encyclopedia Biblica
Evil Days of Sport
Diseases and Palliatives
Discovery in Pedagogy
Animal Prize Fight

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

The Drink Problem
Triviality of Religious Press
Suicide No Cure for Pain
Cancer and Luxury

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Dweller on the Threshold—
Illustrated
Fine Arts in Universities

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Nervousness in Children
The Lost Jewel (verse)
Work of Irish Women
Anna P. Dick—illustrated
Dr. Esther Salakian
Sunrise (verse)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Prehistoric Mexico
Roman Antiquities
Italy's Archeological Loss
Archeology in Missouri
Zulu Chief (illustration)
Arizona's Petrified Forests

Page 9—NATURE

Nature's Message
Is Bird Flight Mechanical?
Picnic Party (illustration)

Pages 10 & 11—U. S. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
What Is Jiu Jitsu?
Heredia (verse)
Cuba's Poet Honored—Frontispiece
Good, Beautiful and True
Visitors at Point Loma

Page 12—FICTION

An East End Hero
When a Boy Starves (verse)

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Health and Digestion
Substitute for Noxious Lead
Effects of Thoughts and Emotions
Light & Color Ray Cures

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Irish Peasant's Cottage (illustration)
Education in Denmark
England and America
Chateau of Malmaison
Education in China
Slaughter in Macedonia
Spain and Portugal
Vivisection in Switzerland
Japan Invaded Korea
Mrs. Maybrick
Spain's King Escapes

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Sowing and Reaping
Cleaning House (verse)
Just Imagining Things
Only Surprised (illustration)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Silence (verse)
Aristotle's Commandments
A Bishop's Testimony
Schools of Crime
Books (verse)
Pools of Salt (verse)
Students' Column
Religion and Science

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Song of the Angels (verse)
Nansen on Athletics
Need for Water Fountains

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

The Battles of Olden Times

IN days of old, before the discovery of modern methods of warfare, the battles of the world were fought by men of courage and strength, in personal conflict with the enemy. We, who look back upon these great battles have some difficulty in reconstructing the motives, and in imagining the enthusiasm with which they were entered upon and maintained. In pondering over them, however, one thing is evident. The valor and strength of an army was generally in direct proportion to the enthusiasm with which the cause was entered upon.

The prowess of any body of warriors was measured by their conviction of the justice of their cause, by their patriotism, by their devotion, by their

disregard of their own lives or safety, when moved by the impulse of a just indignation against wrong or oppression.

In modern times we have had but few of these wars of faith and freedom. For centuries, the struggles of nations have been for aggrandizement, for wealth and for empire. One is sometimes tempted to believe that the days of chivalry are past—that never again can pure enthusiasm so animate a nation as to make it invincible through that unseen bond of deep and earnest conviction, which converts every true warrior into an unconquerable unit of force, forgetful of every consideration save the

The Great Cause of Brotherhood

cause with which he is absolutely identified. And if all this is true of the wars of nations, it is also true of those conflicts which are undertaken by men on the plane of mental and moral effort. The times are out of joint. Dilettanteism, mental speculation, political and social corruption have whittled away the pure aspirations of otherwise thoughtful men. The world appears to be swiftly rushing to a chaotic destruction. There is no well-defined purpose to animate or consolidate the energies of those who are anxious to lend their services to the cause of truth and righteousness. But stay. Let us pause for a moment and see whether this is so or not.

William Q. Judge once said, "There is a great cause—in the sense of an enterprise—called the cause of sublime perfection and human brotherhood."

Here surely is a cause worth fighting for, if it be true that such a cause exists. It will not require much reflection to convince any man of well-balanced mind that such a cause *does* exist. The ideas which underlie it are as natural to every man as the air he breathes. The very thought of peace and good-will among men is sufficient to make the blood flow a little quicker, to give an added light to every eye. The very word comrade is a spell to move every human heart. Search

How Very Great Is the Necessity

as we will, we shall find that all the great teachers of mankind have made this cause the central point through which their wisdom has found foothold in the faith of men. Many are the martyrs who have given up their all—even their very lives—that this great cause might still remain (however obscurely) within the thoughts of human-kind.

This being the case, surely it is timely to proclaim this cause once more. Look where we will we can scarcely fail at once to see how great is the necessity.

And having adopted this cause as our own, and sworn to maintain it, at whatever cost, we shall do well to consider the laws of ancient chivalry. Those who fight the powers of selfishness and darkness for the sake of humanity, will find those powers first within themselves. Having first entered there upon the conflict they will learn the lessons which will serve in the greater battle. Patient endurance and a never failing conviction of the truth will be all availing. Such soldiers do not look to each other, in the heat of battle, for compliments upon their prowess, nor do they fight for the doubtful reward of distinction above their fellows. Having done their best they do not fear blame or misfortune. They recognize

Who Fight Not to Have But to Give

with glad delight the strength of each one of those with whom they stand shoulder to shoulder in the fray. They receive with acclamation each one who joins the ranks and they willingly give him the position which is his due. They do not, like children, crawl about with their faces to the ground expecting to be placed upon their feet, nor do they play with fire or sharpened steel to the danger of themselves and others. They stand up like men and fight, unfalteringly without haste, anxiety, fear or anger. They are sure, each one, that there is, for him, nothing else worth struggling for but the cause. They recognize their leader as the greatest of their comrades, the most enduring, the most fearless, the most unselfish, the wisest in council, and that his leadership is due to this and to nothing else. They do not fight that they may *have* but that they may *give*. With such ideals, comrades in arms, backed by the laws of the universe, can accomplish all things. They are fighting for the cause that is their beacon star and that alone.

C. W.

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week represents a street scene in Cuba during the anniversary in honor of the poet Heredia, a full description of which appears on page 11.

Encyclopedia Biblica

THE *Encyclopedia Biblica* has produced something very much like a storm. That it should be intensely distasteful to orthodoxy we can very well understand, but we cannot understand why it should be viewed with such unconcealed timidity by men whose liberal thought has itself contributed to the conclusions therein recorded.

The work which Dr. Cheyne has edited with such masterly care and erudition has forcefully brought before the world some of the verdicts of the Higher Criticism. We cannot see that Dr. Cheyne has done this in any unfair manner or that he has confused demonstration with mere speculation. Courage and a hearty comradeship with truth are the only sins which can be laid at his door and the heinousness of such offenses as these are too well understood to need mention.

That Dr. Cheyne should incur the animosity of the orthodox is, as we have said, comprehensible and creditable to himself. It is not however easy to explain why he should be so severely blamed by those who themselves hold the views to which a currency so wide has now been given. His error probably consists, not in the opinions which he promulgates, but in the manner in which he promulgates them.

Among many of the most liberal leaders of religious thought there is a lamentable tendency to be tender toward ancient beliefs simply because they are ancient, and in spite of the fact that they have been proved to be untrue. They apologize, as it were, for presenting the world with the truth, as though error had grown respectable with age, as though indeed antiquity were almost as good a credential as accuracy, and as though the two ought not to be brought into conflict without misgivings and regrets.

However enlightened such men may be in their general theology, they are rendering an ill service to religion. If humanity were still in an intellectual nursery it might perhaps be advisable and possible to feed it with a spoon. It was once possible, but it is so no longer. We may as well face the fact that the theological edifice in which the world has been educated is now in ruins and men do not like to live in ruined houses. Every stone in the old building may be encrusted with sentimental memories but these are of small account if those stones now fail to do the work for which they were erected. We may reverentially place the old ruins in our museums, but it is an ill service to urge us to live in them or to say or do aught which will hinder us from building up other houses founded upon truth and which will therefore be more durable. If Dr. Cheyne has truth to give us in his *Encyclopedia* let us furnish to it all the publicity possible instead of skirting round about it with a diffident apology to antiquated errors for our daring, and a nervousness lest we shall tread upon the toes of these who are pleased to worship the white hairs of venerable nonsense.

STUDENT

The Evil Days of Sport

EVEN the devotees of pugilism seem to be opening their eyes to the degraded level which their favorite sport—surely itself the most degraded of all forms of athleticism—has reached.

The sporting contributor to a well-known Pacific coast daily, commenting upon a challenge about to be issued to the present prize-fighting belt-holder, says:

The money is what the champion will spar hardest for. The old days when the glory which followed the winning of a world's championship was the chief prize of a fistic argument have passed away. In their place has materialized a spirit of commercialism, which places coin above glory.

R. H. Kain, the eastern sport expert, in a recent letter, speaks similarly:

It is a great pity that the spirit of commercialism enters so largely into sport nowadays. Every form of sport is tainted with it and there are almost no manly competitions in modern times with any other end in view except the gate receipts. There is no honor or glory in winning which equals in the mind of the athlete the amount of money which can be carried away.

And the other side of the picture is made by the spectators. They go as they would go to see a man burned alive, as the Spaniard goes to a bullfight, to gratify the most brutal element in human consciousness, the demon that is reawakened by the prospect of blood-shedding.

These two factors face each other at the prize-fight, contributed by fighters and performers respectively—lust for money and lust for blood. Truly a fine descendent of the contests of the old Greek days, when combatants and audience met to show and to see to what perfection of form and strength the human body could attain!

STUDENT

Diseases and Palliatives

IT makes one a little impatient to read our modern learned treatises on the causes of "degeneracy," and of abnormal depravity. Some of them seem as if they were almost intentionally blinking the real issue. The one root cause is so obviously selfishness. The general urge, everywhere operative, is to grasp. Men under its influence may have other and subsidiary motives, gleams of kindness, impulses to philanthropy, and what not. But these only play around the intensely and malignantly active center, a center so universally operative that no one notices it; or only does so to embalm it into a proverb—"self-preservation (read self-aggrandizement) is the first law of nature."

There must therefore always be a large class desperate from extremity of need; and a larger, desperate from fear of that extremity. And the desperates breed those who have the stamp of desperation on the very germ of their consciousness.

It is all very simple, and there is only one real remedy; quite obvious, but also quite inaccessible if we all wait till another begins.

The root of the evil has many branches. One of these is the murderous employment of children in factories, upon which we have often commented. Another, also effecting children, very real but of much less extent, is their employment in theatres. A typical case has just excited a good deal of attention in London. A mother was fined for not sending her little child of twelve to school. She pleaded that she absolutely needed the child's earnings at a theatre. There were two daily performances three miles from home, and when this hardly more than baby returned after midnight, its exhaustion was too great to allow of rising in anything like time for school the next day. A fine was imposed. One wonders what the mother will do: half starve with the child (who will go with an empty stomach through the winter streets to school), or compel it to go to the theatre and get up for school?

We try to palliate by a profusion of legal enactments. In this instance we can make it illegal for children under a certain age to play in theatres; we can compel their attendance at school, and we can feed them when they get there.

STUDENT

Animal Prize Fight

IN one of our great Californian cities a wildcat is on exhibit in a store window. Another store window is being prepared for the reception of a bulldog. A placard announces that these two animals will "fight to a finish" before a public audience on a fixed date. Tickets are on sale and one of these responsible for this elevating amusement announces that a large number of applications for admission have already been received. The cat which is said to be tame and gentle to human beings has already killed a bulldog in a similar encounter. The promoter says there will be no trouble about getting together a good crowd when the time comes and he does not anticipate any effective interference. The only respectable parties to this abominable business are the cat and the dog who would have no idea of fighting except in self-defense. We look forward with some interest to a vigorous pulpit denunciation of this shameful affair. The religious press might also notice it if they can momentarily curtail the more important and vital discussion as to whether the true believer may or may not play a game of cards at an evening party.

STUDENT

Important Discovery in Pedagogy

AFTER long and careful investigation the Chicago experts on educational psychology have formally decided, that children have better average physical health if they have outdoor recreation, and that their moral and mental health will be better if their playground is somewhere else than in the gutters and back alleys. One extremist even suggests that it would be good public economy to provide, at municipal expense, playgrounds where they could "amuse themselves without interference." But it should be remembered that these children have been playing in gutters and alleys, and that their whole lives have been so unnatural and perverted that they do not know how to play properly. Only too often these unwatched playgrounds become merely enlarged opportunities for the practice and communication of the vices previously learned. Would not a wise, merry, companionable guidance by some competent older persons be a valuable aid in regenerating them? Y.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Alcoholism Is One Link in the Chain

THE LANCET gives us the timely reminder that "drink may often be an effect just as much as a cause, and when we see the places in which many of the poor live we cease to wonder that they seek relief from their misery and discomfort in the warm and cheerful gin palace." Alcohol drinking is of course a link in a chain and we shall never do any true remedial work so long as we suppose it possible to isolate a single link and to close our eyes to those other links to which it is so tightly bound. There is no department of our social life which does not ceaselessly preach to us the eternal truth of human unity, of universal responsibility. All sin, all misery, arises from unbrotherliness. That is the source of the chain of which every link is stained with sorrow. Wherever there is one human being who hates his brother, who fails to love his brother, upon him lies the personal guilt, not alone for alcohol drinking but for all other faults and follies and crimes which have expelled us from the earthly Eden and which keep us wandering in the wilderness. But if there is universal responsibility, so also is there an universal power to help, and in this light we shall see that the least effective of all aids are those which spring from an intense realization of another's infirmity and that the most potent aids are those which are based upon a recognition of our own contributions to the selfishness which curses the world. He who learns to be unselfish in the small things of daily life stands already as a savior of his race. He it is who has solved the drink problem and the slum problem and all the other perplexities which are so only to those who begin to reform others instead of themselves. X.

Triviality of the Religious Press

THE decay of the religious press is often quoted as an evidence of the same apathy which empties the churches. As we have often pointed out, a visit to the average church, the hearing of an average sermon, will give us all the explanation we need of the empty pews. Until men can be persuaded to leave their intelligence and their spiritual hunger in the church porch, they are not likely to fill the seats which are now empty.

As to some religious newspapers, we can satisfy ourselves in like manner. The solution is so supremely simple that there is hardly room for discussion. Buy these papers and note the extent of their contribution to national sanity and to national righteousness. Here, for instance, is a prominent religious newspaper which devotes considerable space to the burning question of what amusements may be allowed to the true believer. It might be supposed that the man of average intelligence would contemptuously dismiss such a subject as being suitable only for private and individual determination. Not so the paper in question. It propounds the problem and answers it in a few pregnant lines. Here they are:

Is it a violation of mere church rules to dance, play cards and attend theatres, or is it a violation of the spiritual constitution of mankind?

We believe that the experience of the Christian church goes to prove that these indulgences are an infraction of the deepest moral and physical laws.

How is it possible to read such puerilities without despairing of human intelligence, and who are the people able to willingly peruse such frivolities without despising themselves? The flame of war is smouldering in every quarter of the world, and civilization itself is well-nigh submerged beneath a flood of misery and degradation. These are the things which lie like hot irons upon the hearts of religious men, not card-playing and dancing. Hate and starvation and despair have their hands upon the throat of humanity, and we are asked to consider the question of parlor games. Surely, the world has never seen such a spectacle since Nero mouthed and gibbered in front of dying Rome.

There are some religious papers which are an ethical adornment to literature, and which will yet be recognized and prized more fully than ever before. And there are other papers which are the enemies of true religion, and which yet deplore a public apathy which they create and foster. But we would tell them that their real foe is not public apathy, but rather public condemnation and contempt.

STUDENT

Suicide Does Not Cure the Pain

THE Chicago Inter Ocean discusses at some length the connection between life assurance and suicide, and assumes that an increasingly large number of persons deliberately assure their lives with the intention of destroying themselves, and so guaranteeing a provision for those they leave behind them. With the ethics of life assurance we have at the moment no concern, but it is remarkable that it should now be admitted as a matter of business that the religious deterrent from suicide has weakened if it has not already disappeared. The *Inter Ocean* tells us that this deterrent "never was so strong as religionists tried to make themselves believe. There are thousands of men to-day, at any rate, who would simply laugh at fear of punishment after death as an argument against suicide." It depends, of course, entirely upon what we mean by punishment. If we mean anything akin to human punishment or to the theological hell, the laughter is natural. If, however, by punishment we mean the pain with which every act of folly is inevitably fraught, we do not see how death can possibly interfere with an universal law of cause and effect which we see in tremendous operation around us at every moment.

Pleasure and pain are states of consciousness which, although often induced by physical conditions, can with equal readiness be induced without those conditions. Deep within the heart of every one of us there is the certainty that consciousness and its capacity for joy and suffering persist after the death of the body. It is as futile to expect to escape from mental pain by destroying the body as it would be by the destruction of a suit of clothes. The real pain from which we are trying to escape is always mental, although it may seem to have a physical cause. Pain cannot be ended by destroying the body, which is but the temporary covering of the immortal consciousness which it harbors and confines. Crime has never yet proved a refuge from pain and never will. It is but an addition to the debt and not its discharge.

When Hamlet contemplated this greatest of all crimes against the majesty of himself he was attracted by the simile between death and sleep. But then sleep also brought its equipoise; to sleep was *perchance to dream*. Are not our sorrows now but as the troubled dreams of a higher life, and shall we shatter those dreams by plunging ever deeper, deeper into the place of shadows, into the very haunts of night?

STUDENT

Cancer and National Luxury

THE examination into the causes of cancer which has been made by the Hon. Rollo Russell is certainly interesting. His conclusions may not be susceptible of definite proof but they have an air of plausibility which commends them to very serious attention. Briefly stated, Mr. Russell believes that cancer is a concomitant of national wealth, that is to say of luxury, and the anxieties attendant upon modern civilization. The disease is most prevalent in rich countries, it increases with the growth of wealth, and it is more frequent among the rich than among the poor. The immediately exciting cause is usually a meat diet, subsidiary causes being tea, coffee, alcohol and tobacco.

Mental worry is also a prominent factor and where these varied forces are absent, cancer is almost unknown. In other words, the disease is a part of the greater malady which we have learned to call civilization. Mr. Russell's conclusions will carry small comfort to those whose ideal of the medical art is merely a conferred impunity to break the laws of nature and who have no other conception of remedial measures than the pursuit of the elusive microbe. They will, however, carry much comfort to those who are not slaves to their appetites and to those who will welcome this further demonstration of an universal law which never refuses its protection and which never overlooks an infraction.

Civilization has been defined as the power to acquire luxuries and to dispense with necessities. It is not possible to do either the one or the other with impunity. The most successful bacillus hunting will not outwit nature nor divert her purposes. Her retributive and educational resources are too vast and too complex for that.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Dweller on the Threshold

"THE Dweller on the Threshold," painted in 1888, was the first of the paintings by R. Machell, which all were directly inspired by a study of Theosophy as revealed in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky. It now hangs in the house where that first great exponent of Theosophy lived and died, 19 Avenue Road, London, the English Headquarters of The Universal Brotherhood. A replica hangs in the rotunda of the Homestead at Point Loma. In it is allegorically presented the struggle of the aspirant to attain union with the higher nature and the inevitable conflict with the black shadow of his own lower nature, which rises between him and the visions of purity to which he aspires.

It is the first effort to climb the mountain and reach the light which brings the aspirant to a realization of the gulf that lies between the life of material self-indulgence and the region of pure life and the light of true wisdom.

Urged by ambition, unconsciously selfish even in its aspiration, the man has climbed the height and at last sees the light and a bright figure above calling him to greater effort. But a giant shadow comes between and shuts out the light; the pilgrim falls back despairing. The woman who loves and seeks to follow and to shield the one beloved, looks for no reward, has no ambition but to follow and to help, and her back is turned to the light, which makes a pale glory around her unconscious head, a promise of the day when she shall see the light for herself and, it may be, lead the way by a surer path than the one that here ends in failure.

The picture goes no further, but we may look beyond and see the pilgrim, learning from this effort and this fall, the truth that selfish effort at self-liberation is doomed to failure; and we may see him retrace his steps down again into the valley, forgetting self in service to his fellows and, sustained by the memory of that glimpse of the pure life, seeking to lead others to a search for the true Path; the Path that shall lead, not one or two chosen ones, but *all the world* out of the valley of the shadow of despair to the sunlit heights of "Right Living." There only is joy and the Higher Freedom. R. M.

WHEN H. P. Blavatsky declared that religion and science were one she brought down upon her head not only criticism, but contempt. Today we are beginning to realize—though most of us forget to thank H. P. Blavatsky and her successors for teaching us—that as life is one, as soul is one, so The Arts are one, not five hundred—one sea, not a collection of water-tight compartments, each containing its particular and special "different-from-the-rest" supply. There is a middle line which avoids both extremes. Those who follow it are able to take all that is best in the old, and sifting from the new all that is crass and trivial, from these create a whole whose center, at least, is true.

LET any sculptor hew us out the most ravishing combination of tender curves and spheric softness that ever stood for woman; yet if the lip have a certain fulness that hints of the flesh, if the brow be insincere, if in the minutest particular the physical beauty suggest a moral ugliness, that sculptor—unless he be portraying a moral ugliness for a moral purpose—may as well give over his marble for paving stones. Time, whose judgments are inexorably moral, will not accept his work. For, indeed, we may say that he who has not yet perceived how artistic beauty and moral beauty are convergent lines which run back into a common ideal origin, and who therefore is not afire with moral beauty just as with artistic beauty—that he, in short, who has not come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light within him; he is not yet the great artist.—*Sidney Lanier*, in a lecture to the students of Johns Hopkins University



"THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD"
Replica of the original painting by R. MACHELL
from Katherine Tingley's private collection

The Fine Arts in Our Universities

A SMALL tempest, which has been fanned to quite generous proportions by the newspapers, has recently been inaugurated in Columbia college by the resignation of Professor McDowell. In his letter he states:

It is with some chagrin that I report the small results that my efforts have brought about. The reason is obvious. If the colleges consider the fine arts worthy of serious consideration, the effect of this is powerful. For most preparatory schools and women's colleges have imitated the universities' neglect of art, and thus higher education in these institutions becomes incomplete and materialism chokes out idealism. I have tried to impress the powers that be with the necessity of allowing no student to enter the university without some knowledge of the fine arts. Such knowledge may be very general and not technical. This would force upon the preparatory school the admission of the fine arts to the curriculum. The present ignorance of the incoming student demands a remedy if the courses in the fine arts are to give anything but the most elementary instruction. No student should attain his B. A. degree without passing in at least two courses of a faculty of fine arts.

In order to bring to a focus the art elements existing in Columbia, I proposed that music be taken out of the faculty of philosophy, and architecture out of the school of mines and with belles lettres form a faculty of fine arts, to complete which painting and sculpture would be indispensable.

Professor McDowell's suggestions did not meet with the approval that he hoped and when it was suggested to introduce kindergarten into his proposed division of fine arts, he resigned as stated, refusing, to quote his words, to make of his department "a co-educational department store."

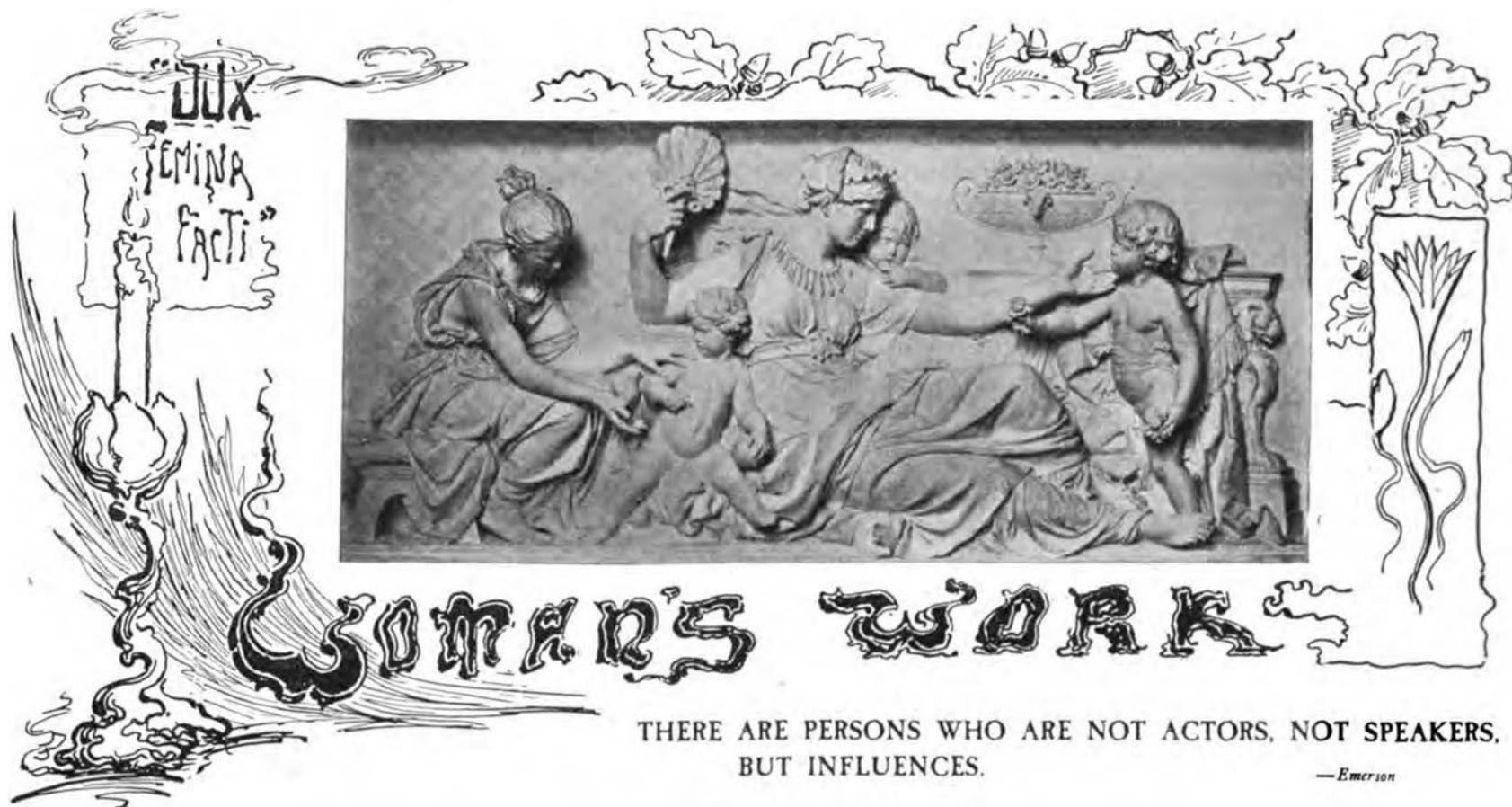
Those of broad culture, particularly Europeans, have always looked with astonishment upon the fact that the fine arts are so little considered in American universities.

The obstacles that Professor McDowell has encountered in his attempt to carry out his plan—broad and eminently common sense, it would appear—seem the more surprising when one considers the musician's rank as a com-

poser. He is not only the greatest of American composers, but one of the very few today who base their musical theories upon profound scholarship. Many of his compositions are as superb in their unity and in the stately march of their progressions as an old Greek pageant.

Professor McDowell's education was gained through years of study in Europe. From the Paris Conservatoire he went to the great Joachim Raff, who taught him composition. Liszt was frankly enthusiastic over his work.

Henry T. Finck, one of our most reliable musical critics, speaks of him as a "musical thinker," and the description fits. Those who have been exploiting what they choose to name this "controversy" in our daily papers seem to be quite unaware of these facts. Yet they should have certain and decisive weight in a controversy such as this. STUDENT



GLANCING over the pages of our current magazines, particularly those devoted to the care of children and the subjects that belong to the schoolroom and the nursery, one is impressed with the number and variety of prescriptions for neurotic children. "Why is my child so nervous and what can I do about it?" That is the cry. Fresh air, tonics, change of climate, special dietary—all these things are recommended. But the proportion of neurotic children increases as the years go on, and it is evident enough that even cod-liver oil and sea baths cannot and do not reach the root of the difficulty.

We are living in an age whose one sign is restlessness. Things do not merely move, they seethe, whirl. Life itself—to those who are in it—seems, more than aught else, like a great maelstrom into whose vortex many are sucked down never to reappear. That an organism so sensitive as a child's should not be affected by this condition would be strange, for there is a world all about us which, though we cannot see it, yet impinges on our thought-life, making or marring all our destiny.

But many a child is born marked with a tendency towards nervousness, restlessness, discontent. It is the bequest of the conditions which surrounded his prenatal life. For this the mother is not entirely responsible, for few mothers, even when they so desire, are always able to so adjust their environment, at critical times, as to gain from it help rather than hindrance. Yet all mothers could try. Did they but realize that the whole future may lie in the resolve of a single moment at a critical time; did they but realize how little are the seeds which, planted, grow into giant trees perchance for the healing of the nations, did they realize how much depends upon the little daily conquests over one's own nature—mothers would, verily, try harder. Fewer children would come into the world marked by nervousness, by a morbid habit of mind, by an incapacity for self-control, by passion, by selfishness.

But much can be done afterwards. What is needed more than all else is a knowledge of human nature on the part of mothers. Too many mothers fly from one extreme to the other. Comparatively few take the sensible middle ground. The "don't" and "naughty boy" and "mama'll whip!" that so many children hear, is balanced by the attitude taken by many mothers that the child is always perfect and always right.

Nervousness in Children

One extreme is as bad as the other. One begets fear, the other irresponsibility; one begets cowardice, the

other recklessness. In either case the soul is kept absolutely shut away, denied expression, and the child steps out into life with all the fundamental knowledge yet to be acquired.

What mothers need is a knowledge of Theosophy—a knowledge that the child's nature is dual, the higher tendencies forever warring against the lower, each seeking to conquer or absorb the other. To know this, to watch the child's every tendency with this in mind, to teach the child himself to know the difference between the higher nature and the lower—this will do more to cure nervousness and restlessness in children than anything else in the world.

There would be no neurotic children if mothers and fathers lived up to all the sacredness and all the responsibility of motherhood and fatherhood. Many do the best that they can, but what they need is a greater knowledge, a deeper insight, the insight that Theosophy alone can give them. A. V.

THE LOST JEWEL

by EMILY DICKINSON

I HELD a jewel in my fingers
And went to sleep.
The day was warm, the winds were prosy;
I said: "'Twill keep."

I woke and chid my honest fingers—
The gem was gone:
And now an amethyst remembrance
Is all I own.

Work of Irish Women

IN Ireland the experiment has been tried, with marked success, of having women appointed as work-house inspectors. Concerning this the *Irish Times* says:

When first women became eligible for election on Poor Law Boards in these countries the prevailing feeling was, perhaps, that of astonishment at the idea of refined and educated women undertaking the disagreeable duties that fall to the lot of the guardian of the poor. But a little experience quickly toned down the astonishment. The opinion has rapidly gained ground during the past few years, that the care of the aged and sick, and above all superintendence of the education and training of the children in the work-houses, are eminently feminine concerns. As a result of this change, the appointment of lady guardians to our town and country work-houses, which was at first regarded in the light of a somewhat doubtful experiment, is now looked upon as an important step in our social progress.

It is unfortunate that the art of lace-making is dying out among so many of the peasantry of the European countries. The island of Gozo, one of the Maltese islands, is an exception. Here an enormous quantity of the most beautiful lace is made, certain patterns being the property of certain families and handed down from mother to daughter for generations.

Annie P. Dick

SOMETHING like two years ago Mrs. Fred J. Dick of Dublin came to Loma-land in search of health. She found health and very much more, for she has found here her life work. To see her among the students or with the little children, of whom she is very fond, one feels that something more has come into her life than is usually vouchsafed, even to our finer types of women.

Mrs. Dick was born in Scotland, spent a part of her girlhood in South Africa, later returned to Scotland, where she married. Her home, until coming to Point Loma, has been in Dublin, where she was most active in the work of the Lodge and particularly of the Lotus Group, of which she was superintendent. Her husband is known to all members as editor of *The International Theosophist*. "There is no comparison possible between the life at Point Loma and the life of the world," she says. "No energy, no effort is wasted here; everything fits into a general plan, and day by day you become more conscious of the noble purpose that runs like a thread through every act and every intent. Here you can trust others and through that gain more confidence in yourself."

"What work most interests you, Mrs. Dick?" I asked; and she replied, "The work for the children, because it seems to me the most far-reaching in its results and the most fundamental. By every act those of us who are helping the children are nourishing the living seeds which will unfold later and blossom in the service of humanity."

"But what is Raja Yoga?" I asked. "I can best answer that by quoting Mrs. Tingley's own definition," was her reply. "'Raja Yoga is the perfect balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral, and true comradeship is the condition of its fulfillment.' By means of the Raja Yoga method, as I have observed it, much suffering, both mental and physical, will be saved, because the children so early get a knowledge of their own natures. Their real intelligence becomes awakened, they soon become able to discriminate between right and wrong. In a most wonderful fashion and at a very early age they learn lessons that under other methods of education have to be learned many years later and at the cost of disappointment and pain."

"Raja Yoga solves the problem of child-training, in my opinion, because it teaches the child to be self-reliant and independent; it makes him brave enough to face and conquer his own lower tendencies and able to recognize and be guided by the higher. At an age when most children are being pampered and protected to their detriment by unwise parents and thoughtless nurse-maids, these children are helpful, industrious and happy, veritable little warriors the day through."

"How did you first become interested in Theosophy?"

"I became interested in Theosophy because it answered my questions. I had long been wishing that I could discover just one reason for human existence, for the orthodox conception of God had always been a puzzle to me and somehow I could not harmonize God's unlimited power and love with the suffering and bitterness of the world. There was a time when I actually thought I believed in nothing, until one day I heard of Theosophy. I began to read and I began to apply the precepts. It was like passing out of a dark cloud into the sunlight, and I can assure you the sun is still shining."

Mrs. Dick is a writer of unusual ability, and many a student has found inspiration and real help in the words of "A. P. D." STUDENT

It is interesting to note that in Washington alone there are employed in the various Government departments nearly eight thousand women.

Dr. Esther Salakian

FEW women would have the courage to accomplish what has been accomplished by a young Armenian girl, Esther Salakian, who has recently taken a Doctor's degree in the Southern Homeopathic Medical College in Baltimore.

Born in Armenia, she attended the Aintab College in Turkey where she graduated, then studied in Constantinople, and finally, after the Armenian massacres, came to America. She desired to study medicine, but her total assets covered little more than the clothes she wore. She took up the work of a trained nurse at the Memorial Hospital in Brooklyn, where she graduated. Then, on money earned by her work in this profession, she finally took her medical course, graduating at the head of her class, and the only woman in it. She then passed the examinations of the Maryland State Board of Medicine and from there went to New York where she passed the Civil Service examination as Food Inspector. She has recently become a naturalized American citizen. E. W. H.



MRS. ANNIE P. DICK

SUNRISE

by A. P. D.

THE birds sang.
The trees whispered greeting!
The petals of the sleeping flowers awoke, and
shyly uncurled the welcome from their
golden hearts—all nature thrilled and was
glad!

Only man slumbered.
In the universal choir his heart was mute; he had
forgotten his part.

actually two women motormen employed on street railroads. Twenty-one are stevedores and a much larger number work in brick and stone. Coming to the less laborious occupations we find nearly 8000 women physicians, more than 1000 lawyers and more than 3000 women clergymen; and so it goes, with 113 women at the end of the list who make their living by chopping wood!

PITTSFIELD was the first town in western Massachusetts to be incorporated and now some of its citizens are erecting a monument to one Sarah Deming, its pioneer woman settler. It was in 1745 that the first clearing for Pittsfield was made, and for many years the danger was so great from Indian invasions that settlers were slow in encouraging others to bring their wives and families. Sarah Deming came with her husband from Connecticut, riding the entire distance on the pillion of his saddle.

THE musical critic, Ebel, writes of Mlle. Chaminade: "There is always a conspicuous absence of the commonplace in her compositions. At the present time there are very few male composers France can boast of whose works compare with those of Chaminade's, and not one whose compositions are so widely known and played as hers."

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

More Light on the Prehistoric Civilizations of Mexico

MORE and more is coming to light respecting the ancient history—antedating civilizations of America. And particularly that field lying over southern Mexico, Honduras and Yucatan. The temples and cities of this region, whose riches in such remains are as yet but partially explored, are filled with inscriptions and hieroglyphics—enough, perhaps, to give us a full view of the life and civilization of that mysterious group of peoples.

There was much more material, books belonging to the priesthoods, books whose “pages were covered with numerals, glyphs, and explanatory drawings beautifully executed in colors.” But when the Spaniards first landed, their priests so completely hunted out and destroyed these infinitely valuable relics, that of the whole number but three remain. These, however, have been photographed and published. And it is more than probable that beneath the temples, undiscovered by these pious vandals, are stores surpassing any yet found.

But no one can as yet read these books and stone inscriptions; and so the greater secrets of that past are yet concealed. The deciphering is, however, but a question of time. And then we may (according to H. P. Blavatsky, *shall*) have to recast our conceptions of ancient history.

Piedras Negras is the name given by the natives of Western Guatemala to the ruins of a newly-discovered city there. Over an area of about a mile and a quarter, surrounded by forest, upon the banks of the Usumacinta river, are scattered a number of pyramids upon each of which is a temple. In front of each pyramid is a closely hieroglyphed limestone column, sometimes more than one, up to ten. And in the plazas in front of the temples are great stone altars, also sculptured and raised on pillars.

Mr. Charles Willoughby, who writes on this subject in the *Scientific American*, remarks that this particular city was evidently the seat of a military civilization, and was thus distinguished from the more cultured and peaceful civilizations of Copan and Quirigua. **STUDENT**

Roman Antiquities—Capitalists Would Purchase

THE city of Rome has received two offers of considerable archeological interest although perhaps not equally disinterested. The first is from a group of capitalists who are willing to advance a sum of \$100,000 which is the estimated amount necessary to raise two Roman galleys from the bottom of Lake Nemi and to provide a suitable museum for their care and display. These galleys can be distinctly seen from the surface of the lake and the examination which has been made by divers is sufficient to show their interesting nature. A Roman galley was practically a floating mansion and as these were probably destroyed without warning, their contents and fittings would furnish an almost unparalleled illustration of the luxury of ancient Rome.

The second offer is from Mr. Andrew Carnegie who wishes to pay \$5,000,000 and all expenses of excavation in exchange for the ownership of an Egyptian obelisk, which is known to be buried near the church of San Luigi de Francesi close to the Piazza Navona. This obelisk was accidentally discovered during some drainage operations, but from lack of funds it was not recovered. Mr. Carnegie has offered very high compensation for permission to export the obelisk. The excavation is of course to be highly desired, but it remains to be seen whether the Italian government will allow such a treasure to pass from out of their custody. **X.**

Italy's Archeological Loss—Greek Chariot in New York

SOME reference has already been made to the ancient Greek chariot recently found near Rome, and which is now on view in a New York museum. The removal of this chariot from Italy seemed at the time to be contrary to the new Italian law, which forbids the exportation of works of art and objects of archeological interest. It seems that a question has been asked in the Italian Parliament as to the way in which the law was evaded in this particular instance. The speaker pointed out that the chariot was of the utmost value, that it was built six or seven hundred years before Christ, and that the loss to Italian archeology was incalculable. It had been bought by a wealthy American for \$40,000. In reply to the question, the Italian Under-Secretary of Public Instruction said that the transaction was due to the negligence of an inspector, who had been dismissed for his fault, and that steps had been taken to prevent the recurrence of such an incident.

If the facts have been correctly reported, it would be a graceful act on the part of the present proprietors of this chariot to offer to return it to the Italian Government for the amount originally paid, in addition to the expenses of removal. The purchaser no doubt acted in good faith, but if the transaction was contrary to the Italian law, a distinct wrong has been done and it should be remedied. America seems to be so entirely indifferent to her own archeological treasures that it is perhaps not easy to understand the almost sacred estimation in which these links with the great past are held by other nations. **STUDENT**

Archeology in Missouri

A VERY interesting cave has been discovered in southwestern Missouri and although it is not yet fully explored its contents promise to be of unusual importance. The cave is seventy feet long, and at the bottom is a layer of ashes and debris three feet deep. This is now being

excavated and not only have very numerous animal bones been found but also four complete human skeletons. In close proximity to these skeletons various flint implements were unearthed, including spear heads, drills and knives. Professor Gould of the University of Oklahoma has examined the cave, and while he has not yet had time to make a sufficient investigation, he believes the discovery to be of the highest importance as bearing upon the earliest human life in America. The appearance of huge stalactites above the ashes would however indicate a very great antiquity. The cave itself is in the solid rock and there are many indications that its human occupation must have extended over a very long period. **J.**

Petrified Forests of Arizona to be Preserved

THERE seems at last to be some prospect that the remains of the petrified forests of Arizona will be preserved. After many years of effort the House Committee on Public Lands has recommended that the whole district be made a national reservation. This is, however, only a recommendation, and we have still to wait for the bill to become law. It is unfortunately not in the power of either committee or Congress to restore the damage which has already been done by vandal tourists, or by those who make a trade out of the plunder of antiquities which ought to be the pride and the care of the whole nation. May we hope that the House Committee on Public Lands will now turn their benevolent attention in other directions and extend their protection to the Cliff Dwellings, Indian mounds and other relics of by-gone days. **X.**



A ZULU CHIEF AND HIS CUP BEARER

Nature

Studies

Nature's Message of
Peace and Promise

Nature said
This child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine.
And with me
The girl, in rock and plain . . . in glade
and bower
Shall feel an Over-seeing Power.
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of Mute, Insaensate things.—Wordsworth

EVERY one to some extent shares the poet's rapture and feels with him the influence of Nature's "Mute, Insaensate things." And were there no barrier at all between the human heart and the heart of Nature how enthralling would be her "Over-seeing Power," and the message which she ever proclaims through a thousand channels would sing its gladness in still clearer tones into the soul, bringing new courage and steadfastness to meet the foe in the eternal conflict of the forces of light and darkness—where to endure to the end, piercing by faith the clouds of doubt, despair and apathy would be well-nigh impossible were it not for Nature's object lesson, her panorama of beauty and harmony which she spreads out before our eyes—a ceaseless Promise and Assurance, Harmony on one plane being an eternal proof of its attainment on all. But until harmony is attained, the keynote of man's life must of necessity be effort—struggle.

The Voice of the Soul sings forth wherever the harmony of Beauty is triumphant—whether in nature or art.

And although the garments with which man as well as nature, love to clothe her are infinite—although the Forms through which she speaks, are without number, yet the Soul is one, and the joyful message is one.

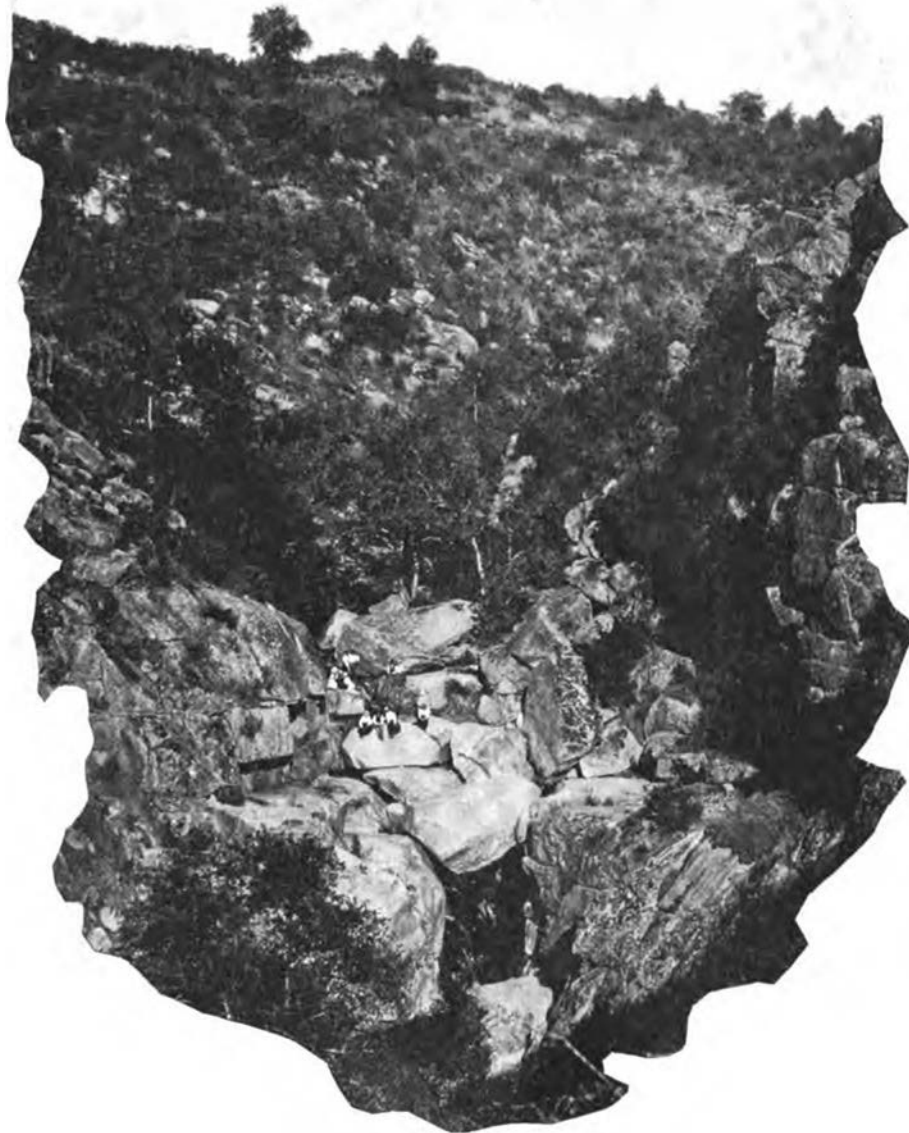
And whether she speaks through a Beethoven symphony, a poppy, the rising sun, a Shakespeare drama, a Venus of Milo, a landscape of Leander, a Gothic cathedral, an acacia tree, a boat sailing on the ocean, a shell of the sea-shore, the beauty of her radiant spirit ever transcends even the matchless beauty of her form.

And her divine message reaches to all—whether it be the old negro, who instead of bread buys a bunch of purple violets, or the poet who sings,

My heart leaps up when I behold
A Rainbow in the sky!—Wordsworth

Or he who knows the potent spell produced by the silent poetry of noble architecture, finding in the Proportion and Harmony of those perfect lines and curves a more convincing proof of the existence of divine law than in all the sermons.

The harmony of beauty then is the soul's own language, and is the one employed by her to express her secrets—her mysteries—her glories—for which no words exist. And her message penetrates to the inmost recesses of the soul with a promise of the fulfilment of its utmost need. STUDENT



A PICNIC PARTY IN WITCH CREEK CANYON, SAN DIEGO COUNTY

Can Bird Flight Be Mechanically Explained?

IN watching the broad-winged soaring birds in their slow gliding on motionless wings we are apt to forget that in this familiar act is manifested a power of reversing weight partly, or wholly. Of course it is true that aeroplanes will support weight if they have sufficient velocity. But any soaring bird will float along, even on a quiet day with no sustaining headwind, as slowly, easily and smoothly as though on wires.

Try the experiment; take a bird-shaped kite two feet across and load it with the weight of a bird that size, say three or four pounds, then try whether it will float when you draw it with all your speed, or even with the speed of a horse. It will not, for the very good reason that that amount of wing-surface multiplied by that speed is not equal to that weight. Yet the birds themselves, even when they are carrying a pound or so of game, can go as slowly as a man's walk with apparent ease and self-control.

The writer in the *Saturday Evening Post* who advanced this and other ideas of a similar nature had but one theory to offer, viz.; that birds have the power of reversing the force of gravity, and rising, instead of sinking, by their own weight. In confirma-

tion he points to certain aquatic birds which have the power of increasing their own weight nearly *three fold* for the purpose of sinking in water.

Since the facts are pointed out, we all recognize them as being very familiar; we have noticed them daily; those of us who are not shut up in cities. But we never thought of them as marvels simply because they were so familiar. Possibly some of the swift-winged species do derive some support from the impact of their wings upon the air, but the closest students of bird flight appear to be very strongly of opinion that the wings are for the double purpose of generating or gathering the sustaining force; as a dynamo gathers electricity; and to act as rudders. Some operate by tension, like a battery, others by motion like a dynamo, hence the difference between the fliers and the soarers. These facts and questions are brought forward by men of such authority in the matter that they cannot be laughed at; therefore they are to be explained—if possible. A. R.

LAST May it became known that four black-winged pratincoles, a very rare bird, had been seen in England. Members of the savage human species known as "collectors" have of course been on the alert ever since and the last of the four has just been shot at St. Leonards. There seems small chance for the survival of any rare animal nowadays, although a great many of the lives thus brutally taken are of far greater value to the community than those of their human enemies.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE Sunday night audience at the Isis Theatre listened attentively to two admirable addresses by Mrs. Grace G. Bohn on Goethe's *Faust*, and Mr. J. H. Fussell on "Cycles of Opportunity." A large part of Mrs. Bohn's paper was occupied by a most lucid sketch of the plot of *Faust* interspersed with such explanatory

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Mrs. Grace G. Bohn Describes
"Goethe's Faust"—Mr. J. H. Fussell on "Cycles of Opportunity"

Reprinted from the San Diego News

comments as must have presented this drama in an entirely new and fascinating light even to those most familiar with it. Introducing her subject Mrs. Bohn said:

"Taking a general survey of the great mass of literature that has been produced, of all the great pictures that have been painted, of the songs that have been sung, even of the deeds that men have done for humanity's sake, one sees that above the general level a few rise, high and shining like lights over the pathway of men. A few are deathless of their own right. Why is this so? Why do a few persist through the ages, never to be forgotten, a few great pictures, a few great dramas, a few heroic deeds? I think it is because, while the many picture the ordinary, the common, the passionate life of man, the few picture the life and struggles of the soul itself. Such is the mystery drama of *Faust*."

"And when we take a general survey of all the great souls who have longed to help humanity, who have longed to bring unto humanity something of the message that has found its way into their own hearts, we find that there are only a few, after all, whose words come down to us, positive and strong and true; only a few whose words are mirrors, as it were, reflecting the image of the sun itself. Why? Because the many have worked for ambition's sake, or for gain, or for the novelty of it, while only the few have given their best for humanity's sake. And as those only can know the doctrine who live the life, it naturally follows that only the very few have the power to interpret these great messages. A few, a very few, have understood. The many have passed by on the other side with contempt, perhaps with ridicule."

"When H. P. Blavatsky brought Theosophy to the western world, it was as if she came into a dark room bringing the light, the light that has made of life itself something different. And part of its purpose has been to enable us to interpret the great deeds, the great messages of the past."

"We need the masterpieces of our art and of our literature. Katherine Tingley would give us more. She has made it a part of her life work to revive and re-present the sacred dramas of the ancients, and Theosophy, as she teaches us, will make it possible for greater dramas to be written than the world has ever known, because those who are to come will not have to struggle on as Goethe did, and Æschylus and Shakespeare, not finding the light, perhaps, until they were old men. They will find it as children, and then the real Drama will be written."

"It is because *Faust* is a mystery drama, picturing the soul's own journey and experience that so few have understood it, so few indeed have ever read it, this drama that was sixty years a-building. What is *Faust*? Briefly, it is Goethe's picture of the soul's long search for its ideal, the Eternal Womanly."

In conclusion, Mrs. Bohn showed that the picture given by Goethe is the prophecy of what has actually transpired in our midst, the reestablishment of the old and sacred relationship between the leader and the follower, between the teacher and

the student, a relationship which has been lost for centuries. We see Faust standing at last a free man in the midst of a city of friends, in the nucleus of a free humanity, and he is satisfied. He had not forgotten his ideal of the Eternal Womanly, but he had given it up for the sake of humanity. Mephistopheles was cheated of his bargain, for Faust as he was

no longer exists, but is transmuted. And what is his reward? Waiting for him is Margaret, the Eternal Womanly of his ideal, and she begs to be allowed to take one step downward and backward for the sake of helping him, but she hears the words, "No, go higher still; thy influence followeth him. On to the very heights, he'll follow thee." And so Faust is lifted till they stand side by side and the mystic union is complete.

The scope of Mr. Fussell's paper was outlined by the opening quotation, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to Fortune; neglected, and all their life is bound in shallows and in misery." He showed in a manner admirably convincing that the cycles with which we are most familiar, those of the heavenly bodies, of the tides, of the movements of the earth, the progress of the seasons, the periodic phenomena of health and sickness, are all visible indices of the unseen, but corresponding movements of the real life of man and the evolution of the Soul. If we think about the matter at all, we are more apt perhaps to notice the recurrence of dark days than of bright ones, but that times and seasons do recur lies within the experience of all, that there are days when our work is lighter and all goes smoothly, and other days when the work is heavy and everything seems at cross purposes. We all know that this is so, but is it chance, or is there some explanation, is there some order or law underlying this recurrence? Must we not believe that all our acts, all phases of human life, of thought and feeling, are under the same law, the law of ebb and flow, the rhythmic pulsation of life throughout the universe. The familiar cycles which we see around us are not matters of chance, it is not chance which sends every ninth wave of the incoming tide further up the shore than those that came before it. In our lives we should find a similar wave-like rise and fall, and that the great events of life befall at recurring periods of years. In the life of nations, we see that the concluding quarter of each century is a period of transition, of beginnings and of great changes. If we can but learn something of the cyclic law governing human endeavor, how much might we not accomplish! During the last twenty-five years the practical and fraternal teachings of Theosophy have taken deep root in the thought of the world. It was a new message that H. P. Blavatsky brought, that William O. Judge proclaimed, that Katherine Tingley is exemplifying, just as the commandment of the Christ was new—"that ye love one another." This was the opportunity of today which in the ebb and flow of life has come to man, to the individual and to the race. Katherine Tingley's work upon the Hill at Point Loma was a question and a challenge to each whether he would respond to the urge of his soul and, through Brotherhood, help build the walls of the new City of Light that shall become a beacon fire to the world, and she calls to each, "Who of you has the strength, the will, to go forward? To them I call, and upon them is already the flush, and the Light of the Victory beyond conception."

JAPAN is a nation of ladies and gentlemen. While their moral standing is not low, the good manners of all classes in Japan is proverbial, and they are said to be "the healthiest, the strongest and the happiest people in the whole world." They know that "life is joy." The "Land of the Rising Sun" is the paradise of children. The great cities—and they have many—are not the breeding places of miserable, unhealthy and underfed mockeries of humanity such as we see by the hundred thousand in the so-called civilized western lands. There is practically no rowdyism. The Japanese have acquired the secret of healthy, intelligent and artistic city life. Their system of physical training called "Jiu-Jitsu" explains a large part of their health and cheerfulness under all circumstances. It consists of simplicity in diet, scientifically designed exercise in the open air without apparatus, and strict discipline of temper during the wrestling and other contests. Rice, eggs, fish, vegetables and fruit supply the bodily needs of the nation; the Japanese live mainly in the open air; they are not overburdened with artificial wants, so their homes and surroundings are artistic and in harmony with nature. The poorest laborer bathes at least once daily.

If we look around the world and compare the customs of different countries it is evident that the Japanese civilization ranks high in spite of some imperfections. The

What Is "Jiu Jitsu"?

A Short Lodge Paper

Jiu-Jitsu system in many ways resembles the Raja Yoga training established by Katherine Tingley at Point Loma, California, but the latter is more complete and searches more deeply into the soul. The physical discipline of Raja Yoga, like the Japanese exercise, is designed to benefit the whole nature as well as the body. Katherine Tingley never wearies in teaching this to her students and the children at Point Loma. Here, and in the Raja Yoga schools throughout the world, we find the greatest importance attached to the building and care of a sound and healthy body as a fitting vehicle for the mind and soul.

The growth of self-restraint and well-balanced character is immensely simplified by the healthful and graceful bodily exercises advised by Katherine Tingley, as the students and children at Point Loma realize daily. The strong effect physical soundness has upon mental and spiritual development is too frequently overlooked, but in Loma-land the balance is kept so that intellectual, artistic, practical and athletic activities are all found in their proper proportions.

Inasmuch as the Jiu Jitsu system is a long step in the direction of Raja Yoga, and has done so much to bring about a higher standard of living among so many of the Japanese people, we wish it well. Educationalists and reformers who are battling with the terrible slum problem might do worse than study it with attention.

HEREDIA

From a poem written in honor of the poet-patriot of Cuba, by SEÑOR P. SANTACILIA

HEREDIA fué el Genio! El Genio inspirado
que trajo del cielo la santa misión
de alzar con su aliento al pueblo postrado;
y el pueblo resuelto, valiente y osado,
en rudos combates venció la opresión.

Hoy rige la patria su propio destino,
hoy nadie perturba su quieto existir,
y puede si quiere per ancho camino
con paso seguro marchando contino.
llegar á la cumbre de un gran porvenir.

Cuba's Poet Honored --- Frontispiece

FROM *El Figaro*, one of the leading periodicals of Havana, Cuba, we translate the following extracts, part of a report of the celebration in Santiago de Cuba of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet Heredia, which is the subject of this week's frontispiece:

On December 31st last, this date being the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the eminent poet José María de Heredia y Heredia, the cultured and progressive city of Santiago de Cuba celebrated the anniversary with a great public festival. The Heredia Commission, which for some years has assumed the care of the house in which the poet was born—an ancient edifice, so typical of the structures of the past century—in union with various representatives and the entire populace, gave an enthusiastic demonstration, delivering this house to the City Council, not merely as another property to belong to the municipality, but that it may be preserved and kept in repair, and that there may be established therein a School of Fine Arts. The official ceremonies, therefore, took place in the Palace before the full consistory, the military chiefs in full uniform, many distinguished persons, and the general public. After addresses by Virginio Porro, President of the Heredia Commission, and by the enthusiastic Mayor, Señor Emilio Bacardi, the inaugurator of the festival, the ceremonies were continued in the street which bears the name of the poet, and in the house in which he was born. As it was impossible for the house to contain so many people, Señor Bacardi proposed that those who were to read poems should stand in the open doorway facing the immense crowd there congregated. All of the poems, particularly the poem by the French Academician, M. José María de Heredia, a cousin of the great Cuban bard, drew forth prolonged and enthusiastic applause. Afterwards, the children's chorus, accompanied by the Juvenile Band of Santiago de Cuba, sang the "Hymn to Heredia" ("Himno á Heredia"), the words of which were composed by Señor Desiderio Fajardo Ortiz and the music by Señor Ramon Figueroa.

At the close of the reading of the poems and after a repetition of the Hymn, the mayor distributed hundreds of numbers of the special edition of the weekly local paper, *Cuba Ilustrada*, and from morning until one o'clock at night, the house of Heredia was visited by the entire populace of Santiago de Cuba. With an almost religious deference they beheld the autographs and writings of the poet, framed, upon the walls, the pictures of the immortal poet-singer and many symbolic records of the undying glory of this patriot whom they so love and honor. The soul of the festival, as we have said, was Señor Bacardi. All centered about him. It was he who inaugurated one of the most splendid and public festivals that any city ever gave in honor of a poet.

As students are aware, the Raja Yoga Academy, which is one of the Raja Yoga Schools established last year by Katherine Tingley, in Santiago de Cuba, is located in Heredia street, opposite the house of the poet. Heredia is honored by his people not so much for his genius, which was of the highest order, as for his patriotism and his services to "Cuba Libre." It was Heredia who first stirred the hearts and steeled the sinews of the Cuban people for their last great struggle. It was Heredia who first raised the question of Cuban independence, for which he was exiled and died in a foreign land. He was imprisoned and exiled by the enemies of Cuba, but his songs and his memory will live forever in Cuban hearts, as will the ideal to which he gave his life. It was most fitting, therefore, that the Raja Yoga Academy should assume part in the celebration, not alone because of its loyalty to those ideals for which Heredia lived and died, but because the very genius of Raja Yoga strives ever to establish those principles of freedom of which Heredia has become the Cuban exponent.

As shown in the photograph, the Academy was elaborately decorated for the occasion, the colors beloved in Cuba, the red, white and blue, streamed in festoons from pillar to pillar of the great school, and wreaths, garlands and masses of greenery completed the decorations. It was a day

not soon to be forgotten by either teachers or pupils in the Raja Yoga Academy in Cuba, and doubtless helped them to realize more deeply than ever before the need of the higher patriotism. STUDENT

The Good, the Beautiful, the True

Read before Universal Brotherhood Lodge No. 1, Australia

PONDER on these words and a great longing will fill your heart that this great triad might reign on earth again speedily. For in the Golden Age, which age is by no means a myth, men were good and all nature beautiful, and truth reigned supreme. What then altered all this? Selfishness, ambition, lust, and of these selfishness is the greatest—the one great crime, for it is the root of all crimes. Endowed with free-will, the children of earth turned to listen to the cunning and deceitful allurements of the foes of mankind, and in time quite forgot their divine origin, chose evil instead of goodness, beauty and truth. But in spite of the power of the dark side, the compassionate helpers of humanity have from time to time come with help and prevented destruction. They keep alive in the heart of man the divine fire, and it breaks forth in joy, in song, in art.

The good—the beautiful—the true! Good music is beautiful music and is also true music—true harmony and the hearing of it should and does inspire the hearers, if only for the short time of listening, with beautiful joy and good resolutions, to be true to themselves and others. These thoughts pass away, we know, amid the hurry-scurry of the world, but those who experience them feel joy and hope, for the Soul responds to the touch of these three qualities. A beautiful sunset has a wonderful effect upon us of harmony—joy and love towards others—it sends beautiful light upon all around—the trees throw up wonderful lights and shades, and the Soul stirs within and tells us we are not here today and gone tomorrow, but that we shall return again to learn more.

The Universal Brotherhood Organization teaches the methods by which the good, the beautiful, the true, may be known and taught and given out to humanity. The Universal Brotherhood Organization is the vehicle through which truth, light and liberation is being brought, and will be brought, to discouraged humanity—these three corresponding to the good, the beautiful, the true. Humanity is now in sore distress; so long has the Soul-light been hidden, so long has man been deceived, that his Divine origin has been entirely forgotten, and at this time, when a song of joy is sounded through the earth, a call to arms against the Dark Powers that have held sway so long, man understands it not clearly, but feels the tumult, the unrest, the strife; the old creeds satisfy him not, and he knows not where to turn for help—but the light is shining and the Teacher is working—oh, so hard—preparing for the children of earth when they shall turn and seek the light from the only quarter in which it never fails, never goes out. Then the deceivers, the wily ones, will seek to hide their heads and their power will be gone; but not till men work in unison for their destruction. Brotherhood must be realized—being a fact in nature, it must be made so in the lives of men; and it must be Universal. When all recognize that and work together, the evil ones will scatter of themselves. Together we must work—every living soul around, every living soul answering to the call, "Awaken, children of earth!" the New Day has dawned, the Good, the Beautiful, the True, exist as always, and not only for a few, but for all—for all creatures, for all that lives. And our hearts must turn in gratitude and love to our Elder Brothers, who are always helping us, and to their messengers in this time: Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, who gave us the teaching, the good seed sown, the good news given—William Q. Judge, whose beautiful life of suffering without murmur kept it safely until he handed it on to our beloved present Teacher, Katherine Tingley, who is demonstrating, visibly and practically, that it is True—the True life! E. H.

Prominent Visitors at Point Loma

AMONG recent visitors to Point Loma were Mrs. Lucy L. Flower, of Chicago, accompanied by Miss Julia Lathrop, Mrs. Madeline W. Sikes, Mrs. William Ferguson and Mrs. W. H. Bailhache. The ladies came as Mrs. Flower's guests, and after luncheon at the Homestead visited the Raja Yoga School, the group homes of the children, and many other departments of the Universal Brotherhood activities. They were extended many courtesies not generally extended to visitors in the way of opportunities to familiarize themselves thoroughly with the work here. Mrs. Flower is one of the most prominent women in Chicago, and has long been known for her efforts on philanthropic lines, and for the respect in which her opinions on all such matters are held by those most familiar with the city's difficulties and needs. Miss Lathrop is associated with Miss Jane Addams of the Hull House community of that city. For eight years she was a member of the State Board of Charities of Illinois, the only woman ever elected on the Board. Mrs. Sikes is well known for her interest in the question of neglected children, and was prominent in securing the passage of the child labor law in Illinois. All expressed themselves as more than delighted with the work. They were enthusiastic, and, in common with all visitors, particularly those who investigate the work thoroughly, they expressed themselves as being completely mystified by the efforts made in certain quarters to misrepresent this work. OBSERVER

I HAD been shopping all day with friends. We were in foggy London. After our purchases had been made, my cousin suddenly remembered that she had an errand which would take her to the East End, that wretched part of the city in which men, women and little children are huddled together in droves, dying from the heat and foul air in summer, and perishing from cold and starvation in winter. It has been the laboratory, for some time, of social reformers, but it is still the East End, and the miserable sights that one may see there daily, are a sad commentary upon what we are pleased to call our civilization.

It was a bleak, cold day in winter. The snow was falling, and when we reached the East End we had left behind us nearly everything that spoke of luxury or even comfort. We saw plenty of food, but it was in the shop-windows; plenty of warm clothing, but it was displayed before the eyes of the shivering passers-by. Very few were warmly clad, and those who suffered most were the children.

My friend's errand took her to a hall, at the door of which I noticed a large crowd of children gathering rapidly. What a commotion! What a crowd! Girls, boys and babies dressed in every imaginable species of costume—small boys in big trousers and no coats at all, big boys whose bare elbows peeped through their worn sleeves, and whose wrists were bony and blue with the cold; tiny girls, with "mother's shawl" covering their rags. Many of them carried heavy babies, well bundled up, but ænemic, unhealthy, sluggish-brained. My heart ached to see their poor little starved faces, thin and blue with the cold. Not a rosy cheek, not a red pair of lips among all the faces turned so expectantly toward the door. "What's it all about?" I asked the nearest. A dozen interested voices answered me at once:

"'A'p'ny (half-penny) feeds, Miss."

"Ol' koker, Miss, an' breem-butter. Yer get it inside!"

"No, 't'aint butter; it's jam."

"An', teacher, mother says this time I can eat all mine ter meself, 'cos' my bruver picked up a ol' bun outside er shop yestiddy an' 'e eat it all hisself."

This from a small person who would have been eight years of age, judging by appearance, but who assured me, in response to my question, that she was really "turned 'leven," and she added, pathetically, "'E was orful 'ungry, though."

"Come, Billy, show the lady wot you got for a 'a'p'ny." The boy came up, a broad smile on his pathetic little face, a huge slice of bread and jam in his hand. "O, bread 'n' jam and a big mug o' koker. Are you goin' in, Miss?" I had little heart for "koker" or "bread 'n' jam" just then. The children were invited into the hall in groups, and, as each group came out with "bread 'n' jam" in grimy little hands, all conversation stopped and a wild scrimmage took place; the next group formed, the eager children went in, and the door was once more closed.

Night was coming on. It was growing colder, and the cold of London streets in winter pierces one through and through. It seemed to me that I would freeze, although I was warmly dressed.

How those little souls must have suffered from the cold, half-starved and in rags, as they were!

Once more the door was opened to let out the happy possessors of "bread 'n' jam," and, as the children began to elbow each other and push their way toward what seemed to them a Paradise of Plenty, the gentleman in charge held up his hand. "Children," he said, "I am sorry, but we have only enough left to serve six more." The sweet-faced little woman who stood beside him had tears in her eyes at the sight of the disappointed faces; and the effect upon the children—how can I describe it? I doubt if you or I would have acquiesced so bravely under the circumstances. Some of the children had had nothing to eat all day—for we all know what the East End is. All of them were underclothed, underfed and chilled to the bone.

After a moment of almost silence, there began among the more determined ones a desperate scramble to see who should be among the six.

An East End Hero

Big boys pushed smaller ones aside. Little girls tried to creep in under the feet of the others and the woman at the door looked

anxious. I began to realize for the first time what it must mean to be always hungry, always perishing with cold in winter, always having to fight for a bare living, and then, after standing for an hour in the chill of that London street, to be told that only six more could be fed!

The lucky six were passing through the door, when one of them, a boy of thirteen, his eyes big with hunger, caught sight of a little girl standing alone on the curbstone. She was homely and deformed, and held a tiny wooden crutch under her arm. She was tightly holding her precious "'a'p'ny" in her hand and staring blankly and heart-brokenly at the door of the hall. She could not believe it possible that all her beautiful anticipations had come to nothing. Could it be possible that she was to go away hungrier and colder and sadder than she had come? The boy looked fixedly at her for a moment, and then with a "Wait a minute, gov'ner," he ran down the steps, pushed through the crowd and picked the little girl up in his arms. She was small, perhaps half his size, and he easily ran with her up to the door. Putting her gently down on the step and handing her the little crutch, he said, "Go on, Polly; give the gentleman your 'a'p'ny." The man at the door looked surprised. "O, I say, let her come instead er me. She's hungrier, and she's such a little un, sir!" Then, with the air of those who whistle to keep up courage, he shouted, with an effort at bravado, to a newsboy near, "Come on, Jack!" and away they went together. Jack had finished his "bread 'n' jam 'n' koker" half an hour before, and he looked reflectively at his chum, but he said nothing. There was nothing to be said; and then, acts of heroism are not so uncommon in the East End as they were in the more fashionable quarters of London, where my friend lived.

I was touched by the incident and I inquired the name of the boy. "Harry Mullin," said the Superintendent of the little Mission in response to my inquiry. "No, he has no home and no parents; never had any, he says. He is a bootblack, I believe. Comes in here Sundays. I have often wished that I could do something for him, but what can we do with thousands and thousands calling upon us and so few who care in the least about this class of children? He has his weak points, too. He was in the police courts just last week for stealing a loaf of bread. He did not steal it for himself, Jack told me, but for an old man who lives in the shed near his alley and who was sick. There is something fine in that boy and he is worth saving. *But what can one do?*"

When I went home with my friend that night I carried the picture of homely, unkempt Harry Mullin with me. Something must be done for him and I would do it. Three or four days passed, then a week, and the problem was as far as ever from solution, for I could not bring the boy into the fashionable home of my friends, and I had few acquaintances in the city. So I waited and watched and pondered.

One day the gardener told me that he needed a boy to help him, and that afternoon I went back to the East End, to the same little hall around which the children had crowded that chill afternoon for "bread 'n' jam 'n' koker." The sweet-faced woman invited me in. "Harry Mullin!" she

said in some surprise. "Let me see. He was arrested yesterday for being in a street fight and has been sent up for a number of months. But do not be troubled. You could not have done anything with him. There *was* something heroic in his nature—one cannot but admit it—but these boys all come to the same end, and to stem this awful tide seems to me at times impossible. Yes," she added, "it is all true. There are thousands today who drive in carriages, who own magnificent homes and rent pews in fashionable churches, who are admired and flattered, if not respected, who are yet destitute of the spark of heroism that that street gamin possessed; who are absolutely incapable of the self-sacrifice that we witnessed—I well remember it—on that cold day when you stood in the street outside our door."

This is the picture. Will it forever be all shadow? STUDENT

WHEN A BOY STARVES

by BROWNING (*Fra Lippo Lippi*)

BUT, mind you, when a boy starves in the streets
Eight years together, as my fortune was,
Watching folks' faces to know who will fling
The bit of half-stripped grape-bunch he desires,
And who will curse and kick him for his pains—
Which gentleman processional and fine,
Holding a candle to the Sacrament,
Will wink and let him lift a plate and catch
The droppings of the wax to sell again,
Or holla for the Eighth and have him whipped—
How say I?—say, which dog bites, which lets drop
His bone from the heap of offal in the street—
Why, soul and scane of him grow sharp alike.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Health Depends on Digestion and Digestion on Mastication

IT was doubtless hard upon certain cats in the Yale laboratory that they were not allowed to carry on their digestion in private. But the results of the inconvenience inflicted upon them point so excellent a moral that the experimenters may take leave to forgive themselves. The X-rays were used, and the shadow of the cats' digestive apparatus at work upon a meal was thrown upon a screen. Of course they had to be held still during this process. This they did not like; but after a few minutes they became reconciled, submitted to be stroked, and in due time some of them purred. The screen showed that during the time they were irritated, digestion stopped; that it was gradually resumed as they became calm; but could at any time be suspended again by making them angry again. These experiments form part of the matter of an important book on nutrition just published; the author, Horace Fletcher, draws the obvious moral.

We wonder what tale the X-ray screen would tell in the case of the average city man's digestion of his lunch? Eaten in a crowded room, full of the thought-atmosphere of men as preoccupied and worried as himself; his mind intent on the cares of his business, perhaps anxiously planning to outreach some one, perhaps furious with some one who has made a skillfuller or more unscrupulous move; and eaten in half the proper time—what chance to do good work has that complex apparatus upon whose good working the owner's health and length of days nevertheless depend?

Mr. Fletcher's experiments were not on cats alone or chiefly, but throughout many years on himself. And they find corroboration in some tests made at Yale under the auspices of the United States Army upon about twenty-five men. The results of the experiments, compressed into the shortest statements, are these:

Nearly all persons eat about three times too much food, in the honest belief and feeling that they require it. Conscious gluttons often reach an amount of ten times their need.

The reason for the habitually eaten excesses of temperate people is greatly deficient mastication. We only utilize one-third of that which is valuable in our food. The digestive juices cannot get at the remaining two-thirds. Gladstone's celebrated "thirty-two bites" to each mouthful must be greatly exceeded to get a perfect result. Then every cell and particle is crushed, opened, exposed to the digestive solvents and absorbed. Practically nothing remains which is capable of fermentation and putrefaction. One of the chief causes of all diseases is therefore done away with. The brain cells are no longer steadily poisoned with the toxins resulting from intestinal putrefaction; consciousness is clear and buoyant, the fund of energy always copious, and many times the ordinary amount of work can be done without fatigue. Moreover, five hours of sleep now suffice for recuperation.

"Most human ills," says Mr. Fletcher, "come from forcing appetite, anticipating appetite. . . . No one was ever injured by intelligently and calmly waiting for an appetite. . . . It will come as soon as body repairs have been effected by natural agencies and more material is required. . . . Wait for an earned appetite if you have to wait till noon." Then, eating rightly, we can provide our tireless body-builders with perfect bricks. In the author's words:

Mouth treatment of food, which permits, aids and includes insalivation (mixing with saliva), and which is both actively digestive in its functions and preparatory to final digestion, is the only actual mechanical responsibility we have in our nutrition, and, in connection with favorable mouth conditions, insures perfect digestion.

STUDENT

SIR OLIVER LODGE is asking for information as to the habits of the glowworm. His attention has been drawn to a statement recently made by a very careful observer, who avers that during a thunderstorm a glowworm, which was under his observation, extinguished its light for a second or a second and a-half before each flash, relighting its tiny lamp at an equal interval after the flash. Sir Oliver Lodge asks if this phenomenon has been noticed elsewhere.

X.

A Substitute Discovered for Noxious Lead Ingredients

THE terrible sufferings caused by lead-poisoning among painters and potters are well-known, and the fact that these wrongs are allowed to go on in full knowledge of the public is an awful commentary on the want of heart that is prevalent in modern communities. Though there is no lack of amiable benevolence of the useless kind, yet when the slightest effort or the slightest pecuniary sacrifice is called for, there is not enough active benevolence to prevent greedy manufacturers from sacrificing human lives to earn a trifling increase of profit.

It speaks well therefore for France that she has inaugurated the New Year by passing a statute absolutely forbidding under heavy penalties the use of white lead in any form for manufacturing. Other countries prefer to wait until they think they can see their way to appeasing their consciences without disturbing the well-being of their pockets. But this is better than nothing, and will at all events prevent much suffering among operatives. A means of manufacturing zinc white at a price that will compare favorably with that of white lead is reported.

The inventors claim to make it direct from the ore, instead of first making zinc from the ore and then oxidizing the zinc. The heat necessary to reduce the ore is produced by the chemical reaction that takes place among the materials used, and so fuel is saved.

The inventors assert that they can make it the interest of paint makers to use zinc oxide, which is finer in quality, and more durable than the lead; and that the potteries will find it better also.

X.

The Physical Effects of Thoughts and Emotions

PROFESSOR ELMER GATES, whose extensive investigations are attracting considerable attention, has recently said:

It need not surprise any one that the emotions of sadness and pain and grief affect the bodily secretions and excretions, because everyone must have observed that, during these emotions, the respiration goes on at a slower rate, the circulation is retarded, digestion is impaired, the cheeks become pale, the eyes grow lusterless, etc.

The learned professor gives credit for a greater power of observation than is usually possessed. We fear that very few people have any adequate conception whatever of the physical effect of mental states. If this were not so we should not see so much feverish anxiety upon the subject of germs and microbes on the part of those very people who are absolutely indifferent to the infinitely more fatal thoughts which they constantly harbor. A large part of the scientific world seems to divide its time between the detection and identification of microbes and the various ways in which these entertaining little animals may be killed. If Professor Gates will continue his researches he may be able to persuade the community that there are very few disease germs which can flourish in a body fortified by right thinking. A good thought is an anti-toxin more potent than any serum yet discovered. What a healthy and happy world it would be if we had actually observed what the professor supposes us to have observed?

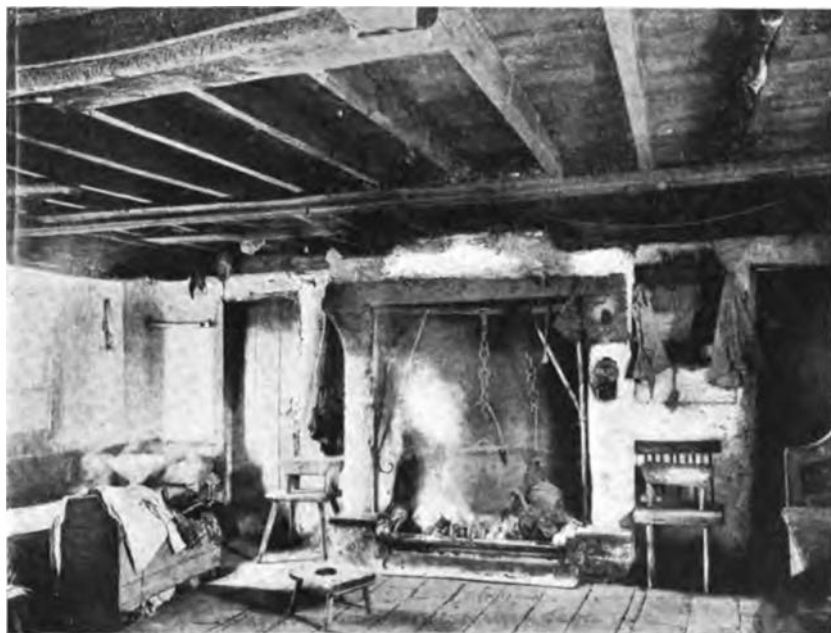
STUDENT

Science Now Accepts the Light and Color Ray Cures

THE light cure for disease is destined to take a prominent place in modern medicine, but we need anticipate no apology to its pioneers for the obloquy and contempt which was their punishment for daring to project their minds in advance of their times. The experiments of Dr. Finsen have contributed much to our knowledge of the curative effect of light. Placing earth-worms in a box, of which one-half was covered with red glass and the other half with blue, he found that the worms sought refuge under the red glass, being obviously irritated by the blue light. A chameleon placed midway between the two colors turned black under the blue ray, while the portion under the red remained white. In this connection it is interesting to remember that so long ago as the Sixteenth century an English physician recommended that small-pox patients be placed in beds of which the hangings and curtains were red in color, this having the effect of relieving the irritation of the skin.

STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World



A GLIMPSE OF AN IRISH PEASANT'S COTTAGE

Education & Honesty in Denmark

THE Old World seems to be not so entirely played out as some people like to suppose, provided we apply some better test than the capacity for money-making. Denmark, for instance, claims that there is no one within her boundaries who cannot read and write. The Canton band in Switzerland contains no paupers whatever, while from Finland comes the statement that the moral tone of the country is so high that theft is practically unknown, and that money placed in a hole by the roadside is as safe against thieves as it would be in a bank. But there are, of course, some enterprising people in every rank of life who think that integrity is a sign of decadence, and that progress means nothing more than legalized depredation.

Peacemakers for England & America

THE United States Ambassador to England has made a suggestion for the promotion of international peace, which is at least thought-creating. He proposes an interchange of children between America and England in order that there may be a rising generation of peacemakers upon both sides of the Atlantic. The solution of this, as of so many other problems rests, of course, with the children, and even though Mr. Choate's suggestion be difficult of accomplishment we might, at any rate, do something along these lines by ceasing to instil hate into the minds of our children by the deliberate falsification of history.

The Historic Chateau of Malmaison

MR. OSIRIS, a wealthy and philanthropic Frenchman, has just purchased and presented to the French nation the historic chateau of Malmaison, once the residence of the Empress Josephine and the scene of her death. Malmaison is about twenty miles from Paris, and within its park a fierce struggle was waged between the French and the Germans. Napoleon himself stayed there for five days after the battle of Waterloo. It is well that so historic a building should pass into the custody of the French nation.

Methods of Education in China

ONE of the most admirable traits of the Chinese is their love of education. Students may study how and when they please, the Government confining its activity to the holding of examinations. The candidates are confined in cells each examination, of which there are three, occupying twenty-four hours. There are 1700 examination centers, and out of 20,000 candidates for the first degree only 145 are successful. Last year 57,000 students presented themselves for the three degrees.

The Awful Slaughter in Macedonia

A WRITER in *Pro Armenia* asks what has become of the thousands of Bulgarians who were expelled from Macedonia. He says that he himself saw his own wife, his daughter and his three sons murdered before his eyes, and he now wants to know where are the other refugees. He addresses his demand to the Great Powers, but he would do better to ask the wolves. The Great Powers are busy protecting the missionaries and advancing the cause of civilization. None the less, these Bulgarians, though dead, are yet speaking, and they say, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell in the earth?" But let them "rest yet for a little season."

Alliance Between Spain and Portugal

REGARDING the suggested alliance between Spain and Portugal, Max Nordau says:

I have an old and deep-seated liking for Spain, and a more recent but no less sincere regard for Portugal. I know the old prejudices which have made the one nation the foe of the other, but I am also aware that Spain and Portugal are kept apart by merely imaginary difficulties.

The mental divisions of the world are mainly due to an imagination, stimulated and inflamed by those whose ambition and whose "patriotism" run upon parallel lines. Ignorance has always peopled the outside world with monsters instead of men.

Vivisection in Switzerland

THE practice of human vivisection by means of hypnotism seems to be making some unholy progress in Switzerland. The results which have been secured by two experimenters are described as having "a remarkable artistic and scientific value." The victim was a woman, and we learn that 500 photographs of the poor creature have been secured while under the induced influence of joy, anger, fear, gluttony, greed, etc. And yet we are complacently told that the increase of insanity is one of the unsolved problems of the day. The subtle insanity of public apathy which permits these horrors is indeed inexplicable.

Japan's Invasion of Corea

JAPAN has some precedent for the invasion of Corea. It seems that she did this once before, some 1300 years before Columbus arrived in America. The Japanese army, which was ably commanded by a woman, crossed the sea upon junks and so impressed the Coreans that they surrendered without a blow, and the Japanese army returned in triumph without the loss of a single man. In 1591 Japan again made war upon Corea and upon China, and her army of invasion was over 300,000 strong. It was placed under the divided command of two generals, one a Christian and the other a Buddhist. Its success was said to be due, to the rivalry between the two religions.

Mrs. Maybrick and the Higher Law

APART from the question of guilt or innocence the release of Mrs. Maybrick will be a profound gratification to all whose hearts are capable of sympathy. Human punishments are relentless, and they are sometimes vindictive. Our detestation of crime is made the opportunity for widening our own phylacteries, and the penalties which we impose upon others express our thankfulness that we are not as they are. It is well for those who fall under the relentless lash of human judgments, that there is in nature a law of compensation which, in its own good time and way, will make straight all crooked, devious paths.

The King of Spain Escapes Assassin

THE King of Spain is to be congratulated on his escape from another attempt upon his life. An infernal machine has been found near the doorway of the royal palace during a state ceremony, and at a time when the building was crowded with persons of distinction.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Sowing and Reaping

Essays by Children of San Diego Lotus Group

WE would all like to be strong and healthy when we grow up, but if through greediness or carelessness, when we are young we sow the seeds of disease we will not have health when we grow up. Perhaps we would like to be persevering like Columbus when we grow up. If so, we must sow the seeds of perseverance now. And if we have any work to do, even if it is disagreeable, we must stick to it until it is done.

D. P.

IF a farmer sows wheat or grain, if it has the right conditions, it will grow. When it is tall enough the farmer will have to cut it, be it good or bad, so that he can use the land for something else. If the crop is not good he will have to suffer the consequences.

So it is with our lives. If we live purely and unselfishly, we will harvest a fine crop. Perhaps our land, or start in life, is not very good. Then our harvest will be slow in showing itself.

Then, if we try hard to do right, we will have it all the better in some life to come. So if we are good and nothing seems to come of it, we can comfort ourselves in knowing it will come some time hence.

People who are unkind and selfish, some time or other will have to reap a bad harvest, no matter how they dislike it.

M. R.

As ye sow, so shall ye reap

THERE is a great deal of truth in this saying and if people would only think more of the seeds they are sowing or, in other words, think more of their influence and of their thoughts and actions, they would not do so many things that are not brotherly.

We often hear gardeners say, "Oh these seeds are no good," while other times we hear them say, "Those seeds were fine."

We also can sow two kinds of seeds only by different names. When we give out pure and helpful influences and thoughts we are planting good seed, and we will reap the beautiful flowers or results, while when we are unkind and think harmful thoughts we are truly planting bad seeds and we will have no beautiful flowers, but we will have weeds, or in other words, we will reap bad results.

Longfellow wrote a very beautiful and true poem called "The Arrow and the Song," which seems to correspond with this saying. We may not reap the results of our actions for a time but we will gather our harvest in due season, as the arrow was found in an oak and the song in the heart of a friend, long after.

CLEANING HOUSE

by E. E. HEWITT, in *Sunbeam*

DOLLY'S clothes are on the line.
Dolly's dishes fairly shine;
Dolly's house is swept all through.
Chairs and tables look like new.
Dolly's little mother, May,
Has been cleaning house today.

Picture books, a goodly row,
Such a pretty order show;
Games and blocks all put in place.
Pencils in the drawing case.
"I'm so tired," says little May.
"I've been cleaning house today."

an exploring ex-pe-dition yesterday. What a big word ex-pe-dition is. And it was splendid! Jack wasn't a bit afraid. He always grows into a knight when we go exploring."

"You are sillier than if you did think about clothes, Peggy," interrupted Amy. "You know quite well you just imagined it all, and Matilda and I don't imagine pretty dresses. Dresses are really true."

"What you imagine is sometimes true," returned Peggy in defense; "besides, I didn't imagine the whole of it. I read about a beautiful white city, and I am sure it is a real city somewhere, so Jack and I went away to imagine finding it."

"But wheredid you go, Peggy?"

"All through the pine woods until we came to the buttercup meadow, and then we sat down to rest for a little and we saw it."

"Oh, did you!" ejaculated Amy, with her blue eyes full of wonder.

"Yes, and you have no idea how splendid it was, Amy! All white and shining—with domes, too! Jack and I would like to have gone through the gates and stayed there altogether—but somehow we couldn't," she added in a sad little voice.

"Why?"

"Because the gates will never open to any one who is always just *talking* about being great and noble. You see all the people who stay there really are great and noble—that is the reason they live in that beautiful place. They are like kings and queens. But I am not very old, and I *am* very small for my age, Auntie told mother,

so perhaps by the time I am grown up I may be ready to live there; and I think, Amy, when people are ready, they will get to know more about it."

"Oh," said Peggy, after a moment's silence, "I know what's better than even that—let's imagine we are there all the time, and let's begin being great and noble now. Let's imagine that this is the Beautiful City."

"I will go there, too," said Amy—"some day"—and I'll take my dolly!"

A. P. D.



DO YOU THINK I LOOK VERY CROSE? I AM JUST SURPRISED—THAT IS ALL. I AM STANDING BESIDE MY LITTLE GARDEN AND THE GARDEN IS BESIDE MY LITTLE HOME IN LOMA-LAND. I DIDN'T KNOW THE PHOTOGRAPH MAN WAS THERE UNTIL HE SUDDENLY SAID, "NOW STAND VERY STILL!"

A Raja Yoga Girl

Students'



Path

SILENCE

by SWINBURNE

BUT ye, keep ye on earth
 Your lips from over-speech;
 Loud words and longing are so little worth.
 And the end is hard to reach.
 For silence after grievous things is good,
 And reverence, and the fear that makes men whole.
 And shame, and righteous governance of blood,
 And lordship of the soul.
 But from sharp words and wits men pluck no fruit.
 And gathering thorns they shake the tree at root.
 For words divide and read;
 But silence is most noble to the end.

The Ten Commandments of Aristotle

THE president of Bowdoin College has delivered a masterly address on the Ten Commandments of Aristotle, and while we do not necessarily agree with the whole of his conclusions we cannot help believing that the religious life of the community would find its salvation in an agreement with the learned president that the teaching of these commandments "lacks only the democratic principle introduced by Christianity to make it a complete and ultimate account of life." At the same time we would suggest that the democratic principle cannot well be lacking in any scheme which has for its object the well-being of humanity. These ten commandments of Aristotle are rendered as follows:

Thou shalt devote thy utmost powers to some section of our common social welfare.

Thou shalt hold this end above all lesser ends like pleasure, money, honor.

Thou shalt hold the instruments essential to the service of this end second only to the end itself.

Thou shalt ponder and revere the universal laws that bind ends and means together in the ordered universe.

Thou shalt master and obey the specific laws that govern the relation of means to your chosen end.

Thou shalt use just so much of the materials and tools of life as the service of your end requires.

Thou shalt exclude from thy life all that exceeds or falls below this mean, reckless of pleasure lost.

Thou shalt endure whatever hardship and privation the maintenance of this mean in the service of your end requires, heedless of pain involved.

Thou shalt remain steadfast in this service until habit shall have made it a second nature, and custom shall have transformed it into joy.

Thou shalt find and hold a few like-minded friends, to share with thee this lifelong devotion to that common social welfare which is the task and goal of man.

In what a different world we should speedily live if religion were once more recognized as devotion to the common welfare, to which all pleasures and all activities are to be made subservient; if we were to remain steadfast in this service until habit shall have made it a second nature, and custom shall have transformed it into joy. Can there anywhere be a higher definition of Christianity?

The president's comments upon the ethics of Aristotle are admirable and illuminating. He says that

Morality depends on clear grasp of some imaginary condition of ourselves which is better than any practical alternative and the translation of that potential picture into energetic fact.

What is this but the selection and the pursuit of an ideal, which is the essence of all practical Theosophical philosophy? There is such an ideal in every human mind, a radiant picture of ourselves as we might and ought to be, a picture which we have perhaps long since hidden and repressed, but which can never die so long as there is one furtive aspiration to sus-

tain it. The president gives us a test of our rank in the scale of moral being. He says:

How large a section of the world do you care for in a vital responsible way? The magnitude of the end we see and serve is the measure of our soul's dimensions.

Perhaps not altogether a measure of our soul's dimensions, but rather a measure of our comprehension of the soul's message. How many of us can apply this test with any worthy result, how wide will be the circle of humanity for which we care in a vital responsible way? Here is something better than a catechism or a creed.

STUDENT

The Testimony of a Bishop

THE opinion of a Bishop is not of course of greater value than that of any other man of equal character and education. None the less, it is interesting to record the beliefs of so bright an ecclesiastical luminary as the English Bishop of Wakefield, who recently said in a public speech:

Some people need wounding before they will awaken and take a proper view of the Bible. The nature of inspiration ought to be understood. Scriptural inspiration is not a verbal, mechanical, absolutely accurate and infallible inspiration—not an inspiration of *pens*, but of men who stamped their own characters upon their writings—men who were not free from mistakes, but who were led by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost to embody in their writings a revelation of God.

For centuries it was believed that every part of Scripture was equally inspired—texts had been twisted and tortured into meanings and fixed interpretations as absurd as the Jewish cabbala. Even educated people have found it a great relief to be told such elementary truths as these:

The Bible is not infallible.

The Bible is not necessarily literal and exact.

It is not a scientific text-book.

The books were not necessarily written by the authors whose names they bear.

These names have absolutely no authority, except old traditions of the Jewish race.

The old chronology was not inspired.

The dates in the ordinary Bible are no guide to the dates of the books.

The world was not created 4,004 years before Christ.

Many of the books are composite, and some embody older records like flints in chalk formations; others are by more than one author, and still others are admittedly compilations of various historical and traditional accounts.

Once we realize these facts and understand the great purpose of inspiration, we shall lose the paralyzing and crippling fear of answering truthfully the direct questions of children.

Scientifically and morally (his Lordship continued) there has been a great revelation since the days of the Jewish writers. Charles Darwin has placed not only scientific but also religious thought upon an altogether firmer basis, while the *progressive moral revelation* is shown by the fact that the Jews allowed slavery, polygamy, and *many things* which we should never think of permitting today.

Schools of Crime

SOME years ago a peculiarly horrible murder was committed in France. A certain woman was accused of participating in this crime, and she was defended on the ground that whatever she might have done was performed under the hypnotic suggestion of another. We have nothing to do with the hideous details which were given to the public at the trial. We should suppose that every decent human being would hasten to forget them. It seems, however, that the story has been transferred to American soil, where it would have been retold and vitalized but for the commendable activity of the Washington authorities.

This woman has actually been brought to America by a showman whose intention it was to exhibit her. She was not only to be exhibited as an actor in a revolting murder, but she was to be hypnotized, and in this condition to reproduce the crime of years ago. The Washington authorities have ordered her immediate deportation as one who had been convicted of a crime, and she was sent back by the same steamer which brought her.

It is, indeed, fortunate that the law allowed this action. Had the meshes of the law been a little wider this atrocious performance would doubtless have been carried out in our cities and towns, and an irresistible incentive would have been given to weak and imitative minds. Abominable as such a display would have been, it could certainly be paralleled by many other displays which the law cannot reach or which the authorities are too supine to notice. And yet we marvel at epidemics of crime, while schools and factories of crime are allowed to flourish at our very doors.

STUDENT

BOOKS

by Mrs. BROWNING (*Aurora Leigh*)

I READ books, bad and good—some bad and good
 At once; (good aims not always make good books;
 Well-tempered spades turn up ill-smelling soils
 In digging vineyards, even); books, that prove
 God's being so definitely, that man's doubt
 Grows self-defined the other side the line,
 Made atheist by suggestion; moral books
 Exasperating to license; genial books,
 Discounting from the human dignity;
 And merry books which set you weeping when
 The sun shines—ay, and melancholy books,
 Which make you laugh that any one should weep.
 In this disjointed life, for one wrong more.

POOLS OF SALT AND PLOTS OF SAND

by TENNYSON

WHAT are men that He should heed us? cried the king of sacred song;
 Insects of an hour, that hourly work their brother insect wrong.

While the silent heavens roll, and suns along their fiery way
 All their planets whirling round them, flash a million miles a day.

Many an æon moulded earth before her highest, man, was born,
 Many an æon too may pass when earth is manless and forlorn.

Earth so huge, and yet so bounded—pools of salt, and plots of land—
 Shallow skin of green and azure—chains of mountains, grains of sand!

Only That which made us, meant us to be mightier by and by,
 Set the sphere of all the boundless Heavens within the human eye.

Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro' the human soul;
 Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless outward, in the whole.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Do the Theosophists believe in heredity?

Answer (3) According to modern science, characteristics and modifications acquired by individuals in the struggle for existence are impressed upon the germ-plasm of the race, and gradually become manifested by larger and larger numbers of individuals: thus is the general modification and progress accomplished and the plan underlying Nature unfolded. This germ-plasm is a thread of consciousness for the kingdoms of Nature lower than the human kingdom, and contains the possibility for the gradual evolution of higher forms.

According to Theosophy, when the human kingdom is reached—that is, when a physical structure has been evolved in which the human elements or principles can manifest individual threads of consciousness corresponding to the germ-plasm of the lower kingdoms, henceforth the acts and thoughts of each human being are stored in his individual thread of life, and there exist, ready to show themselves whenever the environment of the individual gives them the opportunity. These constitute Heredity.

Theosophists believe that this individual storehouse of acquired characteristics holds through many lives, and is the basis, in any life, of the possibilities for evil that must be eliminated by the human being, as well as of the nobler qualities we see manifested. M. M. T.

(4) In connection with the answers already given, the following from the writings of W. Q. Judge is interesting:

Some urge that Heredity invalidates Reincarnation. We urge it as proof. Heredity in giving us a body in any family provides the appropriate environment for the Ego. The Ego only goes into the family which either completely answers to its whole nature, or which gives an opportunity for the working out of its evolution, and which is also connected with it by reason of past incarnations or causes mutually set up. Thus the evil child may come to the presently good family because parents and child are indissolubly connected by past actions. It is a chance for redemption to the child and the occasion of punishment to the parents. This points to bodily heredity as a natural rule governing the bodies we must inhabit, just as the houses in a city will show the mind of the builders. And as we as well

as our parents were the makers and influencers of bodies, took part in and are responsible for states of society in which the development of physical body and brain was either retarded or helped on, debased or the contrary, so we are in this life responsible for the civilization in which we now appear. But when we look at the characters in human bodies, great inherent differences are seen. This is due to the soul inside, who is suffering or enjoying in the family, nation and race which his own thoughts and acts in the past lives have made it inevitable he should incarnate with.

Heredity provides the tenement, and also imposes those limitations of capacity of brain or body which are often a punishment and sometimes a help, but it does not affect the real Ego. The transmission of traits is a physical matter, and nothing more than the coming out into a nation of the consequences of the prior lives of all Egos who are to be in that race. The limitations imposed on the Ego by any family heredity are exact consequences of that Ego's prior lives. The fact that such physical traits and mental peculiarities are transmitted does not confute Reincarnation, since we know that the guiding mind and real character of each are not the result of a body and brain, but are peculiar to the Ego in its essential life. Transmission of trait and tendency by means of parent and body is exactly the mode selected by nature for providing the incarnating Ego with the proper tenement in which to carry on its work. Another mode would be impossible and subversive of order.

To one not acquainted with the teachings of Theosophy, the subject of heredity is a most difficult and baffling one, for while we have so many facts that conclusively support it, there are, on the other hand, so many apparent exceptions and contradictory facts as to show it inadequate as a full explanation of character, disposition, habit, etc. Is it not true then that heredity has been asked to explain too much? Theosophists do believe in heredity, and in the light of Theosophy it is given its proper place as a factor in human development, as one of the means used by the soul or Ego in its progress along the pathway of life. A study of the above words of William Q. Judge will be of great value to the student, and as the subject is of such interest and importance, further space will be devoted to it in next issue.

Religion and Science

WE can quite understand that it should at one time have been necessary to point out that the conflict between religion and science is based entirely upon misapprehension, but that the literature of the world should be increasingly burdened with such writings seems a little incomprehensible. Surely, our concepts of both religion and science should now be sufficiently clear to show even the most stupid among us that whatever is opposed to religion in its only true sense cannot by any possibility be scientific, and that whatever is opposed to the proved findings of science cannot therefore be religious. Truth can never be either unscientific or irreligious. The continual appearance of certain new books, however, is evidence that there are still some minds impervious to the most obvious of intellectual axioms.

The eminent London divine, the Rev. Mr. Campbell, who recently visited America, was asked by a somewhat startled admirer how he could possibly reconcile religion and evolution. He replied that no reconciliation is necessary, inasmuch as religion is evolution. It is hard to understand how so great a bugbear could ever have grown from a truth so evident. The supreme object of Christianity, and indeed of every faith, is to promote and hasten this very evolution of which the churches once seemed to be so afraid. As the child evolves into the man, so the bad man evolves into the good man, and the good man evolves into an ever closer resemblance to the Christ-ideal. Evolution means nothing more than growth, and it is hard to imagine that a belief in growth can be considered as heretical or irreligious by any sane, undiseased mind.

If growth and an increase in purity and strength be the lot of man, that is to say, if man can evolve, why not also the whole of nature? Why should not the whole of existence be on the march towards the better and the best? The proposition is so self-evident as hardly to admit of argument. We are well aware that there were, and probably are still, some theological minds whose invincible inertia seemed at one time to be almost a contradiction of progress. But the mind of the world has not been anchored to these profitless sandbanks which ought now to be out of sight. The average religious thought of last century has itself evolved, startling as it may seem. If evolution was actually possible to the dogmatic beliefs of fifty years ago, surely there can be no department of nature so hopelessly inert as to be beyond its influence. X.

SONG OF THE ANGELS

by J. H. MIDGLEY

ONCE more, above the din of strife and madness,
Of angry threat and wild, despairing cry,
There falls like dew upon the old world's sadness,
The sound of angel voices from the sky.

Once more it comes to still the rising clamor
Of warlike discords from the battling world;
Once more, amid the clash of forge and hammer,
The flag of peace is openly unfurled.

Once more it comes, that herald of the dawning,
Which brought to man the Everlasting Light;
It comes again, but with reproach and warning,
That still we dwell in all enfolding night. — *Our Dumb Animals*

Nansen on Athletics

SOME hardihood would indeed be needed to accuse Nansen, the Arctic explorer of effeminacy or of being in any way lacking in manly courage and persistency. His opinion of athletic sports should therefore commend itself to the young men of today who are rapidly beginning to think that such sports constitute all the law and the prophets for university and school. To a journalist who recently interviewed him he said:

The young men of today think it a great distinction to excel in sport and, if possible, to break records. The unreasonably exaggerated praise they win flatters their vanity. But what do they really gain? Beside giving their bodies an inharmonious development and becoming predisposed to disease—particularly to tuberculosis—they lose all interest in practical affairs, make wretched business men and incompetent employees, for all their thoughts are centered upon the coming games. Young men ought rather to roam the fields and the woods and study nature. Solitude makes for character. Modern life is far too superficial. We pass from one object to another; we want to understand everything, to have all the papers and all the new books, and to attend all the theatres and lectures. The development of industry is forced at the expense of that of the man. That is why modern literature is so pessimistic, so unbalanced. Tell your young men to go in for physical culture, rather than for sports, and to go, like the prophets, to seek solitude in the desert.

All extremes are, of course, to be deprecated and possibly Nansen himself goes a little far. But there can hardly be two intelligent opinions as to the destructive effect upon mind and manners of this modern mania for sport.

STUDENT

The Need for Water Fountains

WITH the coming of hot weather the newspapers will begin to record heat prostrations in our large cities. The little list appears year after year in our daily papers in August and September, and has always been a sad commentary upon the conditions in our great cities. Physicians declare, and doubtless they are correct, that the prostrations, in nine cases out of ten, are indirectly the result of the liquor habit. Most of the cases happen among the workmen who depend upon their glass of beer every hour or two, and the remedy is obvious. But how may it be applied?

It is an open secret that the way to keep a garden patch free of weeds is to fill it up with flowers. One who walks through the streets of our cities must be blind not to observe the lack of drinking fountains. If the poor, the shiftlessly poor, could have for the mere getting an abundance of fresh, cool drinking water, would saloons reap such a harvest? Isn't it probable that many a thirsty workman would drink the water and forget about his beer, to say nothing of women and children? It is useless to expect the poor to buy water at soda-fountains, even if they had the money. They are psychologized by the notion that a glass of beer is "worth more" than a glass of pure water, and that the man who buys the former for five cents comes nearer to getting the worth of his money than the man who pays five cents for the latter.

We have, it cannot be denied, a certain duty toward those upon whom the conditions of life press so hard. The extremely poor haven't our outlook, for they haven't in some cases our self-control. They haven't our means. What is our duty? The establishment of drinking fountains at every square would cost a city something, of course. But wouldn't the city save in the end, when one considers that thirst quenched by liquor breeds despair, insanity and crime?

A. V.

TO MAKE our idea of morality center on forbidden acts is to defile the imagination, and to introduce into our judgments of our fellowmen a secret element of gusto. If a thing is wrong for us, we should not dwell upon the thought of it, or we shall soon dwell upon it with an inverted pleasure.—*R. L. Stevenson*

THERE is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. I have one person to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.—*R. L. Stevenson*

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MAR	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
7	29.716	65	52	60	55	.00	SW	1
8	29.620	70	55	59	59	.00	W	gentle
9	29.716	66	51	56	51	.00	W	gentle
10	29.680	62	47	55	51	.00	S	4
11	29.798	62	48	52	48	.61	N	7
12	29.906	56	46	50	47	.00	NW	5
13	29.874	58	47	54	49	.00	E	4

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Pantheism and Ritualism

The tendency of *Pantheism* is to see the God-like everywhere, the personal God nowhere. The tendency of *High Churchism* is to localize the personal Deity in certain consecrated places called churches, certain consecrated times called Sabbaths, fast-days, and so forth; certain consecrated acts, sacramental and quasi-sacramental; certain consecrated persons called priests. — *Robertson*

A Scots minister, protesting from the pulpit against golfers' bad language, told his hearers (says *Golf Illustrated*) how he "dreamt he saw St. Peter on the links. He had in his hand a golden club, but he made a miss. It was most provoking. You know what you would have said. What do you think St. Peter said, and only said under these most trying circumstances? He said, 'Deary me, deary me!'"

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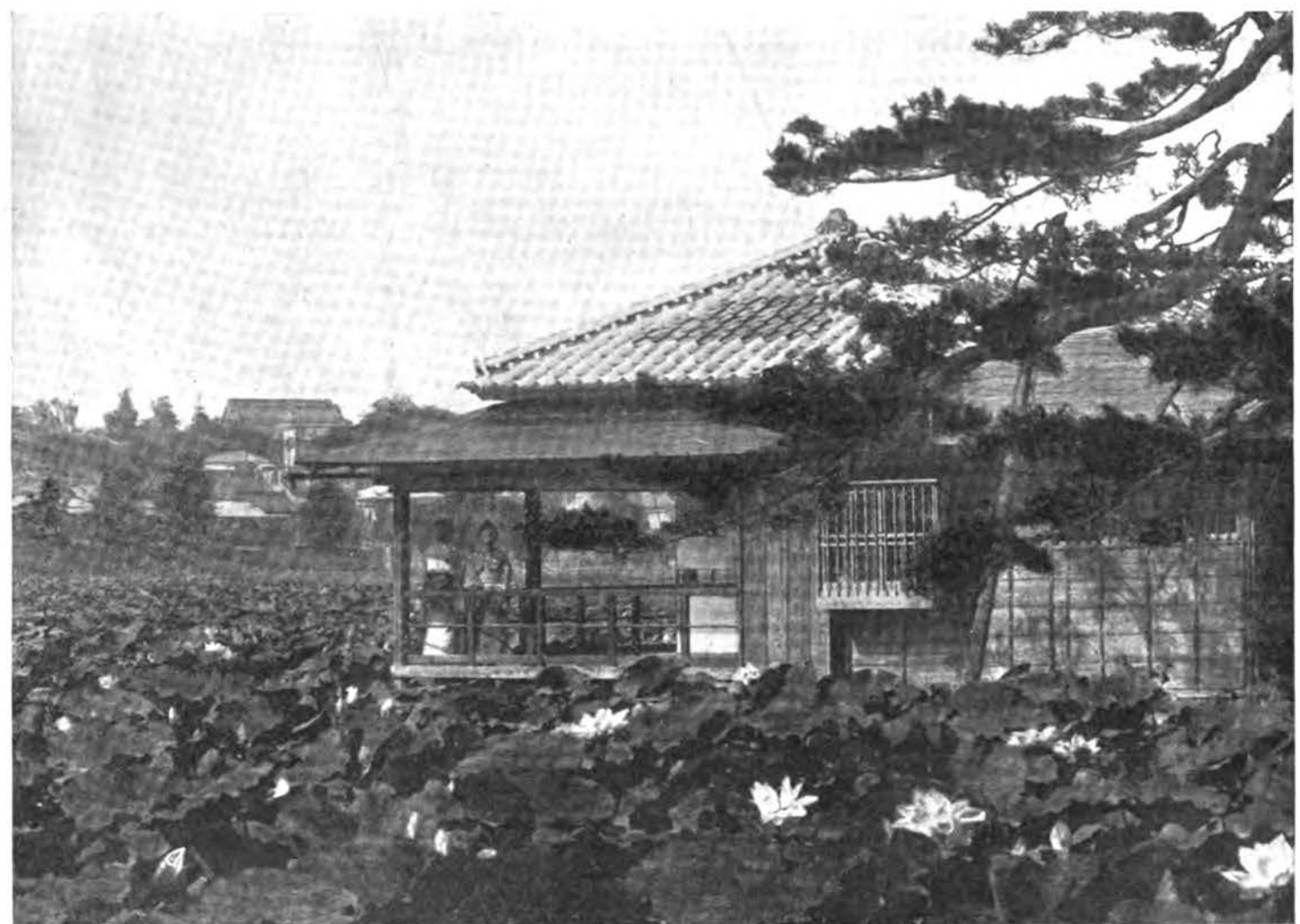
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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Not Well With the World
Force of Compassion
Remembering Our Wrongs
The Study of History
What a Religion!
An Indirect Definition
Japanese Training
Scene in Tokio—frontispiece

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Other Evils Than War
Children's Wan Faces
Starving Midst Plenty
Prevalence of Murder
Epidemics and Graveyards

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Genius and Eccentricity
Wagner and Parsifal
A Loma-land Studio (illustration)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

A Word About Motherhood
Blanche of Castile—illustrated
Women in German Politics
A New Departure

Page 8—ARCHEOLOGY, ETC.

Progress of Archeology
The Aegan Hermes
Zulus Eating Porridge
(illustration)

Page 9—NATURE

Animals Out of Fashion
In Church (verse)
A Sign of Fellowship
Fighting for Mercy's Sake
A San Diego Oak (illustration)

Pages 10 & 11—U. S. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Summer Nearly Here
What Is Character?
To Diminish Sleep
Progress and Alcohol

Page 12—FICTION

Heldrun's Choice

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

New and Old Ideas as to
Elements and Atoms
Finger-Tip Marks
Property of Springs
Antedeluvian Monsters

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Venezuelan Award
Jewish Bribery in London
Experiences in Thibet
Child-Labor in Germany
Flogging in English Prisons
French Prizes for Sacrifice
English Artillery and Boston
Russian Jews' Disensions
Cruelty in German Army
A Chinese Newspaper
Reverence in China & Japan
Japan's Soldiers Eat No Flesh

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Kathleen's Music
A Real Hero
From Swedish Children—illustrated
A Dog's Gratitude
Norne Lullaby (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

How Did You Die? (verse)
Religion of Lincoln
Ideas of Ancients
Sorrows (verse)
Thou Eternal One (verse)
Students' Column
A Moslem Legend
Strong Head and Clean Heart

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

How to Improve Memory
Neglecting the Bible

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

It Is Not All Well With the World

A SPIRIT of perplexity seems to be abroad in the world, not altogether without its pathos and its import. Humanity is becoming a little confused as it is urged to an ever greater speed along the path of material civilization which yet so obviously leads to louder discords, to increase of misery. Civilization has been so profuse in its promises of a golden age, so eager in its assurance of the defeat of pain, so sure of its power to order things aright. But now there dawns upon the minds of men, the slow moving, patient mind of the multitude, the conviction that things are not right, that they are indeed wrong almost to despair, that it is not well with the world, that over the edge of the material

horizon there is no golden age but an ever deeper gloom. We are weary of infallible panaceas, weary of measures and combinations, weary of a tragic path of progress which we see to be a progress downward and backward, and not upwards and onwards. The audible voices of civilization are not the voices of the people, of the nation. The true humanity is largely voiceless; it is too strenuous for over much speech, too patient and too earnest. It has been so willing to be led, but what wonder if it is now a little distrustful and therefore a little perplexed? The golden age promised by science, by commerce and by creed is evidently for the few and not for the many. Perhaps it is at the cost of the many? It is not yet entirely out of date to quote the founder of Christianity in defence of the silent masses of men who wait thus pathetically for a social redemption which may well seem to tarry somewhat upon the way. It is recorded of him who in his day was heard willingly by the people that "he called his disciples unto him and said unto them, / have compassion on the multitude." We may well believe that compassion on the multitude has ever been the force focus of redeemer and reformer, a compassion which has never appealed to their self-interest, which has never fed the flame of greed, nor woven the combinations of hate, a compassion which did but call forth its like as an armor to the weak, a sure defense to the oppressed. This was a compassion which redeemed by wisdom and not by war, which fashioned a union of love and not of threats, of service and not of tyranny. It is the binding force of the universe which exists by love and law, and not forever will it be excluded from the hearts of men. This it is which can alone give the new light by which we shall recognize the enormities of the evils which we tolerate as though they were the will of God. It is ideas which reform and not measures. It is the impulses of the heart which are irresistible and not the calculations of the brain. Reform must come from within the masses of men and not from without, from the many and not from the few. Nature offers the power of the reformer to every one who will but comply with her conditions, to the poor and to the rich alike, to learning and to ignorance. He who has "compassion upon the multitude," has God upon his side, and the heart which has been emptied of self-love becomes a channel for the rivers of progress which flow onward from the past, onward to the ocean made glorious by hope. There is no wisdom but this. It comes from within ourselves and no man can confer it upon another. How many are there amongst the toiling millions of men who will sound a new word for a new day, who will set their faces away from the delusive lights which have called themselves reform, who will recognize the common sorrow of self-interest which walks unabashed and unashamed amongst the people? How many are there who by one kindly, self-forgetting act will lay hold upon the golden thread which leads to power and to peace? How many are there who will have "compassion upon the multitude," the multitude of which they are a part? Unto them will come the light of the new age and from their dead selves they will be reborn.

STUDENT

Remembering Our Wrongs

THE heaviest burden which we can ever bind upon ourselves is a recollection of the wrongs which we have suffered. Of all loads this is the most futile, the most wearing, the most destructive. It is a subtle selfishness which warps the nature; it is the very antithesis of joy. Those whose recollection of their own wrongs is the most intense rarely remember the wrongs which they have inflicted upon others. This is the maelstrom which grows ever larger; which sucks into its vortex every rightful pleasure, which destroys every beauty in life. Those who have suffered injustices in the defence of others are the first to ignore them and to forget them. It is only the small nature, the nature which would itself inflict injustice which is so keenly alive to the wrongs imposed upon itself. Let us face these dark places in our nature, the places where we have stored the memories of our wrongs. Let us go away to some quiet place and there cleanse ourselves, searching our hearts that no trace remain of a memory which is the very home of bitterness. Then we can go out once more into the sunlight with our faces set towards the future and not toward the past, and with a new and abiding vitality within us as of one released from chains and prison.

S.

The Study of History

From *Universal Brotherhood Magazine*, May, 1899

IN any age a certain point only can be reached by the masses. Each age has its highest point of development, in which the people share, to which they contribute, and which they also limit. A study of the mighty ancient civilizations of the far past shows that this point of development was very much higher than it is even now. Could we go back into the prehistoric times, we should note that with successive ages came a gradual decline in spiritual knowledge as civilization succeeded civilization.

But a turning-point has been reached; men and women are again awakening to a knowledge of themselves and their possibilities, and are gradually moving on to a time when the ancient knowledge will be revived and become once more the possession of humanity.

How few turn their attention to prehistoric times; and yet in such study they would find a key that would unlock many of the mysteries and possibilities of their present life!

It behooves students to look at history from a new standpoint, and while I declare America to be much older than Egypt, and to have even given to Egypt her most ancient civilization, yet in the study of the latter they will find a clue to the future development of humanity. For that from which the known civilization of Egypt descended, exists still as a possibility. It is man's birthright and can again be achieved as an actuality. Life is one, and though seemingly divided into ages and long periods of time, and again subdivided into centuries, years, days, and moments, exists in all its potentiality and active potency today as it did in prehistoric Egypt when the gods dwelt with men. That day of innocence and peace passed away ages ago; humanity has long wandered through the dark valley of bitter experiences; but the mountain heights are again seen, suffused with the glow of dawn and the promise of a new Golden Age; and a pathway is once more shown to that realm where the gods still abide. It is yours to climb that pathway, to awake again in your hearts the memory of the childhood of the world and proclaim the new Golden Age of Universal Brotherhood which awaits the human race.

I cannot tell you what secrets await to be revealed to those who study along these new lines. But with the new light that is dawning, with the awakening knowledge of man's divinity, the day is not far distant when the glory of the past shall again become known and the glory of the future be assured.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

What a Religion!

DR. WATSON (Ian Maclaren) writes on "Homely Virtues," and incidentally uses the word religion in a sense which we confess our inability to understand. He says:

There is a kind of man who will not drink nor swear, who believes in the deity of Christ and the eternal punishment of the wicked, but who has no more idea of personal honor than a fox, and who will do things at which a high-class man of the world would be aghast. . . . There are people with a genuine sense of religion who are as crooked as a corkscrew, and there are people who would never dream of calling themselves religious who are as straight as a die. As, for instance, Jacob in one class, and in the other such a man as the Duke of Wellington among Englishmen, and Abraham Lincoln among Americans.

Here we are first introduced to the stupefying idea that it is possible to "believe" in the deity of Christ and the eternal punishment of the wicked and yet to have "no more idea of personal honor than a fox," and secondly we are confronted with people having a "genuine sense of religion" and who are yet "as crooked as a corkscrew."

Passages such as this seem to throw a startling light upon the difficulties of some of the churches. Apparently the "belief" and the "genuine sense of religion" herein referred to have no relation whatever to personal conduct, no influence whatever upon it. From this particular theological point of view it is evidently possible to combine all the belief, which we are sometimes told is the only essential to salvation, with the moral character of a fox. Dr. Watson might indeed have gone further still. He might have told us that a loud profession of creed and dogma is in no way antagonistic to behavior of which any ordinary fox would be ashamed.

We should ourselves have supposed that the practice of the "homely virtues," of honor and truth is religion and that any system which does not include these is a mockery and not religion at all. X.

An Indirect Definition

"THE word *soul* has lost all its meaning," said a scientific man the other day. "No one would now use it with any sense of reality, or as denoting any definite entity." We differ. But though it would not be hard to make a definition, the meaning of the word might perhaps be better got at in another way.

Most of us spend our lives in a long succession of desires; the life of some few is a long tension of will. We desire to own, to receive, to grasp, to taste; a few will only to give, to out-radiate. The difference is between benefit-seeking and benefit-giving. Most of us fear something—disease, death, disrepute; a few do not know what fear means.

There are some few men and women who have not their own welfare at heart; their welfare is not their special concern; they do not mark themselves out from the multitude. They seek no pleasures, and need none; for within their own being they are conscious of a fixed peace or joy in continuity. They are utterly indifferent to praise or blame; never have any wish to get ahead of others in anything, nor any pride when they have done so. Their consciousness is intense, immediate and self-reproductive; that of most of us is kept alive in sensation and desire by the succession of brain-pictures. They compassionate the faults of others where we condemn and criticize.

Have we not now an indirect definition of soul and soul life? The soul is that which inspires these people in their peculiarities. Anyone who wishes can give it another name: Christos, Nous, Spirit, Transcendental Self or Ego—it does not matter. It is, in every man, the ever-present Adversary of his elemental selfishness, the Inspirer to a new level of being. It works in each of us to make us true men and women, no longer animals, alert, every faculty awakened, self-dominating, unselfish and compassionate. We can suffuse ourselves with more or less of its light; and our power to do so is the power to call down our own greater nature into our present life. L.

Japanese Training

AN interesting book on *Japanese Physical Training*, by H. Irving Hancock, throws an important light upon the discipline which the Japanese believed to be necessary for the highest development. The training, however, seems to be as much moral as it is physical, and it may be that these people have thus found a key-note to a more evenly balanced growth than has yet been discovered elsewhere.

Throughout the campaign of the allies in China in 1900, the Japanese repeatedly proved their ability to outmarch our troops by fifty per cent, and this despite the fact that our American soldiers ranked second in point of endurance. What enabled the little men from *Dai Nippon* to outstrip so easily the big, sturdy fellows of the American regiments?

This question the author answers at considerable length. We have ourselves already drawn attention to the education of the Samurai, the Japanese military caste, which is now extinct. Although extinct as a caste a modified form of the Samurai training has now spread throughout the whole people. Physical development has been brought to an exact science, and with it is a moral training which insists upon an equable temper, moderation in victory and tranquillity in defeat.

The great defect of the educational systems of modern civilization is the absence of moral training, which in all possible contests of the future will count more heavily than physical strength, or even physical courage. It is moral training alone which can give unvarying fortitude and tranquillity and which can intelligently enlist these virtues as agencies of success. Character is the dominant force of the world, and everything which develops character is a sure index to all workers of success. Japan is not the only ancient nation whose text-books of progress have been preserved for the use of our own generation. STUDENT

Scene in Tokio---Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week represents a typical view of the city of Tokio, which is the political capital of Japan, the seat of the various executive departments of the island Empire, and the residence of the Government officials and foreign legations. The three great cities of Japan are Tokio, Ozaka and Kioto. The last named was the ancient capital of Japan, and existed for many centuries before the establishment of Tokio.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Other and Greater Evils Than War

IT is needless to say that we are in profound sympathy with every movement which has for its object the establishment of international peace. It is, however, easy to exaggerate the importance of even so immense a stride forward as is implied by such a reform as this and to speak of its attainment as the arrival of the millennium, is only to blind ourselves to other evils quite as menacing and far more harmful than that of war. An eminent Rabbi has lately preached a sermon on the subject of arbitration, and he asked why the coming of the millennium had been so long delayed. He seems to answer this by various admirable reflections upon international greed, and the false notions of honor which are so often the *casus belli* in modern disputes. A great familiarity with evil often causes us to minimize its effects or even to overlook them altogether, and we are afraid that the establishment today of international arbitration would still leave plenty of scope for the zeal of the reformer. The cessation of war would, for example, still leave unaffected our competitive system with all its hideous creations, it would leave the curse of alcohol and opium untouched, it would have no result upon those thousand deteriorating influences which are robbing the world of its manhood and womanhood. The removal of war would still leave us to our deification of individual selfishness, which is infinitely more pitiless than open conflict, we should be still left to our dismayed consideration of the problems of insanity, of crime and of disease. All these things are so close to us that we look right over them, or through them, at that other catastrophe which we call war, and which fills our mental horizon only because it is not so familiar. A large part of the peace propaganda today are based upon considerations and arguments wholly material, and very many of our peace aspirations are little more than a recognition that national selfishness is an interference with individual selfishness and its aims, and that war is a disturbance to money-making and greed. When a new ideal of personal unselfishness comes into the world, then indeed the millennium is not far away. Of that new ideal the abolition of war may be one of the results, but it will not be the only result nor even the most important.

STUDENT

Wan Faces of Factory Children

IT would seem that wherever the probe of the social reformer can find its way, there at once is disclosed a state of affairs which it would appear almost impossible to combat by any means known to civilization, even supposing that civilization had any desire to combat it. The latest disclosures have reference to the artificial flower trade and the employment of children, not in the factories but in their own homes. To compel these children to go to school is only to add to their miseries. The work must be done, if partial starvation is not to become entire starvation and the children must therefore work from the moment they return from school until far on in the night. The usual details of course are given. We suppose some people read them, but it would not seem that any one particularly cares. Here is the old story of the children, wan, sunken, haggard and starved, the children who never smile, who have almost forgotten how to speak. It seems that the artificial flower trade lays its curse upon two classes in particular who are unable to work at the factories. These two classes consist of children who have to spend a part of the day at school, and mothers who have babies to "care for." Civilization preys upon the helpless, and the greater the helplessness the greater the blood toll. Here is a representative paragraph from a lengthy report in an eastern newspaper:

All three of the children were thin and sallow and were very rapid workers. Neither the boy nor the younger girl would answer when spoken to; the boy smiled weakly and worked on. The thin chest and waxen color of the older girl announced that she was to be a victim of consumption—a fate that was being hastened by long hours of bending over a table in an unventilated room. But she worked with a nervous rapidity that I could not imagine surpassed.

Something is doubtless gained by the publication of these facts. We shall not at any rate plead ignorance in the judgment-hall where nations are arraigned and civilizations overthrown.

STUDENT

Starving in the Midst of Plenty

A CERTAIN man was recently arrested in one of our great cities upon a charge of stealing bread, and the proceedings which followed are not uninteresting. First of all, the grocer from whom the food was stolen refused to prosecute. He said, "Lord knows, they need it." Then the policeman told the judge "there are nearly 200 people down there who are starving. This man Jones is a workingman and not a thief. He was going to share what he stole with the others. In the buildings where he lives there are many who have not a cent and who have nothing to eat." Thereupon the judge pronounced that "the stealing of bread under such circumstances is no offense." In America, then, with its freedom, its illimitable territories, its storehouses of natural wealth of which even the very doors have not yet been opened, it is possible to find people, and in considerable numbers, who are not only driven to steal by the scourge of starvation, but in whose defense prosecutor, policeman and judge are united. Is this the extreme of civilization which thus meets that other extreme before civilization had begun, when men knew no law except their own dire necessity, and when the satisfaction of elemental hunger made all things lawful? Truly the story is not lacking in portents, such grim portents of disaster as must ever walk in crowds by the side of a starving man, had we but the wit to see them and to be wise before it is too late. At the touch of this one hungry man, constitution and laws and the whole bewildering stupid machinery of our social system seems to have quietly settled down into impalpable dust as though they had never been.

STUDENT

The Great Prevalence of Murder

DURING the last five years nearly 8,500 murders have been committed in the United States. In some States there were more murders than in the whole British or German Empire—so says the *Chicago Tribune*, which then particularly asks what are the legislators, lawmakers and law-enforcers doing to stop it? It is, of course, very necessary that it should be stopped, but to place the crime of murder in a water-tight compartment would be to perpetuate a very common mistake. Murder is but a violent illustration of the spirit of lawlessness which pervades the community, and which manifests itself according to the nature of the lawbreakers. It is futile to isolate a particular law and to clamor for its enforcement, while it is perfectly well understood that other laws may be broken with impunity, so long as we comply with the necessary formalities, pecuniary and social.

The violent and passionate man breaks the law in a violent and passionate manner, while the educated or timid man breaks other laws in other ways more congenial to his nature or more gratifying to his greed. The highway robber and murderer can be educated into the fraudulent company promoter who spreads misery and death throughout the community, none daring to make him afraid; or he may commit wholesale robbery of health and happiness upon the little children in his factory and remain an honored member of the community. Let us suppress all law-breaking, and not merely those forms of it which happen to offend our æsthetic feelings.

STUDENT

Epidemics Produced by Graveyards

AN advocate of cremation, writing to the *Public Ledger*, cites five instances where destructive epidemics of plague and cholera have been produced by the opening of ancient graveyards some of which had been out of use for centuries. These epidemics would of course have been prevented by cremation, but such is the price that we have to pay for experience. The unfortunate part of it is that we have not yet learned the lesson and although the practice of cremation is increasing, it may be that some sharp reminders are yet in store for us. Even stupidity is not entirely incurable, especially when nature is the physician. There are probably very few indeed who now believe that cremation is irreligious or that it can prove a serious inconvenience upon the "last day." None the less, teachings of this kind have left a sediment of unconfessed superstition in many minds and this must be removed.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Genius: An Excuse For Eccentricity

THE production recently in Paris of a little drama by the brilliant Villiers has brought again to our attention the curious species that people still denominate "genius!" Villiers de l'Isle Adam was one of that coterie of which Paul Verlaine and Maurice Rollinat, who recently died in a mad-house, by the way, were members. Feverish and debauched, violent of gesture, sleeping by day and traversing the boulevards at night, nursing his eccentricities, yet fighting a pathetic fight, at times, against the lower tendencies of his nature, and dying at last of a hideous disease, Villiers yet was the friend of such men as Richard Wagner and beloved by Baudelaire. There was in his work a depth of perception that was startling. He admired our American methods and our American arts. He was a Prodigal by nature, prodigal of his genius, of his means, of everything save the conventional virtues, prodigal more than all of his emotions until he died worn out, a nervous wreck. Villiers loved the beautiful, though half the time he could not tell the true when he saw it. Yet one of his contemporaries wrote:

It may be that the philosophy of Villiers will one day become the formula of our century.

Again and again, through his plays, we are conscious that he almost touches—not quite, but almost—the very hem of the garment of the infinite. He almost breaks the veil—not quite—for his nature and his own peculiarities held him back. His soul was daily crucified by his eccentricities. He was massacred by his own vices.

Mystic as he was, one wonders what he might not have revealed, one wonders what message he might not have carried to humanity's heart, if he could have ceased his perpetual oscillation between the real and the sham, between virtue and the depths of debauchery—if he could have attained something like balance. His whole life of struggle and remorse was epitomized in one moment on his death-bed when he groaned as he saw the woman whom he married at the last moment to legitimize his son, sign the marriage contract with a cross—she could not write her name. That tells part of the pathetic story. What would not right association, a pure, honorable comradeship, have done for such a man?

Some of our critics have tried to work up an analogy between Villiers and our own Poe. Scarcely any judgment could be more mistaken, for with all the error and suffering of his life, Poe was honorable and innately pure. Of all our poets, he has been the least understood and the most maligned. Leave Villiers with his compeers, of whom Poe is not one. There must have been something in a man whom Richard Wagner loved to visit and with whom he loved to converse; but it is time that we ceased to condone the moral pervert simply because at odd times he catches sight of the sun and the stars. In order to glimpse the sunlight one need not stand with one's feet in a sewer. STUDENT

IT is only when the heart is rapt into true passion of melody, and the very tones of the man become musical by the greatness, depth and music of his thoughts, that we can give him the right to rhyme and sing—that we can call him a poet. Pretenders to this there are many, but, precisely as we love the true song and are charmed by it as by something divine, so shall we hate the false song and account it a mere wooden noise, a thing hollow, insincere, altogether offensive and superfluous.

—Thomas Carlyle

Richard Wagner's Own Words Anent "Parsifal"

IT is well-known that Wagner began at one time a drama entitled, *Jesus of Nazareth*.

In his letters he tells us that for a period of years he considered the building of a great music drama which should have for its central figure his ideal of a Teacher. From his letters we glean that he contemplated one with Buddha for the central figure. What became of the earlier manuscript is not known, but that it was incorporated into *Parsifal* it is not difficult to

believe. The ideal of the Grail itself, the asceticism of Parsifal, the temptations, the baptism, the character of Kundry, her washing of Parsifal's feet, the healing of wounds, the raising of the dead (in the last act), to say nothing of the Liebesmahl, or comrade feast, which, by its resemblance to the ceremony of the Eucharist, has flung out such a challenge to the clergy—all these are more than mere coincidences. Still more light is thrown upon Wagner's intentions in a letter published originally in the Bayreuth paper and from which the following extracts are translated:

I have been wondering how to rescue *Parsifal*, this last and most holy work of mine, from the fate of an ordinary operatic career. I am no longer able to conceal the real subject of *Parsifal*, and yet how can theatres like ours dare to attempt to produce the most exalted mysteries of the Christian religion? I could well understand that the church might object to the performances of these sacred dramas on

boards where the trivial holds sway today, yesterday and tomorrow, and before a public which is attracted only by the trivial. I have called *Parsifal* a consecrational festival play, and I must seek a stage to which I can consecrate it.

EVEN the newspapers have had their share in gently filtering into the public mind Wagner's great and sublime ideals. Here are recent headlines from a New York newspaper:

\$160,000 DRAWN BY
PARSIFAL. RECORD
BREAKING RECEIPTS
AT THE METROPOLITAN.

And from another paper witness a long announcement that *Parsifal* is to be produced by one "Dick Norris," with tons of scenery, dozens of chorus boys,

plenty of ascetics doubtless, at popular prices, 10, 15 and 25 cents!

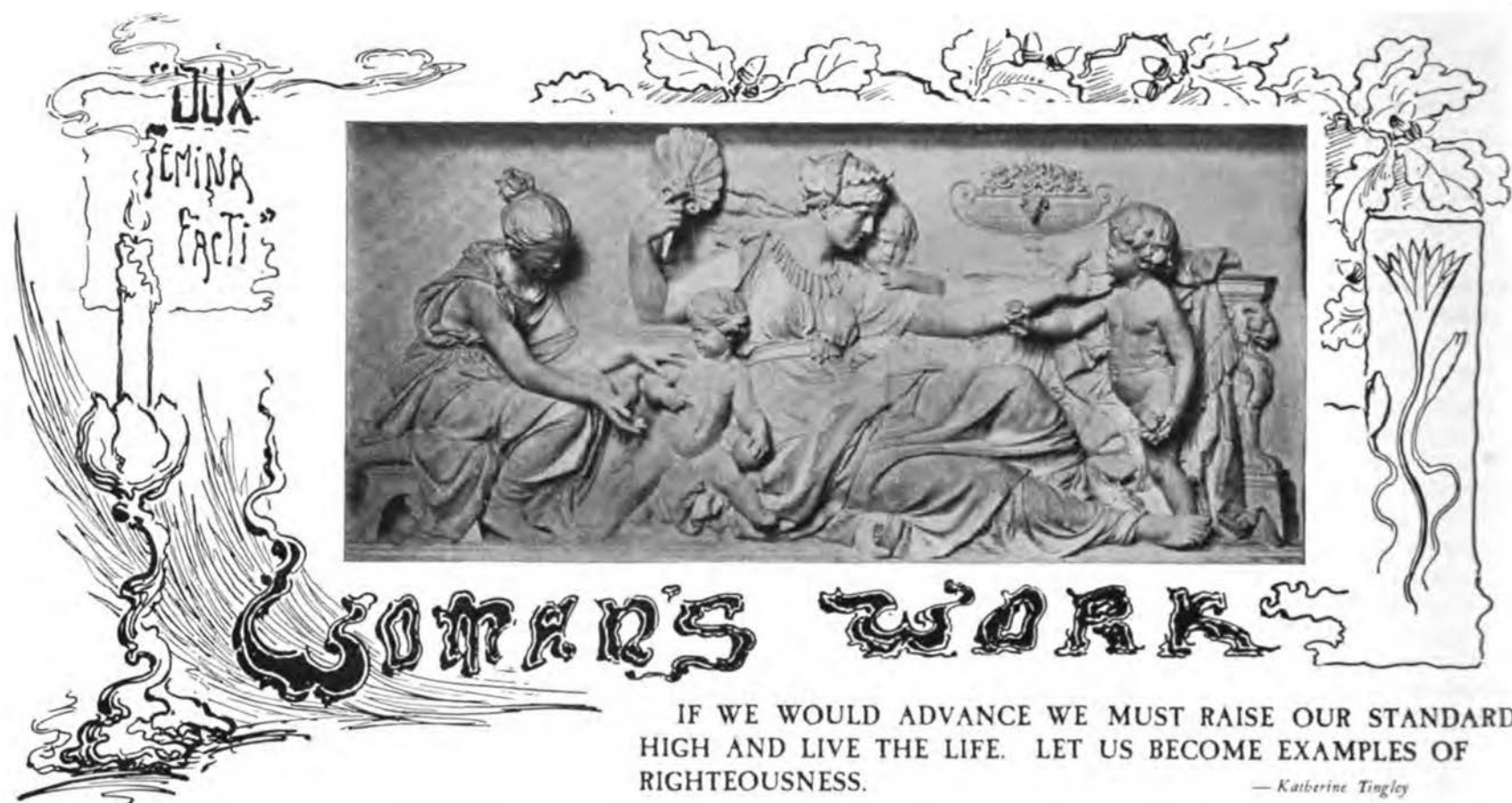
It is stated that among those who saw Sir Henry Irving on the night of his first appearance in London some forty years ago, were George Eliot and George Henry Lewes. "What do you think of him?" asked the former. "In my opinion he will be at the head of the English stage in twenty years," was Lewes' reply. "I think he is there already," said George Eliot, thoughtfully.

AND now, fastened to the India Mill in England is a factory chimney, built in exact imitation of the Campanile, Venice. The Campanile—puffing smoke!

AMONG the work taken up by the Archeological Institute of America is the collecting of old Spanish and Indian folk-songs.



A CORNER IN ONE OF THE LOMA-LAND STUDIOS



FROM a New York paper we clip the following:

In an outhouse, tied with ropes and chains, so they could move only a few feet at a time, two Italian children have recently been discovered at Chenango Forks by H. C. Preston. The children are so emaciated that their bones almost protrude through the skin, the flesh having almost wasted from their bodies. The family is living in a hut and the father is employed on the railroad, earning good wages. Five brothers of the children are in good physical condition, and neighbors assert that the children in question have been kept tied up because the mother has a spite against them. Steps have been taken to have the children cared for and the parents punished.

While this is an extreme case, similar instances might easily be multiplied by anyone who would take pains to investigate the conditions that exist in that stratum of society which seems perpetually slipping over the verge. In the slums of our cities, in communities that exist here and there in the neighborhood of great factories, the world over, it is easy to find conditions that parallel the above case excepting in degree.

Motherhood in itself brings opportunity for a great spiritual uplift. Those whose hearts are true and whose minds are free from needless and selfish anxieties seize this opportunity and pass through trials into a veritable kingdom of heaven, a kingdom which, however, may be again lost if there be lacking eternal vigilance. Motherhood is often the salvation of women who were apparently, before that, on the downward path. For it must not be forgotten that the path of mere intellect is just as certainly a downward path as that of sense gratification.

But motherhood, in the cases of hundreds and thousands of women, means nothing but added care, added annoyance, added chance to fret and worry and storm. This seems a harsh statement, yet it is nevertheless a true one. When H. P. Blavatsky said, "We elbow soulless human beings at every step," it is probable that she said what she meant and that the words state a plain fact. It certainly seems to be the only basis on which one can explain the occurrence of such instances as the above.

"The mother had a spite against them!" Think of it! What does this mean to humanity, to the future, to the race, to the children themselves? What chance have these little ones in life's race and the world's battle?

A vast amount of sentiment on the subject of motherhood has poured itself out over the world during the last ten or twenty years. It is one evidence that the Christos speaketh again, that the true spirit is again in the world, pleading for its old place in humanity's heart. Yet that very fact has challenged every sleeping devil and it is just *because* the opportunities spiritually are so great, that humanity is sore beset. Just because

A Word About Motherhood

we are beginning to awaken to the divine, the spiritual aspect of motherhood, it behooves us to awaken to

that aspect which is the reverse. It is a picture which has its proportion of shadows. We cannot afford to ignore them, for upon our attitude—the attitude of those who look at life from the standpoint of a true philosophy—depends and will depend more than we dream.

There is a motherhood of the spirit but there is also a motherhood that is only of the flesh. We find daily evidence of the latter fact if we are able to discriminate and look a bit below appearances. Nor do we need to go to the slums to find examples.

Almost any neighborhood can furnish them. Among the wealthy the tale is told by the neurotic or pampered child, the home-life which is sacrificed to society's demands, by the fact that motherhood itself is accepted by so many women under protest. And we also find a motherhood that is almost as harmful through its mistaken conscientiousness, its over-solicitude, its lack of trust in the law which rules all the events of life and which inflicts heavy penalties on those who dare, by their worries, to interfere with its processes.

Katherine Tingley has a great message for the women of the world, and a yet greater message for mothers. It is they who hold in their hands the key to the future. Can they be awakened? Can the hearts of the poor, the forsaken, the uneducated women—those who step into cruelty through ignorance of their own natures, their own weaknesses, through ignorance of their children's natures—can these be reached?

It will be done. The time is coming when Christ's words, "Greater things than these shall ye do," will be literally demonstrated in the lives of those who will yet go out into life's highways and byways with this greater message to mothers.

But it can never be done "save by those who know their own natures, who cannot be deceived by the subtle voice of evil, who show forth the guiding presence of the soul in every act and thought."

These are Katherine Tingley's own words. If we believe in truth, the way is plain. The conquest of self must first be made—then will we be fitted to battle with the sin and pain of the world and not before. Let those who long to help no longer spend their energies in mere longings; let them apply those energies to the doing of the daily duty, whatever that may be. If they are mothers, let them live out their privilege in all its fullness, knowing that the law, if trusted, will bring in its own time, the Greater Opportunity, which is—the chance to help other mothers.

STUDENT

Blanche of Castile

THERE is something about the life of a noble woman which lends attractiveness to the pages of history whenever found. It seems at times as though the virtues of many culminated in one, to show, as it were, what the perfect flower of womanhood might be.

Blanche of Castile, Queen of France, was one of the few brilliant women of history. The daughter of Alfonso IXth, King of Castile, and of Eleanor of England, her marriage to Louis, heir to France, brought her at once into an important position. Later, when Louis had become King of France, she encountered much that fully tested her remarkable force of character.

In political affairs she displayed exceptional ability, and was at all times the inspiring genius of her husband Louis VIII. She accompanied him on his second crusade against the Albigenses. After the death of Louis, she assumed the regency for their son Louis IXth, during his minority.

Blanche of Castile has always been regarded as one of the ablest rulers of France. Beautiful, virtuous and possessed of great charm of manner, these traits, combined with her diplomatic qualities and ability to govern, enabled her to develop the resources of the kingdom to a vast extent. At the end of fifteen years she turned over the kingdom to her son in a most flourishing condition.

King Louis IXth, renowned for his virtues and piety, attributed all that was good in himself to the advice and training of his mother, Blanche of Castile.

Although Blanche of Castile was piously inclined, she always resisted successfully all encroachments of ecclesiastical power. Her whole life was one of charity, it is said, and considering the tendency of the times in which she lived, the power for good which seemed to be active all through her career is brought into more vivid prominence.

Blanche of Castile stands in the foremost ranks of the higher womanhood of the race.

Women in German Politics

ONE Herr Stadthagen has recently been sentenced to a term of imprisonment in Germany for urging women to test the validity of a law recently passed by the Reichstag which takes away their right to form or to join any political society. Stadthagen, in his defense, shows that Article 29 of the Prussian Constitution gives women the right to unite themselves with existing political societies, giving to the courts supervision over the same, but not giving the courts power to limit them or to forbid women to avail themselves of this right. A new law has recently been passed which permanently forbids women to enroll themselves members of existing political societies or to form such societies of their own. This was done without repealing Article 29. So here are two contradictory laws and no one has the power to say that either one is invalid. The situation is not conciliatory to the women, nor is it complimentary to the dignity of the Supreme Court. It is surprising that the highest legal body in the Empire has today such limited jurisdiction.

STUDENT

SOTOKITCHI URIU, now Rear-Admiral of the Japanese fleet, met his wife in this country. She was one of the four young Japanese girls sent here by the Empress to be educated, and was a student at Vassar; Uriu at the time a student at the Annapolis Academy, from which he was graduated. Uriu is now forty-three years of age, and English is the language of his household from the children up.

THE women of Japan owe much to their Empress, who is well educated and thoroughly imbued with modern ideas. She has done more than the world knows for the betterment and advancement of her countrywomen.

A New Departure

AGAINST all known precedents a Congressman has voluntarily relinquished his seat, on the ground that his election was obtained by fraud. John F. Shafroth of Colorado, was recently elected to Congress. Not long after he had taken his seat, his political opponent charged irregularities of the most serious nature in the ballots cast for the ticket on which Mr. Shafroth was elected. The ballots from the contested precincts were shipped to Washington and examined by experts. Shafroth himself examined them, and was the first to admit that frauds had been committed. The course he has taken has placed before the community a new type of politician.

But who cast the fraudulent ballots? Unfortunately for those who cry most loudly about "woman's rights and man's wrongs," the particular disgrace in this case rests upon the shoulders of women. The method adopted by those who, in this case, desired to purify politics by means of the ballot for women, was to organize a large crowd of "repeaters," this being composed of women whose occupation is such that their real names are conveniently forgotten, or protected by numerous *aliases*. They went from precinct to precinct, in many cases six votes being cast by one voter, and the woman who was at the head of this disgraceful proceeding, not being satisfied with that, proceeded to get votes from women who were not voters at all, some being mere girls and under age, others non-residents.

There are many surprises these days and this situation affords a number. Those who talk about the "muddy pool of politics," will do well to reflect what it might be like if more men like Mr. Shafroth became politicians. Those who declare that all this country needs is more voters, will do well to reflect that there

are two sides to every question, and that every opportunity begets its own temptations. When will we learn that neither sex has any particular claim upon the virtues, and that justice and honesty and purity are what our political life most needs, not merely more voters, whether of one sex or the other.

STUDENT

IT is stated authoritatively that Joseph Chamberlain's great fight for the establishment of a protective tariff in England is due to the influence of his wife, an American, a daughter of Judge Endicott of Boston. It is said that Mrs. Chamberlain is consulted with regard to every political move, and that doubtless it was more than wisdom on the part of her husband to take her with him to South Africa during the war. Mrs. Chamberlain has made the closest study of English politics. It is interesting, too, that the woman who has played the part of vice-queen in India in a more magnificent style than even Queen Victoria herself, is an American, formerly Miss Leiter of Chicago.

WITH unceasing devotion and zeal Queen Wilhelmina's brave and clever mother—who during Wilhelmina's latter girlhood was Queen Regent—did whatever she could to make her daughter's education a truly excellent one. Among the names of those who taught the young queen, Queen Emma's name deserves a fair place. It was the Queen Regent herself who regulated and superintended all the lessons of Wilhelmina, being present at most of them and taking quite as much interest in them as her little daughter.—*St. Nicholas*

AT the St. Louis Exposition women's industries will be widely exploited. Every jury of rewards will contain one woman at least, and women's work will not be exhibited separately, as was the case, in general, at the World's Fair, but will be classified with that of men.

COUNTESS OYAMA, wife of the field-marshal of Japan, graduated from Vassar College in 1882 as Stematz Yamakama, and nearly one-quarter of her life has been spent in the United States.—*Macon Telegraph*



BLANCHE OF CASTILE

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

The Progress of Archeology—A Brief Survey of the Field

NEVER before was there so much activity in the world of archeology as today. Data from every country and period are rapidly heaping themselves together. But the facts as yet remain more or less unassorted. How long before a genius arises who shall do for them what Mendelyeff did for the elements of chemistry? Before him, they were known, so to speak, as separate individuals; at his glance they fell into their family relationships, and a whole underlying system of intelligible evolution was revealed.

It is that which we want done in archeology. For the facts are nearly ready. Research is in full swing in Mexico and Peru; among the buried cities of Babylonia and Assyria; in Egypt, Syria, Persia, Palestine, Greece, Rome, even Thibet, and throughout Europe and America.

Among the latest results reported are those of Professor Dörpfeld working at Pergamum in Asia Minor. This is the Pergamos of the Bible, a seat of Christianity, and one of the Apocalyptic seven churches. According to tradition, the city was founded by Arcadian colonists, led by Telephus son of Hercules—a legend which suggests an Atlantean colonization. A magnificent hall of columns seventy yards long has been unearthed here; and also four marble slabs covered with hitherto undeciphered hieroglyphic script.

The English have resumed active work at the site of ancient Ninevah with a special view to the library of Ashurbanipal. And a special mission from the enterprising University of Chicago is conducting investigations in Babylonia on its own account. In Palestine, investigations go on at the site of the city of Gezer. Two layers of civilizations have manifested themselves, the earlier being represented by remains of burials and cremations, in caves below the later ruins. Chief among the latter, and apparently belonging to the Maccabean period, is a huge rock-cut four-million gallon cistern. From a period midway between these two, the prehistoric and the Hebrew, come some evidences of Babylonian occupation in the shape of Astarte plaques.

Egyptian investigation is of course in full swing. To the "sayings" of Jesus we have already referred, and beyond these there has been of late nothing very novel. A large number of "Osiris corn figures" have been found in tombs at Cynopolis, usually misunderstood as offerings to the corn god. They are little cloth packets of grain, roughly shaped like Osiris and buried with the dead or separately. They are of course a symbol of the spiritual resurrection of the soul of the dead man.

The archeological value of Sven Hedin's journey does not seem to have been great, but he found one extinct city in Central Asia. Some records here throw a little light upon the obscure history of the Chinese empire, but practically China and Thibet are as yet unexplored for the purposes of archeology.

In Mexico, investigations seem to go on as it were accidentally. A few weeks ago, for example, a cattle man of Los Angeles, traveling in Mexico, discovered almost by chance a huge mass of forgotten ruins of cities, dating from the time of the mysterious Aztecs. They were mostly on the sides of deep terraced cañons. And in neighboring cliffs were hundreds of ancient cave homes. But the entrances to these were from 100 to 200 feet up the cliff and Mr. Cox had no means of reaching them.

These are but a few of the activities in progress, and the governments of Europe and America are honorably vying with each other in the prosecution of research.

STUDENT

The Agean Hermes

THE discovery at the bottom of the Agean Sea of the bronze statue of Hermes gave rise to a very animated discussion as to the nature of the object, which was undoubtedly held in the right hand of this exquisite piece of work. That something was undoubtedly held in the hand is shown by the official report of the Greek Government, which states that there are rough places in the bronze as though some portion had been broken away. The problem will probably never be settled unless the missing portion should by chance be discovered.

The Government report referred to is one of the most fascinating pages of archeological research which has ever been written. It is of considerable length, but some portions may be reproduced as an indication of its interest. It says:

About the end of 1900 Symæan divers, fishing from the sponge fishing boat *Photios Lentiakos*, under Captain Demetrios Kontos, pulled up the well-preserved hand of a bronze statue off the north coast of Antikythera. At this discovery the captain dived himself, and seeing in the place where the hand was found a heap of various ancient statues, he stopped fishing for sponges and got under way for Syme (an island off the coast of Asia Minor, fifteen miles northwest of Rhodes), whence, after consultation with other patriotic Symæans, he came to Athens and communicated the find to the Greek Government, begging at the same time for official permission to go forward at his own expense to bring up the statues.

Although the communication was received at first with incredulity, which is easily understood, yet the Greek Government, through the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, gave the desired permission to Demetrios Kontos, promising to give him a worthy recompense

for the finds at the end of the operations, and sent with him a special representative of the Archeological Department, as well as a small war vessel to aid as far as possible in the work of raising the antiquities.

The operations began about the middle of November, 1900, and continued till September, 1901, interrupted only for about a month at Easter, 1901. It is to be understood that because of the stormy sea in which the work was carried on the actual working days did not amount to even one-fourth of the time mentioned.

The investigation of the bottom was made by experienced sponge fishers diving in the usual way, and the hauling up of the light objects was accomplished by the ordinary tackle used in sponge fishing boats, while the heavier objects were raised by the windlass of the always-present warship.

The place where the wrecked ship lay in the sea is about eighty feet from the shore and at a depth of from twenty-five to forty fathoms. The ship, many of whose timbers the divers saw and some of which they brought up, if one may judge from these obscure indications, lies parallel to the shore, and a part of it and its cargo apparently is covered by great rocks which have fallen from the headland.

All the recovered objects were transferred to Athens and deposited in the National Museum. The find consists of marble and bronze statues and various things belonging to the ship and the service of the crew.

Of the Hermes itself the report says in part:

The statue is of a nude young man standing erect. He treads firmly on the left foot and has his right leg bent at the knee slightly to the rear. His head looks intently toward the right, following the direction of the right arm, which is bent and raised to a point a little above the head of the youth and stretched toward the right with a certain emphasis. The position of the fingers of the right hand shows beyond question that the man held in this something exactly spherical. The left arm hangs inactive at the side, but the shape of the hand shows that through it passed an object at all events of some length, which the statue bore sloping downward. The expression of the face of the youth is rather gentle. As is usually the case in ancient bronze statues, the eyes are made of different material; the iris is chestnut colored and the apple of the eye white.



SOUTH AFRICAN ZULUS EATING THEIR NATIVE PORRIDGE

Nature

Studies

"Dumb Animals" Are Out of Fashion

WE recently read a lengthy and very interesting account of the warning of young birds by their parents when danger was near. In the article was used the curious expression, "inarticulate words."

Without stopping to discuss the contradiction in terms, we wish to call attention to the fact that the idea of "dumbness" in animals is, by this time, quite out of date, and that science, piloted by Prof. Garner and others, has at last "discovered" what every farmer's lad has known since the beginning of history, viz., that animals communicate their ideas to one another by definite sounds having definite significance; which is very nearly the definition of language. It is true that their languages are very deficient where ours are most ample; in the distinguishing power of words which enable us to indicate, in addition to the nature or degree of the idea or emotion, the cause and object of it.

Nowadays it is quite permissible to speak of animals' languages, monarchies, societies, games, etc., etc., and it is known that some species have slaves, farms and domestic cattle, and they certainly commit many of the crimes and possess many of the virtues of human beings. In the presence of such facts it is merely futile to talk about "dumb" animals.

They are dumb to us in the same way, and to about the same degree, that a Chinaman or Zulu is so, merely because we cannot understand one another. But in the universal speech of emotional sounds and gestures we can understand, not only all human beings but the higher animals also. Theirs is the language of feeling as ours is of thinking. Perhaps we shall some day be able to put sufficient thought into our emotions to control, without killing them and thereby rule, without destroying, our younger brothers, the brutes. Y.

WE remember to have heard in our school days speculations from the chair of classical

erudition, as to what the ancients *could* have meant by calling the sea purple (porphureon); and even as to whether they were not color-blind!

But if the learned propounder had gone down to the shore at Point Loma at sunset, he might have seen the sea, not merely purple, but purpler than the deepest dye ever invented or the richest colors any artist could paint. And not only the sea, but the wet sand too, right up to one's very feet, as it was one evening lately. The sky was a scene of glory, passing all conception in the infinite variety of its colors and tints and the richness and vividness of their glow. The waters were purple and a golden green, and these contrasted colors were continued along the wet sand. Nature can at times impress even the gross senses and toughened perceptions of the modern man.

STUDENT

IN CHURCH

JUST in front of my pew sits a maiden—
A little brown wing on her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure,
And sheen of the sun upon that.
Through the bloom-colored pane shines a glory
By which the vast shadows are stirred,
But I pine for the spirit and splendor
That painted the wing of the bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem;
With the soul of a song it is bleat;
But for me, I am sick for the singing
Of one little song that is spent.
The voice of the curate is gentle:
"No sparrow shall fall to the ground;"
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet
Is mocking the merciful sound.



A TYPICAL SAN DIEGO COUNTY LIVE OAK

A Sign of Fellowship in Nature

NEARLY every one has seen, and laughed at, the tense jaw and laboring tongue of a child trying to write; probably we have even found ourselves doing something very similar when engaged in some difficult task. Even animals do occasionally show some unwilling co-ordinate action but we had scarcely expected to find it in the far distant insect kingdom.

Last evening a handsome wasplike fly alighted on my paper to make its toilet, which was done with the utmost care and thoroughness. The most interesting and amusing feature of the performance was, however, the wriggling and twisting of one leg while two others were engaged in some particularly difficult part of the task. It would writhe and squirm in such a perfectly aimless way, and stop with such a sudden relief that words could not have said more plainly that the effort had required a severe strain but had been happily successful.

It was so human at times, that the observer felt the critical situation keenly, and wriggled sympathetically, especially when one desperately active antenna showed how very difficult it was to rub its back with both front legs at once. Surely such a touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and proves Emerson wrong for once when he said that there is no means of communication between the lower animals and man. N. L.

Fighting for Mercy's Sake

UNDER a fine reproduction of the picture of "Sunset on Killary Bay," Galway, Co., Ireland, which recently appeared in the NEW CENTURY PATH, is published the following interesting item. Parentheses are ours, italics theirs:

This beautiful picture, for which we are indebted to the NEW CENTURY PATH, Point Loma, is a scene very near to the home of Dick Martin, who caused the British Parliament to enact the first law in the (modern) world for the prevention of cruelty to animals. These are the facts: The first law in the (modern) world to

prevent cruelty to animals we owe to an *Irish Member of the British Parliament*. The celebrated Lord Erskine tried to get such a law, but they made so much fun of him that he backed out and gave it up. Then came into the House of Commons, from Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, *Richard Martin*, an Irish gentleman—or, as the folks called him, *Dick Martin*—and he was noted for two things. First, *he was very fond of animals*; and second, *he was known to be very much inclined to fight anybody that he thought had insulted him*. So one day he brought in a law to protect animals. Somebody made a catcall. He immediately stepped out onto the floor of the House of Commons and said very gravely that he should be very much obliged for *the name of the gentleman who had seen fit to insult him*. The gentleman didn't give his name and Martin walked back to his seat amid the House and his law became the law of Great Britain, and the *first law in the (modern) world for the prevention of cruelty to animals*.—Our Dumb Animals

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

TWO papers were read at the Sunday evening meeting of The Universal Brotherhood Organization at Isis Theatre. Miss Edith Wynn's paper was on "The Making of Plans," and its practical common sense was much appreciated by a good audience, as also was the admirable music rendered by the students of the Isis Conservatory.

Miss Wynn said in part: "Is it a good thing to make plans? It is the only way to command your life or shape it to your purpose.

"Either you will attempt to master your situations, or you will drift along buffeted here and there, the plaything of every wind that blows.

"That man is a creator who calls up a picture of what he would have in the future, and lets his mind dwell upon how it is to be done. Since we may be creators, shall we be content to be slaves?

"We have a vague wish to make other people happy. Then let us definitely plan tonight what we will do tomorrow to make one person happier. We must be definite; we must plan and hold ourselves to it, and determine which way we will advance the next day.

"There must be a wrong and a right way of making plans. May be we have set our hearts upon having our own way: we are going to make our home and our family just according to our own ideas; we will have our little castle of ease, where our tastes will not be offended; and our children shall be so superior that we can take a comfortable pride in our success as parents: and in our business, may be we are determined to get certain advantages for ourselves. Then it will be good for us if the Law steps in and breaks up our plans. Yet it is not always so, we may be left undisturbed in our selfish counsels and if we are using this mysterious power of the imagination, we may have wonderful success. Even criminals can use this power and it is often the secret of their success.

"It is a wonderful power man has by means of the imagination to shape the future, control events and direct the line of our progress.

"Now, when we find that we cannot depend upon having our own way, and the Power above us seems to be constantly interfering and ruining our best ideas, we may be heart-broken because of our ill success and fearful of venturing anything against the great power that seems to thwart us: shall we then give up and do nothing in the matter, just sit still and let things come? Shall we be so easily discouraged, shall we not enquire if there is a way to make plans that will prosper?

"You know we are with the Law when we are unselfish, planning for the good of others. If the Law can thwart our strongest efforts when we are working against it, how much shall we be able to accomplish when we are working on its side?

"Why, it is a positive insult to the Soul not to use the power that is ours to paint a beautiful picture in the imagination; a picture which can never become a reality until we have first planned it out in detail.

"We wonder why our civilization is commonplace. This is why: men will not exert themselves to use their imaginations rightly and bring a richness and a beauty into daily life.

"Katherine Tingley lays much stress upon the power of the imagination. There are many legitimate lines upon which we can begin to make plans. Do you want to make San Diego a great and beautiful city—picture it such. It is not difficult in this beautiful bay to imagine a city in harmony with Nature's designs. Buildings

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Miss Edith Wynn's Address on
"The Making of Plans"—Dr. H.
Coryn on "Prehistoric Remains"

Reprinted from the San Diego News

in perfect taste and of noble workmanship, standing for a purpose and expressing *that purpose* in every part of their construction—what shall it be? We know that our buildings will not be beautiful if they are built to suit private interests and personal whims.

"Imagine we have abolished all deceit and trickery and we have no more selfish

grasping spirit in our commerce! Our citizens joyfully unite to serve with honest work. Our citizens—who are they but our own children? Plan for your children then, plan how you would have them grow day by day.

"To develop the characters of his children a man must have some knowledge of the material he has got to work with. He must study their natures and his own until the lights and shades and 'ins and outs' stand revealed to him. He must know whether his own lower tendencies are trying to hoodwink him. This knowledge of human nature comes only from the true Raja Yoga; the religious creeds and dogmas cannot give it. Ask yourself, are your children all you would have them be; if not, where lies the difficulty, in your character or in theirs? Analyze, stop and think often. And when you see more, don't get discouraged; if you find the picture all in shadow, put some high lights in with the imagination. Make a great plan for building a better character in yourself, and have ideas about what you would develop in your children. Create the picture of that which you would have just as the artist makes a picture first in his own mind."

Dr. Herbert Coryn's paper on "Prehistoric Remains," was a brief consideration of the meaning underlying the discoveries in archeology which are so rapidly multiplying upon our hands. He pointed out that "we are now forced to admit that the story of the world and of civilization is an infinitely old one and that civilization after civilization has arisen, culminated and fallen. It cannot now be contended that the civilization of the present day is the high water-mark of human progress, in face of the discoveries which have been made in ancient Egypt, in India, in Crete, in Mexico, and wherever in fact the spade of the archeologist has been at work. Not only do we there find material attainments which in many aspects are higher than our own, but we find moreover a philosophy of life under which the nations lived in relative concord, and a spirituality which solved for them the problems of life and which made impossible the accentuation of greedy selfishness which so disastrously mark the systems of today. We find too that these ancient peoples, the prehistoric races of men, were unanimous in believing that they themselves were descended from a still brighter past which they called the golden age and that humanity was destined to regain the state which they had lost. What did this universality of testimony mean, a testimony to which our hearts, our unexpressed longings lent their weight? It must surely prove that there is a law of human advance, that mankind has descended into the valley from the mountain height and will once more ascend into a purer atmosphere when the lessons have been learned and purity and unselfishness regained. Unless we could discover an universal law in human advance the problems of the past would remain forever unsolved, but if we could once succeed in breaking away from self-conceit, from prejudice and from preconceived beliefs we should not only recognize the infinite age of humanity but we should see that mankind is indeed a unity and that for untold ages it has been borne upward and onward toward an ideal, that it has never fallen except to rise again and to climb ever higher and higher toward the spiritual perfection from which it started."

IN the Homestead gardens and orchards the signs of spring have already nearly become those of summer. The peach and almond trees have been in bloom for some little time, and now the apples are beginning. The pines and loquats have light green pompons on every twig's end, contrasting prettily against the dark, solid green of last year's leaves. In fact, the fruit on the older loquat trees is nearly ripe and very properly so, because their friends, the guavas, are just beginning their annual five months' restocking, during which they grow some new twigs and leaves and prepare the fruit which will be ripe about October, or perhaps earlier. The guavas are very industrious people and when they are fairly in the swing of it produce very nearly as many fruits as leaves, and are so very accommodating that they keep the table set for birds and men nearly eight months of the year.

The strawberries are nicely in blossom, indeed, a few enterprising vines have ripened some very fine berries already. These people also have learned new habits since they came south and instead of a two or three weeks' season, they give us a constant supply for three or four months, or even longer.

The fig trees are spreading their hand-like leaves ready to start the season at the

Summer Is Nearly Here

old ratio of one leaf, one fig; and keep it up till cold weather.

The eucalyptus twigs have dressed their new leaves and tips in the family uniform of old gold, which shows very neatly against the gray green of the mature leaves.

Green peas, of course, are with us all the winter, but now the last year's bean and tomato vines are commencing new growth and intend to beat the youngsters by several weeks.

The wild flowers have had a quarrel with the weather clerk and are not doing much this year, except the old bushes which have regular arrangements, but even they are not up to par. The loco-weed is different, of course, it blooms all the time no matter what the weather does.

The mulberry orchard has a private agreement with the water pipe and seems to be profiting thereby if one may judge by the vigorous new growth and myriads of berries just setting.

And the weather is perfectly beautiful—adjectives fail—and we humans rejoice that we are not in the blizzard section which we read about in the papers.

OBSERVER

WHAT is this strange something which we call character, the mysterious force which we recognize in every one we meet when we have once succeeded in piercing the crust of convention and insincerity which we throw over ourselves? We are aware that it takes time to know a man, and that as our intimacy increases, so more and more clearly the realities of that man come into view. Then we see a substratum, a permanency, a something which does not change. We look into a shallow stream, and for a time we cannot see the bottom because of the ripples which dance in the sunlight, or darken under the cloud, or make little foam eddies as they go. We have to focus our sight and to look somewhat steadily ere we see the bottom, which almost unchangingly persists in spite of the ever changing waters which sport and play upon it. So is it with a man. We have to focus our sight upon him to see the permanency in him, to see his character; to know him.

The reality of character is a fact which faces us at every moment of our lives. It is intangible, but it is supreme. Wherever two or three men are gathered together, one among them will rule in spite of all agreements and ballots and votings to the contrary. Force of character overrides all these things, ignores them utterly. Before the throne of character all men are slaves and must obey.

We know that there is an aristocracy of character, that nature has arranged the whole of humanity into an order of merit and of command which we can in no way break.

What then is this subtle but supreme force of character to which nothing seems impossible, and which so evidently flouts at all our ideas of the fitness of things, which laughs at birth and wealth and education, and at all those other factors which we insanely suppose to be the elements of success? Whence comes it and how can we crown ourselves with this more than royal power?

First and foremost we know that character comes from within, and it is not something which we add to ourselves from without. We know that the ordinary education of the schools does not give it, because it is notorious that many of the most learned men are entirely without it, while some of the most unlearned men have carried with them such weight that the whole world has wondered at them. It is at once evident that we are born with character, born with the mint stamp upon us, born with the divine impress.

Now whether we speak of conscience or whatever other terminology we may employ, we cannot fail to be aware that far above and beyond the lower mind there is a force which is trying to influence us, which continually presents us with pictures of what we might be, pictures which are so different to the lives which we are actually living. They are pictures of honor, and of courage, pictures of strength and devotion and loyalty, of magnanimity and of self-sacrifice. We have grown accustomed to look away from these pictures and to ignore them, but nevertheless they are still there and they will always be there. They are pictures given to us by divinity, the Soul, the Christ consciousness in every man which said, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." There are some minds which have looked inwards upon these pictures and which have imitated them. There are some minds which have tried to make themselves transparent to the illumination of these pictures, and in so far as they have succeeded the light has flooded into the mind, making it beautiful like itself, transforming it so far as it has been able to penetrate.

Through many lives this inner light has been striving with the mind of man as it

What Is Character?

is striving at this moment, building up character inch by inch. Perhaps for ages it may seem to have gained nothing

because the man has encrusted his mind with thoughts of self which the light cannot penetrate. It will eventually penetrate because it is this Christ consciousness which said, "Behold I will call all men unto me." And on the other hand it may be that the man has recognized the inner urging and has done something to purify the mind so that the light of the soul may enter. Character is the impress upon the mind of the divine will which, once stamped thereon, can never again be effaced. It may have penetrated into some departments of the mind and not into others, thus following the lines of least resistance, and so we see the man whose character is strong in one direction, and weak in another. By this we can understand genius which is the flowering of character. We see a ray of blinding sunlight, an ineffable glory, upon one mountain peak, while all the rest of the mountain is in shadow.

Almost indefinitely might such reflections be extended. Far and above the boundaries of race and creed and color, beyond churches, beyond the reach of selfish prayer, we see the god behind the human mind, striving to make itself felt, and the character of every man is the high water-mark of the divine success, it is the spiritual memory of the wisdom which the Soul has given to us either in this or in some previous life. It is the god in the mind which speaks to us of courage, of endurance and of the compassion which redeems and saves, the god who knocks ever upon the inner door, waiting, waiting, through the ages of our neglect.

There was once a man who entertained angels unawares. If we too knew the glory from whence have come the sparks of even our faintest aspirations, within our hearts we would erect an altar and a shrine, and fire from the highest heavens would consume the sacrifice of our follies.

There was perhaps a time when we knew something more of the divine will than we do now. There was a time when we dwelt within a Garden of Eden, when we walked and talked with God. When we were yet little children, in the days before we rose up to greet the sins and sorrows of the world, we were full of a divine imagination which was so divine because it was so childlike. A wonderful picture stood before our child minds. It was a picture of ourselves as heroes. We would go out into the world to right all wrong, to overthrow the dragon, to rescue and to redeem. So newly had we come from divinity, so beautiful were the clouds of glory which we trailed! Have we forgotten those days when our youthfulness glorified the world, before we stained and soiled the robes of our imagination, before we turned away from the glory of a half remembered heaven, before we threw away the lingering radiance which was around us? There is no tragedy upon earth like that of a child who is being weaned from its ideals, weaned from its soul-given character, who is being taught to sharpen the tooth of self-love that it may tare and rend its way through the world. Almost we hear the shuddering of the soul, almost we hear the cry ever renewed within the sorrowful world, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." If we would build up character we must recall those child pictures from which we were divorced, we must summon them back from the darkness into which we have plunged them. By imagination we must throw open the portals of the mind that the Soul may enter. We must summon up once more the old ideals, the pictures of ourselves which we made long since when the world was so young to us and the sky was so bright.

STUDENT

To Diminish Sleep

IT is stated that Theodore Mommsen slept only three hours a day during the last twenty years of his life. In spite of this narrow allowance the great German historian died at the age of 86. It would probably be correct to class sleeping and eating as two necessities which have been carried to unwarrantable excesses. It is fatally easy to exalt pleasures into virtues, or at least into needs, and only he who has bravely tried to rearrange the departments of his nature into their rightful order of priority knows how inconspicuous and submissive a position the body can be persuaded to occupy. The more intellectual is the life, the less is the sleep required by the body. The mind itself needs no sleep, and no rest except change of occupation. The weariness which comes after much intellectual effort is the fatigue of the brain which follows the unaccustomed strain which the mind has placed upon it. By continued mental exercise the brain becomes more and more capable of response, and therefore requires less and less sleep, like an engine which works with an ever-lessening friction. The effort to diminish sleep causes, of course, some inconvenience as the automatism of the body resists the change, but we can make no greater mistake than to suppose that this automatism is any index whatever to our real needs. The body will be either the master or the slave, and if it be allowed to be the master, there can be no more health—moral, mental nor physical.

STUDENT

Progress and Alcohol

THAT the Secretary of a State Board of Health should publicly enter into an elaborate defense of alcohol drinking is probably evidence of a desire for sensation and notoriety rather than of reflection and common sense. It is none the less unfortunate that he should so ostentatiously advertise his unfitness for a position of some responsibility. His contention appears to be that the most progressive races are the most drunken, while the passive and unprogressive nations are sober, and we are left to infer that the progress is the result of the alcohol. The education of this gentleman was doubtless extensive, although logic was presumably not a part of it. Without pausing to inquire what this State Board of Health Secretary means by "progress"—a point upon which we should hopelessly differ—we would ask what justification he can find in logic or common sense for selecting a national vice and ascribing progress to that vice instead of to the virtues which that vice has not been able entirely to destroy. He might as reasonably argue that Anglo-Saxon dominance is due to wife-beating, a crime which is said to be peculiarly prevalent in Anglo-Saxon countries. The desire for notoriety may be inextinguishable in some quarters, but it should be tempered by a sense of public responsibility.

X.

It takes many bricks of one kind to make a building. It takes much routine detail to make a useful life.

A LITTLE girl sat on the sandy beach of the Baltic, looking dreamily out over the wide sea. Westward the sun was slowly sinking below the deep blue of the water, painting the clouds golden and rose. Presently the crescent moon and a single star gleamed through the rosy sky. The child was very quiet, though her heart was filled with longing and with wishes which she had not the courage to express. Half asleep, she looked out toward the waves rolling inwards and inwards toward the shore, moaning their rhythmic song of comradeship; and it seemed to her that upon the snow-white crest of the greatest wave came floating toward her a swan. She heard a voice saying, "Heldrun, choose. Your life is lying before you. You stand at the parting of the ways."

She awakened, or it seemed to her that she awakened. The great sea had become like a vast arena, and on it she saw two pictures, one the picture of wealth, ease, luxury, gold and jewels, of carriages with liveried servants and all that the world calls pleasure. Yet the picture was cold upon her heart and she saw it pass without a regret; while another swept in like a pageant across the great arena of the Baltic. There was strife and misunderstanding and grief. It was a picture of loneliness and of pain, motives misunderstood and friends unreconciled, of children and mothers in want. It was a picture of a world that wept; yet over it shone the sun and beyond it were the sunlit heights and Heldrun saw many people and many little children looking toward her. Their eyes were sad yet they said nothing. She felt within her a call to help them.

"I will go," she said to herself. "I can help them. I will speak to them and together we will climb the heights." She beckoned. The picture was gone. The tide was rolling in and the sky was dotted with countless stars.

"Why are you not in the house, you naughty child? Run quickly, or I will tell your father. Don't you know it is nearly bedtime?" This from Kari, housekeeper for the old Norse fisherman whom Heldrun called father. He was not her father, but he loved her with all the tenderness of which a deep, though crude nature is capable. Many years ago he had found her on the shore, lashed to a spar, sobbing, but unhurt, the only survivor from some wreck; there are so many wrecks. He took her to his house and she became the light and joy of his lonely life. Some years later, when he moved into the village where no one knew him, Heldrun was believed by all to be his child and he did not care to tell any one otherwise. He was proud of her and devoted to her, and as for Heldrun she could remember no other home but his, and she herself would have been no happier for being wiser.

"Curious child," the father used to say, "I never will understand her." That morning Heldrun had gone out with him as usual to help haul in the nets. They were filled with glittering fishes.

"Father," she said, "do the fishes like to be taken up from the water?"

"Why, Heldrun," he replied, "I—I suppose so."

"Then why do they struggle?" she asked.

"Why, because they want to come up, I guess."

"Father," said Heldrun, "the water is their home."

"H'm," said the old man, "I hadn't thought of that, Heldrun, but why bother your wits, child, over questions of this kind?"

This was only one of many curious ideas that Heldrun had, for her heart was all compassion. She loved the trees, the flowers, the animals. The sick and neglected among the children of the town, appealed to her heart as no personal pleasures ever could do.

"Well, she'll outgrow this," said the old man, and he dreamed his own dreams, for he had no son and so he looked forward to seeing Heldrun married to some thrifty young fisherman, who with her would inherit the boats and the nets.

"Heldrun," he said one day, "you'll destroy your whole future with these heathen ideas."

The tears came. "Father," she said, "you don't understand."

"I don't understand *you*, Heldrun," he said, and then he added tenderly, "but you're only a child yet, dear, don't mind what I say. I don't mean to hurt you." Deep in his heart he was perplexed.

Ten years had passed and Heldrun was again sitting upon the shore of the old sea. She had grown into womanhood. It was sunset and as once before during her childhood, there had come to her the picture of the future, so, as she sat looking westward toward the sinking sun, there came before her the picture of her past. Again the old Baltic seemed to be

Heldrun's Choice

A Tale of the Baltic

transformed into a vast arena and she saw in bold relief the hardships of her life, the work, the drudgery, not alone of herself, but of the hundreds

in the little village where she lived. What could she do? She was tired—tired of it all. Her father had died. She was helping with the boats, as of old, and mending nets for the fishermen who could afford to pay for such work. More than once, some thrifty fisherman had wished to make her his wife and had offered her a home, where at least, she would be mistress of the drudgery and not its slave, but at the moment of choice, something always came into her heart which made her turn away, or which, perchance, cost her all which had promised comradeship.

Once she was caring for a little child. "You must give it up, Heldrun, if you come with me."

Heldrun wept, then she smiled. "Well, Hans, I will keep Nina; that is my duty. I cannot marry you."

At another time her help was needed by a lonely old woman, who had fallen ill and was lying uncared for in her little hut. Again did she turn away from what might have been happiness—and what might not have been. Yet every moment was filled to the brim, with the joy that comes only from service to others, the joy which in her life was checkered with sorrow because she could not do more. When others were fainting, she stood firm as a rock. When others were discouraged, she was brave. When others were weak, she was strong. The poor, the outcast, the weak, the little children and even the sinning ones of the little hamlet, turned toward Heldrun at the critical time and Heldrun never failed them. But now, that evening, she felt that the turning point had come. A young fisherman from another village had asked Heldrun to be his wife, and it seemed to her that all she had dreamed and hoped must then be realized. She believed that she loved him. He differed from those whom she knew. He was educated; had read whole books; Heldrun could not even write her name. He had traveled; Heldrun had never been out of the little village since she came there, a child. He was very rich from Heldrun's point of view; Heldrun could not have purchased a single garment for herself. He had a great business future, so the other fishermen said. What was Heldrun's future? Then, too, he played the guitar; and from notes; think of it! It had always been the desire of Heldrun's life to own a musical instrument. All the things she had been longing for, comparative ease, luxury, books, travel, music and love—all these she could have for the asking.

"Heldrun," said a voice, "what are you doing here by the shore? Dreaming again? Thinking of those stupid beggars, I'll be bound." It was he. "Now, little girl, it is time we had a plain talk. As my wife you will be quite superior to the rest of the village, and all this running about with poor people will have to stop. Heldrun, you might as well be sensible!"

Heldrun's heart fairly stood still. In the space of a moment, all her dreams became ashes. She buried her face in her hands.

"Nonsense, nonsense," he said.

"Neil, will you leave me? I wish to be alone for a moment." Whistling, the young man went away. He felt very well satisfied with himself. In a dozen villages, there could not be found a single maiden who would refuse all that he had to offer. Of that he was certain.

Heldrun silently looked out over the sea. A great feeling of gratitude came into her heart. The picture of her hardships passed by. She saw only the sunlit heights, the little children, and men and women, clasping hands and climbing beside her. Then she recalled little scenes of yesterday and the day before and the week before that, the meaning of which she did not read at the time; of the cruel laugh, when Neil found her caring for a little crippled girl; of the sneer with which he received her news of the poor old woman who had been so ill. Marriage—such marriage would mean slavery, indeed. She could do little now. But, if married, with money and ease at her command, she could do nothing, life would then be a torture. Heldrun longed for freedom and for peace.

The stars came out one by one. A great white bird floated in from the waters and circled above her head. Heldrun looked up at it and laughed, and there came before her the voice that she heard in childhood. "Heldrun; choose. You stand at the parting of the ways." She rose and stood erect. For a moment she paused as one in a dream. Then she smiled—with the sadness that is often part of deep joy. The whiteness left her face, the rose came back to her cheek. She turned and walked up the winding path with a firm light step. She had chosen. What was her choice?

STUDENT

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

New and Old Ideas as to Elements and Atoms

AN address on "Elements," delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and giving a sketch of the history of speculation on this subject, as compared with modern and especially the most recent theories, gives occasion for a word on this question.

Modern conceptions of elements, atoms, or rudiments, are vitiated by the fallacious conception of the universe taken by physical science. For this cult, ignoring metaphysics and neglecting to inquire into the nature of mind and sense-perceptions, tries to solve problems which by their very nature are insoluble. Science may be on relatively sure ground so far as actual observation extends; but, when its investigations carry it beyond the reach of observation, it enters an imaginary world which is all conjecture. In this imaginary world the same laws and properties are supposed to prevail as in the world of observed phenomena. But no natural law is capable of an indefinite extension of its application; and thus fallacies arise which check any consistent conclusion.

For instance, in the attempt to analyze matter into its rudiments, the same properties as to dimension, mass, etc., which are found to prevail in the perceived world, are supposed to prevail indefinitely. Thus the atom becomes simply a very minute particle of matter; and, as there is of course no limit to the extent to which the imagination may go on subdividing and analyzing anything, the size of the atom is from time to time reduced.

But it is useless to seek for the elements of matter in matter itself, or to expect that matter will be found to be made up of matter. If there is an atom, that atom will have no single one of those material properties which are referred to the atomic structure of matter. The atom will be non-material. It must be sought elsewhere than in external nature, and by other means than the senses. The question is one for a truer Science which shall take into account Mind, and inquire into human faculty and the nature of sense-percepts and mental concepts.

H. P. Blavatsky, writing on this topic, brings together the views of some moderns, such as Leibnitz, and of many ancients, proving that, to minds not warped by geometrical fallacies, the atom was a *center of active intelligent life*. Examining our own nature, we find conscious will and intelligence underlying and directing the particles of our body; and the same is true of other material organisms. The decision to call some organisms "dead and inert," and others alive, is purely arbitrary and irrational. All the universe lives and is conscious, and the atoms are its centers of life.

STUDENT

Finger-Tip Marks to Replace the Bertillon System

THE London police have abandoned the Bertillon system for the identification of criminals, and have adopted the method of taking impressions of the finger-tips, which has been proved by Professor Galton to be absolutely infallible and conclusive. Within six months over 1700 identifications have been made by the finger-tip system, a result so remarkable as to attract the attention of United States officials. India and China have, of course, long used this method, not for the identification of criminals, but for signing documents, knowing that while handwriting can always be imitated, forgery is here impossible. But if the finger-tips are so characteristic, are not other parts of the body equally so, and may there possibly be a connection between these markings and the disposition of the individual? The data now being collected by the police ought to supply valuable evidence upon this point. It is now a commonplace of orthodox science that every thought alters the molecular arrangement of the brain and presumably of the whole body. Is there no way to bring a more minute examination to bear upon these changes with a view to their classification? Habits of thought unquestionably induce marked facial and other bodily changes. A man stamps his character upon his face and upon his carriage; but may not these changes have finer ramifications than are yet suspected? Any investigations which tend to show the power of thought are peculiarly valuable.

STUDENT

Vital Property of Springs—The Heterodox Becomes Orthodox

WHETHER there is a mysterious something, besides the dissolved chemical matters, in the water of the various medicinal springs, has long been a disputed point. The medical profession, and the chemico-scientific ranks generally, have of course laughed at the idea.

But it remained true that the same chemicals, dissolved in the same proportions in ordinary water, did not possess the same effect.

The question has now been settled by the finding of the emanations of radium in some of the hot springs, especially those of Arkansas and Bath in England. It is assumed with good reason that the strata below the point of origin of these springs contain radium in some quantity, and that to its emanations the curative powers of the springs are largely due.

Another favorite laughing stock for science was the idea that human beings are centers of peculiar radiations, indirectly under the control of will, and that, through these, men exercise some mysterious influence on each other, apart from words or direct contact. All mankind, however, outside the scientific world, instinctively knew that it was so. The N-rays of Blondlot have now become manifest, and begin to settle this point also. The whole body, with every thought and movement, radiates particles of light and electricity. It is not yet proved that these, falling upon other persons, have an influence upon their bodies, feelings or thought; but the demonstration is not far away.

Of those who maintained this in the past, Mesmer and Reichenbach are already largely vindicated; the turn of Paracelsus has yet to come. How soon will the public learn that the idea which science laughs at today is usually the orthodox truth of tomorrow?

STUDENT

Antediluvian Monsters and Prehistoric Man

GEOLGY reveals, deep down in the older strata of the earth's crust, the fossil bones of strange and huge animals, the like of which had long vanished from the earth at what we call the dawn of human history. One class was the theromorphs, immense creatures between beasts and reptiles, with their spinal bones concave at both ends, giving flexibility like a reptile, but with more or less shoulder, hips and short legs. Their remains have been found in localities as far apart as South Africa and North Russia; some, recently found near Archangel, being in the form of bones cemented together by mineral accumulations. These bones have been cleaned and pieced together. The teeth show that they were vegetarian.

Many of these four-legged amphibious creatures had the third eye, in the back of the head, developed, which is but the counterpart of a like higher sense once possessed by man and to become active in him again, but closed over during ages of materialism.

Sea-serpents sixty feet long, flying reptiles like huge bats, and birds with teeth, are among the wonders of prehistoric natural history.

Modern science does not (at date of writing) admit the existence of man on the earth along with these beasts, for it is unable to conceive of any other kind or size of man than the one we are now familiar with. Yet, as H. P. Blavatsky said, if animals can change so much, why not man also? Man existed on the earth in these remote times, but the earlier races were not so material in substance and structure as the later, and would have left no discoverable remains of their organisms.

STUDENT

NEW "rays" are being discovered every few days. M. Blondlot has ascertained that ordinary sunlight contains sets of rays which will penetrate metals, an inch oak board, and so on. Similar ones are emitted by heated silver and iron. He calls them "N" rays. Of course such discoveries will go on. And in a little while we shall be able to make a scale of octaves of light, each octave with its own peculiarities and set of properties. Says the *Scientific American*:

It seems certain that the new rays have points in common with the known rays of great wave-lengths. . . . It is probable that they are to be found among the fine octaves of the series of radiations which remain unexplored between the Rubens rays (another set) and the shortest electro-magnetic waves.

Here and There Throughout the World

Venezuelan Awards of Hague Tribunal

THE Hague Tribunal, to which the affairs of Venezuela were referred, has decided that the three nations which participated in the naval demonstration—England, Germany and Italy—are to be the first to receive payment of their debts. Venezuela has consented to set aside thirty per cent of the tariff revenues at two ports for the purpose of discharging all her obligations, and the Hague Tribunal was called upon to settle the question of the order in which these debts should be paid. Count Muravieff, the Russian Minister of Justice, was the President of the Tribunal, to which he referred as “the rampart of justice, truth and reason, and the sublime hope of the future.” So may it be.

Jewish Bribery in East End London

IN the east end of London there are twenty-seven different missions to the Jews. The *Jewish Chronicle* learns that twenty-five of these push their propaganda by means of bribery. It may well say:

It is almost incredible that enlightened men and women should set in motion such a terrible engine of demoralization and corruption. Yet the thoroughly iniquitous work is being done, and done, too, in the name of religion. In order to satisfy some theological theory as to the relationship of Judaism to Christianity, the Bishop of London is ready to acquiesce in the moral overthrow of numbers of Jewish men and women.

Is this what is meant by the hunger for saving souls?

Sven Hedin's Experiences in Thibet

SVEN HEDIN's recollections of Thibet are not encouraging to those who would travel in that land of inaccessibility. The famous traveler says:

I would rather cross the Desert of Gobi a dozen times than travel through Thibet again in winter. You travel so many miles at the cost of so many lives, men, horses and camels. It is impossible to form any conception of what it is like; it is a veritable *via dolorosa*.

It will probably be long before the personally conducted tourist party strews its inanities and faculties about the mountain ranges of Thibet. Nature has still her private places.

Very Little Child-Labor in Germany

CHILD labor in Germany is very far from being the public scandal which it has become elsewhere. None the less, a very stringent law has just come into operation restricting the extent to which children can be employed, and particularizing the employments in which they may or may not engage. No child shall work more than three hours a day during the school term, nor more than four hours a day during vacation, and no child can be employed at all without written permission from the police, who will investigate every case. This new law will be enforced without fear, favor or distinction.

No More Flogging in English Prisons

A CLOSE student of the English prison system has recently referred to the abolition of punishment by flogging. He points out that there has been no increase in the crimes for which this penalty has been abolished, but that there has been an increase in the offences for which corporal punishment is still inflicted. Those who so prominently advocate an extension of this brutal punishment would do well to acquire facts. They might then be less loquacious and more intelligent.

French Prizes for Self-Sacrifice

EVERY year the French Academy has the pleasant duty of distributing about a hundred prizes to persons in private life who have shown a disinterested spirit of self-sacrifice. In this way an annual picture is obtained of the unobtrusive virtue and goodness in which the French nation is so rich. These prizes were inaugurated by Baron de Monthyau in 1782, and their award is one of the most pleasing functions of the Academy.

English Artillery to People of Boston

LORD DENBIGH, on behalf of the Honorable Artillery Company of England, has written a letter to Colonel Sidney M. Hedges, commanding the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, from which the following is an extract:

I am desired by the King to express to you the great gratification with which his Majesty has heard of the magnificent reception accorded to us, and his Majesty feels that the cordiality displayed by the people of Boston, and of the other important cities visited by the Honorable Artillery Company, affords a happy indication of the sympathy and friendliness which should always exist between our two countries.

Dissensions Among the Russian Jews

NUMEROUS reports speak of serious dissensions among the Russian Jews, who seem unable to combine in their common defense or to agree upon suitable united action. Without knowing anything of the merits of this particular dispute, it is none the less evident that nearly all the reform movements of the world are hindered and hampered by the inability of men to agree among themselves and to relegate their personalities to their due position. The true tyrannies of the world are after all within ourselves. Exterior tyrannies would be powerless but for the allies which they find in our own selfishness.

Much Cruelty in the German Army

DURING the year ending in June, 1903, no less than twenty officers and 577 non-commissioned officers of the German army have been punished for cruelty to their men, in some instances the cruelty being too revolting for public description. Other European armies are said to be also tainted with similar cruelties. And yet we hear laments that the standard of patriotism in these armies is not so high as it used to be. We should suppose that the patriotism which could survive, for example, the scrubbing of the naked body with a scrubbing-brush must be of a very robust order and not likely to be often found.

Chinese Newspaper 1,000 Years Old

A NEWSPAPER which has been published regularly for nearly a thousand years is undoubtedly one of the curiosities of the world, and its back numbers should certainly be interesting reading. The *Pekin Gazette* was established during the Ninth century and began its regular appearance soon afterwards. It now belongs to the army of dailies and is edited by six members of the Chinese Academy. Such a record as this is likely to produce a feeling of juvenility among modern newspapers. That it should produce a sense of humility is perhaps too much to expect.

Filial Reverence in China and Japan

A FILIAL reverence for parents is perhaps the supreme of all virtues both in Japan and in China, and our missionaries to both these countries might perhaps rest from their customary labors sufficiently to get for us some details as to the way in which these lessons are inculcated. They might also incidentally, and time permitting, ascertain Chinese and Japanese opinions as to the duties of parents toward their children for we believe that to this point also some attention has been successfully given in both countries. Startling as it may seem we might learn something.

Japanese Soldiers Eat No Flesh

It is reported that the Japanese Government has declined all tenders for the supply of tinned meats for the army on the ground that the soldiers do not eat meat. An European officer in the Japanese service recently persuaded his men to eat meat while upon arduous service, but he speedily received a petition to discontinue this diet upon the ground that it exhausted the strength of the soldiers and made them unfit for the duties required of them. Rice is the principal diet of the Japanese army, and this is occasionally varied by a little fish.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Kathleen's Music

"I WOULD like to compose music," remarked Kathleen, "beautiful music, the same as I sometimes hear in dreams."

Susie nodded her head thoughtfully, "I think you will, Kathleen, some day," said she.

"I think so too," agreed Muriel. "Meg," she continued, "once knew a little girl called Freda, who loved music very much, but she wouldn't practice nor study. She told her mother and her teacher that the notes on the pages of the music books were flat and empty. But, as they couldn't understand what she meant, they decided she was wilful and naughty. Meg said Freda herself didn't quite understand. But one day when she was thinking about the tones of people's voices, she imagined how wonderful it would be if only *beautiful* sounds were spoken. After that she began to listen for the tone of her own voice. And she imagined that thoughts must have tones, too.

"Very soon she was pretty sure they had, because she could hear that the naughty, selfish ones, sounded harsh and discordant, when spoken, and the joyous, unselfish ones, thrilled her with their bell-like beauty. And then it seemed as though she could hear melodies, very faintly—and that made her wish she had studied music.

"But she didn't stop to waste time in wishing; she just began to study, and learned so rapidly that every one was surprised. And the last time Meg heard about her, she had composed a beautiful little melody. Meg said Freda was sure to succeed in anything she tried, because whatever she tried to do, she never gave up or became discouraged, but fought obstacles like a Raja Yoga Warrior." A. P. D.

A Real Hero

DEAR CHILDREN: A friend writes me of a little hero only nine years old who was one of a number of ocean castaways who have just reached London. This boy, with his mother and father and little sister, were on the steamer *Cygnets*, which caught fire in mid-ocean and sank. The passengers were put adrift in a boat without wraps and with almost no food. The first night it was very cold, and one of the sailors took off his coat and wrapped it round little Edward, who was sleeping fitfully on a tarpaulin. An hour later the sailor saw that the child had awakened, taken off his coat and wrapped it carefully around his baby sister, four years old. For five days and nights they drifted in terrible distress, and all were ill and nearly freezing when finally picked up by a passing boat. That was real heroism, and yet how in the world could Edward have done anything else? When you stop to think about it, it's a great deal harder to be selfish than to be unselfish, isn't it?

UNCLE FRED

It will soon be flowertime in Loma-land for the winter rains are nearly over. Already the beautiful purple Yerba Santa is in blossom and before long the hills themselves will be covered with flowers.

From Swedish Children

DEAR CHILDREN: The following letter was recently received by the Lotus Mother from a little ten-year-old boy in Sweden. It is written in English, for this language, as perhaps you know, is studied in classes in the Lotus Groups in that land. What an outlook this is for the wonderful work that is waiting to be done for Brotherhood—and *you* will share in the doing of it! Isn't that an inspiring thought? How many of you can write in another language?

DEAR MRS. TINGLEY: I have not written you for a long time, because I think you have so much to do, but now it is nearly Christmas-time and I will write a few lines to wish you a good Christmas and a happy New Year. Mr. ——— told us in his last letter that you had recovered from your last illness. That makes us happy. He also said it was a pleasure to live in Loma-land. For me it is a pleasure to go to the Lotus Group. I have to thank you for *The Little Philosophers*, which we are performing in our Group, December 30th. I like it so much. There are many grand thoughts in it. I would be glad if you would accept a photograph of my little sister and brother and me. I hope you will soon come here to us in Sweden. Your little friend, S. N.



LITTLE BROTHERHOOD WORKERS OF SWEDEN
Members of one of the Stockholm Lotus Groups

NORSE LULLABY

THE sky is dark and the hills are white
As the Storm-King speeds from the north tonight,
And this is the song the Storm-King sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;"
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
"Sleep, little one, sleep."

On yonder mountain-side a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing,
And only the vine can hear her sing:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
What shall you fear when I am here?
Sleep, little one, sleep."

The King may sing in his bitter fight,
The tree may croon to the vine tonight,
But the little snowflake at my breast
Liketh the song I sing the best—
Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
Weary thou art, anext my heart,
Sleep, little one, sleep.

A Dog's Gratitude

OLIVE Thorne Miller, who has led so many children, and grown-ups, too, all over the world, to appreciate "our little winged brothers of the air," tells us an interesting story of a dog—and the story is a true one. This dog belonged to an old Colonial family, and was particularly noted for his hatred of Indians. On one campaign against the French he insisted on accompanying his master, and his foot became terribly injured from the long tramps. During the fight which ended in Braddock's defeat—you can read about that in your history, you know—he became separated from his master, who went home, supposing him killed. Some weeks later the dog appeared, tired and worn out, but his feet were well, and on them he was wearing little soft moccasins. His master knew that he had been with Indians and they had been kind to him, although they knew he belonged to their enemy. The dog must have known it, too, because after that nothing would induce him to track or injure an Indian. E.

JAPANESE children have a funny little game which they call "the game of perfumes." It consists in burning various perfumes and then guessing "which is which" by the scent of the smoke—not an easy mat-

ter sometimes. They also have a fascinating game of cards, not like our cards, but each one bearing quotations. The game consists in drawing a card with one-half of the quotation and then finding the other half. As to dolls, they devote a special festival day to their dolls, for a doll is, in Japan, as much a boy's plaything as a girl's. The dolls of Japanese boys are generally dressed to represent historical heroes, or as heroic and legendary figures. Great favorites among dolls are those dressed to represent the Emperor and Empress and the great statesmen of Japan. A. W. H.

Students'



Path

HOW DID YOU DIE?

DID you tackle that trouble that came to you
 With a resolute heart and cheerful?
 Or hide your face from the light of day,
 With a craven soul, and fearful?
 Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
 Or a trouble is what you make it;
 And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
 But only how did you take it?
 You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
 Come up with a smiling face,
 It's nothing against you to fall down fat,
 But to lie there---that's disgrace.
 The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce;
 Be proud of your blackened eye!
 It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
 It's how did you fight---and why?
 And though you be done to the death, what then?
 If you battled the best you could,
 If you played your part in the world of men,
 Why, the critic will call it good.
 Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
 And whether he's slow or spry,
 It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
 But only how did you die?

—Saturday Evening Post

The Religion of Lincoln

THE Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, has preached a sermon upon the religion of Abraham Lincoln, of which the following is an extract: "No doubt it is fortunate for the world that the one paper in which Lincoln dealt with the subject was burned by a prudent friend. It appears he profited by his friend's advice, and determined to take no chance in destroying his usefulness in politics by making enemies in religion. In this respect he presents a striking contrast to Jefferson, though it is conceivable that if Lincoln had had any positive and earnest convictions on this subject, he would not have been less outspoken.

"Mrs. Lincoln has said that,

His only philosophy was what is to be will be, and no prayers of ours can reverse the decree.

"One of his law partners has said:

He was an avowed and open infidel; and sometimes bordered on atheism.

"Without the exceptional opportunity for knowing the truth which this witness had, we may safely reject his testimony, unless these names are to be hurled indiscriminately at any man who rejects orthodox standards. Mr. Lincoln was certainly neither infidel nor atheist. No doubt he held views which would have been branded as infidelity and atheism by the pious mob. So also have some of the most deeply religious men that ever lived.

He's true to God who's true to man.

"Measured by this standard you cannot make Lincoln out an infidel. A man cannot prove his fidelity to man and at the same time be an infidel toward God.

"Justice David Davis has said:

He had no faith in the Christian sense of the term—had faith in laws, principles, causes and effects.

"Especially did Lincoln believe in the morality of the universe:

Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it.

"That could not have come from the heart of an atheist. That senti-

ment might have come from the heart of a man who was believed to be an atheist, or who called himself one. But the belief that this universe is so constructed that injustice will not work—that belief is the very core of any genuine faith in God.

"Once after granting a pardon which saved the life of a soldier, Lincoln turned to a friend and said:

Say of me that I plucked a thorn and planted a flower, wherever I thought a flower would grow.

"Measured by the standards of the church he was a heretic. Yet his glowing faith in humanity and the right is like a pillar of fire, still leading us, as by the hand of God, out of the house of bondage."

"Fantastic Ideas of Ancients"

One tenet held in common by all these philosophers [the Ionic philosophers, 600 years B. C.], was that matter and mind were inseparable; or, in other words, that all matter is animate. They never thought of the soul as something distinct and separable from matter, as we do. . . . This conception of matter as being alive will help us to understand Greek mythology which, it will be remembered, endowed trees, rivers, springs, clouds, the planets, all physical objects indeed, with intelligence and will.—Myers, *Ancient History*

THE above is a good example of the difference between some ancient ways of thinking and our modern ways, and also of the point of view from which most modern writers regard such ideas of the ancients. The great mistake made by modern philosophers is in mistaking abstractions for realities. The universe is analyzed, for the sake of argument and reasoning, into various abstractions, such as body, soul, life, matter; and afterwards it is forgotten that these are only abstract ideas—mental categories—and people come to speak of them as realities.

Thus, we take a live man and analyze him (for purposes of reasoning), into a body and a soul. Then, in process of time, we become so familiar with the words body and soul that we allow ourselves to think of the body as being a separate thing, able to exist apart, and of the soul as a living something that is inserted into the body. Thus, instead of one real being we get two abstractions, which accounts for the confusion of thought when we treat these abstractions as realities and try to explain them.

The same historical writer also speaks of the sun as being a god, according to some philosophers, while others taught that it was a mass of solid substance like our earth; and it appears to him as if these two notions contradicted each other. But we do not see why a god should not have a body, or outer garb, or physical manifestation; nor why a terrestrial globe should not be informed with intelligence and life just as other parts of nature are.

It is a familiar saying that a drunken man will imagine sober people to be drunk and he himself to be sober. In the same way modern theorists accuse the ancients of being fanciful, while there can be nothing more fanciful and impracticable than their own theories. To say that the world is a great Soul means something, for we know by our own experience what a soul is. But to say that the world is atoms or matter or force, or any of those things, is mere words. However, the age is so wedded to this kind of abstract reasoning that it is practically impossible to disabuse it, until urgent necessity compels people to adopt some view of life that can avail to keep the human race alive and well, which is not the case with any of our "enlightened modern ideas." STUDENT

SORROWS

by HENRY S. SUTTON

THE flowers live by the tears that fall
 From the sad face of the skies,
 And life would have no joys at all
 Were there no watery eyes.

Love thou thy sorrow, grief shall bring
 Its own excuse in after years;
 The rainbow---see how fair a thing
 God hath built up from tears.

GENTLENESS and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. . . . If your morals make you dreary depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say 'give them up' for they may be all the morals you have, but conceal them like vices lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.—R. L. Stevenson

THOU ETERNAL ONE

The following Ode was written many years ago by the Russian poet DERZHAVIN. At this time it is of special interest, for in the past it served as a link between the two nations that then were in sympathy, Russia and Japan. Many years ago the Emperor of Japan had the Ode translated into Japanese, embroidered in gold and hung in the Temple of Yeddo. A Chinese version was also at one time hung in the Emperor's palace in Peking. The following verses are from the English translation by Sir JOHN BOWRING:

O THOU Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy---all motion guide:
Unchanged through Time's all-everlasting flight.
Thou only God; there is no God beside.
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Embracing all---supporting---ruling o'er
Being whom we call God---and know no more!

Thou art! directing, guiding all. Thou art!
Direct my understanding then, to Thee!
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand;
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth.
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit land.

O thought ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless are conceptions all of Thee---
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
Thus seek Thy presence---Being wise and good---
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore!
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The Soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Do the Theosophists believe in heredity?

Answer (4) In the answer to this question in last issue an extract was given from W. Q. Judge's writings. The following is a continuation of the extract which throws further light upon the subject:

Again, those who dwell on the objection from heredity forget that they are accentuating similarities and overlooking divergencies. For while investigations on the line of heredity have recorded many transmitted traits, they have not done so in respect to divergences from heredity vastly greater in number. Every mother knows that the children of a family are as different in character as the fingers on one hand—they are all from the same parents, but all vary in character and capacity.

But heredity as the great rule and as a complete explanation is absolutely overthrown by history, which shows no constant transmission of learning, power and capacity. For instance, in the case of the ancient Egyptians long gone and their line of transmission shattered, we have no transmission to their descendants. If physical heredity settles the question of character, how has the great Egyptian character been lost? The same question holds in respect to other ancient and extinct nations. And taking an individual illustration we have the great musician Bach, whose direct descendants showed a decrease in musical ability leading to its final disappearance from the family stock. But Theosophy teaches that in both of these instances—as in all like them—the real capacity and ability have only disappeared from a family and national body, but are retained in the Egos who once exhibited them, being now incarnated in some other nation and family of the present time.

Suffering comes to nearly all men, and a great many live lives of sorrow from the cradle to the grave, so it is objected that Reincarnation is unjust because we suffer for the wrong done by some other person in another life. This objection is based on the false notion that the person in the other life was some one else. But in every life it is the same person. When we come again we do not take up the body of some one else, nor another's deeds, but are like an actor who plays many parts, the same actor inside though the costumes and the lines recited differ in each new play. Shakespeare was right in saying that life is a play, for the great life of the soul is a drama, and each new life and rebirth another act in which we assume another part and put on a new dress, but all through it we are the self-same person. So instead of its being unjust, it is perfect justice, and in no other manner could justice be preserved.

It will thus be seen that Theosophists do believe in heredity, and that

Theosophy gives an explanation of it. Heretofore, although heredity was advanced as an explanation of the recurrence of traits and types, it only partially answered the problem and itself needed explaining, but no explanation was forthcoming. In the light of Theosophy, it is seen that heredity is one of the means which the soul uses in gaining experience; it is a method by which it can take up those traits and characteristics which belong to it. But, because the soul is greater than heredity, it can—working with the law of its own being and if its progress demands it—override the natural tendency to transmit traits and characteristics from parent to offspring and so produce what are called exceptions to heredity. In such case it must be that the Ego or Soul incarnates in such a family to gain other experience than that of transmitted traits, it may be to learn lessons which only association with the members of that family can give and which must be in accordance with its own Karma and that of the family.

Through Theosophy and its teaching of Reincarnation and Karma, a new meaning is given to heredity and to the whole of life. Heredity is found to be neither an iron-bound rule nor a capricious method, but to be an aid to the soul's development and yet subservient to the same; and an explanation is found both for the facts of heredity and the exceptions thereto.

A Moslem Legend

IN passing one day by a very ancient and extremely populous city, I asked one of the inhabitants, "Who founded this city?" He replied to me, "I do not know; and our ancestors knew no more than we." Five hundred years afterward, passing by the same place, I could not perceive a trace of that city. I inquired of a peasant when was the city destroyed. He answered, "How odd is your question! This country has never been otherwise than as you see it now."

After another five hundred years I passed again by that place. The country was no longer visible; over it stretched an open sea. I asked of the fisherman how long since their country became a sea. They replied that a person like me should know that the sea had always been where now I saw it.

I came again that way after another five hundred years. The sea had vanished, and there was only dry land. No one knew what had become of the sea, or indeed that ever it had been there.

Finally, after another five hundred years, I returned again. There was a mighty city, and its people told me that its origin was lost in the night of time.—*Mohammed Kaswini.*

A Strong Head Needs a Clean Heart

A WRITER in a prominent daily paper quotes the plea of Senator Quarles for more brain cultivation in the rising generation and in comment says that the trend of modern education is to make its devotees "mentally rich but emotionally poor," which he deplores but scarcely refers to the still greater need of a *moral* training to balance the other and guide it in the path of righteousness.

Mental cultivation and "feelings" without any sufficient guiding moral principle have filled the land with criminals, legalized swindlers, materialistic theorizers, monomaniac reformers, shallow sentimentalists, and religious fanatics.

We want all the mental strength and education, and all the emotional fineness of feeling possible provided that it be controlled by moral principle sufficiently strong to transmute mentality into sublime common-sense and emotionalism into compassionate, sympathetic helpfulness. The writer quoted is correct in saying that feeling is the impelling, and thought the executive force, but he forgot to add that moral principle is the pilot which wrecks or saves the whole.

STUDENT

It is all very fine to talk about tramps and morality. Six hours of police surveillance (such as I have had) or one brutal rejection from an inn door changes your views upon the subject like a course of lectures. As long as you are in the upper regions with all the world bowing to you as you go, social arrangements have a very handsome appearance; but once get under the wheels and you wish society were at the devil. I will give most respectable men a fortnight of such a life and then I will offer them twopence for what remains of their morality.—*R. L. Stevenson*

How to Improve Memory

AMONG a multiplicity of systems for strengthening the memory, we might well find place for some method of forgetting. We often find those who are somewhat noisy in lamenting a bad memory, but who were yet never known to forget an injury, who never forget the failings and misdemeanors of a neighbor, whose memories never relinquish the disagreeable shadows which have fallen upon their lives. What we need is not so much an all-round improvement of memory as its regulation and equilibrium. We ought to endow our memories with discrimination, we need to relax their tenacity in some directions and to increase it in others. In matters of personal injury, of wounded self-love, of ungratified pride, the grasp of memory becomes like that of an octopus. Its thousand tentacles never relax their hold. We remember the slights of years long passed, but the benefits we have forgotten. We unforgettingly recollect the weaknesses of another, sometimes such harmless weaknesses, but the strength, the beauty and the magnanimity of that other we have forgotten.

So true is it that "the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." It is from our memories, so fatally tenacious, that the evils derive their baleful vitality. How seldom, too, do we recognize that these remembered evils have grown with the passage of time until they bear but slight resemblance to the fact. We have carried with us the burden of resentment until it is almost more than we can bear, we have surrounded ourselves with an atmosphere of ill-will from which no one suffers so much as we do ourselves.

Perhaps the most unfailing of all remedies for a bad memory lies within ourselves. There is yet abundant space in our memories for all our legitimate, healthful needs if we would but throw away the rubbish, if we would but sort out everything which is hurtful and bar the doors of our minds resolutely against its readmission. We should feel then as though we had dropped a weary burden which we had been so uselessly and painfully carrying. Certain it is that the sun would shine for us with a new and more gracious light, the past would be only beautiful and the future would be only hopeful. Let the preparatory step to an improvement of our memories be a much needed act of oblivion. STUDENT

GENTLENESS and non-obtrusiveness shed an influence as powerful as they are imperceptible.

He who makes ill-health an excuse for an irritable disposition is, often, the one whose irritable disposition is the cause of his ill-health.

Neglecting the Bible

AN university professor, who is also a clergyman, has taken his congregation severely to task for their neglect of the Bible. He said:

I ask of you, "Do you know the book containing your belief?" You would take up arms and sacrifice life for it. You would cast out the man who believes not in it. But do you know it?

You feel guilty if you are asked if you have read some of the current authors and you must confess, apologetically, that you have not. Did it ever occur to you that you have read nothing, or such an insignificant part, of the book which you profess by being a Christian to be the light of your life and the guide for your effort? If there are untruths in the Bible it is pretty near time that we should know them. The Bible should be submitted to literary criticism.

If these were the opinions of the churches in general the Bible would be much more widely read than at present. It is of course unfortunate that any one pretending to intelligence should neglect such a storehouse of good things and such a literary classic as the Bible. He who has not read, for example, the thirty-eighth chapter of Job, does not know the possibilities of the English language, but the fault is with the pulpit and not with the pew.

We have grown so accustomed to associate the Bible with its senseless and dogmatic interpretations that they are almost indissolubly connected in the popular mind. If it were possible for us to examine the Scriptures from the standpoint of one who was opening its pages for the first time we should be bewildered and perplexed at its utter dissimilarity to what is usually called Christianity. But how many are able to do this?

How many are able to read the Bible with the same practical common sense which they would bring to bear upon a current periodical? It is very certain that if we were to import the same prejudices, and preconceived ideas and superstitions into the perusal of our business papers as we do into the reading of the Bible, we should soon be as insolvent pecuniarily as we now are spiritually. It is not erudition which we need so much as that rare and mysterious faculty which, for some inscrutable reason, we call common sense. STUDENT

If for one instant the Supreme Spirit should relax, the universe would dissolve. Eternal vigilance is the law of existence.

MANY times the climber thinks the heights are reached, but finds there are others just beyond; and yet, at last, the top is reached.

He who planneth not for his good deeds does not increase greatly in them; but he who doeth all his good deeds in the future, doeth them not at all.

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		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
14	29.808	60	49	56	53	.00	E	7
15	29.796	61	51	54	53	.00	E	4
16	29.838	62	54	56	54	.00	W	6
17	29.936	62	51	55	54	.00	E	2
18	29.930	61	53	56	55	.00	NW	4
19	29.764	64	57	59	59	.11	SW	calm
20	29.722	63	55	55	53	.22	W	brisk

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Wisdom is achemy. Else it could not be wisdom. This is its unfailing characteristic, that "it finds good in everything," that it renders all things more precious. In this respect, also, does it renew the spirit of childhood within us; while foolishness hardens our hearts and narrows our thoughts, it makes us feel a childlike curiosity and a childlike interest about all things. Hence nothing can be further from true wisdom than the mask of it assumed by men of the world, who affect a cold indifference about whatever does not belong to their own immediate circle of interests or pleasures.—J. C. Hare, in *Great Thoughts*

"Now, children," said the teacher, "let us see what you remember about the animal kingdom and the domestic animals that belong to it. You have named all the domestic animals but one. Who can tell me what that one is? It has bristly hair, likes dirt, and is fond of getting into the mud." Miss Fanny looked expectantly around the room. "Can't you think, Tommy?" she asked, encouragingly.

"Yes'm," was the shame-faced reply. "It's me."—*Tit-Bits*

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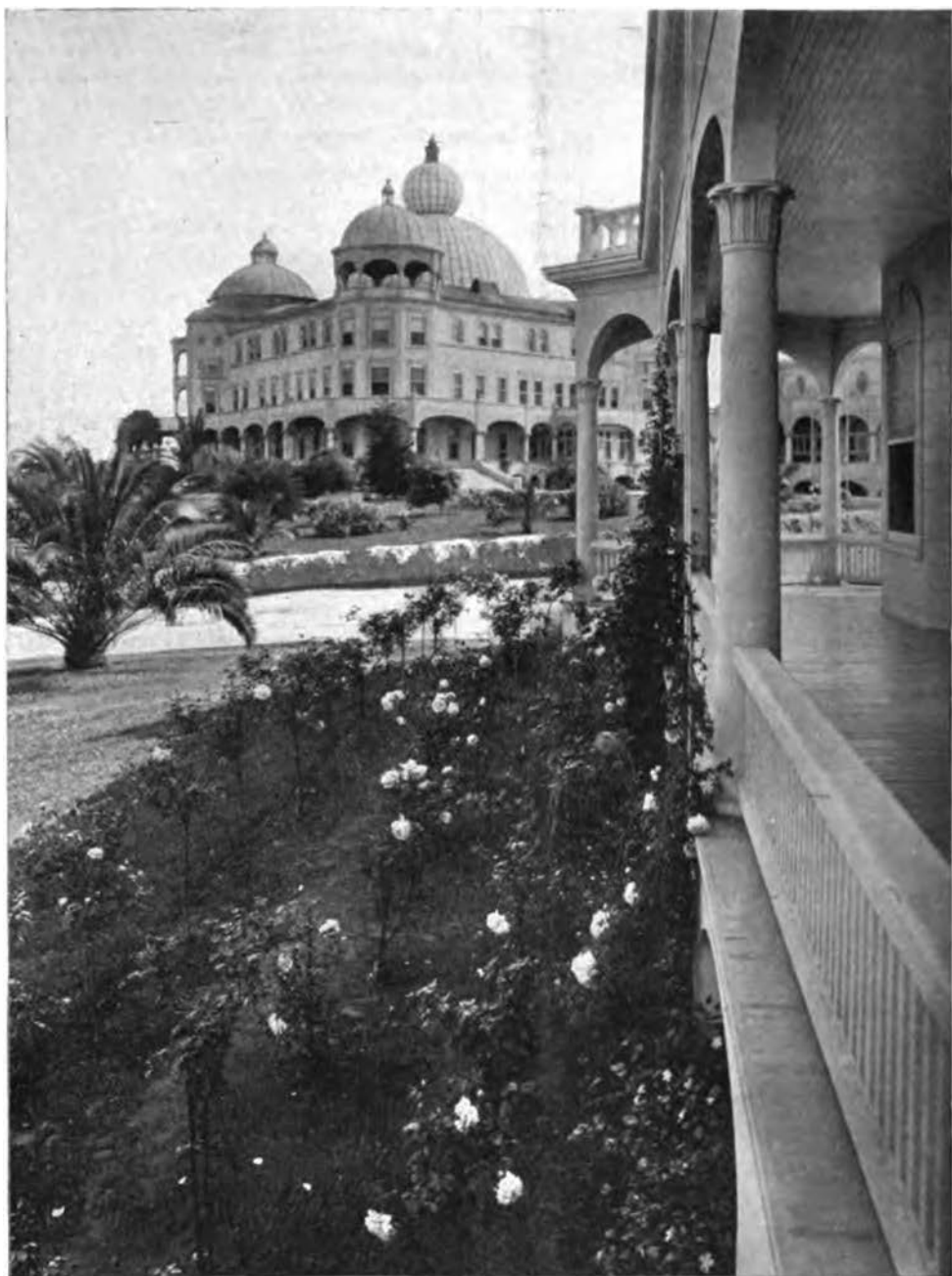
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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Intellect Will Not Save
Irish Village Life—frontispiece
Reformers of the World
Religious Newspapers
Relics of Old Days
Babism
A Navajo Blanket

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Lack of Human Interest
Wreckage of Human Souls
Religious Teaching
Underfed Children

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Richard Strauss
From Cartoon (illustration)
Fragment (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Easteride
A Chinese Woman
Wheel of Time
Irish Lotus Bud (illustration)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Babylon and the Bible
Giants in Nevada
Egyptian Discovery
Neolithic Englishman Found
Arrow Heads in Kansas

Page 9—NATURE

Nature's Healing Power
Facts About Bird Migration
Tangled in Stars (verse)
Signs of Summer
Powers of Leaves
Papyrus Plant (illustration)

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Lotus Groups, Groningen
Homestead Decorations
Raja Yoga & Self-Control
Dawn of a New Day

Page 12—FICTION

Easter Lilies
Gratitude (verse)

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

The Mystery of Sleep—
Does the Mind Ever
Rest?
Euclid Controverted by
a Russian System of
Geometry
Study of the N-Rays
to Replace Vivisection
and Lymphs

Page 14—GENERAL

An Enlightened View
of History
Wisdom of H. P.
Blavatsky

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Cave Man's Easter
Greeting to the Children
of Cuba
Daughters of Cuba—Sew-
ing Class in Raja Yoga
Academy, Established
by Katherine Tingley
in Santiago de Cuba
(illustration)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Ring Out the Old (verse)
History of Civilization
Duty the Reformer
The Grail (verse)
Students' Column

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

A Song of Peace
(verse)
The Marquis Ito of Japan
Passive Resistance

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Will Not Be Saved by Intellect

ONE of the favorite literary amusements of the day is to forecast the progress of humanity and to paint a picture of the world as we suppose that it will be after a certain lapse of time. These forecasts are popular to the extent to which they flatter. They assume that we are already entirely upon the right road, and that we need but a little more speed, a little more directness, a little more dexterity, to reach the Elysian Fields which a scientific and political materialism offers to us in exchange for our complaisant and ill-placed confidence. With most of these anticipations we feel ourselves to be in very sharp conflict. We do not believe that the millennium will dawn in the laboratory of

the chemist, or that the intellect of the statesman will abolish either crime or pauperism; nor do we believe that dexterity is a good substitute for conscience. The evils of our social systems have not been imposed upon us by an exterior fate, nor by a will other than our own. We are not at all in the position of the good man who struggles bravely against adversity. Our troubles are not due to a want of intellectual thought, and therefore to be remedied by an increase of such thought; nor are they to be compared to the initial faults of a machine which can be cured by adjusting a screw here and a bolt there. We are not suffering from a lack

Too Much Tinkering on the Surface

of legislative skill, but from a want of national heart. It is not administrative ability that we need so much as a warm and living fraternity. Our social systems are the exact correspondences, the material expressions of our moral condition, and they are created by that condition. If they are cruel, it is because we ourselves are cruel; if they are apathetic, or saturated with caste prejudice and avarice, it is because we ourselves have fashioned them unfraternally and in our own image of greed. Of what use then can it be to continually tinker with the external mechanism of our social system so long as the unfraternal minds which created it and which are now creating the systems of the future seem resolutely bent upon perpetuating the soil upon which nothing but social calamities can grow? True legislative and administrative reform will be born from an extended sense of fraternity and from nothing else. It will be an expression of an awakening compassion among an increasingly large number of unselfish individuals, and as such it will redeem. Must we not say of much of the legislation of today that it is an expression of an ever more intellectual selfishness, and that it can therefore have no other result than to intensify and to perpetuate? The effects of legislation always correspond with the national motives which

National Fraternity the Need

called it forth, and by no possible intellectual power or skill can a real reform spring from a selfish motive. How the change will occur from national selfishness to national fraternity, how it is even now occurring, we need not at the moment pause to inquire. That such changes have happened in the past is not the less indisputable because they are ordinarily unexplained. There is a vast consciousness in nature which sometimes, and in obedience to cyclic law, invades the human mind, driving forth old ideas and illuminating it with a new wisdom and purpose. Sometimes we have called this a religious revival, sometimes it has taken the form of a passion for liberty, sometimes it has blazed forth as a renaissance of art and literature. The diamond of the Soul has many facets, and its light is periodically poured into the national mind along the lines of least resistance. These abnormal and divine invasions of the national consciousness have always been preceded by unrest, by expectancy, by a rending and breaking of the mental fetters which we have hugged until they seem to be a part of ourselves. All these signs stand today before our eyes, and we mistake for the portents of disaster what are actually the promises of a new life. Of the nature of the change which is impending we need be in little doubt, because the

Life Shaped by Inward & Divine Ideal

tide is already flowing and its waters are the waters of fraternity and compassion. In the days which are at hand men will shape their lives by an inward and divine ideal instead of by an outward and selfish and calculating expediency; and this will be achieved by the growing number of those who will rearrange their own lives under the divine will and no longer under the personal will. The force which created the social systems of today and which energized them is the force of intellect alone, and not very much of that. The force which must recreate those systems and reenergize them is the force of the Soul, which will give dominance to precisely those sets of motives which are now assumed to be theoretical and unpractical. Not till then shall we find that "remedial legislation" results in remedies, and national conscience and fraternity will find natural expression in the enactments of national will.

STUDENT

Irish Village Life—Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week represents a village scene in the south of Ireland, and may be compared with a somewhat similar view which we published a few weeks ago. Irish village life has a charm as peculiarly its own as that of the natural scenery among which it exists.

Reformers of the World

IT is not the will of nature that the reformers of the world should constitute a caste, that they should be set apart as possessing faculties or abilities not attainable by the many. Some of course there must always be, who pursue some one defined aim with the special powers which are theirs alone. The artist, the poet or the statesman may bend their specialized energies in one direction only, they may dedicate their peculiar strength to the service of men, but because their position is thus a prominent one the work of all others is no less effective. Indeed we may well believe that those who must the most participate in the struggle for existence have opportunities which are all their own. They are so close to the tense strings of our social life that they can the more easily transfer to them whatever melody they may arouse in their own hearts.

The most wonderful of all powers of reform is that of compassion. By it we enlist the gods upon our side and become unconquerable. By compassion we throw the blindness from our eyes and see the rivers of life which ripple in the sunshine and darkens in the shade. The heart which is open to give is open also to receive, and we realize the divine ownership which we exercise over all force. Truly we possess nothing but what we have given to another and he who gives all possesses all.

The saviors of the world have appealed always to the common people of the world. Our redemption must come not immediately from the few but from the many, it must come from the compassion which enters into the heart of the common man, the wayfarer, the toiler. The world will not be saved by its great minds. We may worship intellect and buy for it the choicest fruits of mental attainment, we may reward it with money and make of it a caste and its possessors may be for us a people apart. But nature has a more kingly precedence than this and the tree upon which her choicest fruits are set is so near the ground that there is no one amongst the sons of men too lowly or too poor to pick and eat. Nature's secrets are so profound only because they are so simple; she guards her treasures by placing them within the sight of all. Her wisdom is so difficult that only children can understand it, and her commands are so hard that only children can obey.

When compassion enters into the hearts of the common people, into the hearts of the sons of toil and strife, then shall they take by the hand the learned and the rich and those who sit in high places, and shall show them and lead them into the Kingdom of Heaven. Then the promised benediction shall come unto the poor, and the inheritance of the earth shall be theirs.

STUDENT

The Decline of Religious Newspapers

DR. J. M. WHITON of New York has been writing on the subject of "Religious Life in America," and with special reference to the decline of the religious newspaper. He naturally asks what is a religious newspaper and he finds that the noisily lamented decline applies only to denominational newspapers, that is to say to the newspapers which devote themselves to the advocacy of specific creeds and systems. Dr. Whiton points out that the world at large is revising its ideas of religion and that it is applying the same tests to the religious newspaper as it does to the religious man. Conduct on religious principles being the mark of the really religious man, the same criterion must mark the really religious journal, even in what is still styled the secular press.

Not he that repeateth the Name,
But he that doeth the Will.

The conduct of a newspaper is then the index to its religious or irreligious character. If its conduct is such as to make the world a better place to live in, it is a religious paper. If, on the other hand, it promotes discord, sectarianism and strife it is an irreligious newspaper no matter by what name it may be called.

STUDENT

Relics of Old Days

THE vaults of a certain old established London bank contain the materials for some romantic stories, in the shape of a considerable number of chests, some of which were placed there for safe keeping during the days of the French Revolution and have never since been claimed. Presumably their owners brought them to England and were then so indiscreet as to return to their own country and so to be swallowed up in the Reign of Terror. These chests have never been opened and their contents are therefore entirely unknown.

X.

Babism

THE religious system known in the oriental world as Babism deserves to be better known than it is by these who are interested in the cause of religious liberty and religious reform. Briefly speaking, Babism is a Muslim heresy originated about fifty years ago by a young Persian named Abbas Effendi, who announced himself as the spokesman of some spiritually exalted personages behind the scenes. Its object was to restore religion to its original purity and to make it a living and elevating power in the lives of men. Babism was to be no new religion. It appealed to all faiths alike but it invited its followers by no means to leave their own religion, but rather to enquire into its source in order that its purity might be restored and in order that men might recognize the essential unity underlying all systems. Abbas Effendi and his followers were of course persecuted—frightfully persecuted—*cela va sans dire*. The western historian of Babism, Myron H. Phelps, says:

An era of bloody and relentless persecution followed, which has, not, perhaps, been paralleled in history. Singly and by hundreds the Babis were hunted down and slaughtered. One's heart thrills with emotion, one's conception of the noble possibilities of human nature expands as one reads of the splendid and unflinching heroism of the Babis in the cause of their faith.

Persecution bore its inevitable fruit. Babism increased by leaps and bounds and is today, after these few years, one of the most powerful of oriental religious forces. And yet it contains nothing novel and nothing startling—except much of that mysterious and rare faculty which we are pleased to call common sense. Babism teaches that the whole of visible creation is a manifestation of God and that man himself is an incarnated God striving for expression through the veils of self-love. There are various degrees of union with the God within, the highest illustrations of such union being found in the great historic saviors of the world. To such attitude all men might climb and it is upon this path of ascension that the feet of the whole human race are placed. Advance can alone be made by the exercise of sublime virtue, the eradication of revenge and hate and greed, the tranquil endurance of all fate that may await the devotee. The followers of Babism evidently practiced what they taught; hence their success.

STUDENT

A Navajo Blanket

A GENUINE Navajo blanket would be an object of even greater value than it is today had we but the imagination to understand the mental pictures which it carries. To the Indian squaw who made that blanket it was a prayer in form and color. Every pattern and every tint had a meaning. Color to her was something more than color is to us. It was the true correspondence of a hope or of a fear, of an aspiration or of a sorrow. Let us call it a superstition if we will, although even upon this point modern science may yet have something to say. That blanket none the less represents the heart of a human being and not a mere untutored fancy in shape and color. That blanket is as eloquent to all other Indian squaws, is as clearly read by all others, as is the printed page by us, and perhaps the natural forces of color and form are more readily chargeable with the freight of human meaning than even the written or printed word. To learn to read the story of a Navajo blanket is not a labor lost, although there may be many who have not yet reached the point of perception where this can be successfully done.

STUDENT

Be always on guard. A ship is never left without some one at the wheel.

The spider's web isn't the only mesh in the world.

More Heresy Trouble

DR. J. M. WHITON writes somewhat caustically upon the prosecution for heresy of Professor Bowne of the Boston University. He says that this is not to be regarded as a sign of a backward tendency but rather as a "stand in the last ditch." We do not wish to quarrel about terms but we are sincerely glad that these grand inquisitors are not able to inflict legal pains and penalties upon their victims. To be prosecuted for heresy is of course a diploma of intelligence and of courage, as it always has been, and these modern *autos da fe* destroy the persecutors but not the persecuted. Dr. Whiton's description of these people as standing in a ditch is perhaps not inappropriate and it will probably commend itself to thoughtful people.

STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Lack of Human Interest in Heaven

THE reason why people do not go to church seems still to be a fascinating problem for theological thinkers. The consensus of blame still rests, of course, upon the wicked public who neglect the means of grace, but here and there an original note is sounded refreshingly. Thus the editor of the *Hibbert Journal* pointedly asks if Christianity is regarded as a serious religion, having practical aims in view and a practical way of reaching them. He holds that the public no longer regard it in this light, and that a somewhat strenuous material world has no time for dreaming about impossible attainments. If this view be correct and there is much to be said for it, upon whom must we lay the responsibility? The average man is not greatly interested in heaven or the curious ways by which he is supposed to get there. He is very much interested in the world and he knows that it is strangely out of joint. He knows, too, that Christian essentials relate to the world as it is far more than to some misty hereafter, and if he is once persuaded that Christian ideals are not intended to be practical, that they are indeed a mere unattainable counsel of perfection, what hope has he and why should he persevere? It rests with the churches to remove such misconception, but are they likely to do so? If, for example, the Sermon on the Mount were practically applied, we know very well that a new social order would be established, that life would become beautiful, and that the poisonous vapors of our social troubles would pass away forever.

Do the churches believe that the Sermon on the Mount is practical, not as some far away ideal, but here and now? If they do believe it, why do they not preach it? Why do they not build up for their congregations a vivid and abiding mental picture of the Kingdom of God upon earth, an earthly paradise, and encourage their hearers to conform their public and their private lives thereto? Why do they not denounce every feature of our social life which is inconsistent with that ideal? It would be so easy to fill the churches with a throbbing expectation which would be its own realization. In matters of reform the unexpected never happens. What we ask for and what we intend to have we get, and nothing more. The minister who had one-half the confidence in the laws of the soul that the merchant has in the laws of the market would achieve a result which would astonish him. We want ministers who know something of the sublime creative powers of the imagination and who are not afraid to take the Kingdom of Heaven by violence. The world is very sick of routine and of insincerity. Even the most consistent church-goer must sometimes weary of the prayers which are "ordained to be said every Sunday throughout the year," as though the possibility of their ever being granted had never occurred to their pious authors. Let us have some prayers which register our own intentions, prayers which are worthy of God and worthy of man. Let us have done with the insincerity and the dishonesty which insult divinity by asking without expectation of receiving. X.

The Wreckage of Human Souls

WHAT becomes of those who have been released from prison? Criminal statistics show that a very great number speedily find their way back again into confinement, thus proving that the previous punishment has entirely failed, and that a very large amount of money and energy has been wasted. We all of us understand the waste of money. It goes straight to our hearts. The wreckage of human souls does not appeal to us, or a very large proportion of these prisoners would never have become criminals at all.

There can be very little doubt that a discharged prisoner finds enormous difficulties in recovering an honorable position. Society takes up the work of punishment at the prison gates and forces its victim back again into the old paths of crime, which are often the only paths open to him. We do this to mark our detestation of conduct to which our own behavior often bears a startling resemblance, although not, it may be, from the legal point of view. The chief difference between the released convict and many of those who frowningly pass him by on the other side of the street, is that he has expiated his offense and they have not.

STUDENT

Religious Teaching in the Schools

RABBI VICTOR CARO of Milwaukee has expressed himself strongly on the subject of religious teaching in the schools. He said in a recent sermon: The public schools should be kept perfectly pure from all dogmatical alloy. Do not meddle with an institution that has been and ought to remain purely educational. It is our pride that we have schools in which the practical education of children is hampered in no way by religious pre-conceptions.

It is of course gratifying to see these frequent protests against sectarian interference with the schools. They are none the less an indication of a widespread plot to introduce religious dogmatism among the children and an inquisitorial system of tests among the teachers. With so many evidences on hand there can be no question that such a plot is on foot and it cannot be defeated by occasional protests. These educational sectaries must be shown that confronting them is a massive and impenetrable wall of public determination and that there will be no relaxation in vigilance. The example of many European countries and notably of England, will show us what we have to expect if these people are allowed to set their foot within the school doors. In England we have the avowed determination of the dominant religious party to injure public school education in every way possible, in order that it may not be superior to that of their own schools. We find that the whole question of education is turned into a battle-field for rival sects and that the educational welfare of the children themselves is hardly even a factor. We have to remember that however plausible may be their pretences, yet these who are maneuvering for the introduction of religion into the schools are the enemies of true education.

They hate education because it would be the death-blow to superstition. With our accustomed supineness, we shall no doubt let these drift until a somewhat heated conflict becomes inevitable. That time is apparently not very far off if we may deduce anything at all from the fact that a university chancellor secures the applause of the religious press by a suggestion that university education shall be confined to those holding certain definite religious opinions. The religious press, or a large part of it, would equally applaud the imposition of a religious test upon Congress and Senate. They would applaud anything tending to the magnification of their own position.

STUDENT

An Army of Underfed Children

RECENTLY a committee of teachers reported to the London School Board that there were in London 55,000 children attending school who were habitually underfed. The School Board refused to accept the statement and "referred it back." Quite *apropos*, therefore, is Miss Honnor Morten's book, a brief rather than a treatise, *Consider the Children*. It is a serious indictment of existing methods of elementary education, and by inference, of the methods of this School Board which Miss Morten was at one time a member. The main contentions are: that all children should have enough to eat; that there should be medical inspection in all elementary schools; that corporal punishment should be abolished; that greater caution should be exercised in sending children to truant or industrial schools; that teachers should receive a broader and more humanitarian training; and that religion, in its sectarian sense, should not be taught in the schools. London has some problems that smaller cities know little about, and perhaps the greatest of these is the problem of the submerged many; the many whose children go to school, day after day, underfed, underclothed and uncared for.

"Of what use," asks Miss Morten, "is the enormous expense of building and equipping schools and all the machinery for compelling a child to attend school, if that child, through insufficient food, is in such a state of starvation that it cannot learn? You can force a child to attend school, but you cannot teach that child if it is physically unfit. Teachers in our poorer schools found this out years ago, and in many cases tried to organize free meals. Society after society has been organized to feed the starving children, and funds have come in freely, yet the child is not fed."

A. V.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Richard Strauss, the Foremost Musical Genius of the Hour

SINCE the illustrious Richard Wagner laid down his pen the musical world has devoted itself to the gradual absorption of that masters' great works. With sudden impulse, however, as if fore-shadowing humanity's most rapid advance in the tone art, another remarkable genius has arisen who penetrates further still into the realm of the unexplored. Of him it is said that he is "the absolute monarch of modern music."

Richard Strauss was born in Munich, June 11, 1864. He is the son of Franz Strauss, a hornplayer in the Bavarian Court band, however, in no way related to the famous Strauss family, so well-known in regard to another class of music. As a lad of four he commenced piano playing and two years later began composing little pieces. He received a classical education, spent five years under the tuition of a noted conductor studying theory and composition. One of his early compositions, Op. 7, attracted the attention of Hans von Bülow who performed the work at Weimar and this started Richard Strauss on the road to musical fame. He became director of the Court Theatre at Munich in 1886.

At that time he began to make new departures in his compositions, being given to peculiar radicalism which at once caused the fiercest attacks to be made upon him by the critics.

In 1892 he was obliged, on account of ill health, to spend some time away from his usual confining activities, and he traveled through Sicily, Greece and Egypt. During that time he composed his first opera, Op. 25. He was married in 1894 to Pauline de Ahna, a well-known soprano who has become a sympathetic and worthy spouse. In the same year he became director of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Later he directed performances at Bayreuth, Leipzig, Cologne, Brussels, Milan, Moscow, London, Paris, Madrid, Antwerp and Barcelona.

Richard Strauss has been described as being tall with a large finely developed head and long "spidery" arms, a light complexion, blue eyes; his bearing suggesting mastery and self-control. His compositions are many and varied for one so young. They are principally in the form of symphonic poems. The larger works for orchestra include *Symphonie in F minor*; *Italia*; *Macbeth*; *Don Juan*; *Death and Apotheosis*; *Till Eulenspiegel*; *Thus Spake Zarathustra*; *Don Quixote*; *A Hero's Life*. He composed two operas: *Gunter and Feuersnot*; many numbers in smaller instrumental forms and a vast number of songs, very remarkable for entrancing harmonic beauty, intimate sentiment and loveliness of melody. The latter have become known in America through David Bispham and George Hamlin, both ardent Strauss disciples. His larger works have been performed in New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago.

Recently there have been held a series of Strauss festivals at New York under the personal leadership of the composer. The enthusiasm which these performances have kindled among the musicians and the general audience is said to indicate a spiritual kinship between himself and the American public. A New York weekly says:

Everybody could be seen there who counts in the culture of the metropolis. There were princes of finance, dictators of society, queens of opera, autocrats of the baton, lords and ladies of the piano and violin, and all the rest of the gay train who make up the lesser retinue at New York's musical functions of state. Whether they believed in him or not, the auditors rose en masse and joined their ringing cheers to the mighty fanfare which the orchestra blew in honor of the distinguished visitor. For nearly five minutes the scene of frenetic triumph lasted. The attitude of the audience was distinctly devotional and they showed that they came to learn and not only to see. The atmosphere did not crackle with criticism, and every one held his seat until the last note had sounded in the last number on the program. That attitude is extremely rare in a New York concert hall, and spoke

significantly for the class of listeners to whom Richard Strauss' appeal will be directed in this country.

As a leader Strauss is authoritative, quiet, sparing in gesture, careful of detail, emotional in lyric episodes and insistent in climaxes.

His compositions are one and all wonderfully interesting, being especially marked for musical feeling, pure aspiration, extraordinary technic, logical development—never hasty, never trivial—unparalleled inventiveness of description and most original orchestral characterization.

Unlike Richard Wagner he favors "Programmatical remarks" as aids for the understanding of his music.

The NEW CENTURY PATH has frequently referred to Richard Strauss as the rising genius of modern music and the students of the Isis Conservatory are faithful performers of his works. E. A. NERESHEIMER



FROM CARTOON by MICHELANGELO
(Academy of Fine Arts, Venice)

FRAGMENT

NATURAL things

And spiritual—who separates those two
In art, in morals or the social drift,
Tears up the bond of nature and brings death,
Paints futile pictures, writes unreal verse,
Leads vulgar days, deals ignorantly with men,
Is wrong, in short, at all points. We divide
This apple of life, and cut it through the pips
The perfect round which fitted Venus' hand
Has perished as utterly as if we ate
Both halves.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

THERE has long been a growing suspicion in the minds of true Gaels that the Irish airs that have been printed, played and sung at concerts for nearly a century are not Irish at all, but merely corrupt versions of the traditional airs adapted to the modern scale. The suspicion, although ridiculed by most professional musicians, has, like Banquo's ghost, refused to be laid. Dr. Henebry, of Dublin, in a recent book entitled *Irish Music*, now attempts to settle this question. He gives expression to what most musicians would call a new theory of music, and, while his opinions are not wholly original, few would have had the courage to maintain them in print; for the critics, while admitting that traditional Irish airs, as played and sung by the Irish peasantry, have certain characteristics which modern musical methods do not reproduce, maintain that this is merely because the "ignorant peasantry" sing out of tune. Dr. Henebry is convinced that there is not only a traditional style of singing among the Irish, but that

the scales used by them had different intervals to those of the modern tempered scale.

M. AUGUSTE RODIN, the famous French sculptor, whose work has sounded a new key-note in the song of modern art, gives this hint to those who love art not less, mayhap, but the dollar more:

We sometimes have fogs in Paris, and though I have never seen London in a fog, I should like to have the experience, however painful. But I do envy London its greys, toning everything down, giving outlines soft and velvety, such as we rarely get at home. Think how my predecessor in the presidency of the society, Whistler, utilized them! I can almost envy him his chances.



Eastertide



MORE and more, as the years pass by, do women realize the obligations that rest upon them because of the very fact that they are women. To those who are loyal and true, who really long to see the world made better, who really love light better than they do darkness, Eastertide brings great blessing and a quickening hope. There is something in the time itself that brings the light very near, and this is true even for those who are at war within themselves, whose minds are turned away and whose path leads them into the shadows.

In his mystery-drama of *Faust*, Goethe gives us a picture that stands, and shall stand, both as record and as prophecy. This drama is a mirror, so to speak, of certain conditions which can never be understood by the brain-mind alone, certain truths which can never be revealed by words. Faust was not utterly shut away from the light, though in his despair he believed himself to be. He heard the call, he caught the Easter feeling, and his heart was touched. It was the Eastertide song that saved him from self-destruction. Margaret brought to birth, out of the shadow of her own agony, the Eastertide within her own heart. By its light—which is the Eternal Sunrise—her heart read the lesson of the law, though her brain-mind could not understand it, and she was saved.

Still is the Master near, still is He near.

The sound of many voices floats into that old Gothic study, high-walled, narrow, a place of chemicals and of books, where human sympathy has been long shut out. And there Faust stands before us as Goethe pictures him, a student who had lived apart from man, searching for the great secret; his life's dream unrealized, the great secret still ungrasped, Faust has given way to his despair. He has filled a goblet with poison and is about to end the weary search, when suddenly he hears the Eastertide song. The heart is touched, the stone is rolled away, the Christos speaks and the Eastertide of a new life rises within his own soul. He flings the poison away and goes out among his fellowmen. The Path is long, for Faust takes the brain-mind way, but never again shall the Christos be crucified and sealed within the tomb.

And Goethe gives us also a picture of Margaret, who, like Faust, travels far along the Path that leads to despair; Faust, the victim of cold intellectuality, its tyranny all misunderstood; Margaret, the victim of her own emotional nature, the tyranny of which became to her merely temptation. But the soul speaks to both, and the barriers are broken. The stone is rolled away, the Christos has risen. Margaret, through her faith and intuition, rose to the heights in a single hour. With Faust

it was a work of fifty years. The two stand before us as typical of humanity's wanderings and release.

It is thus that the Eastertide comes into the heart of each—or may—if we choose. There come times to all of us when life flows on chill and even, with little of inspiration or uplift. Then, some day, the sun of a higher ideal shines upon us. We are conscious, all at once, of the limitations within our own nature, the walls that hedge us in. We begin to realize something of that which is greater than knowledge, that which is revelation. It is the voice of the soul. But the soul cannot express itself. It cannot speak. A thousand customs, a thousand old prejudices, a thousand habits of mind have sealed it as in a tomb. And then, for the first time, perhaps, we discover the real meaning of the gospel of Christ crucified, for daily upon our hearts lies the knowledge and the realization that we have crucified the soul, that we have sealed it within a sepulcher of our own lower impulses and our common life. What shall roll away the stone?

It is easy, after the winter's chill and grayness to rise into something very like gratitude with the first returning of the birds. Something even greater than joy comes to us as the spring comes with its blue sky and flowers. Why should Eastertide persist as a religious festival, year after year, bringing to all minds a deeper feeling of unity and strengthening the bond between man and man? Because it is the symbol of the greatest thing in the world, the coming forth of the soul to take its place as Leader and Guide of life. It is the putting away of the old and the taking on of the new; but only to him that overcometh is given this boon. The Eastertide of life comes only after the death of the personality—that bundle of likes and dislikes and fears. Our Eastertides mark the times that the soul speaks and the Christos steps forth.

The Gospel narrative of the crucifixion and the resurrection of the Christ is but symbolic of that revelation and stepping forth that may come to every one, not once a lifetime, nor once a year, but every hour if we will. Every moment may bring us the Eastertide of spiritual growth. Have we not, as women, a duty in this regard that we cannot neglect and live true? It is woman who stands close to the home center; it is woman who is the eternal guardian of the home life; it is upon woman that the law itself has laid the charge to keep the fire of pure ideals alight in the homes of men. It is we who stand closest to the children of the world; they look to us for their ideals, for the very light that shall guide. What are we that we do not rise in the fulness of our womanhood and roll away the stone from the tomb in which we have buried that which is purest, that which is wisest, and that which is best in our own natures? Katherine Tingley would give to the women of the world the power to make of every day an Eastertide, of every obstacle a stepping-stone, of every battle a victory, the power to see behind every cloud the sun still shining, the power to create and hold within one's own heart the Eternal Sunrise.

STUDENT

A Chinese Woman Reformer

IT is noticeable that a Chinese reform paper has just been issued in New York city, which purports to be the organ of the Chinese Empire Reform Association. The leading editorial of the first issue was written by a Chinese woman, Miss Kang Hong Bac, the gifted daughter of Kang Yu Wei, the leader of the Reform movement in China. Miss Kang Hong Bac outlines, in this article, the aims of the reformers, and makes the strong statement "that the only hope for the success of the plans of the reformers lies in deposing the Empress Dowager and placing the Emperor, the true ruler, on the throne."

It will be remembered that the father of this young lady, Kang Yu Wei, was the former adviser of the Emperor of China, and it was his efforts to reform the old empire that brought on the Boxer revolt of 1900. This caused the Empress Dowager to imprison her son, the Emperor, and put a price on the head of Kang Yu Wei. Friends assisted Kang Yu Wei to escape from the country, and he fled to Ceylon; he is now in China again, a prisoner, but, it is said, under English protection. Kang Yu Wei's learning is so great that he has been termed "The modern Confucius." The daughter, Miss Kang Hong Bac, is preparing for Wellesley. E.

IN an address recently given in the rooms of the Royal Society of British Artists, London, the lecturer said in regard to Joan of Arc and her spirit guides: "In the whole range of human history there is no figure quite so remarkable. She was both soldier and spotless saint. She had the generalship, the insight, of a statesman, and the ability to baffle the court of ecclesiastics who used their forensic arts to entrap her. All these gifts were combined in a simple village maiden in her teens. The phrase, "a heaven-sent warrior," might appear to be a contradiction in terms, but let us study universal laws from the soul standpoint and not from a parochial standpoint. There is no doubt that Joan of Arc, in common with all of those who have really been true teachers, was prepared for her mission by those whose voices are not heard by humanity in general, nor by those who struggle and quarrel and keep themselves immersed in the personalities of life."

THERE was recently posted in the Corn Exchange National Bank in Chicago a notice which states that employees of the bank receiving a salary of less than a thousand dollars a year cannot marry without first consulting the bank officials and obtaining their approval.

The officials state that this was by no means intended to discourage matrimony, but that it was absurd for any one of the class from which their employees are drawn to attempt to support a wife and family on less than a thousand dollars a year in a city like Chicago. There are signs and signs, and this is but one of the straws which show that the wind is blowing toward the ounce of prevention and away from the pound of cure.

THERE are extant but two satisfactory translations of the superb old Celtic Sagas, the Welsh *Mabynogion* and the Irish *Cuchulain*. Both of these very difficult translations, it is worthy of note, were made by women, Lady Gregory and Lady Charlotte Guest.

The Wheel of Time

NOW that Joan of Arc has been made a saint, it is interesting to recall the amount of expert opinion which held her to be in service of the *devil*—indeed, of *three devils*. Sixteen Doctors of Divinity sat on her case, and over them presided a great theological magnate, specially appointed by the Holy Inquisition. This tribunal furthermore consulted three bishops and fifty theologians, and then the whole lot adjudged her guilty of heresy and sorcery.

The verdict was finally approved by the learned theological faculty of the University of Paris. Could anything be more complete? The last body was so clear about the matter that it was even able to "spot" which particular demons helped the maid in her deplorable career of sorcery.

These were Satan, Belial and Behemoth.

And now, in the face of all this she is being made a saint; by the same church which caused her to be burned! And the proofs of the saintship are those very miracles which were formerly proofs of diabolical witchcraft! C.



AN IRISH LOTUS BUD

O CHILD! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! On thy head
The glory of the morn is shed.
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.
— Longfellow

heroism has come to the surface because of this calamity that might otherwise have remained unnoticed and unknown.

ACCORDING to one of our exchanges, Judge Tuley of Chicago recently declared in a divorce case which came under his jurisdiction, this somewhat astonishing principle, "The duty of a husband is to make a wife obey him; to exercise corrective sternness when necessary and show that he is the master of the house. It is not necessary to beat her," the Judge declared, "but he should take hold of her sharply and correct her!"

If husbands were absolutely perfect beings, capable of holding an ideal position as teacher, guardian, protector and guide; if they were able to remain all the time upon a high and noble pedestal, this plan might work beautifully, but —

MONTANA is represented on the Board of Lady Managers for the St. Louis Exposition by Mrs. Daly of Anaconda. It is said that her husband has given her unrestricted control of his property, which is rated at many tens of millions, such is his confidence in her business sagacity. Mrs. Daly dispenses a large fortune every year in philanthropy.

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Babylon and the Bible—Facts and Dogmas That Disagree

WE have already drawn attention to the remarkable sermon on the "Unearthing of Extinct Civilizations," delivered by the Rev. Newton Mann and reported in *Unity*. The references to Babylon in this sermon are no less important than the remarks upon Egypt. The preacher shows very conclusively that every age has learned from the ages which preceded it, and that nothing but the most inexcusable superstition can still preserve the belief that the history of humanity is divided into two clean-cut portions, one being illuminated by divine guidance and the other being without such illumination. Our knowledge of divinity has grown from age to age, not through interposition of an external deity, but through the promptings of an internal light which has never failed to meet and illuminate the aspirations of men.

Mr. Mann reminds us that explorations upon the site of Babylon began about 1850, and the results have been of surprising interest. The descriptions given by Heroditus have been shown to be in no way exaggerated, the strength and splendor of the city having been very great. The vast quantities of inscriptions which have come to light enable us to judge accurately of the public and domestic life of these people, to go with them into their homes and to understand the life which they led in nearly all its details. We find that they also shared the universal belief that the world had once been sinless and will be so again. Upon one of the Babylonian tablets is the story of this first and sinless race, and this tablet is made of surpassing interest by the fact that it had evidently been examined by some Egyptian scholar whose red ink markings are still visible. Upon other tablets is the story of a flood from which, says the preacher, "the much younger Hebrew story is quite obviously made up." The Babylonian record tells us that the man who was saved from this flood was directed to "build a ship of certain dimensions, to coat it thoroughly with pitch, and to put on board of it his entire family, together with the seeds of all living things." The ship is stranded upon a mountain, and the mariner, the Babylonian Noah, is represented as saying: "On the seventh day I took forth a dove and released it; the dove flew hither and thither, but finding no resting place returned." Then a swallow is sent forth and finally a raven, and as the latter does not return the inmates of the ship assume that the land is once more dry. To understand the significance of this story, we must remember that it is far older than the Biblical account. Are we to be told by a Twentieth century de Mirville that these tablets were made by the devil for the purpose of discounting in advance the then unwritten records of Moses?

Much of the social life of the Babylonians was intensely interesting. The 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th of a certain month named upon the tablets were to be kept absolutely free from work, and Delitzsch very properly points out that we have here the unquestionable origin of the Jewish Sabbath. The practice of medicine was attended by many curious observances. It was assumed that there could be no sickness without sin and no cure without reform. The physician would diagnose the disease by enquiring, "Hath this man refused to clothe one that was naked? Hath he refused light to one in prison?" Such ideas would doubtless seem sufficiently crude to the medical colleges of today. They have, none the less, a very marked sublimity of their own, and it may be that there is a very wonderful and a very scientific philosophy underlying them.

Mr. Mann says well that the bearing on religious thought of the discoveries in these long buried cities is too clear to need indication. "Any good thing traced up to that source loses nothing of its charm, for truth and beauty and goodness owe nothing to newness or to age or to place of origin, but remain always and everywhere divine." His concluding remarks are so admirable that we quote them for the benefit of those who suppose that the spade of the archeologist is likely to disturb the Ark of the Covenant. He says:

Such is the plain, common-sense view of the matter; but in this, as in every case when something definite comes to light regarding the origin and composition of the Scriptures, the conservatives raise a great hullabaloo, as though the foundations

of religion were being overturned by sacrilegious hands. The notion seems to prevail with the old guard that as soon as anything is found out it ceases to be holy, that the only way to preserve the sanctities is to hedge them about with mysteries, to set up signs at every angle, "Keep off the grass!" to close the avenues of approach to all whose enquiring turn of mind would lead them to clear up any of the sacred fog that has so long hung about the subject.

The revelations at Babylon have, of course, been dealt with somewhat extensively by H. P. Blavatsky, who shows many of the leading inferences which may be drawn from them. It is all the more gratifying to find that the intelligent thought of the Christian world is being directed into these channels. The result must be a very distinct advance to the cause of true religion, and as such it ought to be welcomed. X.

"There Were Giants in Those Days"

A REPORT comes from Nevada to the effect that some workmen have discovered parts of a human skeleton which must have belonged to a man nearly eleven feet in height. Those who have studied the writings of H. P. Blavatsky will remember her contention, based upon archaic Theosophic science, that humanity was once of colossal size. This is, of course, ignored by orthodox science, but a collection of testimony as to the accuracy of her statement would be found to possess a very unexpected weight. Upon this point the scriptures of the whole world are nearly unanimous, and we have also the evidence of Roman and other ancient writers who were familiar with the discoveries of their own day. The occasional finds which are made today, such as that which is now reported from Nevada, are not without their importance, and are useful links in a chain of evidence which has not yet received the attention which it deserves. STUDENT

Interesting Egyptian Discovery—Tomb of Queen Hatshepsu

TO the American archeologist, Mr. Theodore M. Davis, belongs the credit for the discovery of the tomb of Queen Hatshepsu, the builder of the beautiful temple of Derelbahari. The report says that the two sarcophagi are of hard sandstone polished like copper, and covered with beautifully formed hieroglyphics. One contained a mummy of Hatshepsu and of her father, Thothmes. The first lids of the sarcophagi lie on the floor. Hatshepsu's mummy may be found in one of the unexplored side passages of the tombs, where perhaps it was deposited for the sake of safety in time of danger. The chamber is 40 by 50 feet long. Several side chambers are still filled with fallen rock and rubbish, but it can be seen they are paneled with blocks of fine limestone. The tomb is close to that of Thothmes, fourth King of the Eighteenth dynasty.

A Neolithic Englishman Found Way Down Below

THE skeleton of a prehistoric man has been found near Cheddar, in England. The skull could only be removed in small pieces, but it is evident that it belonged to a man who lived between the paleolithic and the neolithic ages. The bones of the leg have the peculiar flattening which is characteristic of that period. Describing this discovery the *Midland Herald* says the frontal-bone of the skull is thicker than that of the present day, whilst over the eyes a decided boss of bone demonstrates that the brows were very prominent. The height of the man was about 5 feet 5¾ inches. Near by were a large number of flint flakes and knives. STUDENT

Remarkable Discovery of Arrow Heads in Kansas

DURING the sinking of a shaft on the Weir Junction Coal Co.'s land near Kansas City a rudely made wooden box was found more than fifty feet below the surface. The box contained three flint arrow heads, two of them being unfinished. The remarkable feature of this discovery is that it lay under two beds of coal which had been undisturbed. The age of these particular coal beds is of course a matter for scientific determination, but even at the lowest computation it would indicate human life at a period more remote than is usually supposed.

Nature

Studies

Nature's Healing Power

WHO can tell how scenes of peace and quietude sink into the minds of pain-worn dwellers in close and noisy places, and carry their own freshness deep into their jaded hearts. Men who have lived in crowded, pent-up streets, through lives of toil, and who have never wished for change; men, to whom custom has indeed become second nature, and who have come almost to love each brick and stone that formed the narrow boundaries of their daily walks; even they, with the hand of death upon them, have been known to yearn at last for one short glimpse of Nature's face; and, carried far from the scenes of their old pains and pleasures, have seemed to pass at once into a new state of being. Crawling forth, from day to day, to some green sunny spot, they have had such memories awakened up within them by the sight of sky, and hill, and plain, and glistening water, that a foretaste of heaven itself has soothed their quick decline, and they have sunk into their tombs, as peacefully as the sun, whose setting they watched from their lonely chamber window but a few hours before, faded from their dim and feeble sight!

The memories which peaceful country scenes call up are not of this world, nor of its thoughts or hopes. Their gentle influence may teach us how to weave fresh garlands for the graves of those we loved; may purify our thoughts, and bear down before it old enmity and hatred; but beneath all this there lingers, in the least reflective mind, a vague and half-formed consciousness of having held such feelings long before, in some remote and distant time, which calls up solemn thoughts of distant times to come, and bends down pride and worldliness beneath it.—*Charles Dickens*

TO THE beasts it seemeth a strange thing to see the laws of men broken most by those who make them; for the beasts obey the laws of Zeus and whoever leads the herd walks in the path the others are to follow, and doth not, as men do, strive to walk in one path and drive the herd in another.—*From the Ancient*

Interesting Facts About Bird Migration

MR. W. EAGLE CLARKE, a well-known English authority on the migration of birds, has just gone through a month's stay on a lightship, 21 miles from the coast, in order to pursue his favorite study. It has usually been held that birds direct their migrations by sight, and that the great heights to which they rise are for that purpose.

Mr. Clarke's investigations dispose of this view. For though he supports the statements of the great heights to which birds sometimes rise, he finds that they do not depend on elevation for finding their way. During all the time that he was on the Kentish Knock Lightship "the migrants of every species flew close to the water. Yet whatever the weather or state of the sea they kept a straight and apparently unerring course for the coast twenty-one miles distant."

He concludes that they have a sense missing in us—the "sense of direction." Phrasing his idea otherwise, we should suggest that they sense the lines of the earth's magnetic currents, and travel along them.

TANGLED IN STARS

by ETHELWYN WETHERALD

TANGLED in stars and spirit-steeped in dew,
The city worker to his desk returns,
While 'mid the stony streets remembrance huras.
Like honeysuckle running through and through
A barren hedge he lifts his load anew,
And carries it amid the thronging feras
And crowding leaves of memory, while years
Above him once again the open blue.

His letter-littered desk goes up in flowers;
The world recedes, and backward dreamily
Come days and nights like jewels rare and few,
And while the consciousness of those bright hours
Abides with him, we know him yet to be
Tangled in stars and spirit-steeped in dew.



THE PAPYRUS PLANT

Signs of Summer in the North

NOW that it is warmer and spring seems near at hand, even in the northern States, the sparrows are making housekeeping plans and are quite busy working and talking over things in general.

During the severely cold weather the poor little things had hard work to get enough to eat and we had a flock of about fifty that were fed daily by a member of our family. One bird seemed to keep watch while the others were hunting food near by, and when the grain or scraps of bread and meat were thrown down, that one simply dropped from the tree he was in to the ground, and you would think that the others had eyes all around their heads, so quickly did they sense the fact by seeing their watcher drop, that food was at hand, and fly to their dining-table under the tree.

One friend said she was sure she had been feeding over two hundred birds all winter. They certainly have some way of letting each other know where the good feeding grounds are. When she first began feeding them only a few that lived near by came and then the others learned and gradually the numbers grew. Even a bluejay came for his share, and while he was in evidence the sparrows hovered about in the trees, scolding him, I suppose, for eating too much. After taking what he wanted he let the sparrows come back and eat in peace, which I am sure was very kind of him.

DRYAD

We live among unheard Niagaras,
The force that pushes up the meadow grass,
That smelts to ampler roundness ripening fruit,
That lifts the brier rose; were it not mute,
Would thunder o'er the green earth's sunlit tracts
More loudly than a myriad cataracts.

—*Ethelwyn Wetherald*

The Powers of Leaves

A GERMAN botanist has been publishing the results of his experiments on the propagation of plants by means of their leaves. It appears that the leaves of an extraordinary number of plants are capable, under proper conditions, of generating roots.

Hitherto only a few have been known to have this power, such as Gloxinia. But Herr Lindemuth has obtained success with sixty-four species, including fox-glove, musk, tomato and vine. The attempt must be made at a proper time of the year, and the roots are thrown down in from one to two weeks. It is curious that in the great majority of cases—all but five of Herr Lindemuth's plants—the leaves are only able to form roots, not buds. That is, they can just maintain their own existence.

In one case, a species of citrus, the leaves rooted and then persisted unchanged for years. It is evident that in the gradual specialization of functions, the leaves of most plants have handed over their developmental energy to the flower, retaining only a small part for themselves. In the case of cactus, that which is ordinarily called leaf, is a stem; the leaves being represented by the spines. And here the stem retains the developmental energy to the full. STUDENT

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THERE was a good audience at Isis Theatre last Sunday evening at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and a program that was at once highly interesting, instructive and attractive. The musical numbers by students of the Isis Conservatory were of special excellence, being very highly appreciated by the large audience. The address of Mr. Dunn on "Liberty," was paid the tribute of the closest attention by his hearers, who frequently emphasized their approval of his remarks by unstinted applause. In the course of his address Mr. Dunn said:

"Every one values personal liberty, or freedom—for without it our human nature would find little room for growth and expansion. The advance of civilization has been marked by a series of efforts, on the part of the people, to throw off the yoke of worn-out institutions and governments, thereby attaining freedom to establish a new social order. This, in its turn, has become obsolete, and again the cry of freedom had to be raised. It has been answered differently by different races of people. The problem was this—having obtained freedom, what shall be done with it?"

"Some of the brightest pages of history, and some of the darkest, have been written while that question was being answered. All the good and evil forces in human life have risen up in full vigor, locked in deadly conflict for supremacy. A new social order *bad* to be constructed on the ruins of the old; hence the struggle between the good and evil forces to decide which should hold the reins of power.

"Right here we come up against the restricting hand of Nature, whose children we are. In this respect we are absolute slaves to the great law of being—for what freedom *can* we have but freedom to obey the laws of life, violation of which brings such terrible penalties? Is it possible for a man to escape the action of these higher forces on human life, seeing that with every deed performed we actually use those forces as motive power? Surely, a man must stand or fall by the motive that inspires him. There are many people who imagine that liberty means, 'Do as you please.' They seem to possess an indolent carelessness (which they term independence) as to the direction in which their stream of life is flowing—forgetting that though nature is indulgent up to a certain point, she purges with fire when mental weaknesses reach the stage of moral disease.

"On the other hand, we are all familiar with how Nature rewards those who approach her with right mental attitude and sincere desire for fuller life.

"Now, there is, in the mind of every one, a vast store of intuitive, unformed thought, which demands room for growth. When this unformed thought is fostered, and room made for it in the mind by the fire of aspiration, it becomes transformed into those living ideals that make man a God and master of his fate.

"Reasoning, as a rule, leads nowhere. In that mental process our thought force

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Mr. Dunn Delivered an Able Address on the Subject of 'Liberty' ---An Excellent Musical Program

Reprinted from the San Diego News

is spun out in a thin line of successive ideals, over an orbit like that of the far-away planet Saturn circling round the sun, and never towards it. Inspired ideals go straight to the sun and reveal the presence of the Soul. We then act as from the central sun itself, and centralize all thought and feeling upon present duty. We become spon-

taneously unselfish to the extent we live from the Soul within. There can be none amongst us who has not felt, at some supreme moment, the absolute truth of St. Paul's words, 'Know ye not ye are Gods.' Wherever we find a human life that is so charged with purpose and spiritual energy that it is incapable of doubt or mental indolence, I think we may be certain that that life is an active and positive focus of the higher life of Being. Such moral vitality gives power and unity of thought to the mind, as physical health gives strength to the body.

Now, Theosophy teaches that the starting point of all true action is the *oneness* of all living Beings. This is not a far-away dream yet to be realized, but a present-moment fact that is crushing mind and body to the ground, because of our daily strife to live in a contrary direction.

"Liberty in its true sense is a time of golden opportunity to rebuild our lives upon a nobler and broader foundation.

"There may come a time when Liberty will have passed us by, and present opportunity to choose a higher life be postponed until later years, or possibly to later lives. History reveals that Liberty is not always on earth—the passions of men have again and again shut her out from human sight.

"Today we again stand at the parting of the ways—again we have the golden opportunity to enter the stream of onward life and partake of its treasures. Medieval theologies no longer inspire the nations. When blindly accepted they engender only fear and total paralysis of the God-sent faculties of mind and heart.

"It does not seem possible to conceive of a baser form of slavery than that which prevents the use of the highest organs of the mind. It would appear that, although no Inquisition threatens present-day liberty of thought, men still sit enchanted before the gigantic fear imposed upon them by the past and present enemies of Humanity.

"Although the kingdom of the soul exists, and its gateways stand wide open as always, they are practically non-existent to the man whose mind is asleep.

"But given the living faith of belief in man's divinity, and the courage to take the first step from darkness into light, there is then established a mental condition which will inevitably open our perception to the glorious light which burns in the heart.

"No longer, then, will our ship of life swing this way and that in the turmoils of earth's stormy existence, but the awakened compass of clear perception will ever point to the positive pole of human perfection."

Lotus Groups, Groningen, Holland

From Groningen, Holland, comes a report of the work being done in the Lotus Groups in the study of the English language. The report is accompanied by a number of the leaflets used by the children and they are an inspiration to one who reads them. Katherine Tingley's Raja Yoga teachings have done their work, and to those of us who recall the days when our intellectual horizon was bounded by "I see a rat" and "See the dog run," the little leaflets with their high and exquisitely expressed ideals are certainly a revelation. The following are extracts from them:

LOTUS CLASS IN ENGLISH—1st Lesson: "Happy Little Sunbeams," I am very happy, We are very happy, A Lotus Bud is a happy little boy or girl, Happy little sunbeams, Father Sun and Mother Moon, The sky is blue, The garment of Mother Earth is green, The sunbeams dart through the blue, All of us have a work to do, Even little boys and girls can help the great world, The sunbeams shine at their brightest; Happy hearts, bright faces; The rays of the sun are yellow, Each of us is a ray of the true Sun, Happy children have radiant eyes, The warrior is with radiance clad, The rainbow has seven colors, The Golden Age is nigh when we do our whole duty; The sight of men is darkened by selfish thoughts, so that they cannot see the things divine; Men have lost the way the Wise Ones have shown to them, therefore we must lead the Raja Yoga life to help them to find back again the way to life eternal; By good unselfish thoughts we make our lives divine, by bad and selfish thoughts we make the world unhappy; Song:

Happy little sunbeams, darting through the blue,

Children of light, let us go forth into the world and render noble service to all that live.

Homestead Decorations Completed

THE decoration of the rotunda of the Homestead is steadily progressing, the wall-painting is now finished and the floor-cloth, both of which represent a considerable amount of work and are quite original both in the method employed and in the result obtained. The general color scheme is delicate and luminous, the dominant tone being a light sky blue with a harmonious arrangement of shades of violet reaching to a touch of deep purple in the center of the carpet. There is a certain suggestion of Egyptian style in the somewhat severe lines of the design used on the ground floor, where the predominance of vertical lines recalls the familiar lotus patterns so frequently employed in Egyptian decoration, but it is no more than a suggestion, for the designs are original in form and color and adapted to the peculiarities of the architecture, which is in a style of its own not to be definitely classed under any precise architectural style.

The floor-cloth, which is of canvas, has been treated with dyes specially prepared by an expert dyer and applied with the brush by the artists direct, so that it has been possible to carry out an entirely original design suited to the peculiar requirements of the building and in perfect harmony with the wall-painting. Perhaps the most effective part of the work is the decoration of the two cupolas, which flank the great dome, and which suggest the swirl of clouds swept by the wind, the design being full of "movement," which is more or less repeated in the radiating lines of the floor design.

The flags of many nations are grouped around in clusters on long staffs rising from escutcheons placed on the columns and these form a suggestive object lesson. They represent the international character of The Universal Brotherhood, and their crude

strong colors seem to appeal to the building in which they are gathered to harmonize them. When one sees these emblems of national pride in this beautiful and harmonious building one feels how the old idea of self-aggrandizement which has so long stood for the highest ideal of patriotism is but a small and poor thing compared with the grander ideal of International Brotherhood which is to be the future ideal of nations. When this ideal is fully accepted, I think that the crudity of the colors now used for national flags will be felt to be out of date, and these emblems will be made of such beautiful shades of color that when brought together they will all harmonize and blend with one another and with the most beautiful buildings in which they may be placed; a result that today is only attained by the harmonizing touch of time.

Seeing the collection of battered trophies that hang for instance in the *Hotel des Invalides*, one feels that they have been brought into harmony through war and exposure to storms and sunshine, as if nothing else could tone down their aggressive egotism. May not the touch of brotherhood bring about this harmony by other means both in the flags and in the nations represented by them? OBSERVER

Raja Yoga Teaches Self-Control

WHEREVER our Raja Yoga children of Loma-land have been, people have been struck by that atmosphere and charm which they carry with them and diffuse around. There is about them an evident happiness and repose, a balance of powers, a dignity, a freedom from constraint, an absence of restlessness and physical uneasiness, and many other shades of character which it would exhaust a dictionary to define. We, who have seen it, know it better than we can describe.

And it is even more instructive to watch the change that comes over a child received into the Raja Yoga School from outside. At first he or she is noticeable by the marked difference of bearing and expression, perhaps of vanity, or it may be of ill temper, by restlessness, bad carriage, and all the innumerable marks of the laxness and sluggishness and self-indulgence that are permitted by the majority of parents. But after a while the child looks as if it had *gotten rid of something*.

How real that *something* is, only those know who have had the opportunity to study the process of getting rid of it by the easy (because intelligent) method taught by Katherine Tingley.

It is no figure of speech to say that each one of us has "visitors" or second selves which intrude upon our real Self and share our lives, thwarting our good intentions and making life uncomfortable. But in the world, alas! neither religion nor science can teach us how to distinguish between the true and the false in our character. The essential dualism of human nature, that most ancient and eternal of truths, is nowhere taught scientifically or accepted as an actual fact. In ordinary religious teaching, the higher part or Soul of man is made unreal, separated from life, and relegated to a speculative existence beyond the grave. Consequently this Soul cannot be appealed to as a ready and present champion of good and strength. And again there is the emasculating teaching, so often inveighed against in these pages, that human nature is hopelessly evil and can only be saved by outside help.

And if we pass from conventional religion to the authorities of "intellectual," "scientific" or "rational" culture, we find ourselves in no better case. For, while science concerns itself only with the grosser physical manifestations of life, philosophy is both hopelessly divided against itself and lost in the mazes of logical confusion. Hence the world has no practical common-sense philosophy of life to teach its children; and such teachings as it can give do not square with the facts, which the child soon finds out, gaining a lasting mistrust of his teachers thereby.

To parents the human nature is not dual, but one. They do not understand how to address the higher nature—that is, the *real* self—of the child; and they do not perceive when there is a "visitor" on deck. This failure to discriminate between the true and false selves is indicated by such sayings as "*You are in a temper*," instead of "*You have let a little enemy get control*."

The child never learns that it is a Soul, pure and strong, and that its failings are intrusive forces, which can be subdued or driven out; and so it grows to maturity with the good and evil still sharing the throne of its life, and the intrusive forces become so deeply rooted in the character that it is most difficult afterwards to expel them. But, teach your child from the start that the real self is pure and strong, show it how to separate itself from the intrusive forces (the false selves); and the habit of mastery at once takes firm root and grows as the child grows, overcoming every obstacle.

Here, then, we have the secret of the balance, control and repose of children trained under this system. Self-control, mastery over one's own faculties, is the prime requisite in education. Without it no amount of accomplishment is of much avail; with it anything can be learnt and acquired.

Now listen to the following typical extract from the domestic page of a widely read newspaper, and see if there is not an urgent cry for Raja Yoga training:

"What is there in this wide world to compare with the bright face of a boy, and what a many sided problem he presents! To be sure he does not appreciate being regarded as a problem; indeed, he would rather be left alone than suffer the attentions of those fussy folks who ostentatiously try to 'solve' him.

"The fond mother exhibiting and 'explaining' him to her casual visitor does

not realize that the shuffling feet and uneasy demeanor are the outward and visible sign of a flood of resentment and wounded love, which surges through the boy's heart to think that his own mother should understand him so little, and it would be well for parents to realize the fact that such unwise proceedings do not strengthen the bond of affection.

"Then as to that little word 'don't,' which is his especial bugbear, it is probable that the possibilities of a lad going astray in after years are proportional to the number of times this word is used to him over trivial matters of natural activity. The remedy for misdirected activity is not the word 'don't,' but the word 'do;' that is to say, give his energy some legitimate outlet. Every boy longs to be appreciated and to be of use, and care should be exercised to provide him with indoor and outdoor spheres of real, useful activity."

The writer continues with advice to avoid unnecessary "don'ts," to appeal to reason, and to be just; but there is evidently a sad need for some real knowledge on the part of the parents to stimulate and direct their efforts. What to "don't" is easy to see, but what to "do" is another matter. The parents themselves have learnt by gradual experience to adopt some kind of compromise, more or less consciously hypocritical, between right and expediency. But the child is still full of natural impulses, good and bad; he does not see the necessity for doing this or that, nor realize the urgency of social conventions.

In fact, that bright face that our writer speaks of tells of an essential moral health that the parent does not recognize, and will soon snub out or suffer to languish from want of recognition.

How to preserve that bright face, indicative of man's divine origin as of his eternal destinies, is what Raja Yoga teaches. X.

The Dawn of a New Day

THE dawn of every day is heralded by a bright star known as Lucifer, a name meaning light-bringer. Every new period in the world's career is announced by a herald of the light, when our knowledge and beliefs receive an added impetus and extension. Every one in Christian lands has heard of the star of Bethlehem and knows it refers to that particular light-bringer, Jesus, the Christ. All ages and peoples have had their own heralds of the truth, who announced the old, old truths of man's unity, divinity and immortality as souls. They existed as men, but lived as gods, showing the great example of a true and unselfish life as the way immortal, divine souls should all try to live if they wished, as they ought, to realize the dignity of their calling—souls, and true position in life. Our present age has had such teachers in H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, who have passed on, and our present great world-teacher, Katherine Tingley. They have again awakened humanity to a knowledge of their immense past as reincarnating souls, and announced the dawn of a new golden age for humanity. But all of us have to realize that we are souls by a study of their teachings and work for humanity, and by trying greatly to live as souls, for it is the soul that knows the soul. What they have taught and are doing is making it possible for us to live and ultimately to know of a certainty that we are souls and not mere bodies. But the dawn of the new age for each one of us is felt within ourselves, in our own hearts. The knocking of the soul is being felt by us in that inner urge to be true, to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with our God. How often now-a-days we feel the urge to be restrained in our thoughts and words about our neighbor, and how uncomfortable we oftener feel after disobeying instead of resisting the impulse to anger and selfishness. Are not these hints of the soul's awakening in the heart of humanity? If only one felt such, it is a sign of something higher and better for us all. But very many feel so, and it is these urgings which are the heralds of the dawn.

Theosophy has inspired mankind with angelic hope, "who makes him angel, whom she leads," as Emerson says, and awakened us to a knowledge of the evil and wrong in the world and the sorrow and pain and misery they cause. Theosophy has informed us of the other side of life, the true side, and proclaims love and brotherhood as the panacea and the only one, for curing the world of evil and wrong and their attendant results. It has announced to all our oneness in origin and our divine nature as souls. It bids us stand up as souls, insist upon it that we are divine souls and think, and think for ourselves. No truth is a real truth to us till we have thought it out for ourselves, and when we so think for ourselves, instead of accepting what others say and tell us in books and papers, what a different world this will be! Up to a certain degree we must listen to what others say or write, but we cannot *know* the truth if we do not think it over well. To think well is to act differently. Theosophy bids us to think because it will enable us to see clearer and to do better and to keep pace with the change that the thinkers, the true thinkers are causing in our midst. The old order is rapidly changing, giving place to the new order of things. The new day will be a day of brotherhood, consideration for the welfare of others rather than the grab-all, beggar-my-neighbor method of the past. The new day is to be a life of joy wherever the urge of the universal soul of the world has ousted the selfishness of the past. It must come now and it is our part to prepare for it by thinking, and thinking till we know we are immortal divine souls, with a godlike power and purpose in life. This will bring the knowledge of our oneness, our unity with all souls. S. A. A.

MRS. GRANT stood at the florist's counter drinking in fragrance and beauty. It was the day before Easter, and there were great clusters of Easter lilies among the sweet peas, roses and carnations. Standing outside was another woman whose dark, haggard eyes were fastened hungrily upon a jar of Easter lilies in the window.

There was something in the face that at once aroused Mrs. Grant's interest and sympathy, an expression of suffering and heart-hunger mingled with angry and obstinate resolve. She watched the face, which under other circumstances might have been very attractive, for some moments, until the great bunch of lilies she had purchased was placed in her hands by the clerk. When she went out, the woman still stood gazing at the lilies in the window.

"They are lovely, aren't they?" said Mrs. Grant, stopping beside her.

The woman turned a sullen, frowning face toward her, stepping back suspiciously.

"You look as though you loved them," said Mrs. Grant, smiling kindly.

The woman looked at her steadily for a moment. The tears gathered slowly in her eyes. "Yes, I do love them," she said, with a half-sob. "It's been so long since I've had any. They make me think of home."

"Yes, I came from the country, too. You will let me give you some of mine, won't you?"

An eager look came into the weary eyes, as the woman held out her hand; but suddenly withdrawing it, the frown returned, and she said almost harshly, "I never take things from anybody. I earn all I have."

"O, of course; but flowers! that's different, you know. Everybody gives and receives flowers. I've really more than I can conveniently carry. Perhaps you wouldn't mind helping me carry them home—it isn't far?"

"Yes, I'll do that," replied the other readily.

Mrs. Grant divided the fragrant burden and they walked up the street together. Reaching her door, they entered, and, pushing an easy-chair toward her visitor, Mrs. Grant said brightly, "Won't you rest a few minutes while I put my lilies in water?"

The woman sat down, still holding the lilies she had carried. She looked about the pretty room. There was nothing luxurious or expensive, but dainty curtains and cushions, books and a few good pictures, made it all attractive and homelike. A deep sigh caused Mrs. Grant to turn around suddenly.

"O," said the other, looking at her with brimming eyes, "I didn't mean to be rude to you, but—O, everything is so miserable. I wasn't always poor—and when I married I expected a home as nice as this."

"And things haven't gone so well as you expected?" inquired Mrs. Grant kindly, sitting down near her.

The woman paused.

"I'm just desperate," she said, "and what's more, I'm not going to stand it any longer."

"But what is it that is so unbearable? I am very sorry for you, for I have suffered much myself. If you feel as if you could tell me, I might be able to help you in some way. I wish I might."

"You can't; nobody can. When a woman is always put aside for a cross old mother and two stepchildren, she can't be very happy."

"I suppose not," murmured Mrs. Grant, gazing pityingly into the flushed face.

"No, I guess not," said the woman emphatically. "It was so unpleasant; and then my husband lost his position, and finally I had to take in sewing to get food. And it's just gone on for five years, from bad to worse. I can't stand it any longer."

"Can you not, in some way, change things?"

✿ Easter Lilies ✿

"No, I can't change them, but I can get away from them myself—and I shall."

"And leave the others there to suffer alone?" "That's nothing to me," said the woman sullenly. "They've made me suffer enough—I despise them all. I expected to be happy when I married, and I have been perfectly wretched."

Mrs. Grant sat in thoughtful silence. Then she said softly, "Has it never occurred to you that the sweet way of finding happiness for ourselves is to work for the happiness of others?"

The woman ceased sobbing, and looked wonderingly at Mrs. Grant.

"You will permit me to speak plainly—as if you were my own daughter or sister—will you not? I, too, once thought a great deal about my own happiness and very little about that of others. Sorrow taught me my mistake, and now since I do not care for my own happiness and try all the time to make others happy, I find that my life is full of joy."

"I don't know what you mean," stammered the woman; then with a return of bitterness, "Of course, like everybody else, you think I'm to blame for everything."

"No, dear; one party seldom is entirely to blame for any trouble. But if one party will act in such a way as to be blameless, the other party will generally, after a time, try to do the same. Might it not be worth while to try it?"

"But—but—" said the woman helplessly, "I don't know how—to begin."

"O, it isn't so difficult," smiled Mrs. Grant. "Just go home and do all you can to make each one in the family happy."

"Well, maybe I can; I never thought of it that way before. I see now."

"We are all like that, dear, until we get wakened up in some way. It is good for us to suffer if it makes us wiser and better. You have a splendid chance before you to show what you are capable of doing and enduring, and what strength of purpose and character there is in you. Did your husband drink before your home became so unhappy?"

"No," admitted the woman reluctantly.

Two hours later Jane Ellis left Mrs. Grant's door with a brighter face than she had worn for many months.

In her hands she was carrying Easter lilies to the old sick mother and some pretty books for the two little girls.

A year passed away and on the evening before Easter, Jane Ellis came again to the house of Mrs. Grant, bringing her a sheaf of fragrant, white lilies.

She was becomingly attired and accompanied by a tall, well-appearing man, whose every glance toward his wife showed admiration and devotion.

"And to think," said Mrs. Ellis, holding Mrs. Grant's hand at parting, and with tears—this time of joy—in her eyes—"to think what you have done for us. My husband is the best in the world; the girls are growing up so kind and helpful, and are so fond of me; and mother is just as happy and so easy to get on with. I don't know what I would do now without any of them, and—I was going to leave them all. How can I ever repay you?"

"Don't think of it, dear; I'm glad that you came in my way. We must all help each other; that is what we are here for. But really," she added, smiling, "I think it was not so much myself as the Easter lilies."

As Mr. and Mrs. Ellis descended the steps, two of Mrs. Grant's wealthy neighbors passed.

"To think of the opportunities that woman throws away!" said one. "She might move in the very best society."

"Yes," returned the other, "she might be a leader in the best set; but look at the queer people she picks up! Why, that man is only a foreman in Mr. Linton's mill."

STUDENT

GRATITUDE

by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

OH, the little birds sang east,
And the little birds sang west,
And I said in under breath—
All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?

Oh, the little birds sang east,
And the little birds sang west,
And I smiled to think of God's greatness
Flowed around our incompleteness—
Round our restlessness, His rest.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

The Mystery of Sleep—Does the Mind Ever Rest?

SEVERAL new books on the subject of sleep have recently appeared and they are an indication that a very much neglected branch of science is forcing itself upon public attention. That we should for so long have neglected a condition which occupies one-third or more of our normal lives is certainly extraordinary and we may hope that some industry of research may now make amends for bygone tardiness.

It is only natural that materialism should sit with its accustomed weight of stupidity upon our speculations. It is fortunate, however, that the materials for this branch of research are not in the hands of an exclusive few who would otherwise be in a position to present to us not only their conclusions but also the colored spectacles through which to look at them. Everyone sleeps and everyone has therefore his own laboratory of research and the power to collect facts and evidence for himself. The results will depend entirely upon our capacity to exclude preconceived ideas and to approach the problem without any false and useless theories which have been handed to us ready-made and which can do nothing but vitiate and mislead.

Let us first determine not to prejudge the issue by mental references to sleep as a "period of unconsciousness," until at any rate we have logically determined that it is so. The whole trend of modern thought justifies us in believing that a state of unconsciousness is entirely unknown to nature and that while consciousness may rise and fall like the mercury in a thermometer it is the one persisting reality in every domain of being. If we must have a starting place for our thoughts it is far more logical and scientific to suppose that sleep is a state of consciousness rather than its interruption or abeyance. A soldier in battle may be entirely unaware of serious and otherwise painful wounds, but it would be absurd to speak of him as being unconscious. His consciousness is no longer saturating his body and is momentarily unaware of the wounds of the body, but it is none the less intensely active in another direction. When the excitement of battle has passed it will once more flood the nerve centers and become painfully aware of the wound.

Let us also beware of the unproved assumption that the mental state of sleep is necessarily or even probably inferior to that of wakefulness or that its supreme object is the repose of the mind. It may be so but it is a point for determination and we may finally be forced to the opinion that it is the brain, the instrument of the mind, which needs rest, that the mind itself no more requires rest from its activity than does the sun from its shining, and that mental energy may be even more intense when it is released from the material inertia of the brain. Our lack of recollection of the sleep states may be due to somewhat the same causes which prevent the soldier from remembering the details of the fight, that the mind has temporarily laid aside an inadequate instrument and that the recording duties of that instrument are therefore unperformed. The brain readily receives and records mental impressions of a nature to which it is accustomed, but if the mental impressions are entirely abnormal, either far above the normal as may sometimes be the case during sleep, or far below the normal as may be the case during the fury of a battle, then the inertia or sluggishness of the material brain may refuse to receive the impressions and to record them, and what we call recollection is lost.

Another point also is important to remember. If we will once concede that sleep is a state of consciousness in which the brain functions imperfectly or not at all, we may reasonably suppose that it is as varied in its nature as is the waking state. During wakefulness the mind passes up and down the gamut of conditions. It is tranquil and exalted and excited and debased. We pass from spiritual conditions to their reverse. We oscillate from shore to shore of the river of feeling. May it not be so also during sleep and may not our sleeping states be as variously conditioned as our waking states?

The key to this and to all such problems lies in an intense realization that the mind and the brain are separate and distinct one from another, although acting in unison, but as master and servant, during one earth life and for certain restricted ends. The mind employs the brain only upon such duties as it is increasingly competent to undertake, but we must not

therefore gauge the ability and capacity of the master by the work of the servant. The brain represents the mind and represents it badly, as an amanuensis may represent the philosopher for whom he works. How then shall we train the brain to better represent the sublimities of the mind which now lie unrepresented in the world of men or which are represented only by those fleeting flashes which the brain allows to pass? How shall we teach the brain to record the sleep states with their possible unknown glories as well as the gray and misty skies of daily life? Surely we can do this only by kneading it and moulding it into unaccustomed thought shapes of spiritual beauty, by forcing it into a ready response to those spiritual impressions to which it is now a stranger, and which it is now too heavy to receive. For these many years our brains have recorded few other thoughts than those of greed and of self-interest, and to these thoughts it now responds with a fearful and sinister automatism. Our brain cells are polarized to the unworthy, the bow has been bent so long that it is no more flexible. We must re-polarize our brains by spiritual thought so that they may become used to the touch of the god as well as to the touch of the animal, so that they may become transparent to greater lights than any they have ever known, so that we may perceive all these great and gracious things which are hidden by the tender veil of sleep. X.

Euclid Controverted by a Russian System of Geometry

IT has often been shown that a perfectly logical system of reasoning may be entirely erroneous through being based on false premises.

The instance usually given is that eclipses and other astronomical events and cycles can be predicted by the old theory which makes the sun go round the earth. Thus, to prove that a science is logical and consistent does not prove that it is right, or that there may not be another science equally logical but quite different in its results.

Perhaps the best instance of this truth is that afforded by the New, or Non-Euclidean Geometry now attracting attention. Ever since the time of Euclid the world has accepted his magnificently logical system of geometry as unassailable. There is no flaw to be found anywhere in his chain of reasoning. Yet all reasoning must start somewhere, either with axioms or some other form of assumed truth. And Euclid bases his system on certain axioms which hitherto no one had thought of denying.

In Russia and Hungary, however, are certain original thinkers, who have substituted for one of Euclid's axioms (about parallel lines) its exact opposite; and have shown that an exact and beautiful system of geometry can be based thereon.

Thus we have two exact and self-consistent systems leading to widely different results; and the circumstance is a striking lesson against dogmatism. STUDENT

Study of the N-Rays to Replace Vivisection and Lymphs

MORE discoveries come to hand almost weekly respecting the "N-rays" emitted by the human body. It appears that the emission is continuous, but becomes greater from those parts that are in activity, especially muscles and nerves. By this means the study of the localization of cerebral functions can be carried on far more efficiently than by the brutal method of vivisection. Any area of the brain that is thrown into activity proceeds to emit more rays. Thus, during speech, the language center (the third left frontal convolution, above and behind the left eye) begins to glow. The track of the nerves from the limbs up the spinal cord to the brain, including the path of their crossing to the opposite side, can be traced. And all this on man himself, with his interested co-operation, instead of by the torture and final destruction of an animal—or rather a thousand animals. It would be safe enough to predict that within the next five years every result heretofore attained by vivisection will be covered and much more by a process involving no pain or bloodshed. And other discoveries will in the same time make the filthy lymphs, serums and toxins of our medical armamentarium seem what they are—products of a short-lived and already departing neo-barbarism. M. D.

BROADER views of history are often appealed for in the pages of the

NEW CENTURY PATH, and it is therefore interesting to note an attack (in the *Independent Review*) by an intelligent lover of human history on a professor who insists "that history is a science, no less and no more."

This professor, who holds a chair in Cambridge University, England, quotes Ranke's saying: *Ich will nur sagen wie es eigentlich gewesen ist*, ("It is my intention to narrate things only as they actually happened,") and warns us against transgressing the province of facts. This warning we have also heard from professors of science, and to both we reply, what are "facts?" Obviously, in the case of history, human testimony must be the chief source of these "facts."

Now there is grave reason to doubt whether bygone chroniclers were always, or even usually, of the same accurate and careful cast of mind as the professor, and whether they would not have allowed their narrations to get tinged with a personal coloring due to imagination and prejudice. And, even supposing that we did have such "scientific" chroniclers from whom to draw our "facts," there remains the further grave doubt whether the opinion of such individuals on events would be more trustworthy and valuable than that of other people. Human testimony as to events is, as our law courts can show, most vague and variegated; and, as to experts and "scientifically" trained people, the case with them is, if anything, worse.

The only other possible source of facts for the "history scientific" is that afforded by researches and inferences; which again, if we are to judge from the variety of learned opinion, is a highly unreliable source.

So it is clear that, even if we are to reduce history to a bare record of facts scientifically arranged, we have not got a passable outfit of facts to work with. But, granting for argument's sake that we have, is such a view of history even then a worthy, attractive; or reasonable one?

As our critic puts it, the question is, "Whether, starting from the Twentieth century, mankind shall banish literature, emotion and speculative thought from the examination which it accords to its own past."

History is an art, he says, though it may be a science as well. The great men who founded the scientific school of history were men of warmth and imagination, of broad sympathies and literary power, of genial temperament and unfettered intelligence; and they did not anticipate founding a school of dry-as-dust pedantry. They merely pleaded for care and accuracy, which they found lacking in their day.

Why should so great a branch of achievement as literary history, in which alone could expand the genius of Thucydides and Tacitus, Mommsen, Renan, Gibbon, Macaulay and Carlyle; . . . why should the art-science from which mankind has drawn such inexplicable benefits be suddenly brought to an end, because certain people have the honorable ambition to write purely scientific history?

And what is the reason for this infatuation with the mechanical and rigid and cold and lifeless view of history? The answer is not far to seek. It is once more a case of physical science overstepping its limits and attempting to apply the principles by which it investigates chemical compounds and dead bodies to a study where they do not apply.

The "scientific" idea has positively hypnotized the whole of modern thought, and bred a generation of minds that think in geometrical formulas.

An Enlightened View of History

The *Descent of Man* is at the bottom of much of this.

One finds it smeared all over the pages of one's history-books, couched in the half-apologetic tone which the author feels it necessary to use when addressing the superior intelligence of a young student. "You see, my dear children, that men were very foolish in those days. They thought the sun was a god, but we know it is a great ball of [here fill in theory of day]."

On every page one finds the strained efforts of the author to make his story fit in with the Darwinism at the back of the mind. He has started out with an absolutely fixed idea that humanity has evolved from barbarism within the space of two or three millenniums, and this prevents him from seeing what is obvious or taking the natural view of anything. The meanness of his mind disgusts the reader all the time; and his periodical bowings to the altar of ecclesiasticism, whenever he fears that his judgment is misleading him, would be funny if they were not so sad.

We plead for the rescue of the human mind from this preposterous and paralyzing subjection to the physical science idea.

Our critic points out that the "scientific" history is shorn of all its useful and essential attributes. For such a production could be of no use except as an amusement for the pedants themselves. History "begins to be of general use only when it has been presented as common property to the general understanding of mankind, by the high and difficult art of literature."

The man who has no imagination cannot understand the causes or relations of events, and the man without emotions and aspirations cannot understand other people having them, which is why he invents base motives and mean ideas for the ancients.

Another undeniable power of history is to present to us antique ideals of life, often so attractive to men's minds that they mould their own thought and conduct upon them, and even join in associations to propagate the old-new idea and recast society again in the ancient mould.

This thought is sufficiently familiar to readers of the NEW CENTURY PATH, who are continually urged to regard the past ages as vast in duration, mighty in achievement, and the scene of a knowledge and enlightenment now lost to our puny generation, but to be recovered and made even greater whenever we shall have succeeded in freeing ourselves from the thralldom of selfishness and the blight of conceited ignorance. STUDENT

It is a common-place that we cannot answer for ourselves until we have been

tried. But it is not so common a reflection, though surely more consoling, that we usually find ourselves a great deal braver and better than we thought. . . . I wish sincerely, for it would have saved me much trouble, that there had been some one to put me in heart about life when I was younger; to tell me how dangers are most portentous on a distant sight, and how the good man's spirit will not suffer itself to be overlaid, and rarely or never deserts him in the hour of need.—R. L. Stevenson

THE new law for the exclusion of adulterated food imports will have a most beneficial effect upon the California olive oil industry. Already some large consignments of impure foreign oils have been refused admission, the chief admixtures being peanut and cotton oil. In this way the taste of the public will receive a needed education, a great many people being quite unused to the flavor of the pure olive product. The olive is now one of Southern California's greatest staples. STUDENT

WISDOM OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

WE would have all to realize that spiritual powers exist in every man.

We stand at the parting of the ways, where the one path leads down the acclivity to the dark valley of ignorance, and the other climbs upward toward the pure celestial level of being.

The "struggle for existence" applies to the physical, never to the moral plane of being.

It is only by the close brotherly union of men's inner SELVES that the reign of justice and equality can be inaugurated.

The Theosophical Society asserts and maintains the truth common to all religions.

Our endeavor has been to uncover the ruin-encumbered universal foundation of religion.

Charity is the scope of all Theosophical teachings, the synthesis of every virtue.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

✧ The Cave Man's Easter Greeting to the Children of Cuba ✧

DEAR BUDS AND BLOSSOMS: Aunt Susan and I took a long walk yesterday, away down the winding path that leads to the water's edge. Aunt Susan said, "Let us go down the rock stairway and see the Cave Man. Perhaps he will let us help him." As all Loma-land people know, there is nowhere to be found a busier person than the Cave Man, for he works for little children all over the world, the year round.

Down the nature stairway we went, so close to the great waves that the spray from their gleaming foam-caps dashed into our faces, and then a few steps, round a high cliff to the door of the Great Cave, which is, as you know, the Cave Man's home. There stood this friend of the children, and as he turned he saw Aunt Susan—for she and the Cave Man are great friends.

"Well, well, my good comrades," said he, "step inside a moment and just see what preparations I am making to bring Raja Yoga joy to the Buds and Blossoms all over the world." So we stepped inside and—well, if I stopped to tell you all that we saw in the Cave Man's home, I would not reach the end of my story, I fear. "These go to the Buds and Blossoms of England," said he, "these to Ireland, these to Sweden, these to Germany, these to beautiful Spain, these to far-away Greece, these to Buds and Blossoms in America and these"—

"But the Buds and Blossoms of Cuba, Cave Man," said Aunt Susan, "surely you have not forgotten them?"

"Cuba—this is for Cuba!" he said, pointing to a long rock-cut gallery which was filled with just the things little children love to receive. "And that is not all. I have more in store for Cuba than you can imagine. Now, just go outside and sit down by the rock pool, until I have finished giving directions to the helper who is going to Australia; and then I shall come outside, too, and tell you a story." A story! It was just as if we were little girls again, Aunt Susan and I! So we went outside the Great Cave and sat down on a rock north of the little pool in which floated glistening bits of kelp, and waited, wondering what the cave man's story had to do with Raja Yoga joy for Cuba.

"Let us look backward a bit," he said presently, as he came to the door of his home. He did not sit down and he did not smile, but remained standing, looking out over the great beautiful Pacific, almost as if he were dreaming a dream. And as we looked westward, we also saw something more than just the sea and sky. We saw a low-hung, beautiful picture, like a panorama, as if the ages were passing before us in review across some great theatre, whose floor was the gleaming surface of the Pacific. And as the Cave Man told us this wonderful tale, which today I am telling to you, it seemed to us that his every word, his every description, was traced in airy color upon that low-hung screen of time. So delicate were the rainbow tints, so shadowy and yet so real was every scene, that I could not describe it all to you in words. Picture after picture passed before us as he spoke, coming as silently as the rainbow comes into the sky and vanishing like the passing of a breath. The pictures you must dream out for yourselves, Buds and Blossoms. I can only tell you what the Cave Man said.

"Once upon a time, so long ago that the mountains are young beside it, there dwelt in America a mighty and beautiful race. The sunshine fell unhindered upon the land, which was a land of temples and of homes. So wonderful and so pure were the people who dwelt here that they seemed to be a race of gods. They

called it an ancient name, which, being interpreted, meant 'The Land of Light.'

"From this land, at different times, went out groups of people to build for themselves homes in other parts of the world. Some went far, far to the East, and founded a great race and a mighty civilization in that land which is watered by the Ganges. Others went eastward, also, but not so far. These dwelt on the shores of a peaceful river. They, too, built up a great race and a great civilization and they called this land Egypt. Others went to the land whose flag today is marked by the green dragon, a land which today has kept but the memory of its past pure splendor, and they called the land China.

"And others went to other lands, in that day when there was no Atlantic and no Pacific, in the sense in which we use those words now, in that day long before the great darkness and flood and whirlwind came which changed the face of the earth and caused continents to disappear and even mountains to sink into the sea.

"And after that great darkness, which left the earth desolate, the people from the Island at the west of this land were scattered, and although those who came after them remembered the time of great darkness, they did not remember the Land of Light which was their home. Nor did they remember that they themselves had sprung from a race so powerful and so pure that it was almost a race of gods.

"Many of these remnants of this great ancient race were left upon islands in the sea. To one such Columbus came and of the people there he wrote home to his King and his Queen, 'The people are so affectionate, so tractable and so peaceable that I swear to your Highness that there is not a better race of men nor a better country in the world. They love their neighbor as themselves.' The island was Cuba.

"But the people were not destined to live much longer

in peace. Selfish and cruel people from distant lands came, seized their lands, their homes, their strong and noble sons, and even took away from them the right to do what their own hearts taught them was right.

"Those were sad days and they were many. The people of this fair island, for it was and is today beautiful almost beyond description, at first were crushed to the earth under the pressure of this cruel hand. Then they rose like Warriors and at last, with the help of a sister-nation this pressure was lifted and today these brave people are free—Cuba and the Cuban people." The Cave Man became very silent.

"But what is the greater gift which you have in store for the Buds and Blossoms of Cuba, O Cave Man?" said Aunt Susan.

"Ah, already have I given it into your keeping. It is this knowledge that was once theirs but is now lost to them, this knowledge that they did not spring from a race of slaves but from a race so mighty and so pure that there is none on earth to-day which may compare with it. Take this to the children of Cuba—nay—give it unto the keeping of the Buds and Blossoms of Loma-land and as I have given it to you, and bid them carry it as a Raja Yoga tribute of love.

And let the children of Cuba receive it—this gift which is the knowledge of their past greatness—in the same loving spirit. Let them find in their own hearts the real Eastertide and let them realize that this Easter message of mine is not alone a record but a prophesy. Those who receive shall find it a new courage, a new trust, a great inspiration. They shall find a new faith in themselves, and then *life will be joy.*"

AUNT ESTHER



DAUGHTERS OF CUBA

Sewing Class in Raja Yoga Academy, one of the Raja Yoga Schools established by Katherine Tingley in Santiago de Cuba

Students'



Path

RING OUT THE OLD

by TENNYSON (*In Memoriam*)

RING out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant men and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

History of Civilization

A NEW edition of *Buckle's History of Civilization* is an evidence that the world has not yet wearied of the most masterly, the most profound and the most courageous historical treatise which has been produced by modern thought and erudition. It is gratifying to find that such a work is still being read. It would be still more gratifying if we were determined to mend our ways and to put away from us the follies which it denounces. Doubtless this will come in due course. In the meantime we must be content to suffer the evils which Buckle foresaw and against which he fruitlessly warned us. The charm of the *History of Civilization* is not so much in the extraordinary learning which it evidences as in the effort which it makes to show the orderliness of human evolution. Buckle is the only historian who has attempted to find a law of progress, who looks below the externalities of events and finds there a unity, a principle of unfoldment, which is always the same principle, however varied may be its manifestations.

In human history, Buckle discovers a law of advance, or let us rather say he discovers that there is a law. If we have any complaint to make against him, it is that he does not push his research far enough to identify the spiritual nature of that law, and thus to recognize that the history of civilization is also the history of the individual, the story of an age-long conflict between a Higher and a Lower Nature, a conflict which can only end in the peace of acquired equilibrium. Failing thus to see the spiritual nature of the forces underlying human progress, Buckle falls into the error of extremes. He sees the unfailing orderliness of nature, but he applies it so rigidly as almost to exclude human free-will. He tabulates what nations have done in the past, and he makes of his statistics a perpetual prophecy of what they will do in the future. He would have been nearer the mark if he had recognized the operation of human free-will, and the impossibility of predicting its action while at the same time opening his eyes to an universal spiritual ideal which utilizes all human action for its fulfilment. The builder may be supplied with stones of every imaginable size and shape. He will none the less

combine them into the exact form which he intends. For every separate piece a corresponding cavity will be found.

In Buckle's appreciation of Montesquieu, we see the principle which he himself followed. He admires Montesquieu's contempt for the doings of kings and eminent people, perceiving, as he did, that "though these things are very interesting they are also very unimportant." The events of history are not the work of kings and eminent people, who are but the spokesmen of a national or collective state of consciousness. "The Republic therefore was overthrown, not by Cæsar and Pompey, but by the state of things which made the success of Cæsar and Pompey possible." Cæsar and Pompey were but the forceful epitome and expression of the "state of things." They were created by the "state of things," and it is into the latter that we ought to inquire. The former are but incidental and secondary.

Modern historians are lamentably deficient in their comprehension, and even in their recognition of the "state of things." They may plead that they are concerned with results and not with causes, but it is causes in which the human mind is most interested. The history of the world is produced not by a few men, but by the bulk of men, by the collective consciousness and not by the individual. It was the American nation which avowed its independence and not merely the signatories to the Declaration. The nation represented the "state of things," the base of the pyramid. Those whom we call historical personages were the apex, the point of expression. The real event was the consciousness of the common people, and it is with real events that history should concern itself. Buckle deals with realities, but he fails to see their spiritual import. He imagines automatism where there is actually an intelligent direction. He sees that there is indeed a law, but he does not recognize that it is the supreme law of God.

STUDENT

JESUS saith: I stood in the midst of the world and in the flesh I was seen of them, and I found all men drunken and none found I athirst among them, and my soul grieveth over the sons of men because they are blind in their heart and see not, poor and know not their poverty.

Duty the Reformer

THE Bishop of Ripon has addressed himself to the question of physical deterioration of which such alarming reports come from every side. For him the problem is not a very profound one. He sees an almost universal disregard of nature's laws, and is not therefore surprised at the inevitable result. He speaks with approval of the opinion of a number of experts who inquired into the matter so far as one large town was concerned. They reported that the use of artificial food in order to save labor was responsible for much; late hours and the love of excitement on the part of parents was also an important factor. Children were neglected in consequence, and were left to play in the streets and so acquire bad manners and bad habits. The immense consumption of candy was also the cause of ill health and permanent injury.

All this is sound common sense, but what does the Bishop propose to do? The universal panacea of passing a law is obviously inapplicable. We cannot impose a sense of duty by Act of Congress. These and all similar problems have a way with them of resolving themselves into basic moral principles. We cover them up with a cloud of words, but they none the less shine through all the time. Physical deterioration is doubtless due, in a secondary sense, to all these causes, but primarily it is due to a lack of the sense of duty on the part of the parents, and behind them there are of course others, spiritual superiors and the like, who have failed in their duty. These problems are really not intricate at all. There is only one trunk even to the biggest of trees, and when we have once reached the trunk we are confronted with an elementary moral principle which is not at all difficult to understand.

The Bishop himself might do much to heal these sores by so simple an expedient as encouraging the clergy of his diocese to devote their efforts for a few Sundays to preaching duty, *not* the duty of ritual observances, but such more important, if more homely, duties as washing their children's faces, teaching them courtesy and self-respect, and showing them the difference between right and wrong. These things are probably not nearly so interesting as scientific discussions, parliamentary commissions and expert committees. The former, however, represent the way to do it and the latter the way not to do it.

STUDENT

THE GRAIL

BENEATH all earthly beauty
 A holy light doth shine;
 Beneath the chords of music
 There runs a song divine;
 Bend down, O man, and listen!
 Look down, O man, to see!
 Draw near unto the soul of things
 In peace and purity.

Deep in the inner chamber,
 Within your heart of hearts,
 A light is ever burning.
 A light that ne'er departs;
 Turn thought and life towards it,
 Bend all your soul in prayer.
 It is the glory of the Grail
 On God's own altar there.

And having felt the glory,
 And having heard the song,
 And having seen the holy light
 Whose vision makes you strong;
 Go forth into the world of men,
 Lest love and duty fail,
 And ever in your heart shall grow
 The wonder of the Grail.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question What is the Theosophist's attitude towards war?

Answer (1) Theosophists as a body, have no formulas or beliefs by which their attitude as such may be given in regard to any question.

Each Theosophist, however, working from the fundamental principles of life and being, may formulate his views upon any situation or condition of affairs; therefore, the reply to this question will be from the individual standpoint of the writer.

The fundamental principles of Theosophy point to the divine origin, and common nature, history, development and destiny of mankind—hence our absolute interdependence spiritually, mentally and physically—in other words a Universal Brotherhood which is a matter of Divine law and not of sentiment.

If we recognize this intimate interdependence, we cannot fail to see that the practise of altruism is the key-note to right relations and true progress.

War comes not from altruism, but from individual selfishness and its national expression: it is a reversion to the plane of brute force, animosity and destructiveness, and its persistence as the recognized final arbitrament between the most enlightened (?) nations of the age may well make us question the quality of our advancement.

If individuals and nations worked for the general good of humanity, there would be no war; but they do not. Nations, whose sentiment is for peace, are sometimes forced into war as the lesser of two evils, perhaps as defender of a weak nation against a more powerful aggressor. This exemplifies our interdependence, as well as the fact that war sometimes becomes a righteous though painful duty.

Some wars have greatly aided human progress, and the conditions of warfare have produced remarkable exhibitions of the highest and noblest qualities. War is an expression of the spirit of the age. As long as selfishness predominates in the affairs of men, war will continue to be the supreme court of appeal.

In judging of war, then, let us remember that it is the motive which qualifies the act, and that while struggling to bring about a recognition of the Brotherhood of Man throughout the world, and the reign of peace, even those whose lives are devoted to the practise of altruism and the welfare of all peoples, may—when human life, liberty and freedom of conscience are threatened—feel themselves compelled to resist brute force with the only argument that brute force understands.

STUDENT

(2) War is undoubtedly an evil. And yet an evil out of which good

has often come, as history will bear witness. The results attained through this means might have been accomplished in a better, a right way, had the people been right, yet even the practice of war, horrible as it is, has had some good fruits.

When considered philosophically, it is a strange spectacle. Side by side with the cruelty, the lawlessness, the meanness, the bitterness of war, we see evoked and developed to magnificent proportions, the god-like elements in man. Gentleness, tenderness, courage, fortitude, self-sacrifice come out in bold relief on the battlefield, against the solid background of horror. And paradoxical as it may seem, no doubt, many a man on this errand of destruction, has had aroused within him a new and deeper perception of the common human tie. All this shows that war, like every other intense exhibition of life, is the perversion of something which is right.

For one nation to array itself against another is just as abnormal, just as contrary to all of nature's laws as for one to lift his hand against his brother, and yet there is a warfare which is right, which, according to nature's plan is inevitable and eternal.

There are always the good and the evil, the true and the false, the light and the dark. Life consists in the play of these two forces, and they must always be in opposition to each other. Nature's plan is that the evil—the undeveloped forces—shall be overcome by the good, and the overcoming implies a warfare. And as there is an infinite ocean of undeveloped life below us, this is never ended. It must be eternal.

But the war must be carried on with discrimination, begun by each within himself, and continued outwardly against all sins, but not in a wholesale way against all sinners. Or, what is far worse, not in a wholesale way without reason or understanding against all who happen for the moment to obstruct our path.

The fight must be against those evils which we see in others, by the weapons which can reach those evils, and these are rarely, if ever, made of steel. It is conceivable that a body of people may have become so identified with evil in some form, so compactly a part with it, that a wiping out of the one must mean a wiping out of the other, but this seems hardly a matter for men, in whom good and evil are so confusingly mixed, to decide. Nature doubtless has her own methods for adjusting such situations, and can be trusted to deal with them.

Our present system of national warfare, however, has not even such a motive as this to justify its existence. It is without justification, without reason. It is inhuman.

STUDENT

In a state of society in which Brotherhood is practised there would be no war, and as the Theosophist is one who is working to this end, this of itself shows what is his attitude towards war. But we have not arrived at that state or condition of Brotherhood, selfishness and greed are still rampant and consequently war is just so far inevitable. This being so, is the Theosophist simply to deplore the state of things, to be an upholder of "peace at any price?" That is not my idea of a Theosophist. Too much has been taught us of "the Warrior Spirit" to make it possible to adopt such an attitude.

One of the best answers to the question is in the *Bhagavad Gita*. Arjuna is on the battlefield, between two hosts, and among the enemy he sees friends, preceptors, relatives. If these should be slain, he declares, he would not wish to live. Krishna, who is Arjuna's charioteer, exhorts him, shows him his duty and declares, "To one of the Kshatriya tribe there is no duty superior to lawful war." Do we not have here an answer? but let us note the term "lawful" war. It must be war for principle, of good against evil, in defense of the oppressed. Our warfare in the world should be a continuation and enlargement of the warfare which we have to wage in our own natures. It is held by many that the story of the *Bhagavad Gita* refers allegorically to the warfare in a man's own life, between the higher and lower natures. But that which we find within, we find without also, and what holds good in regard to one, holds good in regard to the other, and the more we carry on this kind of warfare, the sooner will the day of war between nations be past and gone.

THERE is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefit upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed surprise nobody so much as the benefactor.—R. L. Stevenson

A SONG OF PEACE

by JOHN RUSKIN

PUT off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands to dust;
A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better trust.
Nay, bend aback the lance's point, and break the helmet bar,
A noise is in the morning winds, but not the note of war!

Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering troops increase;
They come! they come! how fair their feet---they come that publish peace,
Yea, Victory, fair Victory, our enemies are ours,
And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the earth with flowers.

Ah! still depressed and dim with dew, but wait a little while,
And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall smile,
And every tender, living thing shall feed by streams of rest,
Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nursing from the nest.

The Marquis Ito of Japan

STEPHANE LAUZANNE contributes an interesting account of the Marquis Ito to the *Paris Matin*. The Marquis Ito is well-known as one of Japan's great men, perhaps the greatest, and although he is now aged he still presides over the councils of the elder statesmen.

The Marquis Ito attributes much of his extraordinary success to the experience which he gained by traveling. The late Mikado, seeing the possibilities of the man and believing that he might one day be Prime Minister sent him to travel in Europe. When the present Mikado came to the throne the work was continued by sending Ito to travel in America.

You are a great minister, but you must still inform yourself more broadly. My father sent you to study Europe; I am going to send you to study America.

The present constitution of Japan is the work of the Marquis Ito. The difficulties which confronted him were enormous. He says:

It was by no means an easy thing to make a constitution for a country which had never so much as heard of parliamentary government. I had no model to guide me in all our history, and it was necessary to build soundly for the future. I tried to forget all the constitutions of all the Western nations and to frame one which would be as adaptable to Oriental peoples. I asked myself how Buddha would have acted under the circumstances and what Confucius would have done if he had been required to establish a parliamentary régime, and I flatter myself that I succeeded pretty well in getting into their skins; for my constitution has worked beautifully for twenty years, and no efforts have been made to modify it in the slightest particular.

Passive Resistance

DR. CLIFFORD, well-known as the promoter of the passive resistance movement in England, has been addressing some needed words of consolation to those who lament the apathy toward religion, by which of course they mean a non-attendance at church. So far from believing that there is a decadence of religion, Dr. Clifford holds that there is a religious revival and that this is shown by the very signs which are usually interpreted in a contrary sense. He says that the churches are making a grave mistake in measuring the religious life of the community by the attendance at church. A new force has come into the world, the force of conscience, and this is producing a feeling of unrest and of questioning of which the influence must be healthful.

There can of course be little doubt that all mental movement is healthful. Even if the movement be in the wrong direction it will all the sooner meet with its strenuous rectification. Quiescence means stagnation; movement means at least vitality.

In support of his contention that a religious revival is on foot, Dr. Clifford points to the increasingly large number of divisions in the church world. Without some searching of consciences, however blindly, there would be no such divisions. Men would acquiesce rather than be at the trouble of dissent. Another symptom favorable to religious growth was the passive resistance movement itself. At the moment of speaking over seven thousand summonses had been issued against persons who had refused to pay an education rate which was to be devoted to poisoning the minds of their children by the administration of dogmas of which they disapproved. Without a strong sense of religious duty these people would rather pay the trifling sums demanded than undergo the annoyance of legal proceedings and the enforced sale of their property. All these things point to an increasing domination by conscience and that conscience should become a final court of appeal is an encouraging sign. X.

No one can cause another as much misery as one can cause himself.

DOCTOR HALE says that "no individual and no combination, seeking profit, will, or even can, preserve or maintain forests, which is a business requiring much longer than one man's life." There could be no more powerful argument for the intervention of Government in order that forests may be preserved wherever it is at all possible. Whoever plants a tree has performed an unselfish and therefore a religious action, and the preservation of a tree is no less a religious and a patriotic duty.

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World's Headquarters **UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD** HOOD Organization, POINT LOMA, California Meteorological Table for the week ending March the 27th, 1904

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MAR	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
21	29.810	59	52	53	49	.00	W	4
22	29.872	61	46	51	47	.00	E	gentle
23	29.624	60	55	55	55	.99	W	brisk
24	29.746	58	50	53	48	trace	W	fresh
25	29.960	58	50	54	47	trace	W	fresh
26	29.954	58	46	54	47	.00	E	gentle
27	29.898	62	54	58	59	.00	NW	gentle

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Tree Twenty Centuries Old

Senator Platt of Connecticut has presented to Congress a remarkable document giving the record of an American tree recently cut up for lumber which had lived more than two thousand years and had been successively attacked by forest fires exactly 1659, 463, 324 and 204 years ago, these dates being more accurately fixed than many events in the past century. Professor Dudley in 1900 visited the mountain lumber camps to study the trees and obtained the data by counting the concentric rings of growth on the cross-sections of the felled trunks. The oldest so examined had begun its existence 525 B. C., and, although Professor Dudley was satisfied that extended scrutiny would bring to light a few older trees, he does not expect to find any over 3,000 years old.—*New York Tribune*

Rabbi Invokes Era of Universal Brotherhood

We thank Thee, above all, for this dear fatherland of ours, the promised land of these latter days, the new Canaan, where modern prophets have preached truths no less inspiring than those spoken by Thy chosen messengers of old, where ideals have been set to point the era of universal brotherhood and peace, the hope of all the great spirits of the race. To these ideals may we all remain true.

May those who guide the helm of our ship of state be constantly mindful of the high mission of this American people amongst the nations of the earth to stand as the exemplar of justice, the protector of the weak, the foe of all unrighteousness, the scorner of all wrong doings, the lover of peace.

So imbue all with these ideals that our dear land may stand to the very end as the refuge of all who are oppressed elsewhere, the sanctuary of liberty, the haven of peace.—*From prayer of Rabbi Philipson, of Cincinnati, in United States Senate*

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1

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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

No Compromise With
Good and Evil
Prison of Socrates—frontispiece
National Ideals
Civic Duty
Birth of Columbus

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Betting and Gambling
Paupers for Vivisection
School Training
Morals for Asylums

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Technical Training
What Is Woman's
Sphere?
Fragment (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Women and Warfare
Queen Anne
Empress Harn-Ko
Matrons Saved Rome
Queen Boadicea (illustration)

Page 8—ARCHEOLOGY, ETC.

Atlantis and America
Greek City Olbia Un-
earthed by Russians
Archeology in Rome

Page 9—NATURE

Point Loma Contrasts
To the Daisy (verse)
Gossip of Birds
Kullen Point, Sweden
(illustration)
Absence of Fear in Birds

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Easter Services at Isis Theatre
Lotus Group & Lodge Reports
Differences in Men
and Animals
To Study Religion

Page 12—GENERAL

Past and Present China
Nature of Man
New Order of the Ages

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Types in Disease
N-Rays and Vision
Chloroforming Plants
French Prize to Californian
To Photograph the Soul

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Cruelty to Macedonians
Christianity Slow in China
Death Silence in Macedonia
Christmas Offenses in England
The Hague and Venezuela
Japan's Poetical Mikado
Hypnotism in London
Italy Will Punish Cruelty
France and the Guillotine
Church Problems in England
Census of India
Russia Will Not Exhibit
Child Training in Japan

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Wind—illustrated
The Wind (verse)
Cadmium

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Look Within (verse)
Poor Always With Us
Attack Upon Education
The Other Side (verse)
Students' Column
Soul Superior to Mind
Heart Doctrine of Antiquity

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Noble Destiny (verse)
Culture of the Soul

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

No Compromise With Good & Evil

IT is a familiar thought to Theosophists that every man will be called upon sooner or later to choose definitely and finally between good and evil. The compromise which most people succeed in effecting is not permanent; it is possible only in the darkness of ignorance; fuller knowledge of the nature and destiny of man renders such a compromise impossible. And that fuller knowledge must come to all some day—if not in this earth-life, then in a future one. The aspirations to good and the propensities to evil both gather strength with time; and it is inevitable that a time must come when they will threaten to pull the man in twain, and he must choose the one or the other.

And so it is with the life of humanity in the mass. Today we see everywhere the opposing forces of good and evil gathering strength and producing grave crises, severe antagonisms and glaring contrasts. Institutions, customs and conditions which prevailed without danger in the old times, are becoming impossible through the exaggeration of the various forces that entered into their constitution. No longer, for instance, have we an old-time peasantry, dwelling peacefully in submission to their feudal lord; for education has filled the minds of all with questionings and their bosoms with new aspirations. The relation between lord and vassal

The Old Order Will Not Be Upheld

in whatever department of industrial or social life, has become altogether unsettled, owing to the universal quickening of intelligence and sensibility. And, though there be now, as ever, powers that work to maintain the old order and to check progress, their efforts are vain; for intelligence once awakened cannot be put to sleep again. Therefore, the conditions of modern life having rendered old orders and systems of human interrelation no longer possible, the only course is to move quickly on to the order that is coming.

If humanity can no more be organized on the old feudal basis of lord and vassal, master and serf, owner and laborer, employer and employé, upon what basis must it be organized?

We answer, "Brotherhood."

It has been said that all civilization depends on the "labor habit;" that the labor habit is passing; and that civilization is in grave danger thereby. Do not our disastrous and ever-increasing labor troubles demonstrate this to the full? In British South Africa no white men can be found willing to work the diamond mines for other people's profit. In older times natives would have been used as slaves; but the glare of publicity and the aroused conscience of people will not allow that now. Consequently there

Intelligence Supplants Slavery

is a strenuous attempt being made by the mine-owners to import Chinese to work their mines. From the point of view of these mine-owners such a course seems inevitable, if they are to work their mines at all. But a terrible outcry is being raised against the scheme by the progressive press in England, which calls it slavery. In Borneo coffee is being imported into the richest coffee-growing region of the world; and this and many another tropical colony is lying fallow and unproductive because no one will work willingly and public opinion will not let the native be forced.

This question is of world-wide importance and looms darkly on every prospect of our industrial and civil life. With workmen that will not work and soldiers that will not fight, and with a public opinion that forbids cruelty, how is civilization to go on?

The answer is that we must either lapse into some form of medievalism, under the loving care of some holy institution, or else find in Brotherhood and its kindred ideals the new incentive for effort and the new keynote for harmony. People will no longer toil aimlessly in contented ignorance like the ideal peasant. Personal gain will not serve as a motive for all, since it means the triumph of a few at the expense of the many. There

A Model for the New Order Given Us

must be a new motive for work. And here the same past whose evils we reject can give us a model for the new order. Were there not institutions called Trade-guilds in which master and craftsman were united in a common interest in their work; institutions that built the old cathedrals and knew no distracting lust for money, and no quarrels between employer and employed?

The ancient Greeks in Pericles' time were wondrously cultured and prosperous; but there was a weak spot in their armor that brought speedy deterioration. They despised toil, and they had a horde of slaves to do it for them. Thus they missed being men and became scented fops and unpractical philosophers.

And so in our day culture is allied with indolence and incapacity, while the ready hand is moved by an ignorant mind. Culture and practicality are divorced. But if labor should come to be recognized as a dignity and an essential part of the life of every true and complete man or woman, then no one would care or dare to shirk his share. We have cooperative associations in which all grades from master to apprentice share in the profits; but, alas! the motive—mere commercial gain or the making of a livelihood—prevents success; and these associations find themselves involved with other concerns in the struggle of competition.

It is clear that there must be a great move towards Brotherhood before society can become brotherly enough to be able to work for love of art and craft apart from motives of gain and necessity. But the signs pointed out above indicate that such a change of motive and ideal is inevitable and will be forced on the world by the pressure of necessity caused by the collapse of old systems and principles. Meanwhile Loma-land gets ready to lead the way in the new order of ages. H. T. E.

The Prison of Socrates---Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece represents a view of the prison of Socrates, and thus recalls a story of persecution and of a dignified, a beautiful and a heroic life. The influence upon the world of the teachings of Socrates and of his pupil Plato is so little obscured by the passing centuries that their figures today seem to be more alive than ever before, and the light of two thousand years of thought streams backwards and fashions a halo around the heads of the Greek philosophers.

The story of the trial of Socrates is not likely to grow old nor uninteresting until the breed of reformers is extinct, and that is not yet. Here was a man who preached a philosophy of human life of which all later teachings have been but the elucidation, which is as much the type of a profound wisdom for the Twentieth century as it was for the age which received it. Here was a man whose patient and exquisite behavior carries with it today a persuasive eloquence which no one is too ignorant to understand, and which no man can be too lofty to admire and to follow.

Truly, the race of reformers is not yet extinct and the book of martyrs is not yet closed. The path which was trodden by Socrates will be trodden by others; it is indeed already worn smooth by those who have followed him to a great and glorious end. The defence of Socrates is not that alone of a man before his accusers. It is the plea of human love against human spite and the cruelty of ignorance. It is an eternal protest against those who would chain the thought of the world, who would overcome progress by the rabble cries of self-interest and superstition. Here is one whose advocacy was not for himself, but for posterity, who spoke as though he stood at the judgment bar of the ages:

As to what I before observed, that there is a great enmity towards me among the vulgar, you may be well assured that it is true. And this it is which will condemn me, if I should happen to be condemned, the hatred and the envy of the multitude, which indeed has also happened to many others, and those good men, and will, I think, again happen in futurity. For there is no reason to expect that it will terminate in me.

Hatred and the envy of the multitude are perhaps as strong today as they were in Athens 2,000 years ago. Under the very shadow of the statues which we have erected in honor of Socrates we still hand the bowl of hemlock to those who have followed him. We still persecute those who are sent unto us. The world learns very slowly, but if we imitate the persecution of the past we imitate also its penitence. We open the doors of the Pantheon of History to those whom we have hated and destroyed.

It may be that at the present time we need more the example of the life and death of Socrates than his metaphysics. We need to understand more clearly than ever before how a true man lives and how he dies. We need his sublime perspective of good and of evil:

For neither in a judicial process, nor in a battle, is it proper that I, or any other, should devise how he may by any means avoid death; since in battle it is frequently evident that a man might easily avoid death by throwing away his arms, and suppliantly converting himself to his pursuers. There are also many other devices in other dangers, by which he who is ready to say and do anything may escape death. To fly from death, however, O Athenians, is not difficult, but it is much more difficult to fly from depravity; for it runs swifter than death.

These are lessons which the world never needed more than it needs them today when unselfishness is the one thing which civilization can in no way understand nor tolerate, when self-love sits upon the throne of life, none daring to make it afraid.

Nor am I very indignant with those that accused and condemned me, though their intention in so doing was to injure me; and for this they deserve to be blamed. Thus much, however, I request of them: that you will punish my sons when they grow up, afflicting them as I have afflicted you, if they shall appear to you to pay more attention to riches or anything else than to virtue, and if they shall think themselves to be something when they are nothing, that you will reprobate them as I do you, for neglecting the care of things to which they ought to attend, and conceiv-

ing themselves to be of some consequence when they are of no worth. If ye do these things, your conduct both towards me and my sons will be just. But it is now time for us to depart hence—for me to die, but for you to live. Which of us, however, will arrive at a better thing is manifest to none but Divinity.

Such is the manner in which the wise, heroic ones have ever looked upon life and death and fate, gazing straight upon the face of eternal realities and despising the semblances upon which we build our transient joys and fears. Let us not be afraid that the ship will arrive from Delos, for arrive it surely will. Maybe it is even now at Sunium, but its phantom sails throw no shadow upon the eternal sunlit waters, no shade of fear into the heart which is made strong by truth. STUDENT

National Ideals

A LECTURE by Dr. Lyman Abbott is always valuable and thought productive. Especially is this true of an address upon "Ideals," which he has recently delivered and of which we hope that the full text will be published, instead of a hydraulically compressed summary. A prize-fight would receive several columns of nauseating report; Dr. Abbott receives twenty lines.

Dr. Abbott seems to think that if we were really so practical as we claim to be, we should recognize that whatever is great in our national life was built upon the ideals of those who went before us, and that their actions were but the expression of those ideals. The imagination of the architect is the true building of the house.

It is indeed strange that we do not recognize, individually as well as nationally, how great a force lies in an ideal and in the imagination. Until this recognition comes to us we can never be master of our lives or of our fate; we must remain at the mercy of all the winds of circumstance. One strong effort of the imagination directed toward the chaos of our lives acts like a magnet upon iron filings. Instantly they group themselves into form and shape; in a moment they recognize a guiding and controlling force. Imagination is the most godlike faculty which man possesses. It is truly the fire from heaven, the ladder up which man may ascend to a divine dominion. Happy and prosperous and strong is the nation whose children make for her worthy ideals, and whose sons control their individual lives to the pattern of her well-being. X.

Civic Duty

THE following words, which appeared recently in a contemporary, appeal to us as containing a civic philosophy worthy of some attention:

What is wrong with the town is not in the least the town itself. It is the fact that thousands of people are so placed that they think it is the universe; that they watch the going and coming of the tram-cars as if it were the cycle of the stars.

Devotion to the interests of a town is, of course, a duty, but it is a duty ill performed if we allow it to arouse within us a feeling of separation or of competition. The town or city represents that part of the nation with which we are specially concerned, and which offers to us the nearest point after the home, for the performance of duty.

We do indeed need an extension of consciousness, a fuller realization of duty to the whole world. We must not love the city less, but we must love the world more, we must recognize that in the real problems of life, humanity is a unit and is not divided into municipalities and townships. STUDENT

Birth of Columbus

MR. VIGNAUD seeks once more to add to our knowledge of Christopher Columbus. He has made research into the birth year of the great navigator, and has decided that Columbus was born in 1451. It may seem strange that there should be any doubt upon such a point, but the curious fact remains that Columbus himself was evidently anxious to conceal his age. He makes various statements upon the subject, but they are self-contradictory. Mr. Vignaud has now drawn attention to a notarial deed in which is the statement that at that time—1470—Columbus was *major annis decemnovem*, which Mr. Vignaud insists must be translated "a major being nineteen years of age." This somewhat unusual rendering he supports by very valid reasoning, based partly upon the law of Genoa at that time.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Advice on Betting & Gambling

A PROMINENT public man has published some advice to the young on the subject of betting and gambling. This advice is based upon an assurance that money cannot be made in this way and that the gambler is certain to eventually lose whatever money he may possess. This is unquestionably true in a large number of cases, but if gambling can be discountenanced upon no higher grounds than these we fear that it is likely to continue. Evils can never be effectually discouraged except upon fundamental grounds and so long as we ourselves nurture the roots of evil it is quite useless to denounce the branches. There are a great number of men who are too experienced to believe that they can permanently enrich themselves by betting but they are willing to pay for the luxury of excitement as others are willing to pay for luxury in other forms. An effective protest against gambling must include all gambling and not merely the gambling which is carried on at the card-table or on the race-course. Education is now so advanced that our young men are demanding definitions and a precision of terms, and they do not understand why a stake of a few dollars upon a card-table should be more pernicious than a stake of a few millions upon a fluctuating stock. They do not understand why one should be hurtful and why the other should be a commercial backbone of the country. Those who have not the courage to give the widest application to their counsel would do better to abstain entirely or to select some other and less exacting field. Gambling and betting are vices, not because they involve the inevitable loss of money but because they constitute an attempt to gain money without giving any compensating advantage. Legitimate trade is a mutually advantageous exchange of commodities between two parties and he who receives money and gives nothing whatever in exchange for it has obtained that money dishonestly, however much the transaction may be covered by mutual agreement. Gambling is therefore a form of dishonesty and is certainly more degrading to the character than many other forms of dishonesty which come within the criminal code. The tendency of the age is to be ashamed of a direct appeal to moral principles. An appeal to the pocket and to self-interest is more popular than an appeal to conscience. None the less it is true that devils do not cast out devils and the man who abstains from gambling only from a fear to lose his money is not perhaps a very dignified product of moral education. X.

Poor Children and the Vivisector

WHAT is the meaning of this? The anti-vivisectionists have been given a hearing before a committee of the Legislature at Boston. Mr. Herbert D. Ward is reported as having read to the committee a statement said to have appeared in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, in which details were given of a number of "experiments" carried out in a certain hospital upon some forty pauper children. These vivisectional experiments consisted of puncturing the spinal canal, and it is said that eight or ten of the children died. Referring to the surgeon in question, Dr. Ward said:

These children were entrusted to his care. They were pauper children. He justified the experimental vivisection by saying: "The diagnostic state of puncture of the sub-arachnoid space is so evident that I considered myself justified in incurring some risk in order to settle the question of danger."

The constant demand which is made by some eccentrics for human vivisectional subjects is perhaps not so fruitless as we may have supposed. Even if these facts are correctly reported, we are not quite so sanguine as to suppose that anything effectual will be done to prevent their repetition. Pauper children are very numerous and very cheap. The poor have we always with us, and so long as we can tolerate the fester of the slums the value of pauper humanity is not likely to appeal to us. We are sometimes apt to refer to these poor little waifs as children whom nobody wants. We must henceforth revise our speech if it is to appear that these infants are wanted after all—by the vivisector, as an alternative to the tortured dog and guinea-pig. X.

School and Home Training

THE principal of Graham School seems to hold some strong views on the unwisdom of many of our modern educational methods. He says that "hosts of public school children are killed off by school anxieties and agitation and that many others are crippled for life." Extremists are of course always extreme and there can be no question that there are many contributory causes to the mental and physical decadence which we deplore. Home training is all too often the worst possible training for the strenuous life of the school and many children break down in their studies because they have been enervated in the nursery. None the less, the school system is but ill adapted to the delicate work which it ought to perform and we are still far from recognizing that an important part of education is the knowledge of when to let the child alone. We look upon the pupil very much as though he were a kind of empty sausage skin which must be stuffed with mental food to its utmost capacity and within the shortest possible time. We forget that to arouse within the child a love of learning is in itself a more perfect education and a more enduring benefit than any of these mental attainments to which we now give our diplomas and our medals. Unfortunately a love of learning cannot be made the subject of competition nor of examination and the education of today looks rather for display than for real worth. As it is at present understood, learning consists of a vast army of facts, tabulated and classified, which at all costs must be loaded upon the memory of the pupil. The aim of the teacher should be to bring something out from the mind and not merely to put something in and it is little short of a tragedy when we find that "education" has done little more than effectively wall up all those natural avenues through which the soul ought to reach and irradiate the mind.

The comparison between children and flowers is well-worn but none the less admirable. Children and flowers grow naturally because it is the law of their being, and we can render no more effective service to either than to remove the weeds from their path and to see that nothing external is allowed to interfere with the processes of nature. X.

Mind & Morals for Asylums

A CORRESPONDENT writes a letter of protest to a contemporary against the employment of insane asylum inmates upon the necessary work of the buildings in which they live. Unless there are some undisclosed facts in the matter the system appears to be an admirable one. The victim of insanity who can be persuaded to take an interest in some useful work for the common good is already upon the high road to recovery. Mind and morals enter, of course, largely into all disease, but this is peculiarly true of insanity. The progress of this malady can be gauged with the utmost precision by observing how far the patient shows an interest in others, or to what extent he is entirely centered upon himself. Insanity and selfishness are convertible terms and this is not only true from the standpoint of ethics, but it is now largely recognized by the medical profession. One of the greatest of modern authorities upon mental disease has said that it is the abnormally selfish parent who is most likely to give birth to the idiotic child.

Another keen observer has pointed out that a dawning interest in others on the part of the insane is a sure sign of recovery. It is true that there are still many forms of utter selfishness to which we have not yet learned to give the name of insanity, otherwise our asylum statistics would be even larger than they are. We do not yet describe as a homicidal maniac the man who recklessly sacrifices the lives of others in order that he may acquire money of which he cannot possibly spend the tenth part.

Nevertheless every recognized element of insanity is here present. In the days to come we shall not be so much afraid of a definition and of its application as we are now. We shall recognize that sanity increases with the breadth of our moral interest in and sympathy with others, and that the parents who teach selfishness to their children are inoculating them with insanity as well as with crime. STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Technical Training vs. General Culture Among Musicians

"**T**OO much technical drilling stupefies and brutalizes the mind. It actually sends pianists into idiocy, and I could prove this assertion if I had statistics." This statement was recently made by Dr. Frederick Niecks, Professor of Music in the Edinburgh University, and in the course of his remarks he quoted Sir Frederick Bridge's amusing criticism of the many who come to him to learn the pianoforte, but who would like to do nothing but sit down and practise eight hours a day:

They won't go to hear a symphony played and they won't read a book; they will do nothing but thrash a pianoforte as if they regarded that as the business of their lives.

Dr. Niecks' plea is for a wider general culture, a broader life, a training that would give us fewer musical acrobats and more musicians.

Something more than even that is needed. There are faculties higher than those which we call intellectual; something higher than a merely intellectual life. Culture, in its wider sense, includes that something higher, which expresses itself in character—the life of the soul. Unfortunately the word culture has become narrowed in its meaning through a general and persistent misuse.

But the fact is, the time has gone by when the mere technician can persuade us that he has a message that the world really cares to hear, and it is an anachronism that there should still be teachers of music who will tell you that eight hours of practise a day is the one thing needful!

The need which is greatest among musicians is a wider and more general culture. The lack which is most apparent is breadth of view—an honest and more just estimate of life. Musicians generally excuse themselves for this lack on the plea of specialism, a plea which is more fittingly the utterance of a performing dog than a human soul. It is an insult to the soul, to the laws that govern it and to the processes of the soul's own life to declare that mere technique is all that a musician needs. The greatest specialists in any line have always been men of broad and general culture, men who would have made their mark in perhaps a half-dozen other lines. Such were Fra Paoli Sarpi of Venice, Leonardi de Vinci, Richard Wagner, Schumann, Michael Angelo, and many others. Those who are merely specialists and still great are very rare exceptions.

The most astonishing feature of the Loma-land musical training is the fact that the Raja Yoga children accomplish as much with one hour's practise a day as the children of our great musical conservatories do when they practise from three to five, and this is because the soul's law here is recognized. Here the broad life is lived. Raja Yoga children do not grow up psychologized by the notion that they will begin to live a broad full life when they are thirty years old. They live it now and all the time, and their culture is the more complete along special lines because it is general; because they study along all lines, art and history and music and geography and psychology, yes, and even law. Then, too, the life of active helping and positive sharing affords an outlet for the sympathies and leaves the lower tendencies absolutely without a chance to develop.

The plea for specialism is absurd, and these days it is absolutely wicked. We do not excuse one for immorality on the plea that he is a "specialist" in the art of telling the truth; and what court would acquit a man of stealing on the plea that his "specialty" was being charitable? There is an eternal Unity of which all arts, all that is comprised under the name of general culture, and all the moralities, are but parts. We cannot forever remain blind to the fact that, though the minds of men may be ten thousand, the soul is forever one. We cannot afford to forget and insult this Divine Unity in the revealing of which each one of us may become—if we so choose—an Architect-Builder.

A. V.

Again the Question, "What Is Woman's Sphere?"

A FEW months ago the Musical Union of New York became subject to the same general laws as other unions. According to these laws the members are forced to admit women to their ranks, and many and varied opinions have been expressed among professional musicians as to the wisdom of this step. One of the most prominent declares that it is all a great mistake. Women may do on the concert platform, but in an orchestra "they always play out of tune." Then, too, says another, "women cannot play brass instruments without spoiling their looks," and in the orchestra "woman is certainly not in her sphere!" "Harpists," declares another, "are the only feminine musicians that are of any real value to an orchestra." Mr. Franko, concertmeister at the Metropolitan Opera House, is of a different opinion:

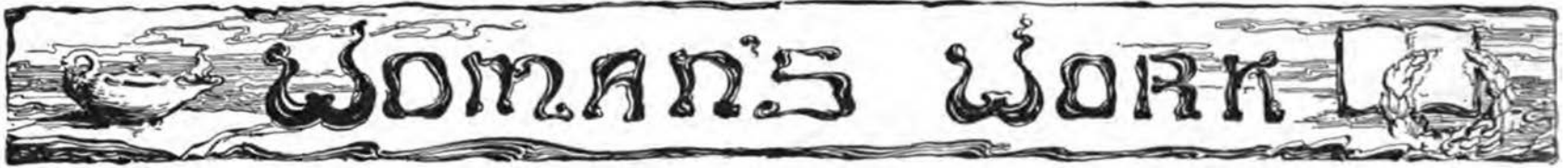
I predict that the future will see many women filling positions in our orchestras, especially in high class theatres. They might be particularly valuable in the rendering of operatic scores, than which there is no harder orchestral work, for not only are physical strength and endurance required, but also an intuitive power to anticipate the singer. No two artists sing alike, and a thorough musician has to understand how to accompany each one after scarcely any rehearsing. In many points women would be more desirable than men in this line of work. Then, too, they would be more punctual and more reliable, and I think would not be tempted, as so many men are, to send a substitute whenever they can make a little more money playing somewhere else. Orchestral work is far easier than stage work, nor are there corresponding temptations and disadvantages, and it is difficult for me to understand the prejudice that seems to exist among musicians in this matter.

STEPHEN GOSSON once defined musicians as "Peevish cattle that live by merry begging, maintained by alms, and who privily encroach upon every man's purse." That was a century or two ago, however, when the strolling player expected his one talent to cloak a thousand vices, and music itself too often served as an invitation to the passions rather than a summons to the soul.

THERE is a text which should be preached in the cathedral of music from morn till eve and from eve till dewy morn! It is this: The end of all technic is tone. What shall it profit a man if he play upon a violin a thousand notes where another plays five hundred, if one hundred of his thousand are out of tone? What shall it profit him if they be harsh in quality, or thin and wiry, if the other man's be round and noble? Why should a pianist pride himself that he can play some work faster than any other living artist or more softly than any one else? And what shall be the glory of a singer who can sing a high C-sharp and cannot sing a simple air by Mozart? For slowly, but surely, the day is coming when the true beauty of music will be an open book.—*Selected*

A RECENT spirited debate in the Reichstag, Germany, had for its subject "Impressionistic Art" in connection with the German Art Exhibit to be sent to the St. Louis Exhibition. It seems that Emperor William has recently expressed himself with regard to impressionistic art. He has termed it, unless German newspapers misquote, "gutter art." Knowing his majesty's views, naturally the government commission feels constrained to look with something like disfavor upon the impressionistic school. "Art, ignoring the limits I have described, is not art." This from Emperor William, in his speech delivered March 21, 1901.

The Emperor's views were taken exception to by a number, among them one Herr Mueller, who declared that never had a speech from royal lips been received with so much protest; and he referred to the groups of marble statues which the Emperor had caused to be erected in the *Sieges Alle* as a "monumental marble quarry." He declared that it is contrary to true art to use it for the glorification of princely houses and that art cannot be commanded like a regiment of guards. Said one of the members, "Even the most endowed monarch might be mistaken in his judgment concerning matters of art."



A GREAT SOUL WILL BE STRONG TO LIVE AS WELL AS STRONG TO THINK

— Emerson

IF American women are Empire builders, it is because circumstances have made

them so. From the early days, when they stood beside their husbands and brothers in the wilderness on the shores of New England, until the present time, their training has been a warrior's training. A marvelous school was that period when the first colonial settlements were being made. There was the clearing away to be done; there was also the up-building. Then, to the descendants of these women, came the opportunities that always precede and always follow wars. The women of the Revolutionary times have come down to us as examples of all that is brave and steadfast.

There was Abigail Adams, whose vision was as logical as the wisest man's, who stood as firm as a rock on principle, who knew not the meaning of deviation from the straight and even path of duty. "I do not believe," she once wrote to her husband, "that General Howe has a very smart woman for a wife. A smart woman would have put him into possession of Philadelphia long ago." Then there was Mercy Warren, the splendid sister of John Otis; beautiful Dolly Madison, who risked capture by a mob of drunken soldiers rather than leave the portrait of George Washington to fall into the hands of the enemy. The wisest political foresight could not have planned a better *coup d'état* than this daring little woman executed just on an impulse, an impulse which, however, came straight from the heart.

Then came that period after the Revolution, which was as trying and as fraught with danger as the actual time of the war. Nobly and well did the wives and sisters of the men of those days play their part. Many sacrifices had to be made, but they knew not the meaning of the word, for liberty was to them so precious a thing that it outweighed all other possessions. That was a formative period.

And it is well to remind ourselves that these women had none of the advantages which women have today. They were, by all our standards, almost uneducated, for in those days schools existed for boys alone. Girls were not allowed to attend, and indeed were expected to be satisfied with enough reading and writing and arithmetic to enable them to correspond with their friends, and to reckon the price of potatoes in case their husbands should die and they should be left with the added burden of attending to the family's support. The story is told of one brave girl who learned her lessons by sitting on the doorstep of the school from which she was shut out and hearing the boys recite!

Then came the Civil War. What courage flamed up in the hearts of the women of that day! They went into factories and fields that their husbands and brothers might be free to serve their country. Many who had not home duties went to the front, there to nurse the wounded and to bury the dead. They gave their jewels, their silver, even their gowns, to the great cause. They kept up the courage of the soldiers—which was the greatest boon of all. They went into the most neglected camps with food and care and cheer, into the prisons, into the very trenches after the battles were finished. And the schooling of those days served them in noble stead. No sooner was the war finished and the period of readjustment well entered upon than those who were alive to their country's needs awakened to the fact that another war would have to be fought against the forces that were destroying the nation's homes.

Then how nobly did the women of America come to the front! They may not have always worked wisely—they always worked conscientiously. There were the liquor traffic; the Social evil; certain laws in

✻ Women and Warfare ✻

all States which were, and many of which still are, so unjust to women; the inadequate provisions

for the higher education of girls; the Police Court horrors of our great cities; the problems of infant mortality and many another. What a phalanx! Surely, to attack these evils meant to enter upon another period of stress and war—but a few women were brave enough and unselfish enough to enlist.

They have not accomplished all they hoped in some lines of reform, but along other lines they have done more than they ever dared to dream. The only disadvantage has been the fact that there has been lacking that unity of action which alone can bring about the best results. Each group of women has traveled its own little path, more or less regardless of the other groups.

The Twentieth century is opening. What is to be the part that woman will play? Important, far-reaching, magnificent will be her opportunities. Will she seize them?

Women of extraordinary balance, of unusual power, will be needed, and those who know the women students of Loma-land are well aware that these will be among the leaders. Their work will emphasize the unity that is the secret of success in anything. It will bring into all lines of reformatory effort a new strength and a certain quality of unconquerableness that will "build a future fairer than the past and make the past appear a troubled dream."

E. H. N.



ALL have had moments which have revealed to them the magic power of courage. In its presence obstacles have suddenly been transformed into phantoms, obstructions have leveled themselves and on advancing to meet the foe, lo! he has vanished!

G. V. P.

to the Japanese nurses, Red Cross workers of nearly every nationality have offered their services, and the first party to sail from this country will proceed to Osaka, to which port disabled Japanese troops will go when sent home from the front. The party will consist only of nurses who have seen service in the camps of our own army.

Queen Anne

AQUAINT interest attaches to the following pen picture of Queen Anne, painted by one of the Scotch Commissioners who visited her for the purpose of negotiating a union between Scotland and England. Spite of the "divinity that doth hedge" royalty there still exists a pathetic subservience to the ills that afflict the meanest of subjects though time was when the divinity that surrounded the King and Queen was by no means a mere sentiment as it is today—but that is another tale:

"Her majesty was laboring under a fit of the gout and in extreme pain and agony, and on this occasion everything about her was much in the same disorder as about the meanest of her subjects. Her face which was red and spotted, was rendered something frightful by her negligent dress, and the foot affected was tied up with a pultis and some bandages.

"I was much affected at this sight, and the more when she had occasion to mention her people of Scotland, which she did frequently to the duke. What are you, poor, meanlike Mortal, thought I, who talks in the style of a Sovereign? Nature seems to be inverted when a poor, infirm Woman becomes one of the Rulers of the world, but as Tacitus observes it is not the first time that Women have governed in Britain, and indeed they have sometimes done this to better purpose than the Men."

The Empress Harn-Ko

TO have a name signifying "Spring," and to live in the land of flowers, might almost be enough to compensate one for being an Empress. Add to this, great beauty, sweet dignity of womanhood, and still more, the talents of poet and musician; and the picture of the Empress of Japan is before one.

Yet more than all this, her life is said to be devoted to philanthropy, and her energies to be chiefly spent in promoting the advancement of her countrywomen; in founding and supporting humanitarian organizations. As a musician, the Empress has the reputation of being very clever, and it is said she plays with proficiency the Koto, or seventeen-stringed harp.

To crown all, her marriage with the Mikado has proved to be most happy. They seem united in a life-work that seeks preeminently the welfare of their people. She is the patron and principal supporter of the Red Cross movement, which owes much of its success to her active help and enthusiasm. She works for the wounded soldiers with her own hands. Ladies of her court and women all over Japan are following her example.

One cannot but feel that the position of an Empress offers a unique opportunity to do a mighty work for future, as well as present, humanity.

THE past tells a curious story in the bringing to light of the buried cities of ancient Egypt, which has been, or might be, to the women of modern times a revelation. Pictures, tablets and inscribed stones have been discovered, which give us strange hints and equally strange statements of that time when woman was once regarded as supreme. Even the word describing one of the ancient periods of Egypt is translated as "matriarchal," or mother-rule, and in many of the old monuments the Queen alone is represented as wearing the triple crown. Prof. Wilkinson says that marriage in ancient Egypt was customarily a relation of perfect equality and contentment. Often the man promised obedience to the wife, took her name and his property passed under her control.

JUDGE EMDEN, who presides over Lambeth County Court, England, recently suggested that criminal cases in which women are concerned, either as accused or accusers, should be tried before juries made up equally of men and women. Mr. Bamford Slack, whose wife has for many years been associated with movements for the educational advancement of women, and who is himself a lawyer of wide experience, declared that women should be impaneled on all juries called upon to decide criminal cases affecting the honor of women. "In my own experience," he says, "I have had many cases in which women on the juries could have aided the cause of justice."

WHEN the Portuguese discovered Malabar in the Fifteenth century, a little country off the shores of the Indian Ocean, they discovered also that the affairs of those people, by no means unimportant affairs, were entirely under the control and direction of women.

WOMEN clerks are employed in Japan at many of the railway stations, and in divers respects Japanese women are enjoying a freedom that was undreamed of when the present Emperor came to the throne.

It is not usually known that in "pagan China" up to this day a priestess officiates at many of the altars of worship.

When the Roman Matrons Saved Rome

"MOTHER, thou hast saved Rome, but lost thy son," and with these words Coriolanus led away the Volscian army, the enemies of Rome, with whom he had allied himself, in revenge against his native city.

One can picture the scene leading to this finale; the oppression of the common people by the nobles; the effort of the tribunes to protect the rights of the commons; the demand of the patrician, Coriolanus, that the people should give up their tribunes, or be deprived of the grain sent to relieve them in a severe famine; the bitter feeling that ensued causing Coriolanus to flee from Rome, only to return accompanied by a revengeful foe. Then the Senate was called into action, and an embassy sent to sue for peace. But Coriolanus would listen to none of their proposals.

And now witness the amazing spectacle of a train of matrons, headed by the mother of Coriolanus marching to his tent, and pleading with him to spare the city. Stronger than the rights of the common people, greater than the power of trained diplomats from the Senate, was this band of warrior women, inspired by that higher justice from which is born the courage to win in the battle of right against might. In this manner was the city saved.

STUDENT



QUEEN BOADICEA

ACCORDING to report, Mrs. Coulter, the only woman member of the Utah Legislature, declares that women would accomplish more if they worked harder and talked less. What the world needs particularly, just now, is more work on right lines, and vastly less talking on wrong lines. There is enough energy expended unwisely and selfishly and for the sake of pocketbook and ambition to regenerate a dozen worlds, and one wonders why our civilization is not more "out of joint" than it is. Considering the amount of effort expended on wrong lines and the need of sensible, unselfish work, the condition of humanity is not as bad as might have been prophesied. There is a serious thought in this, but there is also a great hope and an inspiration.

RUSKIN, in his lecture on "War," urges soldiers to be the protectors of women—an urge that has been needed, one must confess, in all ages.

He says:

Whomsoever you deceive, whomsoever you injure, whomsoever you leave unaided, you must not deceive nor injure nor leave unaided, according to your power, any woman of whatever rank. Believe me, every virtue of the higher phases of manly character begins in truth and modesty before the face of all maidens; in truth and pity or truth and reverence to all womanhood.

ONE of the institutions of Japan is the "flower girl," who goes from house to house for the purpose of arranging flowers. She has been as carefully schooled in the art—and it is an art in the highest sense of the word—as our own seamstresses are in the use of the needle. From home to home she goes in the early morning, leaving fragrance and beauty behind her. Japan is a land of flowers, and on certain festival days, as, for instance, those devoted to the cherry and plum blossoms, to the lotus, wisteria or chrysanthemum, the country is like a vast flower garden. In landscape gardening, as well as in the arrangement of flowers, the Japanese can teach us much.

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Atlantis and America.—Evidences of Lost Continent

THAT the teachings of Theosophy and primarily those which concern themselves with the antiquity of man and the meanings of archeological discovery will speedily be accepted by the thought of today is evidenced by a long account of discoveries in Mexico, which appears in a widely circulating daily contemporary. This account is based upon the discoveries of Le Plongeon, and the writer tells us that the inferences which may legitimately be drawn therefrom are in part as follows:

(1) That there existed in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean an island continent which was known to the ancient world, and that Plato's description of Atlantis is actual history and neither romance nor speculation.

(2) That Atlantis was a region on which humanity rose from barbarism to civilization, and that other parts of the world were peopled by colonists who went forth from it in search of new homes.

(3) That Egypt, Babylon and Assyria received their population from this island continent, of which the Mexican ruins are some of the remains.

(4) That the Atlantean continent was destroyed by natural agencies, with nearly all of its inhabitants, and that these early Mexican peoples preserved to a peculiar degree the characteristics of the Atlantean race from which they had sprung or with which they were in close contact.

These theories are, in their main outlines, the same as those advanced many years ago by H. P. Blavatsky, who reintroduced them, not as speculations, but as positive teachings based upon positive records. The authoress of the *Secret Doctrine* did not, however, suggest that Atlantis was the birthplace of the human race, but that the buried continent and civilization was but a link in a chain of other continents and other civilizations of which we shall yet recognize the traces as surely as we are now recognizing the remains of Atlantis.

If it is asked, as indeed it is, why so stupendous a cataclysm should have vanished from the memory of man, it may be answered that the description given by Plato was received from those Egyptian priests who professed to be in possession of a record of the events which they described. Inasmuch as every day adds to the accumulated testimony in favor of the actual existence of Atlantis, may we not reasonably believe that the Egyptian statements were based upon recorded facts and not merely upon tradition? We may also remember that the Atlantean fringe remaining upon the American continent and representing the parent stock of the Egyptian and other peoples, were separated from the rest of the world by the inundation which destroyed the remainder of the continent and which made communication impossible. We may also recall that the Spanish invaders of Mexico ruthlessly destroyed immense numbers of books and practically the whole literary records of the country in the same way that other ancient literatures were destroyed in Athens and Alexandria. Were these volumes now accessible we might find that the story of Atlantis had existed during periods more recent than is usually supposed. There may, however, be strange surprises in store for us, and we may yet find that the destruction of ancient literatures was not so inclusive as we have been regretfully forced to suppose.

Now, Plato tells us that the cataclysm which destroyed Atlantis had occurred some 9,000 years before his time, and that from that time all communication had ceased between the Egyptians and those Atlantean or American lands from which they had come. H. P. Blavatsky tells us, however, that the cataclysm to which Plato referred was not the main catastrophe which had befallen at a very much earlier period, and that the lands to which Plato referred were but the remnants of the Atlantean continent which had been spared by the earlier and far more extensive inundation. This may be taken as an additional cause of the paucity of records and the present meagerness of our information.

The evidence which connects the wisdom of Egypt with that of the American Atlanteans and Mayas is, of course, too extensive to be even touched upon here. Readers of Le Plongeon's fascinating books will, however, remember that it was his knowledge of the Egyptian language which gave him the key to the language of the Mayas, and when archeo-

logical evidences have once been firmly knit together they will form a very strong chain of proof, not only as to the reality of the continent of Atlantis, but also that prehistoric America was actually the home of prehistoric Egypt and Babylon. The true and full history of Atlantis is, of course, buried beneath the waters of the Atlantic and beneath ages of accumulated sand-drift. Nothing but physical cataclysm can restore what physical cataclysm has buried, but—who knows? The things which have been are the things which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun. Strange surprises may be in store for us, and perhaps science will yet be confronted, as it has so often been confronted before, with the physical and substantial proof of events which it has strenuously denied.

STUDENT

Greek City of Olbia. Unearthed by Russian Archeologists

THE Russian Archeological Society has carried out some extensive excavations upon the site of the ancient city of Olbia, which lies on the southern bank of the Boug, not far away from the estuary of the Dnieper. As is usually the case, the examination of the later buildings speedily disclosed the remains of still more ancient foundations which were of a very superior type to those which had followed them. The city seems to have flourished about seven hundred years B. C., and the remains of the houses and temples show them to have been excellently constructed, of remarkably square proportions and admirably dressed and finished.

Amongst the lowest strata reached a perfectly preserved wine cellar was found. Some fifty large jars contained a dry powdery substance which had once been wine. A very considerable collection of works of art has already been removed and sent to the museum at St. Petersburg. This consists mainly of gold, marble and pottery of very first-rate workmanship. Olbia was a colony of Miletus, and was an important center of Greek trade with the interior. Various inscriptions, and especially the decree in honor of Protogenes, show that it maintained a precarious existence against the hordes of barbarians which surrounded it. Finally it became merged with the Scythian tribes and its civilization disappeared. It was destroyed by the Getae about 70 B. C.

STUDENT

Archeology in Rome—the Ancient Temple of Janus

THE *Scientific American* tells us that Commendatore Boni has made further discoveries in the Forum at Rome, among them the site of the ancient temple of Janus, a small structure compared with later temples. In a gallery about twenty feet underground he thinks he has discovered the substructure of the theatre built by Julius Cæsar. Short galleries ending in a square chamber run at right angles from the long gallery, four on the left and three on the right. All these chambers are connected by a narrow terra-cotta tube. His explanation is this: The gladiators entered these chambers and at a signal given by way of the terra-cotta tube they rose up through trap doors, as if out of the earth, and appeared in the arena before the public. The tubes have been cleared and are found to work perfectly, while objects discovered in the galleries give further indications of their use.

A VERY extraordinary skeleton has been found in Gough's caves near Cheddar, England, and Mr. St. George Gray, the curator of the Taunton Museum, pronounces it to be that of a cave-dweller who lived between the Paleolithic and the Neolithic Ages. The skull is in many pieces, but it is evident that the man had prominent brows with a forehead of average width but very receding. The lower jaw is powerfully formed and much wider than those of the present day and the skull itself is very thick and strong. The frontal bone measures nine millimetres in thickness which exceeds by two millimetres the average of the present day. The height of the man was 5 feet 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, which is about the average height of the men of the stone age. The shin bone is flat which is never the case with the present race. A number of flint instruments were found in immediate proximity to the skeleton.

Nature

Studies

Point Loma Contrasts

ONE would scarcely expect a lichen to be particularly choice in its selection of a rock to grow on, and yet some species are so. Toward the southern end of Point Loma there are some great boulders of granite, perched high on the hillsides, and they are shaggy and mottled deeply with a gray lichen which is not found elsewhere on the Point, though whether the selection of a "soil" is due to any peculiarity in the chemical nature of the granite, or merely because, being harder, it does not weather away as rapidly as other rocks, may be a question. At any rate the fact remains that it is so, and the effect of these festooned boulders among the low brush is curious indeed.

Scarcely less so is the vegetation in the vicinity. We have been accustomed to think of ferns and cacti as belonging to widely different habitats.

Indeed, the very mention of ferns suggests cool, damp shade quite as forcibly as that of cactus reminds us of the blistering dryness of the desert. But here the ferns have invaded the realm of the cactus and they grow side by side on the dry, stony hillsides far from any possibility of shade or water. One fern was found sharing a half-pint of earth with a bunch of grass, both green and vigorous-looking, though the whole concern was on a tiny ledge high on the face of a rock directly fronting the sun.

Ferns growing in such hilltop locations are in a soil which must be absolutely dry for at least six months every year, yet during that time they not only live, but keep sufficient moisture in the roots to start with next season. And yet after this prolonged baking they come out briskly every spring and produce fronds six inches or more in height during the few weeks when they can grow at all.

And yet a stone's cast from these barren hillsides may often be found sheltered glens where clematis, ferns, grass, cream-cups and shadowing dwarf mahogany bushes make retreats as verdant, cool and moist as ever a "spring poet" wrote about. And such a soil! Black, friable, deep and springy, it would move to covetousness any gardener who knows what plants really like to have mixed with their sand and earth.

In fact, the whole Point is a series of the most startling contrasts. There are cattails, water-rushes and cacti; yuccas, crabs, octopuses and sagebrush; craggy piles of water-scarred rocks, ferny dells and wide expanses of level farm-land; sea-anemones and horned-toads, within five minutes' walk of one another.

It is a synopsis of a great region and with possibilities widely varied and far-reaching. It is a *living* land where nothing seems dead or listless; even the dry branches somehow give an impression of energy and purpose.

OBSERVER

TO THE DAISY

by WORDSWORTH

BRIGHT flower! whose home is everywhere,
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,
 And all the long year through the heir
 Of joy or sorrow;
 Methinks that there abides in thee
 Some concord with humanity,
 Given to no other flower I see
 The forest thorough!

Is it that man is soon depressed?
 A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
 Does little on his memory rest,
 Or on his reason.
 And Thou would'st teach him how to find
 A shelter under every wind,
 A hope for times that are unkind
 And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
 Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,
 With friends to greet thee, or without,
 Yet pleased and willing;
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
 And all things suffering from all
 Thy function apostolical,
 In peace fulfilling.



KULLEN POINT ON THE NORTH COAST OF SKANE,
 The Southernmost County of Sweden

Gossip of the Bird Folk

POINT LOMA has been selected as a residence by a pair of woodpeckers who have apparently made their headquarters on the Homestead grounds. They are of the common brick-red variety with white bars on neck and wings. They have been seen hunting food on the ground like larks and seem indifferent to trees; indeed we very seldom hear them drumming.

The road-runner children, who were introduced to the readers of the *NEW CENTURY PATH* last summer, have apportioned the Homestead grounds into spheres of activity which they regularly patrol with the result that certain sorts of insects and small reptiles are scarcely to be found. The birds are remarkably tame and seem to enjoy the (not too close, please,) proximity of human beings.

We have another sort of humming-bird with us this year; a little brown fellow with a brilliant crimson head. The golden-green ones with which we are so familiar are relying largely upon the Homestead gardens at present, and the droning hum of their wings can be heard all day.

The migratory species of birds are beginning to return and very soon there will be great nest building operations everywhere. A pair of shrikes have announced their intention of residing in the eastern hedge this year, but their plans will probably be spoiled as we do not approve of the cruel sport of which they are constantly guilty and which has earned them the title of "butchers."

Do not, however, confuse them with the king bird, which they much resemble in appearance. The latter is the farmer's friend in many ways, especially if he keeps chickens, as they will not permit a hawk in the vicinity.

As a natural result the other weaker birds nest in the neighborhood and weed-seeds and insects become scarce. The hawk test will always decide the question if you are doubtful as to species, because the shrike never chases hawks and the

king bird always does. The shrike is a scourge to other birds as it takes a pleasure in killing the younger of any weaker species.

NATURE-LOVER

Absence of Fear in Birds Not Terrified by Man

SINCE the notice, in these columns, of the extraordinary tameness, even friendliness, of the birds of the island of Layson, other reports have reached us of similar absence of fear in the birds of other regions, and the truth is gradually forcing itself into scientific minds that fear of humanity is an acquired instinct, while love and trust of the human family is normal to the animals. It is to be hoped that it will penetrate into the public mind sufficiently to cause some practical consideration of means of regaining the love and trust of the animals, now forfeited by our treacherous cruelty toward them.

X.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE Easter services by the students of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society of Point Loma, in Isis Theatre Sunday evening, were attended by a crowd that overflowed into the very top-most gallery, while many unwilling to climb to the upper heights, being denied standing room on the lower floors, turned away regretfully. The Theatre was beautifully decorated with white blossoms—chiefly calla-lilies and marguerites—and greenery, which were lavishly and most artistically grouped.

The program was all that the most expectant of Isis Theatre audiences could have hoped for—barring of course the ever welcome appearance of Katherine Tingley, who has not yet returned from her long journey. The musical numbers given by Isis Conservatory of Music included the Allegro from Symphony in *b* minor, "The Unfinished" (Schubert); Siegfried's Rhinejourney (Götterdämmerung) (Wagner).

The Raja Yoga children's chorus from Point Loma were down for the following numbers: "The Seasons" (A. Hawley); "The Coming of May" (Hatton); "Round" (H. Heale); "Tell Me What the Brook Doth Sing" (A. N. Alexander). Under the leadership of Mr. Neresheimer the children so delighted the audience that they were encored and reencored until their part of the program was greatly exceeded.

Master Thorley Von Holst, one of the many bright, clear-spoken lads of the Raja Yoga School, who is well-known to Isis audiences, then presented a short address, a representative passage from which is as follows:

"If we could only realize the tremendous power which each and every one of us possess—either for good or for evil—we would not so often crucify the Christ within us. We know Christ is in our hearts when we try to help others. The worst character has a spark of divinity too often hidden under a harsh, cruel and selfish nature. The Christ-spirit within each of us brings us nearest to our conception of his divinity. Katherine Tingley has said, 'To know him we must use our own soul's eyes, and picture this beneficent friend in a new way—we must break through the veil of superstition which has obscured him from our view.'"

Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, a special favorite with the San Diego audiences, spoke on "Resurrection." In the course of her address she said:

"The Easter-time is the season when hope is strong. The clouds break here and there, and life seems more full of possibilities. Is this because it is recorded that long ago, Christ, though crucified, dead and buried, rose again? Or is it because this is but the story of the eternal process which Christ told in himself and which all nature has been telling ever since?

"In the springtime the message is so simple that even the dull ones hear it. Even they feel, though they may not understand, that there is no death; that the universe is one, the resting place and home of all. For a moment at least, through some intangible thread, they have been attuned, and in their hearts have sung with nature the song of life. Have not the trees which have looked so empty and dead suddenly covered themselves with green, fresh leaves? Has not the earth which has been so long bare carpeted herself with lovely forms in colors? To the inner man every leaf and bud and flower whispers, 'Thou, O man, who art greater than we, what canst thou do?' And the outer man, even though his head be

THE EASTER SERVICES IN ISIS THEATRE

An Excellent Musical Program
Preceded Able Addresses by Dr.
Van Pelt and Thorley Von Holst

Reprinted from the San Diego News

heavy and his body bent, catches the echo of the message, which fills the air and feels its inspiration.

"Christ, the Christos, in all nature, in all hearts, ever seeks to become manifest. He it was who said allegorically, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' At the Easter-time it is perhaps a little easier for the outer, the undeveloped man, to hear

this knock. It is perhaps a more favorable time for him, if he looks within his own nature, to read there the same story of the Christos that was written so many hundred years ago, and that has been repeated in varying language in every religion, in every world myth. Once let the majestic meaning of this story enter the mind, and it seems as if every bird and flower were telling it; as if every seed and stone held that secret.

"The Christos is within each man—yes, is in very truth the man himself. But, in entering a body, he has made a voluntary sacrifice, has allowed himself to be crucified on the cross of matter, and suffers in order to lift and help and save.

"What is that bit of consciousness before us, functioning through a being which we call a man? Is it foolish, and flippant and idle, living on the outer crust of that wonderful universe it represents? Is it selfish and mean and avaricious, so separating itself from its life source that it must inevitably become a filthy sore, slough off and decay? Is it ambitious and greedy of power, arming itself for a battle in which failure must be the inevitable result? Or, is it seeking to lift and help and save? Then we may know the Resurrection has begun. It has engaged upon the work of the world—has begun to live.

"The Easter season calls out gratitude as well as hope and joy. Our thoughts turn naturally to the man Christ Jesus, who so long ago made manifest in himself the Christos. This mysterious transformation can never come in one who works for his own development. The least taint of selfishness blocks the channels. The Christ child is never born for one or a few. It is accompanied with suffering and pain. And one who has passed through it must love with a love immeasurable.

"The world is full of actors who have forgotten they are not the parts they play, who have forgotten who they are and why they play a part at all, when suddenly a sterner urge to duty stirs to nobler effort; a truer love for others lightens every task. This is the Christos knocking at the door. It is the Christ child, slowly growing in the womb of human nature. But the blessed birth cannot be completed in a day or year. It is the work of ages, yet little by little each one can prepare for it. Every day something can be cleared away and the new, strong, beautiful life be allowed to push a little forward into this world which needs it so much. For all have the Christos within themselves. All *can* help and *if* they only would, how much might be done just now, in this wonderful world crisis. As there are times in every life when more can be accomplished than at others, so there are times in the world. What means this restlessness, uncertainty, this mighty stirring over the whole earth? Is it perhaps the forerunner of the pangs of a new birth? A time of change is always a time of opportunity. Help it in the right way. If there must be destruction in the world, in our own natures, let it be only of the useless forms—never forgetting that in very truth, there never is, never can be, any real death; that life is inextinguishable. It *is*. It can never cease to be. Out of the ashes of our experiences, our hopes and failures, will rise the flower of compassion—the Christ child, who shall redeem the world."

The Southport Lodge, England

From Southport Lodge, England, comes an enthusiastic report, sent by Mrs. M. E. Nicholson, president, of the presentation of *The Little Philosophers*: "The children surprised us all by the rapidity with which they learned their parts, by their dignity and their remarkable ability in all directions. Nothing has ever been so much enjoyed by them as the preparation for Katherine Tingley's Symposium, and we feel that many things that were not clear to them before are now not only better understood but more thoroughly practised in their daily lives. The whole work has been an inspiration."

San Francisco Lotus Group

On Tuesday evening, December 22, 1903, the San Francisco Lotus Group gave the Symposium of *The Little Philosophers*. The audience listened in silence to the marvelous and yet simple teachings that came from the lips of the children. The latter, indeed, entered into the performance with a spirit and dignity that can not be described. The musical program was exceptionally good, and the children's voices indicated a real inner harmony and spirit of unity among them. To add to the occasion we had a large and well laden Christmas tree. Greetings from all.

HARRIET H. SOMERS, Superintendent

From Several Swedish Lotus Groups

Reports from the Lotus Groups at Ostermalm, Kungsholmen and Södermalm, Stockholm, Sweden, give most enthusiastic accounts of the presentation of the Symposium, *The Little Philosophers*. From the Kungsholmen report we quote the following: We feel with a gratitude indescribable that the force and harmony of real truth underlying the Symposium of *The Little Philosophers*, was perceived by the audience, and that every one who witnessed it took a step higher. The first part of the program was opened by children dressed in the old Viking costume as Warriors of the Golden Cord. The chant at the close was an inspiration.

ALMA NORSELL, Secretary

Lodge No. 1, London, England

On January 1st the members of the Lotus Group at 19 Avenue Road held a New Year's festival. The program opened with a selection from Schumann. After recitations, songs and the beautiful *Intermezzo* from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, Katherine Tingley's Symposium, *The Little Philosophers*, was presented. It was about this feature of the program that the real interest centered. The curtain, upon rising, disclosed a scene of marvelous beauty. Palms, ferns, garlands, roses; the

draperies of white and the background of sea and hills. The children were simply dressed in the Greek costume with garlands and flowers. The New Year's message, as given out in the Symposium by these little philosophers, touched the hearts of all with the power that comes from a simple childlike sincerity. Their dignity and grace cannot be described. They gave the audience something more than mere ideas, and to those who had helped the children in the preparation, the evening's performance seemed like one of the golden hours of the year. M. A. B.

Forest Gate Lotus Group, Lodge 30, England

The evening of December 31st, 1903, New Year's Eve, will remain long in the minds of the members and friends of our work with the children. The Symposium, in the preparation of which the children had spent several happy weeks, was presented, the evening's entertainment being opened by music from behind the scenes. First were heard the children's voices singing "The Sun Temple," then "We Are Wise," followed by a duet entitled "Poet and Water-lily," the latter being rendered by the tiniest Buds. "Love Divine Through All Things Flowing," next came forth in sweet, clear strains, followed by "The Tissue of the Life to Be," and at the conclusion the silence of expectancy seemed to settle over the audience, broken only by the overture to *Tannhauser*. When the curtain was raised there was a scene which thrilled the hearts of all. It was the Symposium of *The Little Philosophers*. After the Symposium, which was well presented—a veritable fairy scene of flowers, garlands and laurel—many of the spectators remarked that only by the living of the life could the children have attained such perfect dignity. After the entertainment a tribute was paid to *The Little Philosophers* in the fact that the spectators departed in silence, carrying with them beyond a doubt a picture and an ideal that the coming years will not efface.

WALTER FORBES

The Soderholm Lotus Group

The Secretary of the Soderholm Group sends us a detailed report of the evening's entertainment, which was given before a large audience in the lodge rooms: The first number consisted of a program by a little girl dressed in the Lotus costume. Then from behind the curtain came the song of the children, "The Sun Temple." After tableaux, songs, and an essay by one of the little children of the Lotus Group, the Symposium of *The Little Philosophers* was given. I marveled to see how well the children caught the meaning of this great work. I expected them to find it difficult and was disappointed. The preparation of it seemed to them the most natural thing in the world. Their attitude taught us more than I can express of the real aims and ideals that Katherine Tingley is trying to bring home to her students.

GERDA STENMARK

Everton and Old Swan Lotus Groups, England

On February 13th, the anniversary of our Leader's going to Point Loma, there to establish the World's Headquarters of The Universal Brotherhood and Theo-

sophical Society, the children of both the Everton and Old Swan Lotus Groups met together at our Lodge rooms. It was a meeting more than happy. It was glorious. The little Warriors came marching in in silence and then sang the "Circle Song." This was followed by simple statements of the meaning of Brotherhood. Then came the "Messengers of the New Year," with their white and gold shields of Hope, Joy, Trust, Truth, Love and Brotherhood. They gave joyful messages and sang inspiring songs. Following these came the magic lantern exhibition, which never loses its charm for the Buds and Blossoms. Among the pictures upon the screen were scenes from Loma-land and the portraits of our three Leaders.

E. A. S., Everton

KATE LITTLETON,

Superintendent Old Swan Lotus Group

Lotus Group, Seacombe, England

Reports from the Seacombe (England) Lotus Group detail great progress. The parents have not only expressed great satisfaction at the work done, but have assisted it by their co-operation. On New Year's day the Lotus Buds had a festival and on January 4th Katherine Tingley's Symposium of *The Little Philosophers* was given. The entertainment was a great success and, owing to a special request sent in from the audience, it was later repeated. On January 13, our children joined those of the Everton and Old Swan Lotus Groups at the Everton Lodge rooms in celebration of the seventh anniversary of the founding of the Universal Brotherhood. Greetings.

ALICE SANDHAM, Superintendent

Portsmouth Lotus Group, England

The Portsmouth Lotus Group, England, on the 10th of January gave an entertainment to parents and friends. The Symposium, *The Little Philosophers*, was given after music and recitations. There was a dignity in its presentation, and a simplicity and power that demonstrated better than words, the character of the Lotus Group teachings. The Symposium brought to all, old and young, a clearer vision of the great ideals which we are trying to realize. The audience was intensely interested and many expressions of their appreciation have come to us.

SUPERINTENDENT

From Ostermalm Lotus Group

The following is a brief extract from the report of Ostermalm Group: The festival was opened by music, followed by songs and tableaux, the suggestions for the latter being taken from the Raja Yoga edition of the NEW CENTURY PATH. In presenting the Symposium we followed as closely as possible the Leader's suggestions, and the results surpassed all our expectations, even our hopes. One child whispered to the teacher, "O, how beautiful; it seems to me as if we were in Paradise." The children did their best and nothing more need be said.

GERDA NYSTROM, Secretary

Differences in Men & Animals

THE naturalist, John Burroughs, has been calling in question those animal stories that tell of almost superhuman intelligence on the part of both pets and the wild, and objects to the ascription to animals of a pronounced individuality, though to the higher ones he will grant a certain amount, especially to those that have much association with man. And he is certainly right in saying:

It may be laid down as a law that the higher we go in the scale of intelligence, the wider the difference among individuals, and the lower we go, the less these differences.

He thinks it probable that snails and oysters do not differ in any appreciable way at all.

What is thus obviously true for animals is also true for men. The higher the nature of the man the more special his characteristics. And one may suppose that the process of evolution will never cease differentiating men out from each other. If one could look far enough on into time, we should see all mankind on a level of development which, when it now occurs in individuals, we call genius. And the genius is more than all others differentiated from his fellows. Human life will never reach its full expression, its profound possibilities will never be brought into even relative manifestation, till that far point in time is reached. For in each unit of humanity is buried a secret of life, a special power, which only he can show and use.

And yet all this differentiation is compatible with—is indeed only to be made possible by—a more and more complete unity and harmony of men's souls.

STUDENT

To Study Religion

A MOTION is to be made before the Glasgow Established Presbytery which ought to be welcomed. It is to the effect that theological students receive henceforth a course of training in economics and the moral causes of the degrading poverty which is one of the great hindrances to the diffusion of religion, and that they be also instructed, among other things, as to legislation, actual and projected, in defense of children and concerning the conditions of child-life generally.

This is certainly a sign of progress. After these many centuries the Established Presbytery is invited to consider the moral causes of degrading poverty. The announcement strikes us very much as would a statement that the medical profession is considering the advisability of studying the human body. In what way has the United Presbytery been employing its time hitherto that it should now be thus assailed by a revolutionary proposal to turn the attention of its students in the direction of religion? The further suggestion that the Presbytery shall consider the conditions of child-life is not of course so startling. It has already paid much attention to the condition of children after death, and the theological hell has for long been peopled with the souls of babies condemned to eternal torture. Within the last few months it has been grudgingly conceded that unbaptized infants may after all and in some mysterious way escape damnation. It now occurs to some members of the Glasgow Presbytery that if these children can avoid damnation after death it may be possible to save them from damnation upon earth. And yet there are those who say that the world does not move and that human intelligence has reached its limit! The Glasgow Presbytery is a proof to the contrary.

STUDENT

China, Past, Present and Future

RECENT events have naturally attracted attention to China, and the result is beginning to show in the production of books. One of the most vivid—*China, Past and Present*, by E. H. Parker—appeared at the close of last year. His book is in some sense a plea for the political rights, the right of self-government, of the real Chinaman now held in subjection by the reigning Mantchu Dynasty. The Mantchu conquerors, says Mr. Parker, have done little for the empire or people. They are practically parasites only. It is high time that "the intelligent and industrious Chinese people, who are excellent municipal and village organizers, should have recognized rights conferred upon them." But at present for any Chinaman to suggest this is merely to lose his life or suffer imprisonment or exile.

The history of the Chinese, what little we know of it, is a long drama of bloodshed. The earliest historian was Confucius, and his narrative begins with the Chinese "Golden Age," when no laws existed or were needed, when the house-door could be left open with no fear of robbers, when the empire was everywhere extending itself, and when there were fairs and marts throughout the land. The monarch under whom this was achieved was *Yaou*, two and a half millenniums before the beginning of our era. Events and the general picture before this we have in legend only, legends of a people coming from whence we know not, and apparently climbing up from a simple nomadism to the civilization described by Confucius. For one of the rulers during this legendary period is said to have taught the people to make huts, another to make fire, another to work iron.

What length of time the legends cover we do not know. Yet according to the records used by H. P. Blavatsky, these people were then what the American Indians are now—remains degenerated from a yet more ancient civilization. As time went on, the country seems to have been blessed with less and less of the peace of its Golden Age. New Dynasties constantly arose, replacing the old. Lieutenants of provinces periodically seized the throne, and sometimes the whole people would themselves rise and oust some reigning profligate.

Confucius himself was born five and a half centuries before our era, and from the time when his history closes we have the picture fairly clear. The same conflicts and changes of Dynasty went on; and at last, in the Thirteenth century, the whole empire was subjugated by the great Mongol Ghengis Khan.

But the Mongolian regime, which included the reign of the renowned Khubla Khan, was very brief. A hundred years saw the last of it, and the empire once more passed into native hands. Not, however, for long. Early in the Seventeenth century the Mantchu Tartars flowed victoriously into the country and established the oppressive Dynasty which now holds the liberties of the people in its hands, staying them from a step into the currents of modern life and thought fully comparable to that taken by Japan. China's place among the great Powers of the modern world awaits her. What she will do when she has attained it may perchance somewhat depend upon the examples they set to her and upon the treatment they accord her during the near future. One may fervently hope that the Chinese memory is not too long and that it may be exceeded by her power to forgive. Meanwhile, let us remember that of the real *in-land* Chinaman, we of the West hardly know anything. STUDENT

A Definition of History by Oliver Cromwell

God manifesting Himself, that he hath shaken, and tumbled down and trampled upon everything that He hath not planted.

The Nature of Man

THE *Nature of Man*, by Professor Elie Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, continues to receive much attention in the press. We have ourselves already commented upon this work, which appears to contain more "scientific" dogmatism and more unwarrantable assertion than any book of its kind which we have yet perused. To find its parallel for complacent omniscience we should have to search among the third-rate theology of the middle ages and we certainly have no desire to do that. The modern churchman who would write of religion as Professor Metchnikoff writes of science would certainly not recoup himself for the cost of printing.

By "science" Professor Metchnikoff seems to mean in every case—himself. He certainly cannot refer to any of those whose thought and research have worthily claimed the attention of men. He tells us that "future life has no single argument to support it." Encouraged by his own audacity and perhaps by the applause of the young men of the Institute, he goes on to instruct us as follows:

Man is a kind of miscarriage of an ape, endowed with profound intelligence and capable of great progress. His brain is the seat of processes that are very complex and much higher than those of other animals, but these functions are incompatible with the existence of an immortal soul.

Recovering ourselves with some difficulty from this *tour de force*, we learn regretfully that,

Death brings absolute extinction, science cannot admit the immortality of the conscious soul, for consciousness is a function of special elements in the body that certainly cannot live forever.

Now, if we wish to estimate the colossal magnitude of this scientific impertinence, let us recall the way in which the true thinkers of the world have dealt with the problems of life and death. Even those amongst them who have been materialists have contented themselves with the assurance that we know nothing and must be content to know

nothing. Professor Metchnikoff knows everything. There is no sanctum to which he has not ready access. There is no veil, either in heaven or upon earth, which can resist the penetration of his vision, no false modesty restrains his wild career. *La Science—c'est moi*. Pasteur himself surmised, believed, suggested. Metchnikoff knows. Herbert Spencer leads us to the portal of the "unknowable" and with reverence retreats to the domain which he had made his own. It is left to Metchnikoff to overwhelm these pygmies with a knowledge so vast that it embraces every department of existence.

At last we have found the true scientific infallibility, knowledge where before we had speculation, assertion where we once had argument and, we must add, impertinent declamation where once we had the diffidence and the modesty of knowledge. It is, of course, all very sad, although the literary world seems somewhat inclined to laugh and to wonder from what interior arcanum the Professor has drawn his superhuman wisdom. It is none the less to be regretted that such a work should seem to have the inspiration of the Pasteur Institute, and we wonder if it is in any way due to the vivisection which may reasonably be expected to have a deteriorating effect upon the reasoning faculties. The point occurs to us quite casually, but it is perhaps worthy of consideration by mental specialists.

The book itself would naturally be unworthy of notice, except from the effect which it may have upon the callow and unformed minds of young scientific students throughout the world, who are all too ready to accept such writers as this at their own estimated value.

STUDENT

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Changing Types in Disease—Our Remarkable Transition

AMONG the consequences of the conditions of our time must certainly be the appearance of new diseases and of changed types of old ones. Increased accuracy of diagnosis does not account for the enormous multiplication of described nerve diseases in our medical text-books; a multiplication so great that a practitioner who took his degrees twenty years ago and had read nothing since would hardly understand the pages of a medical text-book relating to neurology.

Doctors are beginning to notice this change of type, without understanding it. We recently noted, in a report of a meeting of a New York clinical society, that one of the speakers, dealing with the subject of general paralysis, said:

Twenty years ago, if a diagnosis of general paresis was made, it was safe to assume that the patient could not live more than two years, but today it is reasonably certain that he would be alive ten years from the date of the diagnosis. For this transformation the speaker knew of no explanation. Another point of interest is that some years ago, before it was safe to make a diagnosis of general paresis, the patient must have shown some symptoms of grandiose delusions, but today nearly fifty per cent of the patients suffering from this disease are without any delusions of grandeur whatever, and the condition is gradually tending toward a type that will be relatively free from such delusions.

This disease, though increasing in frequency, like most nerve disorders, appears to differ from them in lightening its type. Insanity, as to which we have definite statistics, and which serves as a sort of index-pointer to nerve diseases generally, is increasing so fast as to make an eminent American statistician recently remark that if the present rate of increase is maintained, three centuries will suffice to see the whole population insane.

Thought and feeling are far quicker and more vivid than they were. Men and nations are closer in touch with each other's minds and emotions.

From every disturbed center, ripples expand throughout the whole human thought atmosphere. Our individual consciousness changes color every day, almost every moment, from causes whose source we cannot determine, generated somewhere over the world's wide surface. And this swifter movement is accentuated and punctuated by the speed and completeness of modern methods of communication and travel. Human nervous systems cannot without jar accommodate themselves to the swift passage of the steam age into the electric age, a transition which is also the outer symbol and concomitant of a deeper one. No new birth was ever yet without its throes.

STUDENT

N-Rays and Vision—Sight May Be a Double Phenomena

RESARCHES on the "N-rays" are, of course, steadily continuing and some of them have special interest in connection with the phenomena of eyesight. The shutters of the laboratory were accurately closed, so as to throw the room in such almost complete darkness that the face of a clock on the wall was barely discernible as a faint grey disk. "N-rays" were then directed upon the eye of the experimenter, and the clock-face at once became white and clear and the hands visible.

Now, as it is known that the body generates "N-rays" habitually within itself, from any part of it that is in action, it is suggested that sight may be in all cases a double phenomenon in which the retina is illuminated from in front by the object looked at, and from behind by "N-rays" generated by the observer's brain.

Differences in the vision of different persons may be thus explicable: some contribute more of their own invisible N-light to the process. And it is possible that some abnormal phenomena of sight may be due to the contribution by the observer, to his retina, of an unusual proportion of his own rays.

There is evidence that any active part of the body emits "N-rays," but that there is a sort of spectrum of them, different tissues—muscle, nerve, etc.—emitting different parts of this spectrum.

STUDENT

Chloroforming Plants—Curious Effects of Certain Drugs

SO far, we believe that no one has attempted an explanation of the curious effect of ether and chloroform on plant life. If a branch of a plant be surrounded with an air-tight bag, and the bag then filled with air containing four per cent of ether or chloroform, it will, on the removal of the bag after a day's application, and the transfer of the plant to a hothouse, begin to bud, even in winter or autumn. But only that branch which is thus treated. Any leaves that may be upon it fall off and a new crop is produced.

The explanation is, doubtless, that the narcotic gas paralyzes the veins and venules of the branch. Normally, in autumn, they contract and thus force the plant juices back from the leaves into the branch and from there to the trunk. To the trunk is thus carried, for winter storage, whatever is valuable in the leaves, their juices, starch, sugar and albumen. But if the vessels are paralyzed, they stand dilated, and the trunk pressure is doubtless enough to fill them up again with the juices and dissolved nutritive matters. So as soon as the narcotic is withdrawn, and the branch watered and warmed, the quiescent cells find themselves in possession of a store of sap, just as in spring, and proceed to bud out leaves and shoots. We have therefore an apparent stimulation resulting from a real paralysis. And if this be true, it would follow that if the whole plant, trunk and roots, were exposed to the narcotic, no effect would follow—except perhaps death; for the trunk vessels, also paralyzed, would not force the juices out into the branches.

BOTANIST

California Astronomer Awarded Important French Prize

IT might be supposed that a country so rich as America, a country which has profited so incalculably from the advances of science would see the advantages of encouraging the research which is so essential to its industry. America should be the patron of science as well as of freedom and she would thus become trebly successful not only in the legitimate competition of trade and invention but in the higher aspects of the world's civilization.

The Paris Academy of Sciences for instance offers in one year the sum of \$60,000 as international prizes for scientific discoveries including nearly every branch of knowledge. That this offer is truly international and not merely nominally so is shown by the award to Dr. W. W. Campbell of the Lick observatory of the Lalande Prize for the most important work in astronomy. It is of course intensely gratifying to see an American so deservedly win such a distinction. It would be still more gratifying if we could see the eyes of the scientific world turned upon America as the foster mother of knowledge and research.

X.

To Photograph What a French Scientist Calls the Soul

APARIS scientist has announced his ability to photograph the Soul and his intention to forthwith do so. He finds that by receiving N-rays upon sensitized plates he can get a picture of what he calls the "effluves" and these are supposed to be the "spirit emanations" of the human body. It seems that the "effluves," whatever they may be, are made up of innumerable curved lines converging to a common center. This is all very interesting and entertaining and we will leave the Parisian scientist to settle the matter with his confreres who have so often "proved" beyond all cavil that there is no soul. This extraordinary jargon of N-rays, "effluves," "spirit emanations" and curved lines is however a striking commentary upon the precision of modern thought, but why call it science? Why not call it ignorant guesswork?

STUDENT

THE remarkable obelisk projecting from the crater of Mount Pelée has now disappeared within the cone. In its slow growth of about five feet a day it had attained a height of more than 1000 feet. Its rise was, however, not uniform, and alternated with recessions. Indeed it once sank 150 feet and then reemerged. No cause for its appearance and disappearance has been plausibly suggested.

Here and There Throughout the World

Cruel Treatment of Macedonia Women

HERE is an extract from a report published in an English government blue book. It is from the foreign minister at Sofia and relates to the condition of affairs then prevailing in Macedonia. Many of the women in their flight had to abandon their children, so that they might not be discovered on their way owing to the weeping and cries of the poor little wretches. A large part of the report is unquotable for general reading, so abominable were the offenses committed upon these Christian people in Christian Europe, which practically acquiesced in them in order that international equilibrium might not be disturbed.

Christianity's Slow Progress in China

A RECENT work on China by Mr. George Lynch contains a graphic reference to the city of Peking as seen by the author at night under the bright light of the full moon. Speaking of eastern peoples generally he says "there is no movement whatever" in the direction of these people becoming Christians. "Throughout China, Japan and Korea, Christianity is making no real progress whatever." In Korea "there are seven leading denominations, and they have five different names for God; small wonder if these Korean coolies and peasants think they represent five different divinities."

Silence of Death in Macedonia

THE silence of death now momentarily reigning over the Macedonian question gives the foreign offices of the world an opportunity to publicly wash their hands of responsibility. It seems that upon many occasions they mutually asked each other what could be done, which is certainly a surprising activity where no money interests are concerned. They decided that nothing could be done except to let the dead bury their dead. If human memories were also dead, the question would indeed be settled and there would be no day of reckoning for national disgrace.

English Offenses on Christmas

A LONDON magistrate, commenting upon the extraordinary number of charges which were the outcome of Christmas festivities, remarked very pertinently, "One would think you were celebrating the birth of the devil rather than the birth of Christ. Christmas is supposed to be a Christian festival, but it appears to be rather kept as a pagan festival." An examination of the list of offences to which the worthy magistrate referred would lead us to suppose that he was somewhat unduly severe upon paganism.

The Hague and Venezuela Affair

THE action of the Hague Tribunal in the matter of the clamor against Venezuela has called forth some shrewd criticisms. It is pointed out that the decision places a direct premium upon force and is a distinct encouragement to the resort to arms. There is certainly much to be said for the view that in matters of this kind preferential treatment ought not to be secured by blockades and bombardments. Such truly is the way of the world, but the Hague Tribunal ought to be above the world.

Japan's Mikado Writes Poetry

IT is not generally known that the Emperor of Japan is a poet of no ordinary ability. The *Midland Herald* tells us that his Majesty often composes from twenty-seven to thirty of the poetic couplets known as *Wa-ka* during the course of a single evening. The Empress also writes poetry but not to so great an extent as the Emperor.

Napoleon Did Not Want China

MANY years ago some of Napoleon's officers urged him to conquer China and hold it as the British hold India. His reply was, "Better let China alone. We might conquer a few of their provinces, but we should teach them the art of war and in time, with great armies and navies, they might conquer France."

Hypnotism as Practised in London

AN instructive example of the hypnotic effect on weak minds of newspaper reports of horrors comes from London. As everyone remembers, a celebrated company-promoter, prosecuted and convicted as a felon, immediately poisoned himself to escape justice. More or less lurid and imaginatively illustrated accounts appeared the next day, naming the poison and giving details. That same day, inspired by these accounts, and with no other reason than the hypnotic suggestion they afforded, a youth bought and swallowed that same poison, dying in a minute or so. The poison is an unusual one, and very effective. Thanks to the newspapers, it is now thoroughly introduced to the public.

Italy Will Punish Cruelty to Animals

AN international movement against cruelty to animals is being inaugurated by the cooperation of the various national societies. The impetus comes from Berlin and travelers are invited to specially discountenance the inhumanity which is so prevalent in Italy. It is not generally known that Zanardelli, the late Premier of Italy was instrumental in adding to the criminal code of his country the following clause:

Whoever is cruel to animals or hurts them unnecessarily, or compels them to do work which is manifestly excessive, is liable to a penalty not exceeding one hundred francs.

France and the Barbaric Guillotine

THE Paris authorities are perplexed to find a suitable site for the guillotine which for various reasons can no longer be erected on the *Place de la Roquette*. Very respectfully we suggest to them that the only suitable site for a guillotine is the darkest and deepest vault of the museum where those who are morbidly inclined can look upon one of the last relics of civilized barbarism. Then France could add one more inscription upon the record of her services to the cause of progress.

Ecclesiastical Problems for England

THE alleged scarcity of English curates is becoming an ecclesiastical problem. A suggestion has been made that the intellectual standard for curates is too high and should be lowered. We should not ourselves have supposed that the intellectual standard is too high and we do not very well see how it could be lowered. The problem might be solved by a better distribution of ecclesiastical wealth and by a better treatment of those who are regarded as little better than spiritual drudges.

The Census of India and Its Famines

THE recent census of India shows a population of 294,361,056. The preparation of the returns was only effected after considerable difficulty, great numbers of natives in the outlying districts being persuaded to render the necessary statistics only by the assurance that those who were not enumerated could not expect to share in the government food when the next famine should come.

Russia Will Not Exhibit at St. Louis

IT is announced that the Russian government has abandoned the space which had been allotted to it at the St. Louis Exposition. It is also announced that the Japanese government has notified the Exposition authorities that it will gladly make use of all the space given up by Russia, and that abundant material shall be sent from Japan to form a suitable display.

Japan's Method of Child Training

WE become increasingly anxious to know something of the Japanese methods of training children. A recent well-informed writer tells us that the babies of Japan never cry and that they play "without quarrels and without tears." It is evident that the Japanese have something akin to Raja Yoga training. Certainly nothing else can produce such marvels.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Wind

DEAR CHILDREN: What a fascination there is in standing still on the heights somewhere and just letting the wind blow and blow! Who has ever seen the wind? What is it? Strong enough to tear great trees up by the roots, to wreck ships, to do no end of damage when it wishes; and then sometimes as gentle and tender as the petal of a rose. What makes the wind blow, or not blow, sometimes? Raja Yoga boys know a great deal about winds, for not a moment of the day passes at Loma-land without breezes from mountain and ocean passing over the rolling slopes.

Something like two years ago Mrs. Tingley established at Point Loma a meteorological station, and here the Raja Yoga boys love to come with their teacher. I have asked him to tell you some of the uses of this station, and this is what he has written about the winds and the wind records. Later he has promised to tell you a bit about the instruments which record the air pressure, the amount of sunshine for each day, the temperature and rainfall. The picture shows one of the Cuban boys climbing up to the top of the weather-vane mast, to see what the little clock has to say about the wind's velocity:

"On the top of an iron mast about thirty feet high is an arrow so balanced that it will turn with every change of the wind, and its point always shows the direction from which the wind is coming. During the daytime from about nine o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon the wind blows from the west, but in the evening and in the early morning it may be either northeast or south, or between any of these points. When the wind blows from an easterly direction during the day we have either the hot desert wind which sometimes brings the dust storms, or during the rainy season we may expect rain if we see an easterly wind in the daytime.

"To show how fast the wind blows, there is a little windmill on a side arm near the top of the mast. The sails of the windmill are four little hollow cups at the end of four arms, and as they turn they move some clockwork in a little clock case, and by looking at the face of it you can tell the speed of the wind at any time. But it is inconvenient to be always climbing up the pole to see how fast your wind clock is going, and so there is a clever contrivance by means of an electrical connection so that the speed of the wind is registered inside the Weather Station on a machine which goes by clockwork."

UNCLE FRED

EVERY animal in the creation excels us in something. The winged insects, without mentioning doves or eagles, can pass over more space with greater ease, in a few minutes, than a man can in an hour. The glide of the smallest fish, in proportion to its bulk, exceeds us in motion, almost beyond comparison, and without weariness. Even the sluggish snail can ascend from the bottom of a dungeon, where a man, by the want of that ability, would perish; and a spider can launch itself from the top as a playful amusement.—*Thomas Paine*

THE WIND

by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I SAW you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long.
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did.
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long.
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long.
O wind, that sings so loud a song!



MEASURING THE WIND
Cuban boys who are students in the Raja Yoga School receiving instruction at the Meteorological Station at Point Loma, California

Cadmium

DEAR CHILDREN: I want to tell you a true story. It is about a little cat named Cadmium and how it taught a selfish maid servant Raja Yoga. Cadmium was Margery May's little kitten, and although his life was as beautiful as a little yellow kitten's life could possibly be, and although he had the kindest mother and the dearest mistress in the world in Margery May, Cadmium was timidity itself. He was frightened about everything. He was what Raja Yoga boys would call "psychologized."

We concluded it must be heredity, for nothing cruel had ever happened to him until Hannah came. Hannah was the new cook. Cadmium annoyed her and when he used to sit down in the doorway and cry, just for nothing at all, Hannah became very cross. Once she threw water on poor little Cadmium and Margery May was in despair. But Hannah was so faithful that Margery May's mother said perhaps it would be better to give Cadmium to the grocery man—he would have a good home—and she was really afraid Hannah would leave if Cadmium didn't, for Cadmium was a nuisance, from Hannah's standpoint.

So, one day, Mr. Hicks, the grocer, carried the little yellow kitten away and there was peace in Hannah's kitchen. But there was sadness in Margery's heart all the time. One morning Hannah was startled by hearing a little scratching at the door and Margery May ran to open it.

"O, it's Cadmium, its Cadmium," she cried, and there he was, thin and tired, but oh—so happy to get back. Mr. Hicks came an hour later for the grocery order and said that Cadmium was afraid

of everything, although he tried to be very kind to him. But he wouldn't eat and that morning they discovered that he was gone.

"Well," said Hannah, and her face was a little flushed, "I do believe that cats have feelings, just like humans. It's a shame, that's what it is."

From that day Cadmium has never had a cross word from Hannah. Now isn't that beautiful?

COUSIN EDITH

NOT long ago, in a little town in the western part of Massachusetts, a man lost his barn by fire. He went out to the ruins to see if by any chance anything could be saved, and there, at one end, sat his old black hen on her nest. He wondered why she didn't move her head and "cluck" at his approach, for she was one of his pets. He thought she must be asleep. As he came near he gave her just a little poke with his cane and to his surprise the wing he touched turned into ashes. Then he knew that she had been burned to death. He heard a faint sound. He listened and from beneath her wing came a little "peep, peep." Pushing her aside, what do you think the man found? *Ten little live yellow chickens.* Why didn't that mother hen fly away to safety and leave her little ones to burn? What was that in her heart which led her to sacrifice her own life for her babies? And how many people would be as unselfish?

Students'Path

LOOK WITHIN

by MATTHEW ARNOLD

EVEN in a palace life may be led well !
So spake the imperial sage, purest of men,
Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den
Of common life, where, crowded up pell-mell,

Our freedom for a little bread we sell,
And drudge under some foolish master's ken
Who rates us if we peer outside our pen ---
Match'd with a palace, is not this a hell?

Even in a palace! On his truth sincere,
Who spoke these words no shadow ever came;
And when my ill-school'd spirit is a flame

Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,
I'll stop and say: "There is no succor here!
The aids to noble life are all within."

The Poor Are Always With Us

A GREATER number of persons were receiving Poor Law Relief in London last Christmas than at any previous period for over thirty years. The returns from other great cities would show results not dissimilar. Such is the victorious march of civilization and Christian principles.

The real inwardness of such a problem will hardly bear examination, although there does not seem to be any general realization of its gravity nor any general nor genuine search for a remedy. Truly, the poor have we always with us, and there are not lacking some who suppose, or pretend to suppose, that by citing this well-worn text we throw some sort of a divine sanction upon both workhouse and slum. There are, however, some others who look upon this appalling aggregate of human suffering with the stern realization that nature finds remedies where men can find none, that there is somewhere a limit to human pain, and that misery cannot pass a certain point. There is a dynamic force in human hunger which will not for ever be denied.

Commenting upon the figures which we have quoted, a contemporary laments that the yearly cost to London of its pauperism is something like sixteen million dollars, without counting the cost of its lunatics—a serious omission, by the way, because it is national lunacy which causes all waste, as well as all cruelty and apathy. The cost of our lunacy, avowed and unavowed, is incalculable. But we would suggest to our contemporary that if the cost of pauperism could be estimated by dollars it would be a very small matter indeed. Unfortunately, it is to be estimated by quite other things than dollars. Rather is it to be calculated in terms of national degradation, of the failure of civilization, and of the speedily to be apprehended measures by which nature rectifies her failures or ploughs them under, that they may at any rate be out of sight, that they may at least manure the soil for a better crop if there be truly no worthier purpose which they can serve. The cost to the nation is to be estimated not by dollars, but by the gangrene which pauperism spreads upon its roots, by the loss of ideals, the loss of its soul, the loss of God. When these are lost by the individual the services which we can still render to him are few indeed and final. Is it otherwise with nations?

And yet there are still some righteous men, both inside and outside the churches, who ask somewhat hopefully and manfully what we can do. In Christian countries it is not perchance amiss to suggest that with the aid of concordances and other labor-saving devices, we make for ourselves a collection of Biblical references to poverty and the care of the indigent. So numerous are these references and such a tenderness have they that one might casually suppose that the poor are specially and divinely recommended to our consideration. From these texts thus col-

lected we shall probably get no indication as to charity organization nor parliamentary committees, nor the relative virtues of indoor and outdoor relief, nor even the acknowledgment of donations in the public press. We find rather a stern denunciation of those through whom poverty exists whether their action be collective or individual. The condemnation of a system is the condemnation of the persons composing it, and if there be a system which allows the hideous congestion of the slums, those human cesspools in which young and old alike are allowed to rot, starving and uncared for, how few there are among us of whom it might not be said, "he doth ravish the poor when he getteth him into his net."

Our theologians are fond of claiming a modern applicability for every Biblical sentence, and we will therefore commend to them a text, "His mouth is full of deceit and fraud; in the secret places doth he murder the innocent." So far as practical human interest goes, the slums of our cities are the secret places of the Twentieth century, and in their countless thousands of suffering little ones we see a veritable murder of the innocents—"Eating my people as if they were bread," coining the misery of children into dollars and doling out poor relief in the name of charity.

What is there amiss with the world that poor relief should be our only panacea for the misery of oppression? Have our harvests failed, and is nature less bountiful than heretofore that the earth should be increasingly burdened with those who are starving? Is poor relief the God-appointed substitute for justice and fraternity, and will sixteen millions of dollars, or even the wealth of Golconda, buy for us an indemnity for the injustice which is naked and not ashamed? And we make out schedules of the "cost to the community" and suppose that thereby we have ended the matter, but nature also will make out her schedule of "costs to the community," which the community will forthwith pay—but not in dollars.

STUDENT

An Attack Upon Education

THERE can be little question that an attack upon the public schools of America is in course of preparation. The signs are unmistakable. The preliminary step is to denounce our education as being "Godless," and to utilize epidemics of crime as evidence of what has been produced by the exclusion of religious creeds from the school-house. In this way an appeal is made, first, to the parents who are weak-minded enough to be influenced by it, and, secondly, to the parents who are anxious to impose their duties upon some one else, and who are not at all particular as to the kind of salve with which they anoint what they are facetiously pleased to call their consciences. By such means as these it is expected to produce and foster some sort of noisy public opinion and so to introduce religious tests and disabilities into the appointment of teachers. The method has been tried elsewhere and not without success. It will succeed here unless the friends of religious liberty and of education arouse themselves more thoroughly than they have yet done.

The cause of religious and of educational freedom has been substantially aided by Mr. J. H. Crooker. He has written a book upon *Religious Freedom in American Education*, from which we should like to quote extensively. "Who," he asks, "are American teachers?"

Look at the men and women who come together in state and national teachers' associations. What are they? The most thoughtful, earnest, hard-working, painstaking and self-sacrificing class in the State. In intelligence, singleness of purpose, purity of life, there is not a priesthood in the world that outranks them; and there are few that equal them.

If we wish to destroy the character which is thus deservedly given to the thousands of conscientious men and women who so unobtrusively render the greatest of services to the State, it is easy to do so by the introduction of dogmatic teaching into the schools. Sincerity will then give way to duplicity as the possession of a creed becomes a *sine qua non* of appointment, and educational competency will take secondary rank to subserviency to clericalism. There is room for improvement in our schools as in every other department of life, but to admit dogmatic religion into the sphere of education would be a crime against the children of the nation and an insult to their teachers.

STUDENT

PROFESSOR FREDERICK STARR of the University of Chicago is on his way to Yezo, the northernmost island of the Japanese group. His object is to secure for the St. Louis Exposition some representatives of the Ainos, the "hairy people" who inhabit the island.

THE OTHER SIDE

by G. W. LING

O GRAND is war with its cannon's tongue,
And the flash of its gleaming blade,
Its volleys that speak the hills among
Like voice from the thunder's shade.
The ring of its martial music set
Its flowing banners wide,
They are thrilling the world today, but yet---
What of the other side?

From the old heroic days that smote
The trembling chords of time,
From the mighty deep of the years remote
That are white with the ages time,
A gilded glory its rays have shed
Where war's dark corners glide,
But the voice of the centuries oft have said---
What of the other side?

What of the hearth-stones cold and drear
That once were bright and fair,
Bound but now in a frozen fear,
Girt with a long despair?
What of the aching souls that wail
From dawn to the twilight bars,
For a sight of the faces, cold and pale,
Stretched 'neath the midnight stars?

O War, the upward ways of men
Have little disturbed thy sway,
Thy knights still count by the thousands ten,
Still march o'er the world's highway.
Not useless all, but when they praise
Thy glories far and wide,
I hear through the rifted gate of days---
What of the other side?

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



Question A question has recently arisen in regard to the meaning of the term "Higher Self," and whether this should be considered synonymous with the terms "Higher Ego," "Higher Nature" and "Individuality." Will you kindly take up this question in the Students' Column?

Answer The answer to the question can be made from two entirely distinct view-points: (1) From that of a technical and analytical study of man's complex nature—a study which is absolutely necessary, if we would know ourselves. (2) From that of a general study of man's nature as a dual being, the center of the conflict, both in himself and in the world, between the good and evil forces in the Universe.

Speaking technically the "Higher Self," according to H. P. Blavatsky's definition in the *Key to Theosophy*, "is neither your Spirit nor mine, but like sunlight shines on all. It is the universally diffused 'divine principle,' and is inseparable from its one and absolute *Meta-Spirit*, as the sunbeam is inseparable from sunlight." It is "the inseparable ray of the Universal and ONE SELF. It is the God above, more than within, us. Happy the man who succeeds in saturating his *inner Ego* with it!"

The "Inner" or "Higher Ego" is that aspect or principle of man whose distinguishing feature is self-consciousness, which further illuminated by the divine light of the "Higher Self" may be called the "Spiritual Divine Ego." "This," says H. P. Blavatsky, "is the real Individuality, or the divine man." It is this "which overshadows every personality Karma forces it to incarnate into; and this Ego which is held responsible for all the sins committed through, and in, every new body or personality—the evanescent masks which hide the true Individual through the long series of rebirths." The Inner, or Higher Ego, H. P. Blavatsky further describes as "the permanent *Individuality*, or the 'Reincarnating Ego,'" and says "the reincarnating Principle, or that which we call the *divine man*, is indestructible throughout the life cycle."

Thus it will be seen that for the purpose of analysis it is well to remember that a distinction should be drawn between the term Higher Self and the other terms, Higher Ego and Individuality, which are synonymous, while the term Higher Nature is a more general term which may

be said to include these and all the higher powers of man. Concerning this Higher Nature, H. P. Blavatsky says: "Spiritual and divine powers lie dormant in every human Being; and the wider the sweep of his spiritual vision the mightier will be the God within him."

Using these terms, referred to, in a general sense, surely it is not necessary to remind the student to pay attention to the context, for if this is done there should be no confusion. To give an instance, one of the ancient writers, speaking of man, declares: "That which is neither spirit nor matter, neither light nor darkness, but is verily the root and container of these. . . . That thou art, little man, but thou knowest it not."

Contrasted with these terms we have the following: lower nature, lower ego, lower self, personality. A distinction is usually made in Theosophical literature between the terms "Individuality" and "Personality;" this was discussed in the issue of January 24th, and it should be remembered that in essence each aspect of the Higher Nature of man, by whatever name we call it, is one and the same. Thus one of the most interesting of these words is "Individuality," and taken in its root meaning it refers to that which is "indivisible," thus showing identity with the *Higher Self*, and linking together all humanity and all spiritual beings on the highest spiritual planes, and in the essence of Being.

But it is well to remember the advice given to us again and again, that while it is important to pay attention to the right use of words, it is the *Spirit that giveth life*, the letter killeth. X.

Soul Superior to Mind

NEVER was a more harmful delusion than to suppose that the mind can rule the man, and so create a society based on what is misnamed "reason," or "the intellect." The mind is one of the functions of our nature, being really one of the senses, a kind of superior sense that organizes the results of the others. But the mind is not a governing faculty; it needs to be directed by the will. And it entirely depends on whether our will is under the sway of passions or of high aspirations, whether we will use the mind wrongly or rightly.

If the mind is not under control of a purified and unselfish will, then it will serve the selfish passions, and intellect will be the handmaid of desire. As W. Q. Judge says:

If we are but mind, or the slaves of mind, we can never attain real knowledge, because the incessant panorama of objects eternally modifies that mind which is uncontrolled by the Soul, always preventing real knowledge from being acquired. But, as the Soul is held to be superior to mind, it has the power to grasp and hold the latter, if we but use the will to aid it in the work, and *then only the real end and purpose of mind is brought about*.

Hence, unless the will be first freed from its slavery to the passions, and the imagination be purified from the false pictures of vanity, envy, lust, etc., the reasoning faculties will merely delude us. This accounts for the confusion and impotence of religious creeds and scientific and sociological theories, which differ as widely as do the various prejudices and fanaticisms on which they are founded. Only the peaceful atmosphere of Brotherhood can clear the vision enough to reveal a just, wise and harmonious philosophy of life. STUDENT

ABILITY does not consist of one particularly clever feat, but in doing all things well.

Heart Doctrine of Antiquity

HE lets his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of Love, and so the second, and so the third, and so the fourth.

And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with heart of Love, far-reaching, grown great and beyond measure.

Just as a mighty trumpeter makes himself heard, and that without difficulty—in all the four directions—even so of all things that have shape or life, there is not one that he passes by or leaves aside; but he regards them all with mind set free, a deep-felt Love. Verily this is the way to a state of union with the universal Spirit.

And he lets his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of pity, sympathy, and equanimity, and so the second, and so the third, and so the fourth. And thus the whole round world, above, below, around and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with heart of pity, sympathy and equanimity, far-reaching, grown great and beyond measure. —*Sacred Books of the East*

A NOBLE DESTINY

by TENNYSON

I TRUST I have not wasted breath:
I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries; not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death;

Not only cunning casts in clay:
Let Science prove we are, and then
What matters Science unto men,
At least to me? I would not stay.

Let him, the wiser man who springs
Hereafter, up, from childhood shape
His action like the greater ape,
But I was born to other things.

The Culture of the Soul

TO how many does it ever occur that there is within themselves a possibility of growth and that from immemorial times the methods of such growth have been reduced to a very exact science? With the means of physical development we are sufficiently familiar, and no one who wishes to excel in this respect ever supposes that it can be done by a vague haphazard. We know well that diet must be attended to, muscles must be individually hardened and strengthened. In other words, the science of physical growth must be learned, and carefully and painfully applied, in order that we may see the definite and unmistakable results, the positive and proved increase of strength to which we aspire. But the spiritual-training of the mind we approach in quite another way, as though we were upon ground too nebulous for knowledge and quite beyond the reach of definite method with a goal in front of us. Indeed, to very few of us does the problem ever present itself at all, does it ever appeal as a practical possibility, as a Holy Grail which may be won, as a pearl of great price and of an unspeakable beauty.

And yet the means of Soul development are more immediately within the reach of every one of us than are the appliances and the leisure for physical training. No material conditions can ever stand between us and the search for the Soul. Every fate which the hand of the Law has meted out to us becomes the means of our success. There is no human lot which will refuse to bend its shoulders that we may mount upon them into a purer air. Neither poverty, nor sickness, nor the struggle for life, nor weariness, nor bereavement, nor separation, nor lack of intellect and

education, are in any way to be counted as obstacles, but rather as the sign-posts which the Soul itself has planted that we may be the more urged upon our task. It is the object of nature that man shall find his soul, and even her iron touch is a caress.

There is no condition of life of which we may not most potently avail ourselves for the application of this, the most precise of all the sciences. There are no circumstances which prevent us from irradiating the mind with the consciousness of eternal life, with its eternal opportunities for an eternal growth. The curtain of life and of death rises and falls, and the divine nepenthe of forgetfulness flows over us that we be not overwhelmed by a mighty past, but the life that we live is an eternal life; the roar of the ocean of time is in our ears and it will drown for us the little sorrows of a day. It is itself the sound of the Soul which has lived through the eternities and has forgotten nothing. We can crown ourselves with the dignity of life for evermore and thus know what things are great and what things are little.

And likewise there are no circumstances nor conditions which can prevent us from guarding the avenues of thought, that nothing impure be allowed to soil the chamber of the mind, which we intend to be also the habitation of the Soul. The Soul can abide with no unclean thing, nor with hate, nor malice, nor the word that wounds, nor unbrotherliness, nor any of the brood of Self. Is there any man too busy or too poor, too lonely or too ignorant, to love his fellows, to be merciful or compassionate? Is there any man who has no time to be pure in heart? Has the hand of fate ever yet interposed a barrier between any man and his duty?

The search for the Soul brings with it its own light, and here is the only toil in the world which dispels weariness. Unto every man there comes an illumination with the first effort to know himself, and if that illumination shows an internal chaos it gives also the strength and the knowledge to ordain peace and concord within his domain. He sees nature at war within himself, the forces of his being, of which none are sinful, but of which many are out of place. He sees that by discrimination he can establish an order of divine precedence, of equilibrium, and with his eyes fixed upon the growing flame of the Soul which will not for long hide itself, he can remove by the science which has become his own whatever stands between himself and the eternal light. Into his mind comes a new wisdom, wonderful, like the dawn upon the sea. Through the chaos of the world he sees the stately river of divine intention, he sees the Law by which the sparrow falls, by which the suns are swung in space unthinkable.

STUDENT

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Average number of hours per day, 6.28

MAR APR	BAROM ETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
28	29.778	63	56	58	55	.00	NW	2
29	29.690	62	54	58	52	.13	W	4
30	29.712	60	48	53	47	.20	W	14
31	29.890	59	45	53	49	.00	SE	6
1	30.894	60	51	59	55	.00	E	light
2	29.896	63	52	58	53	.00	W	4
3	29.876	61	52	55	54	.00	W	6

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Emerson on Behavior

Special precepts are not to be thought of: the talent of well doing contains them all. Every hour will show a duty as paramount as that of my whim just now; and yet I will write it—that there is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunderstroke, I beseech you, by all angels, to hold your peace, and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans.

WE positively refuse to accept the cruel and unphilosophical belief in eternal reward or punishment.—H. P. Blavatsky

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Vol. I, No. 7, contains a complete history of the Detention of the Eleven Cuban Children at Ellis Island, New York, also a full report of the Grand Reception in Isis Theatre given by the Citizens of San Diego to the Cuban Children, together with the full text of U. S. Commissioner General Sargent's report on the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma. Copy, 15 cents

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Other stocks and bonds	41,370 00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	66,500 00
Other real estate owned	42,894 70
Redemption fund	2,500 00
Cash and exchange	553,845 44
	\$1,453,333 30

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$150,000 00
Surplus and undivided profits	75,985 97
Circulation	50,000 00
Deposits	1,177,347 33
	\$1,453,333 30

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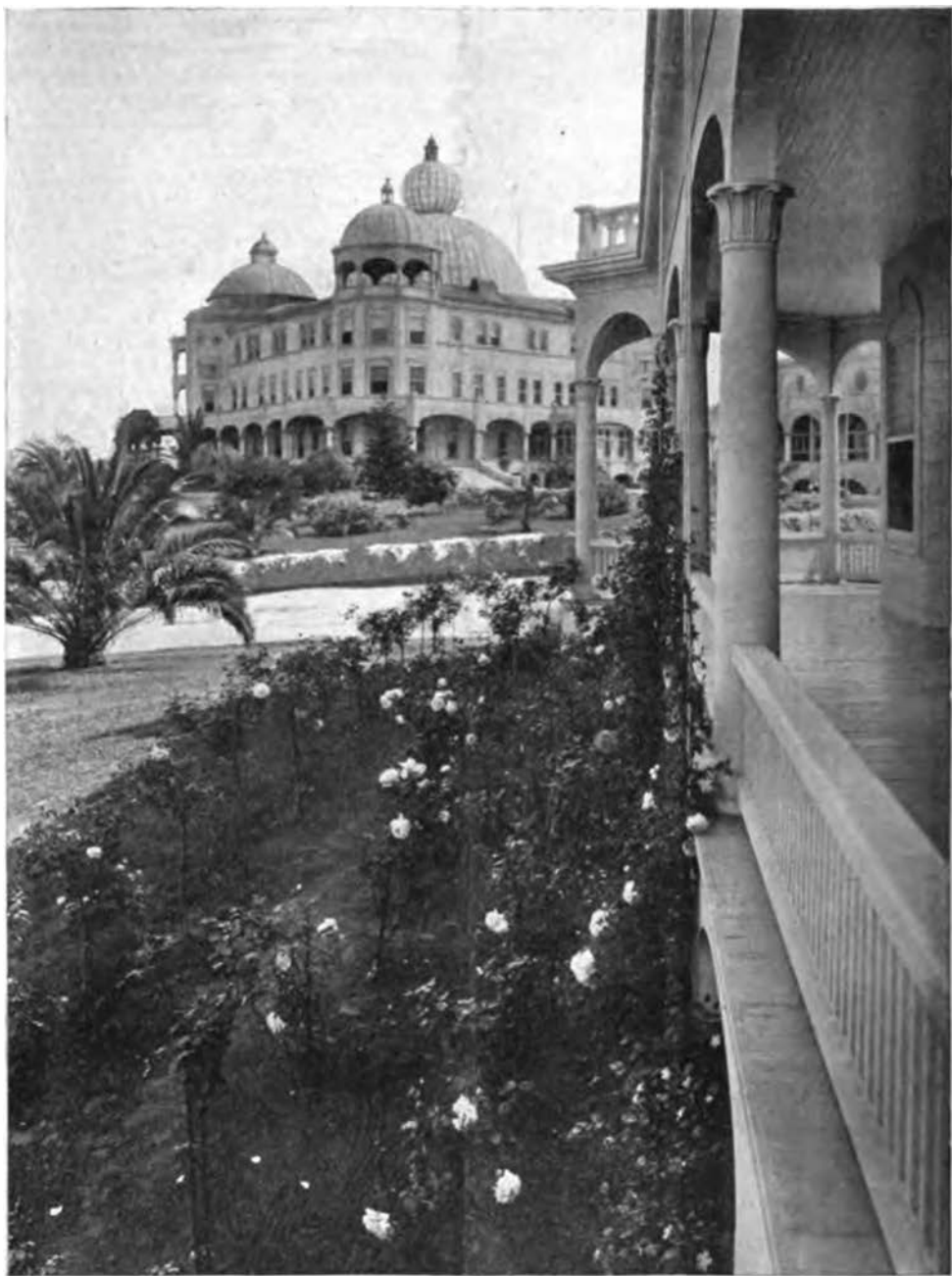
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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Power of Combination
To Make Us Orthodox
Test for the Bench
Strength of Religion
More Heresy
Mission Valley—frontispiece

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Homeless in London
Suicides in Germany
Truancy in Schools
Boston's New School
Lunatic Law in Paris

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Art and the Tariff
Fragment (verse)
Whistler Exhibit
Incense-Burner (illustration)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Jenny Lind—illustrated
Shamrock of Ireland
Patch-Work Character
Woman Archeologist

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Mexico's Ancient Cities
Lest Posterity Forget Us
Unexplored Bolivia
Sunken Continents
Excavations in Turkestan

Page 9—NATURE

Fairies' Busy Season
Lifting Power in Plants
Path to Ocean (illustration)
Moving an Ant Hill

Pages 10 & 11—U. S. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
To Educate Children
Way to Help the World
What Is It to Be Genuine
Gold of Speech (verse)
Power of the Soul

Page 12—FICTION

The Beginning of
the Way

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Nordau and Radium
Secret of Aerial Flight
Ignorance & Infant Mortality

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

England and Spain
Balkans, Peace or War
Ito a Stowaway
Pauperism in Japan
Arbitration in Greece
Maitre Labori and Dreyfus
Autograph Letters
Persian Prince's Poem
French Military Service
Japan's Art in Government
Opium Invades Scotland
Vivisection Opposed
Sporting Parson Wanted

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Sowing and Reaping
Learn to Say No
Without and Within (verse)
The Birdies' Curtains

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Parliament of Men (verse)
Concepts in Science
Journey of Days
A Sacred Duty
Brethren and Lovers (verse)
Students' Column
Ruskin on Lectures
Prediction by Washington

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Sonnet (verse)
What Is Practicality?
Pentecost on China

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

The Power of Human Combination

THE greatest discovery of modern times is the power of human combination, although our knowledge of it is but in its infancy. Here is a new force which has upset all previous calculations, a force which the world must understand, and harness and subdue. For these many centuries we have supposed that two and two make four. We are now learning that they do not make four, but rather five and even ten, and that the laws of arithmetic no longer hold good when men unite with their fellows in search of a common aim. A momentous discovery this, and one likely to have results when we have once learned its magnitude,

when we have once learned the new laws of calculation which must be applied when the ciphers are human.

We are now applying the power of combination without understanding it, without appreciating that it is a moral and even a divine power, mischievous and destructive if otherwise used. It is a fruit of the spiritual consciousness of which the tide is beginning to flow earthward. It is touching the upper reaches of men's minds, thrilling human nature with the new force which it brings and dazzling with the promise which it makes of the fulfilment of ideals, both worthy and unworthy. Already the higher and lower are struggling for the mastery of this new potency which has been disclosed by the dawning science of human combination.

Based Upon Human Sor- row & Need

In saying that this is the fruit of a new and spiritual consciousness we mean that it is based upon human sympathy and upon the recognition of a common identity of suffering and of remedy. It is no small thing that men should become generally conscious of sharing with others the sorrows and the needs which they have hitherto thought to be peculiarly their own. It is no small thing that hands should be joined in common helpfulness, even though for the moment this should seem to be but a change from personal selfishness to collective selfishness. For this long time we have become so inured to selfishness that the waters may flow for a time into the old bad moulds, but they will none the less become softened even to dissolution. Human contact for a common aim implies an increase of mutual knowledge, and from this a new fraternity must as surely come as the day follows the night.

Combinations of men bring with them a collective consciousness which must ever more and more dwarf the personal and the selfish. Everything which is mean and base is hostile to human combination and must eventually be submerged. We may, if we wish, speak of this as an exalted

Dominance to the Pure & the Good

self-interest, but so long as it is exalted it is a step, a stride indeed, in the right direction. And we believe that a further and a better development of the science of human combination is imminently at hand, a development which will give the essential dominance to the pure and to the good. We are about to recognize that a combination of good men is more powerful than a combination of bad men, and that by this new and spiritual arithmetic we must resort to quite different rules of addition for selfish men and for unselfish men. The unselfish man will contribute to the combination which he joins an infinitely greater power than the selfish man, because in him there is no undertow, no backwash to detract from and destroy the force of the wave, and he joins only those combinations which are consonant with his own pure and fraternal ideals. The world will look for unselfishness in its leaders and in its combinations of rulers, because only through such can success at all come. We shall recognize that only by fraternity can we invoke the powers which bring victory, that nature gives her sword only into hands which can wield it. And so we assert that the power hidden in human combination is the greatest discovery of the age; that it is a spiritual power, and therefore ultimately subject to spiritual laws, however much it may momentarily seem to be outside of those laws, and that the subtle discrimination and selection of nature will assuredly call forth the combinations which are fittest to direct and to guide the destinies of men.

STUDENT

To Make Us Orthodox

IT seems that there are still some benighted human beings who suppose that they can "make us orthodox by apostolic blows and knocks." A certain clergyman in Ohio having expressed liberal views in a pulpit, was rewarded by a bombardment of hymn-books. A free fight ensued between orthodoxy and heresy, in which the arm of the flesh was vigorously used and eventually the minister seems to have been driven from the church. The heresies which provoked these reprisals consisted of a belief in the universality of God, the denial of a material hell and some cheerful references to the "slaughter-house" religion of the orthodox. Hymn-books, as theological arguments, leave much to be desired, and we do not believe that an unsound faith can be cured by projectiles. At the same time this method of persuasion is of time-honored antiquity, and those who resort to it have an almost unbroken precedent extending for nearly two thousand years. X.

Philosophy of Genius

IT seems that we have still something to learn of the real meaning of genius, and as the occasion always brings the man, here is Mr. Havelock Ellis, with his new book and his willingness to make good the defects in our knowledge.

The author believes that it is a good plan to begin at the beginning, and so he has collected a great number of instances of genius, or of what he supposes to be genius, and he has classified them in a very painstaking manner. Indeed he has taken so much trouble that we sincerely believe his lists and statistics must one day be found useful to somebody. He has arranged his illustrations according to the latitude and longitude of their birth places, according to the size of the families from which they sprung, and their place in those families and their tendency to gout. It is this magnificent prodigality of prosaic detail which leads us to believe that the book must eventually be found to have a value. It is, however, for his final verdict that Mr. Ellis will be remembered. We may, he says, regard genius

As a highly sensitive and complexly developed adjustment of the nervous system along special lines, with concomitant tendency to defect along other lines. Its elaborate organization along special lines is often built up on a basis even less highly organized than that of the ordinary average man. It is no paradox to say that the real affinity of genius is with congenital imbecility rather than with insanity.

The concluding sentence of this altogether delightful summary specially commends itself to us. We feel sure that Mr. Ellis has been reading Max Nordau and his deification of the commonplace. The man of genius must, it seems, steer his perilous way between Scylla and Charybdis, between congenital imbecility and insanity, and with but small hope of avoiding one or the other.

We wonder how long it will be before the world turns itself to a serious consideration of the latent possibilities underlying the race, the possibilities which sometimes become the shining actualities of genius. How long shall we be content with measuring and weighing the great men of the race and discussing to which ward of the lunatic asylum they belong? When we have once learned the alphabet of genius, when we have once discountenanced the colossal conceit which tries to arrange and label the phenomena of genius in the glass cases of the laboratory, it is not difficult to predict that a new enthusiasm will seize the minds of men. We shall recognize that precisely the same potentialities are the heritage of the whole race, that the gold of genius is equally present everywhere, although in one place it may lie upon the surface while elsewhere it is hidden beneath the surface. With this perception will come the search for a science which will be the Science of the Soul. We shall recognize that there is a road to the development of godlike power and that the sign-posts upon that road lead unerringly to the goal. Then we shall no longer look upon the man of genius as upon a strange bird, which has flown in upon us from the night. We shall know that it is we who sit in darkness and that genius is the light which we have not known only because we have shut our eyes.

STUDENT

A Test For the Bench

VERY admirable suggestion has been made, but one which we are not very likely to see in operation. It is to the effect that no Judge shall receive his appointment until he has served one month's hard labor in prison. He would thus have personal knowledge of the punishment which he will be called upon to inflict. Two results would immediately follow. First of all there would be no further delay in the matter of prison reform, and secondly, there would be a marked decrease in the duration of sentences.

X.

Facts of City Life

SOME recent London death-rate figures strikingly bring out the evils of city life. The total average rate is 17 per thousand. But in Hampstead, a suburban part of the city, the rate is 33 per cent below this average; in Finsbury, a central part, it is 32 per cent above. Of women, between the ages of 15 and 35, three times as many die in the central parts as in the outlying areas. How vast must be the mass of disease, short of death-producing, which this represents; of disease, of low health, of physical misery, and therefore of vice! But still the cities grow and throng, and the sky-scrapers rise.

X.

Strength of Religion

THE strength of true religion, the religion of conscience, is a weird and terrible thing, so silent, so all-conquering. The Sphinx of Egypt never looked upon the motley, fantastic centuries with a contempt so mute and so lofty as the scorn with which the fundamental truth of human heart and soul has gazed upon the pigmy hordes which age after age have assembled to assail it. This it is which has stood throughout all time, which towers above the sands of creed, the sands which are blown hither and thither at the will of the winds, but which never cover nor conceal it. It is mute because it needs no defense but time, and by its very silence it bids us wait and see what the end shall be when one more mound upon the desert of human thought shall mark the death of one more creed, of one more futile theory of church or science.

Truly, all these things hurry apace to their self-inflicted doom, and only the Soul endures with its eternal message of simple right and wrong. Turn the pages of history and see the philosophies and the systems which have raised themselves against the ever-living Soul. How bravely they started upon their mission, the sciences with their negations, the creeds with their fogs and their devouring flames. Where are they now, and where are their devotees, and what is the verdict of today upon their insanities to which time has given its perspective? The human Soul stands in silent triumph among the graves of a myriad follies, of a myriad mad-nesses, and its benedictions fall upon every mind which has opened to the Eternal Right and to the Law which is divine in its simplicity. The Soul and its work need not the protection of our human minds. In its defense our law and logic alike are wasted. It stands as an eternal beacon over the tossing, moaning waters of our lives undone, waiting with the infinite patience and the infinite pity of God, for the recognition of the weary and the heavy-laden.

STUDENT

More Heresy

THE Rev. Mr. Beeby, the rector of an Episcopal church in Birmingham, England, finds himself unable to believe certain dead letter creeds with reference to the story of Christ. The bishop of the diocese thereupon demanded his resignation which was tendered and accepted, and so the name of the Rev. Mr. Beeby must be added to the honor list of those willing to surrender their stipends for the sake of conscience. Mr. Beeby has, however, found a champion in Canon Henson, well known for his breadth and liberality.

Canon Henson accuses the bishop of persecution and "resuscitated bigotry," and asserts that there are very many other clergymen who do not assent to all the creeds of their church. Of course there are, but why do they not stand out by the side of Mr. Beeby who is evidently not being punished for his heterodoxy but for his honesty, which is the one unpardonable sin in the eyes of the inquisitor?

Intolerance always makes itself ridiculous, which is a wise dispensation of Providence. The poison and the antidote grow close together. The bishop thought that he would destroy a heresy but he has done nothing but advertise it. He thought that he would crush a heretic and he has created a martyr. Common sense should have taught him better because even a bishop can surely learn something from the history of the churches.

STUDENT

Alcohol and Crime

AN English Judge, having been reproached for unduly strong language on the subject of alcohol drinking has written the following letter:

I have lately been brought face to face for weeks with the conduct of publicans in the carrying on of their business, which has resulted in the most heartbreaking crimes that it is possible to imagine—husbands murdering their wives, wives their husbands, fathers their sons, friends their own best friends—all through the maddening influence of excessive drinking. Twelve murders, eighteen attempts at murder, and woundings without number, that were just as likely to have ended in murder as far as the conduct of the criminal was concerned, have been mine and my brother judges' daily fare for the last four weeks on one circuit.

Mission Valley --- Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week presents a good view of the famous Mission Valley, San Diego, looking from the bluffs at Mission Cliff Park toward the old mission.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Homeless in London at Nightfall

WE learn from a contemporary that one in every two thousand of the population of London is left homeless at nightfall, and London is not a nice place in which to be homeless. These figures are presumably exclusive of the army of the destitute whose only shelter is the casual ward; exclusive also of the infinitely greater army who perpetually live upon the verge of destitution. Our contemporary remarks that this is one of the problems which are almost the despair of any but the most optimistic and with envious placidity we are told that the ultimate remedy lies in the "gradual evolution of a higher and a better civilization." The writer of course means well, but we should like to understand him a little more clearly. We should like to know when the higher and better civilization is likely to begin its evolution. The only civilization of which we have much practical knowledge is itself the creator of these horrors and it adds to them day by day and year by year.

If there is to be a higher and a better civilization—and it is a part of our religion to believe that there will be—it can hardly be an evolution from the present system. It must rather be some kind of a new beginning of which the vitalizing force must be fraternity instead of self-interest. There is, however, another factor to be taken into account. What if this vast aggregate of human misery of which London is only a sample, should suddenly prove unwilling to wait for "the gradual evolution of a higher and better civilization," of which they must be excused for seeing but small evidence? The phrase is of course an impressive one, but phrases form a somewhat thin diet for empty stomachs and a scanty clothing for naked backs.

Such a contingency would be embarrassing. It has indeed proved so upon other occasions and it might therefore be well if we were at once to exercise a little fraternity, which is all that is needed, rather than folding our hands for a little more slumber while the "gradual evolution of a higher and better civilization" is upon the road. One would suppose that this new kind of civilization is to be conferred upon us by some external beneficence rather than one to be gained, if at all, by strenuous and unsleeping effort. There is a wild beast very near the surface in every one of us. When misery reaches a certain point the wild beast becomes restive and even turbulent.

STUDENT

Suicides Increasing in Germany

WE regret to note the extremely rapid increase of suicide in Berlin, more rapid, we believe, than in any other city in the world. In 1900 the suicides were 434; a year later, 525; in another year, 564; and in 1903, 661. This is an increase of 38 per cent, while that of the population is but 3½ per cent. If a man found that his attacks of some malady were becoming yearly more frequent, he would examine his life and habits to ascertain in what way he was breaking the laws of nature, and would then amend his habits. And if he could not at once find out he would experiment here and there till he had discovered the flaw.

Why should not nations do the same? Surely suicide on any considerable scale indicates a national disease, and it is getting worse. Why should not each nation see whether, as a whole, it is not committing some infraction of the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, which, as respects nations, reduce themselves to the law of national and international brotherhood? And then amend ere it be perchance too late. For nations have, before now, found that they had awaked too late.

STUDENT

Some Cause for Truancy in Schools

WHAT are we to do with a boy fifteen years of age who refuses to go to school and who runs away from school as often as he is sent there? There is such a boy in Los Angeles whose delinquencies in this little educational matter have caused his appearance before the Judge. If he were a bad boy the case would be simplified, but this boy is not bad. His father has no other complaint to make of him, and

his mother says that he is as good a boy as any mother could wish to have. He himself has nothing particular to say in the matter, but "his face wore a wistful expression," for which we may assume some undisclosed cause.

Had we acquired some elementary notions of cause and effect, we should require the evidence of the teacher in such cases as this. We should be a little slow to believe that the fault necessarily lies with the boy. Here we have a mother, a father and a teacher who are unable to control one small boy of fifteen—who, by the way, has a wooden leg as well as a "wistful expression"—without invoking the official aid and time of the United States. Why not try the Hague Tribunal?

Pestalozzi once said: "I would go so far as to lay it down as a rule, that whenever children are inattentive, or apparently take no interest in a lesson, the teacher should always look first to himself for a reason." That is a view of education which will bear some examination. The teacher of the unwilling pupil ought to explain *why* that pupil is unwilling.

STUDENT

Boston Will Have a New School

A NEW school, designed to train men and women in the practical administration of the public departments of the poor, the criminal and the insane, is being organized in Boston. It is expected that it will prove attractive to the daughters of wealthy parents, and it is also intended that the courses will be opened to men. That something, and probably a great deal, will be accomplished by this new departure goes without saying, but if the question of salary becomes an important and vital question in the administration of all these departments, and if the word "charity" continues to be used in the old "reaching-down-from-the-heights" sense, the results will not meet expectations. All the science in the world cannot take the place of the heart touch. Unless all signs fail and all things change many will be attracted to this work now as heretofore because of the salary rather than because of an earnest desire to help their fellowmen. The abuses which have been such a blot upon so many "societies for the prevention of" this and that, have been almost without exception traceable to this question of salaries. Christ would probably not have been crucified had he taken pay for "ethical teachings," had he dispensed charity for a consideration and had accompanied his healings with "bills for services rendered." It may be that this new school will solve this question, but in general there is no better way of getting rid of a poison tree than by laying the axe to the root, and the root is unbrotherliness.

STUDENT

Paris Exercised Over Lunatic Law

THE mind of Paris is much exercised over the lunatic asylum law by which any person pronounced by a doctor to be mad must be confined in a lunatic asylum. Questions of this nature have been raised in every civilized country, but so far as we are aware no satisfactory solution has yet been reached. To give to the medical profession as a whole, the power to pass sentences of indefinite imprisonment upon all they may suppose to be insane is to lay a responsibility upon their shoulders too heavy and too onerous for them to covet. Of all human maladies insanity is the least understood. It is probably incapable of definition and it may be that no hard and fast line can ever be drawn between sanity and insanity. Wherever definitions of insanity have been attempted they have usually been found to include many of the world's greatest men and women. It is of course absolutely necessary to protect the community against homicidal insanity. It is also necessary to exercise the most scrupulous care against restraining the liberty of anyone merely because of eccentricity or unconventionality however extreme. We are always ready to assume that a marked divergence from our own opinions or customs is a mark of an unbalanced mind, and the medical profession is not remarkable for its toleration of innovation or change in matters of belief. The problem is hedged around with very considerable difficulties which are intensified by the enormous increase of insanity, which is reported in every direction.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Importation of Great Works of Art

ON the 22nd of May, 1902, William C. Lovering, a member of the House from Massachusetts, introduced a bill for the removal of duties on works of art, providing that all such works of art should have been created fifty years prior to the date of importation. This is the substance of the bill introduced to this session of Congress by the National Academy of Design and the Fine Arts Federation of the city of New York. At present the bill is pigeon-holed in the records of the Ways and Means Committee.

Of course it is argued that works of art are luxuries and therefore, since only the wealthy can afford luxuries, it is quite reasonable to impose upon them a tariff. It is also argued that the importation of pictures would interfere with the sale of the works of our American artists; but, as proof that the latter is not fact but fallacy, those who are most interested in securing the passage of this bill are the artists themselves! They realize that any encouragement given to the importation of great works of art would do much to build in this country the art atmosphere that we are entitled to have, but certainly do not have at present. Looking at the sale of pictures from a purely commercial standpoint, the more pictures that are sold, the more there will be sold. It is on all lines so, a demand creates more demand. More than this, the direct result of this tariff is to keep some of the most magnificent collections owned by Americans abroad, such as those belonging to Mr. Morgan and to Senator Clark. They will tell you frankly that they must keep their pictures abroad as long as the present tariff on works of art is enforced. Then, too, the revenue on the importation of works of art is no argument in its favor, for, leaving out the one extraordinary year when Mrs. Gardner of Boston paid something like two hundred thousand dollars duty on works of art brought over for her museum, the yearly revenue has rarely exceeded one hundred thousand dollars per annum.

It is conceded by the best teachers, both in this country and abroad, that art students no longer find it necessary to go to Europe to study, for every facility for complete training is found in our own art schools. But the student at present does need to go to Europe to see the galleries, to breathe, in a word, an art atmosphere. We might have all this in America, but we shall not have it as long as the masterpieces of painting and sculpture are kept across the water.

It is impossible to class these things as luxuries when one considers that in all probability most of those purchased would find their way sooner or later into public galleries.

If we want an explanation of the wonderful art life of Paris and of the art feeling that is so apparent among the whole French people, we may find it in the fact that even the workingmen, week after week, year after year, frequent, with their families, the great art galleries, of which there are not one or two here and there, but many. We will never have an art life among our people until we create an art atmosphere. The beautiful is just as necessary as bread, and the heart demands food as well as the body and the mind.

STUDENT

FRAGMENT

by BROWNING

GOD'S works—paint any one, and count it crime

To let a truth slip. Don't object, "His works

Are here already—nature is complete:

Suppose you reproduce her—(which you can't)

There's no advantage! you must beat her, then."

For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love

First when we see them painted, things we have passed

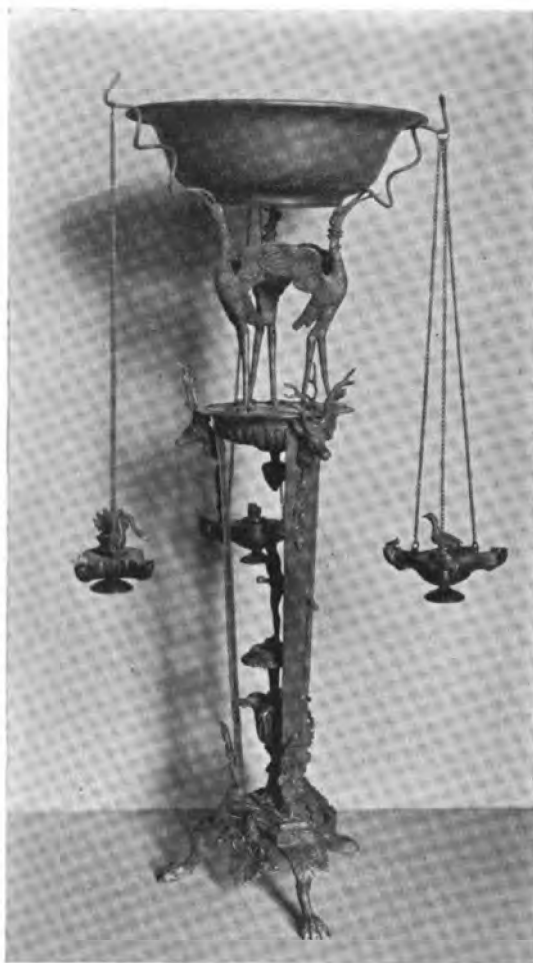
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;

And so they are better, painted—better to us,

Which is the same thing. Art was given for that—

God uses us to help each other so,

Leading our minds out.



ANTIQUE ITALIAN INCENSE-BURNER
With lamps. From rotunda of Students' Home No. 1, Loma-land

The Whistler Exhibition in Boston

IT is an interesting fact that the world's largest "Whistler" collection has been brought together—temporarily, however—in America. The Whistler Memorial Exhibition was recently opened in Boston under the auspices of the Copley Society. It includes every Whistler portrait owned in America, with one exception, and of his really great portraits owned in Europe only three are absent. There are nearly four hundred etchings, dry points and lithographs.

Whistler used to say that "as music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the poetry of sight." In this exhibition it has been made possible to follow with considerable thoroughness the trend and development of Whistler's own artistic life. One series of "Nocturnes" includes some of his most mystical works. Another series—of life studies—must surprise those who have imagined that Mr. Whistler painted forever in the dun and sombre and invisible gray-brown shades. This exhibition is unique in the history of American art.

It is probable that the death of no one of Whistler's contemporaries would be followed by such a wave of far-reaching interest in his work. Whether Whistler will stand before the future as the greatest artist of the present day, along certain lines, remains to be seen. There are those, and they are significant factors in the world of criticism and of art itself, who declare that he will be. One can no more endorse every detail of his art than one can every detail of his life, but he took certainly a step forward along certain untrodden paths and made it possible for many to follow who would not have been strong enough to lead. Ruskin used to say "the test of an artist's morality is his use of the dry-point." Some of Whistler's dry-points persuade us that if Ruskin was right, James McNeill Whistler was something more than merely eccentric.

STUDENT

IT is nearly time, it would seem, for a reaction from the inane, spectacular "extravanzas" of the present day. Many of them are demoralizing and most of them have no standard at all, as art goes. Almost without exception they feed merely the modern appetite for sensationalism and nothing more. Not that we want *Parsifal* every day in the week and all the time, but there is the classical, standard, sparkling opera or operetta, with its splendid, honest music, its brilliant text and its pure morals. Pure morals and rich, genuine humor go passing well together, though occasionally librettists believe otherwise.

WHISTLER disliked flattery and was quite as quick to detect the insincerity that often exists beneath praise as he was original in his methods of rebuking it. A certain lady was once raving to him about the scenery and ended by remarking, "It is like a series of your superb etchings!" "Yes," said Whistler gently, "nature is creeping up!"

BRAHMS was more or less epigrammatical in his teachings and his comments were very much to the point. "The pen is not merely to write with, it is to erase with." He used to say, "The great composer is he who knows what to leave out," and again, "If your ideas do not flow readily drop the pen and take a walk."

WOMAN'S WORK

Jenny Lind

SAID Mendelssohn: "She is as great an artist as ever lived; and the greatest I have known." It was with Jenny Lind's image before him that Mendelssohn wrote *Elijah*, his last and greatest oratorio.

Her singing in this masterpiece, at the grand performance given after Mendelssohn's death, for the purpose of founding a music-school in his name and to his memory, was one of Lind's artistic triumphs; and yet it was difficult to say of Jenny Lind, "She is greatest here, or she is most glorious there." Had she not been the greatest singer of her day, she would undoubtedly have been the greatest actress. It is only her fame as an artist that has to an extent overshadowed her memory as one of the noblest of philanthropists. It is only because the accounts of her public career fairly dazzle one that it is easy or even possible to forget her as wife and mother, for she was an example in every phase of life, in her pure, unselfish womanliness.

Jenny Lind and Mendelssohn were for many years the closest of friends. "Never have I been so happy, so lifted in spirit, as when I spoke with him, and seldom can there have been in the world two beings who so understood one another, and so sympathized with one another as we." Yet no lives could have afforded a more absolute contrast than the lives of these two friends. Mendelssohn's childhood was blessed with wealth, opportunity, the wisest, purest mother-love, and an ideal home life. What is the pitiful record of Jenny Lind—veritable little wanderer that she was until her tenth year, when the Royal Theatre of Stockholm adopted her?

When Jenny Lind was born no incumbrance could have been so little welcomed in the Lind family as a baby. The family was in financial straits; her father was as thriftless as he was musical, her mother, also a musician, supported the family by teaching school. Little Jenny, as soon as she was christened, was sent into the country into the family of a parish-clerk, seeing little of her mother until she was three years old. Then after some vicissitudes she found her way, together with a dear old grandmother, into the Stockholm Widows' Home.

As it chanced, the maid of one of the actresses at the Royal Opera House, heard her singing one day to her cat. She told her mistress of the marvelous voice, and in the end little Jenny was asked to sing before Count Puke, the head of the Royal Theatre. Jenny Lind describes herself at that time as "small, ugly, broad nosed, shy, *gauche*, undergrown."

"H'm," said the Count as he looked at her. "This is not a *creche*! This is a theatre!"

The child sang—she was accepted, taken charge of and educated at the expense of the Government for ten years. It was a complete change for her and, in spite of obvious disadvantages, was as heaven compared with the unloved, uncared for life she had been leading.

Her mother's influence was the one disturbing element in her life and finally, with characteristic resolution, Jenny Lind, when growing into womanhood, purchased a home for her parents out of her then slender earnings, and had a guardian legally appointed for herself. Affection there undoubtedly was between mother and child, but the mother's severity, love of power, and total incapacity for comprehending her daughter's

"THE advent of genius is like what florists style the breaking of a seedling tulip into what we may call high-caste colors—ten thousand dingy flowers, then one with the divine streak."

temperament or ideals, made companionship on any terms an impossibility.

The record of Jenny Lind's public career is well-known—her marvelous operatic triumphs, the homage paid her at courts, and the honors showered upon her by kings and

queens; her many charities and, as well, the innate sweetness and modesty which made it impossible for flattery to turn her head. To her music was a religion, singing was a mission, and money was a sacred trust to be expended in the service of humanity. When, after her greatest triumphs, she found peace and rest in the comradeship of one whom she devotedly loved, and who was worthy of her, she made in the marriage contract this one stipulation: that her husband should leave her forever free in her charities.

There have been many theories advanced as to why Jenny Lind should have left the operatic stage at the very beginning of her career, when the theatres were always crowded, when thousands were turned away, when her very appearance upon the street was the signal for a virtual ovation.

"The longer I remained upon the stage," she once said to a friend, "the less I grew to think of *that*," and she pointed across the sea westward, to the sunset. She believed in the higher drama and in its mission, and there are no grounds for believing that religious motives—for Jenny Lind was deeply religious—had anything to do with her leaving the stage. She chose the less thorny path of the concert room, for dramatic representation, with its wear and tear, its confusion of detail and wearisome work wore her out, soul and body, "soul, most of all," she used to say.

She was high-strung, nervous, emotional; she loved nature, and her one longing was for the country where she might be quiet. The happiest years of her life were the last years spent in her own home in the quiet of Malvern Hills, with her husband and children whom she devotedly loved. Was it the memory of her own unloved, virtually motherless, childhood that led Jenny Lind, when the great privilege came to her, to walk so unerringly the path of the higher motherhood? It may have been.

Jenny Lind seemed to have brought to fruition in her nature all that was best in the characteristics of the Swedish people. She had their quick sensibilities, their warm sympathies, also their persistence, determination and love of freedom. "And if she had the vivacity of her people, she inherited also the strong passionate feelings and affections which

make the home relationships in Sweden so rooted and so deep; and also that undertone of melancholy into which such artistic sensitiveness is prone to react—an undertone which seems to creep, like the sighing of a wounded spirit, out of the black heart of Swedish pine woods and to hover over the wide surfaces of her inland waters." JULIA HECHT

ADELINA PATTI says of ballad singing: "The truth is that the whole world loves these sweet and simple songs, and every nation has some one melody which is as priceless to its heart as the notes are familiar to the ear. When in frozen Russia I used to sing *Le Rossignol* the people fairly went mad. Oh, those Russians! Never have I seen such lovers of music as Russia holds."



JENNY LIND



The Shamrock of Ireland

Emblem of Inisfail, the "Isle of Destiny"

Unchill'd by the rain, and unawak'd by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour.
Till spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Thus Erin, O Erin, thy winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last.

THE life and realms held forth in the doctrine of the Trinity have ever been accepted as humanity's hope and destiny, and often has the three-leaved trefoil or shamrock been used to symbolize its threefold nature. Sometimes the ancients represented hope in a beautiful child standing tiptoe and holding in her hand a trefoil of three-colored grass.

The light-unveiling beauty of this emblem shows how living and real spiritual truths were to ancient peoples. The Trinity, the Three in One, was not merely an accepted metaphysical abstraction, but an ever-present living reality enshrined in every babe that is born.

Everything godlike and divine is connected with fire, indistinguishable flame and light that neither fades nor dies, but lives on, guiding the destiny of mankind from the hearts of those who are spiritually awake.

In Erin, through the gloom of blind materialism, through persecution, superstition and ridicule, reverence for the sacred fires has never been wholly crushed nor subdued; and now, it links the quickening present with the heart's throb of a mighty past.

The sacred eternal fire, the divine nature of the Goddess Dana, has lived in Erin's people; radiating immortal beauty from the lips of minstrels and bards; revealing unity with the universal mother through loving, welcoming hearts; proclaiming divine superiority and will in the noble dignity and life-unfolding power of her kings and queens; and standing forth glorious, heralding the freedom of the soul, in the unconquerable spirit of her liberty-loving and truth-defending martyrs and heroes.

Today the world feels the pulse of something new. Weary of abstract mazes it is demanding reality. A call has gone forth even for divinity itself. And hope is smiling through the living presence of the ancient emblem—the Children.

A. P. D.

A Patch-Work Character

FROM *The Book Lover* we quote the following. Comment is unnecessary:

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following cutting from an English newspaper of 1830:

Copy of a Remarkable Inscription on a Monument lately erected in Horselydown Church, Cumberland.

Here lieth the Bodies
of THOMAS BOND and MARY
his Wife.

She was temperate, chaste, and charitable;
But, she was proud, peevish and
passionate.

She was an affectionate wife and tender
mother;

But, her husband and child, whom she
loved, seldom saw her countenance
without a disgusting frown;

Whilst she received visitors whom she de-
spised with an endearing smile.

Her behaviour was discreet towards
strangers;

But, imprudent in her family.

Abroad, her conduct was influenced by
good breeding.

But, at home, by ill temper.

She was a professed enemy to flattery,
and was seldom known to praise or
commend;

But, the talents in which she principally
excelled,

were difference of opinion, and discovering
flaws and imperfections.

She was an admirable economist,
and, without prodigality,

dispensed plenty to every person in her
family;

But, would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing
candle.

She sometimes made her husband happy
with her good qualities;

But, much more frequently miserable with
her many failings;

inasmuch, that, in thirty years, he often
lamented that, mangle all her virtues,
he had not, in the whole, enjoyed two
years of matrimonial comfort.

At length, finding she had lost the affec-
tions of her husband,

as well as the regard of her neighbors,
family disputes having been divulged by
servants,

she died of vexation, July 20, 1768,
aged 48 years.

Her worn-out husband survived her four
months and two days,

and departed this life, Nov. 28, 1768,
in the 54th year of his age.

William Bond, brother to the deceased,
erected this stone

AS A WEEKLY MONITOR
to the surviving Wives of this parish,
that they may avoid the infamy
of having their memoirs handed down to
posterity with a Patch-work
Character.

A Woman Archeologist

ONE of the most remarkable of our women archeologists is Miss Harriet Boyd of Chicago. Many women have undertaken the work of excavating for historical relics but few have met with success. Miss Boyd is one of the few. Her work is better known in Paris, Athens and Rome than in America.

Miss Boyd graduated from Smith College some years ago and recently received a master's degree from the same institution. She first became interested in archeological work while pursuing classical studies in Athens and was there at the time of the war which opened Crete to excavating parties. She soon learned of a favorable site for carrying on the work which appealed to her so intensely, and in 1900 she started for Crete with her first party of about one hundred workmen and located at a little place on the island of Kavonski. The place looked unpromising enough, but they unearthed several ancient tombs which contained quantities of pottery and other relics, all of which were turned over to the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, with which Miss Boyd was then connected.

Gournia was the site of her work the next year and there, aided by her workmen, Miss Boyd unearthed a Mycenæan town, which historians have called the "Cretan Pompeii." It dates from a period about 1600 B. C. Up to the present time her work has been thorough and she has pushed it with business-like skill. The task, physically, has been severe, for rains and sandstorms, heat and cold, the peculiarities of native workmen and a thousand other difficulties she has had to meet and contend with.

It is interesting to recall that it was the Bronze Age which Homer described in the *Odyssey*, the Golden Age in all Cretan history, and Gournia was undoubtedly one of the ninety cities to which Homer referred. The archeological value of the discovery can therefore hardly be overestimated. When Miss Harriet Boyd sent to the American Exploration Society a telegram saying "Discovered Gournia, Mycenæan site, streets, houses, pottery, bronzes, stone jars," there were those who recognized the fact that she had discovered a city of which absolutely no record exists, save that of Homer's.

There is a human touch in all Miss Boyd's work that augurs well for the future. Her knowledge of human nature has enabled her to manage workmen under the most trying circumstances, and never has she placed her archeological work before the claims of compassion. When the Greco-Turkish war broke out she was in the American School of Classical Studies, Athens, but left books and all student pursuits for work in the army hospitals. For five months she nursed the sick and wounded, not only those who had fallen in battle, but the victims of a typhoid epidemic as well.

THE work done for the child criminals of Philadelphia by the women of that State is receiving wide recognition. Mrs. Frederick B. Schoff, one of the leaders in this movement, is at present preparing a history of the work accomplished, which is to be published as a Government document for general circulation. The article is to be presented, with resolutions by the Secretary of State, to Congress. Mrs. Schoff has also recently prepared, at the request of Honorable Wilfred Powell, British Consul at Philadelphia, a concise statement of the system as worked out in Philadelphia. This will be forwarded to Great Britain and to Australia, and will undoubtedly be the means of introducing the Juvenile Court into these countries.

RICHARD STRAUSS has published something like four hundred works, including songs, piano-forte pieces, sonatas, symphonies, tone-poems, overtures and operas. As yet he is not quite forty years of age. It is interesting to recollect the share his mother had in his musical education. When but six he composed a song with her help, and, recognizing his talent for composition, his mother supplied all his school books with music paper that he might put down any musical thought that came to him. How much would he have accomplished had he met with discouragement instead of wise and loving sympathy?

I THINK you will find it true that before any vice can fasten on a man, body, mind, or moral nature must be debilitated. The mosses and fungi gather on sickly trees, not thriving ones; and the odious parasites which fasten on the human frame choose that which is already enfeebled.
— Oliver Wendell Holmes

THERE are over seven hundred women college graduates in Ireland.

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Ancient Cities of Mexico Found in Unexplored Canyons

MEXICO seems to have furnished another page to the early story of humanity. Mr. W. J. Cox, while traveling in the neighborhood of the Sierra Madre mountains has found the ruins of an ancient city. The country in which it lies is entirely unpopulated, even by Indians, but that it was once extensively inhabited these ruins bear eloquent witness. The greater portion of the ruins were hidden in deep canyons or clustered around the mountain slopes. The canyons were artificially terraced, but whether this was done for irrigation purposes or as a fortification against enemies remains yet to be determined. The cliff sides, in the vicinity, are also honeycombed with caves, but the entrances being inaccessible without special appliances their examination was deferred until a more favorable season. Upon one mountain peak, Mr. Cox found a very large house or palace. In the center of this building was a shaft which seemed to go straight down into the mountain, but as it was partly filled with water it could not be explored. This may have been a well or it may possibly connect with some underground chamber. In front of the building was a well-built fortress and scattered about were the traces of a city.

Mr. Cox says that these ruins were scattered over a very considerable area and that during his trip he met with no other person. Being alone and without appliances his examination was necessarily cursory, but he believes that the whole region offers the greatest attractions to archeologists and ethnologists. Each set of ruins seemed to have its own burial ground, the graves being plainly indicated. There were no signs of metals except copper.

We are pleased to see that Mr. Cox intends to return to this interesting locality in order to make a more extended investigation and that he will then be equipped with suitable apparatus and a photographic outfit. The Mexican Government has often displayed an intelligent interest in archeology and possibly it will help to decipher these fascinating records.

STUDENT

Archeologists of the Future—Lest Posterity Forget Us

SOME years ago Mr. Frederic Harrison, with a kindly eye to the archeologists of the future and with the certainty that by the year 2900 London would be as desolate as the Egyptian Thebes, suggested that something be done to prove to the generations now unborn the height of our present attainment. He proposed the construction of a subterranean city in which would be placed a collection of the products, manufactures, pictures, books, instruments, photographs, phonographs, models of engineering works, ironclads, railway trains, maps, and all the paraphernalia of our daily life. There was, however, a lack of popular enthusiasm and the scheme was never carried out. Here in America it is not likely that we shall feel a very warm interest in the archeologists of the future while we remain so indifferent to the archeologists of today. It may also occur to some that there are perhaps certain features of our civilization which we need not be proud to record. The preservation of some sections of our daily press, for example, would hardly shed a lustre upon Twentieth century civilization, while the treatment of children in our factories would bring a blush to the cheek of a modern Hottentot and would certainly not enhance our reputation in the eyes of posterity. It is a solemn thing to keep a diary, either for a person or for a nation. If it is not kept faithfully it is useless and if it is kept faithfully we do well to bury it as Mr. Harrison suggested, and the deeper the better. That the future archeologist will find out all about us is perhaps a consummation more to be feared than to be desired.

THE Immortals made a Golden Race of speaking men. They lived as gods upon the earth, void of care and worry, apart from and without toilsome labors and trouble; and no wretched old age awaited them. Always the same in the strength of hands and feet, they knew no other state than joy, and calamity befell them not. When they died it was but as though they slept. They are now presences of inspiration moving about the earth for the help of mankind. Truly is theirs a blessed task.—*Hesiod*

Unexplored Bolivia—Treasures May Be Found There

BARON ERLAND NORDENSKJOLD is now on his way to the unexplored forests of Bolivia for the purpose of archeological research and also in order to study the Indian tribes on the tributaries of the Amazon. Speaking to a Reuter representative the Baron said:

Leaving La Paz, we intend to skirt the east coast of Lake Titicaca and cross the Andes to Pochuco, traversing a country full of interest and of Inca remains. After crossing the Andes the most serious part of our work will commence—namely, a sojourn of eight months in the dense primeval forests haunted by hostile Indians. In order to pursue our investigations, we shall naturally try to enter into friendly relations with these tribes, and we shall work our way along the Madre-de-Dios, Inambari, Tambopata and other tributaries of the Madeira and Amazon rivers. Our headquarters will be on the Rio Tambopata. As our chief object is to study for the first time the tribes of this forest region, we shall not restrict ourselves to any one line of route. I anticipate that it will be difficult to enter into relations with the little-known Indians, who are of a most warlike character. I hope to get fresh information regarding the Araunas, a tribe who have small temples filled with wooden gods. Their principal god is a huge wooden disc, meant to represent the sun, and they also worship wooden axes. We shall probably have greater difficulty in getting into touch with the Guarayos, a most interesting but very hostile race, of which very little is known. We expect to find relics of pre-Columbian civilization in the Andean forests. On the conclusion of our work in the forests, we shall return to Lake Titicaca and study the marine animals.

Bolivia is a little explored country and it would not be surprising if the Baron's archeological and other researches were strangely productive.

Africa, a Meeting Place of the Sunken Continents

LAKE TANGANYIKA, in Central Africa, has of late been attracting a good deal of scientific attention. For this enormous sheet contains a species of jelly-fish or medusa, unknown in any other fresh water. And in its depths occurs a very remarkable series of whelk-like molluscs. It is therefore supposed that in former ages the lake was connected with the ocean.

This was certainly the case, according to Theosophy. If we suppose that what is now the east coast of Africa was the western end or coast of Lemuria, the great Pacific continent, whose sea boundary was the line of the Nile and Lakes Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika, then it will be easy to see that when Africa west of this line arose as an extension from Atlantis—the continent that was once where the Atlantic Ocean is now—the two great lakes and the Nile would mark the point where the sea was shut in between the two closing halves. Lemuria and Atlantis sank, leaving their meeting place alone standing.

STUDENT

Excavations in Turkestan to Show Age of Prehistoric Civilization

THE Carnegie Institute of Washington has commissioned Professor Raphael Pumpelly, one of America's best known archeologists, to proceed at once to Turkestan in order to make certain excavations. This work is intended to settle the question as to the age of the civilizations of which the remains are known to underlie the soil. Numerous tumuli have been found in the oasis of Meri, and the ruins of ancient Samarkand are of especial interest. A report in the *London Daily News* states that the Professor regards the tumuli as the most important of the remains. These tumuli are quite numerous along the base of the mountains east of the Caspian, and from this point eastward reaching nearly to Andidjan.

For several years Monsieur J. de Morgan has been conducting scientific investigations in Persia, and especially at Susa. He has unearthed tablets and cylinders with hieroglyphic inscriptions, which were considered by Scheil as belonging to a group before the Fortieth century B. C.

Some recent excavations made by Stein brought to light cities in the Tarim basin which were buried in the sands, and Professor Pumpelly believes that the thickness of earth in the tumuli and town sites of Turkestan is evidence of protracted occupation.

By outlining the comparatively unknown region of Turkestan Professor Pumpelly will increase the knowledge of the geological map.

Nature

Studies

Now Is the Fairies' Busy Season

THE return of spring has once more presented to us the familiar marvel of plant growth; each sort after its kind. Out of the hard yellow soil, which has lain bare and hard during months of summer dryness, has come the green life. The fern-like fronds of the alfilerilla grow side by side with the heavy, fleshy, diamond-spangled ice-plant. There is a bunch of grass beside them and near by a wild hyacinth is thrusting up its one long leaf and slender stalk crowned with purple bells. Plants of a hundred species throng every hillside, all in a hurry to be done with the season's work. The air seems full of the hum of elfin industry. What a tracing of plans, what living masonry and vitalized carpentry must be going on, though we cannot see it! The chemists and perfumers, painters and jewelers, are all busy preparing for the rush of blooming-time. In fact, fairy workmen of a thousand different crafts are all doing their best to meet the emergency, for they know that growing is a business that cannot be done without water, and must, therefore, be hurried through while the supply lasts.

The chilicothe and acanthus workmen are very orderly and follow the regular plan very exactly, but the black sage has no architect at all, and the builders put the branches together just anyhow, the same as the wild-buckwheat people do. There is great rivalry between the yerba santa artists, and scarcely any two have exactly the same shade of purple in their bell-like flowers. The wild yellow violets and the blue-eyed grass, or ground-iris, have family styles which they do not vary for any passing whim; but the painter of the wild hyacinths seems to mix his colors fresh for every blossom, because nearly every one is a different shade. Perhaps some time the elves will find human beings wiser than now and will show themselves to the children as they used to long ago, but now we can only watch the wonderful unfolding of their handiwork, so dainty that we can never hope to equal it.

N. L.

The Wonderful Lifting Power of Growth in Plants

THE other day we noticed a curious upheaval in an old roadway. The compacted ground had been broken through where it was about eight inches thick and an area of about two feet diameter had been lifted out of position. The total cleavage was about eight feet long through hard gravel road-bed, hard enough to require vigorous use of a pick, where it was eight inches thick. The total weight moved was, at a guess, about seventy-five pounds.

And it had all been done by a few, possibly a dozen, Yerba Santa shoots in search of sunlight. Scarce one was larger than an ordinary lead-pencil and none as hard as the flesh of a potato. They could have been easily crushed by a pinch with the thumb and finger, yet by their combined efforts they had made a lift which, including breakage would have tested a man's strength.



A PATH TO THE OCEAN WEST OF THE HOMESTEAD POINT LOMA :::

How it was done the elves may be able to tell; perhaps they have methods of lifting which do not depend upon the laws of tensile nor crushing strength.

STUDENT

Moving an Ant Hill—Gigantic Task of Tiny Workers

WE noticed, today, a colony of ants moving their nest to a drier location. The distance was about sixty feet; fully twenty minutes' travel for one of them. The road was about an inch wide and black with ants from end to end. With all their wonderful sagacity, ants appear to have no space-perception, for they will wander blindly about for half an hour within six inches of the entrance without being able to find it. Some were lost along the road, often within two inches of it, and were unable to find it at all. This curious defect increases the puzzle as to how they succeeded in establishing the highway in the first place. It must have required their best explorers to go that far and be able to return. But they did at last, by some means, get it nearly straight from end to end, only swerving aside to dodge obstructions. Maybe there are some in the nest which do possess the space-perception so as to be able to see several paces; as some men have the sense of justice, which most people lack.

STUDENT

THE world seems still to contain some animals which have an aversion, or, at any rate, an indifference to being discovered and classified. Among these must be numbered a certain bat, known as *Euderma maculatum*, which has until recently eluded the search of the Biological Survey of the United States. In 1891 a specimen was picked up dead. It is described as having "ears like a jackass and a white stripe on each shoulder." Ever since this discovery a diligent search has been made for further specimens, but although a farmer in Vegas Valley, Nevada, described it as being a common summer visitor to that neighborhood, a second specimen has only now been found. Both the species and the genus of this bat are new to science.

STUDENT

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

IN addition to the musical program two admirable papers were read at the meeting of The Universal Brotherhood Organization at Isis Theatre on Sunday night — one by Mrs. Hanson on "Child Study," and the other by Mr. R. W. Machell on "The Useful and Beautiful." Mrs. Hanson and Mr.

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

"Child Study," by Mrs. Hanson,
and "The Useful and Beautiful," by
Mr. R. W. Machell, Well Received

Reprinted from the San Diego News

Diego audiences that their addresses were listened to with a very full attention. Both papers were of some length and so carefully prepared as to constitute treatises of value upon their respective subjects. Mrs. Hanson's views upon the training and education of children are always warmly welcomed, while Mr. Machell's eminence in the domain of art gives a very high value to his opinions. We regret that we can do little more than give the opening sentences of these two very important papers. Mrs. Hanson said:

"In the children's stories, the little princess is given three wishes by her fairy god-mother, but I feel the whole world could be revolutionized if we had but one. Would that we could start life once again and with a perfect understanding of its responsibilities and laws. If we only knew how to untangle the webs of sorrow and disappointment, of weakness and despair, and spread our wings of faith and hope and sail over and beyond the pits and quagmires, like some beautiful white sea-gull, that breathes only the purest air and lives in sparkling sunshine. Unlike ourselves, it cannot live in the impure atmosphere of crowded districts, amid strife and uncleanness. Have we not all experienced the same feeling as we have gazed at the ocean, watching its ceaseless ebb and flow; when suddenly and noiselessly a great gull sailed above us, unruffled, undisturbed? Such a rush of longing came over us to be like that, above and beyond the worries of life and sailing upward in an atmosphere of peace. But we cannot have this kind of peace, for we must all help to carry our brother's burden in addition to our own. Who of us could be content to gain peace for himself alone? When we have it, we must turn back and help others over the stony places, bind up the wounds and support the faltering footsteps. And who needs our help the most? The children — the misunderstood children. Children who are drifting like a boat on the open sea, tossed by every wind and gale and driven upon foreign shores, from which there is no return, by their own unaided efforts. There are times when the pathos of it all is almost overwhelming, when we can feel the tiny hands from all over the world stretched out in a piteous appeal for help, for some one to guide and direct until they are strong enough to stand alone. We all can look back at mistakes,

disappointments and heart-breakings and think 'if we had only known!'

"But have we learned nothing from these experiences? Are we not stronger and wiser? Who knows the path so well as he who has trod it, with a cross upon his back? And it is from all this unnecessary suffering that we should save the children. We want to give them the

opportunities of living in the sunlight of life instead of in its shadows. Katherine Tingley has said, 'Give me a child until it is seven years of age, and all the temptation of the world cannot move it afterwards. It will have been taught the divinity of its own soul.' And how often does she remind us that we need not search for other worlds to conquer when this world is so full of neglected and misunderstood children."

Among many fine things in Mr. Machell's paper on "The Useful and the Beautiful," he said:

"There is a popular belief, which one might well call a superstition, that the useful and the beautiful are eternally opposed to one another, and I think this is one of the most foolish fallacies of modern thoughtlessness. Like many another error it has been accepted carelessly and become a habit of mind which has now acquired a sort of right to rule the masses who are too lazy to think for themselves. There is a terrible amount of this mental laziness, in spite of the supposed activity of the modern mind.

"But perhaps one of the chief reasons for the existence of this mistaken notion is that the modern world has but a very hazy idea of what is really meant either by beauty or by usefulness. This can hardly be a matter of surprise when we reflect that most people have no clear idea of what they are living for, and consequently can have no clear ideas either as to what is really useful and needful for true life. For the same reason they are quite unable to find any standard of beauty by which to test the right of anything to be considered beautiful.

"Katherine Tingley has told us that 'Life is joy,' and we need no one to tell us that joy is beautiful. Everything then that helps to make life joyful is useful. Is that the way we usually judge of what is useful? To some extent I think it is, but the result of the attempt to get some joy in life is that millions of people live in a state of utter want of all that makes life either joyful or even tolerably free from misery. The reason for this is that each one is trying to get this joy of life for himself without regard to what is the cost to any one else, and it cannot be got that way."

To Educate Children of all Nations

Read at Sydney, Australia, January, 1904

TO successfully teach any subject one must have a knowledge more or less complete of the subject to be taught. So to successfully teach Universal Brotherhood the teacher must understand in some degree the living meaning of the term. For Universal Brotherhood is not merely phrase or fancy coined in the human mind; far from it. It is a fact in nature, and would remain a fact if there were no human mind to cognize it. Universal Brotherhood means, in words then, that humanity and all creatures, suns, worlds and systems of worlds are expressions, aspects or manifestations of the Universal Mind and Soul, and that to successfully teach this basic, glorious truth, it must, to the teacher, be a living fact, not a matter of mere mental acceptance, and consequently devoid of real living power. The successful teacher must know from experience what it means to struggle against and overcome qualities in the mind and heart that oppose the practise of Brotherhood, and the Wisdom and knowledge of self is the great book, combined with the soul, from which the teacher draws living instruction adaptable to every emergency, to safely guard against the possible encroachment in the mind of the child of qualities that oppose real healthy human life.

Although there be many imitators of the methods of Katherine Tingley success will never follow such until Universal Brotherhood has become something more than a mere idea. To feel at one with the life of all, the ceaseless, harmonious throb of the ocean of being is the qualification, the diploma of the true teacher, the degree according to the realization; the observance of the external methods alone are of little value and may end in hypocrisy if the teacher's motive be not good. The teacher teaches what he is, he cannot teach what he is not. And when, on many an occasion, the child has proven himself in character superior to the ordinary teacher, the place for that teacher if he studied his own best interests, should be at the feet of the child. Nature appoints her teachers according to degree of the character, not with regard to the age of the body.

E. J. W.

The True Way to Help the World

Read at public meeting of U. B. Lodge No. 1, Australia

WHAT appeals to us most as the great need of the world today? A greater Spirit of Brotherhood, undoubtedly, to my mind; a deeper earnestness, and a higher ideal and definite aim in life. So many drift hither and thither, rudderless, disabled in the stormy sea of human life, and like to become wrecks if help be not forthcoming; so many, weary of life; so many embittered souls, railing at fate, railing at their fellows, they see the misery existing, but they do not see the real causes of it all, and so in their efforts at helping they still hinder the hoped for result, though in a just universe they receive the just recompense for their good intentions. Every effort in the right direction helps, however, to bring to man that aid he needs to help him forward in his evolution. Man is more than an animal, more than an intellectual Being *merely*, his nature and his needs are *three-fold*. No true Helper of Humanity can leave out the *Soul*, and no true Reformer *ever has*; they have always made the central point of their teaching and practice **MAN IS A SOUL!** The soul acts through the heart, and it is the *Heart-touch*, strange though it may sound to many, that illuminates the intellect and enables it to put forth its greatest power. The true genius has always been a man of heart as well as of intellect. The mind in a properly trained human being is as much the controlled servant of the Soul as the animal body.

The Soul of man, our real *Inner Self*, is ever seeking outward expression, striving to fulfill its mission of perfecting humanity, and the form this feeling of Inner Unity must take on this outward plane is Brotherhood, *Practical Brotherhood*. The true way to help the world is by starting Reform, by being ourselves *Reformers on right lines*. Brotherhood to be *practical* must be practised, mustn't it? There is no use in preaching what we don't practise; only hypocrites are made that way. Think of what the word "*reform*" means: "To form anew; to change from worse to better; to remove which is bad or corrupt," etc., etc. So you see, after recognizing the faults and failings of our present civilization in the

lives of humanity, and the conditions in which we live, we need to be *truly helpers* to start about the Upbuilding, and here is where a True Philosophy of Life becomes so necessary as the ground plan, so to say, of the new structure. And the need of men has once again, as in the past, called forth the Master Builders.

In response to the cry from humanity's heart for reform, three heroic Souls in succession have waged war upon the Powers of Darkness for the liberation of the souls of men—three mighty Reformers, great exponents of Brotherhood. H. P. Blavatsky gave the service of a mighty intellect to the Soul, to aid in breaking down the false, unpractical theories that in her day held down the Soul of man. "Ye are Souls," rang her clarion cry; "arouse! arouse!" and she battered down fortified positions of intellectual fallacies on all sides, letting in the Light of Eternal Truth to the Imprisoned Souls of men. And many did rouse, called to action by her *heroic action*, and the life-giving message she brought.

More and more imperative became the call to practical action, and under William Q. Judge a great stand for the practical realization of *Brotherhood* was made, and many rallied round that flag, and fought the battle that has brought aid to the Regenerative Forces of the World.

Under Katherine Tingley, what do we see? Oh, joy for suffering humanity! The practical beginning of a "new order of ages," the True Philosophy of Life put into practice, the true way to help the world shown in the most convincing of all ways, by objective expression.

From this time forth there will be living examples in the world of what kind of men and women, lives lived on right lines, can produce. The Raja Yoga School has started at Point Loma, the school wherein will be taught the *Science of Life*. Already the children trained therein are calling forth the wonder of the world. And the true way to help the world is such a lovely way: it is the reforming of yourself on new lines to those worked upon in modern times, but old as humanity, and intended from the beginning, the lines of *Soul* development, putting things in order, and order you know is "heaven's first law;" Soul first, as Master and Ruler, then Mind and Body, as willing servants, in the great scheme of Universal Brotherhood that is our destiny to realize in action. Art, and Beauty, and Joy, and Peace, and Plenty, will follow *this* reformation. Truly, the old world will pass away, and there will be a new heaven and a new earth! The first step to bring this about is for each of us to try and realize his Divinity and his Brotherhood with all living things and join hands in bringing it about as speedily as possible, by doing our duty to our neighbor and the *God within* now! E. I. W.

I THINK I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained,
I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demoralized with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

So they show their relations to me and I accept them,
They bring me tokens of myself, they evince them plainly in their possession.

—Walt Whitman

What Is It to Be Genuine

TRUTH is above all things, and is the mightiest power on earth. Yet, what is truth? This is an old, old question, yet it is ever new, and every thinking being has asked it of himself a hundred times or more. Literal truth is one thing, real truth is often quite another. A thing or a saying may often be perfectly true in a literal sense, on the surface, and yet a deception for all that. The impression conveyed is as important as the words, nay, more important, because all that the words are for is to make just such an impression.

Important, however, as our sayings and our actions are, the main thing for us is to be true, to be *genuine*. Our outward expression is important mostly as an expression of that which is within.

It is not necessary nor desirable that we should carry our hearts on our sleeves, nor that we should select the first person we meet for a confidant. That would not only be very foolish, but would work untold mischief, for it would be giving things to those who would misuse them. But we must be true, we must mean whatever we say, and whatever we do we must do with a right good will. If it is worthy of being done at all it is worthy of our best. We must not only be kind to each other, but we must *love* to be kind. The kindness must be genuine, springing from the heart. If we harbor true feelings of love for our fellowmen, then all else comes natural. Our sympathy then goes out to all others, we take part in their sorrow, we rejoice in their joy. We are interested in all that which interests them, and thus we build up that community of feeling through which alone true comradeship is possible. Thus we become true helpmates to each other, strengthening each other not alone at the weak points, but by making the strong ones tenfold stronger.

The more our lives interblend, the more need is there to be always genuine, for any little deception is then more immediately felt, causing estrangement. So also is

the true, honest, free and open, helpful comrade-touch, and each one who is genuine is an inspiration and a blessing to all he contacts.

STUDENT

THE GOLD OF SPEECH

by MABEL PERCY HASKELL

GUARD well thy words---
How else can thou be master of thyself?
Well poised and courteous speech can make thee king
Among thy fellow men.
Keep watch upon thyself
And govern well thy lips as doors unto a treasure house.
That nothing may be stolen from thee unawares
By sudden moods.

The Power of the Soul

IT has been said by a Theosophical writer that "the minds are many, but the soul is one." The soul, then, is that divine, creative, sustaining and binding principle of the universe which unites and relates each to all and all to each. This universal, impersonal soul incarnates in you and me, and is "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." "As lord of this mortal frame it experiences therein infancy, youth and old age, and so in future incarnations will it meet the same." We learn that "He by whom all things were formed is incorruptible, and no one is able to effect the destruction of It, which is inexhaustible. These finite bodies, which envelope the souls inhabiting them, are said to belong to Him, the eternal, the indestructible, immovable spirit who is in the body. It is without birth, and meeteth not death; it is ancient, constant and eternal; and is not slain when this its mortal frame is destroyed. As a man throweth away old garments and putteth on new, even though the dweller in the body having quitted its old mortal frames, entereth into others which are new." Such, in brief, from the *Bhavadgita*, is a description of the divine principle in us, and which the teaching of Theosophy shortens into the statement that man is an immortal, divine, reincarnating soul. We inhabit many bodies, one after another for our lives, in which we live to learn and realize that we are souls, all parts of the one divine, universal principle, the relationships of which parts is expressed by Universal Brotherhood. Hence, we can see that to hurt, to wrong another, is really to hurt *ourselves*, for we are abusing the divine principle which ensouls us all. We are not merely brain-minds, lower selves, as Theosophy calls such, and which are too much dominated by our senses and passions. But it is through the brain-mind that the power of the soul may be felt here and known. No one can know a thing he never thinks about, or thinks about wrongly. If we think we *have* a soul in a sort of supercilious way, thinking we are superior to the sacred divine principle, as our so-called religious training of the past has led us to think, we can never contact it or know its power.

Happily, this false idea is being shown at its true value by the spread of Theosophy, which the three great Teachers of modern days—Madame Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley—have rebrought, sustained and demonstrated to us. We can now fearlessly think we *are* souls, and so learn to discriminate between our mortal and immortal nature. We can now think out the meaning of life and know our source, strength, possibilities and responsibilities. We can stand up as divine souls, with the knowledge that our hopes, our worthy hopes, stand some chance of realization in another life here, if not in this. We can go forward courageously, knowing that the friends we loved, who have passed on to rest, will be found again here in this world, working side by side with us in our evolutionary march. We can joyously look forward to the reign of the good, the beautiful and the true, when we will live and think and act as souls in a golden age here on this old Mother Earth.

The power of the soul is a power of love that brings order out of chaos, and joy out of pain, and ultimate good to all.

The power of the soul is being felt today by the heart of humanity at large. The very turmoil in some lands is a sign of it. The urge to right things and to drop wrong methods of life are other signs. A great soul is in the world and the conscience of humanity is feeling her presence. God is love, we believe. The great heart of a great Teacher is a manifestation of that love which wills and works for truth, light and liberation to all, and it will and must ultimately be responded to, for love begets love. Do we want to know the truth of this? Then we must think of ourselves, our real selves, as divine souls, and turn to our hearts for the light, which illumines our darkness. By so doing we will learn to discriminate the true from the false. By so doing we shall learn the truth of Shakespeare's words, when he said, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." That divinity is our real, divine, immortal selves, and its will, its power, its law, is over all our acts and thoughts, and urges us to progress, unity and love. Its adjustments of our lives we call pain, by some punishment; but obedience to it and the unexpected results we call joy. According to our Leader and Teacher, Katherine Tingley, life should be joy, and we can see how it can be made so—by obedience to our divine selves.

S. A. A.

✧ ✧ The Beginning of the Way ✧ ✧

MARY WEBB felt a bit lonely and there was something like an ache in her heart as she busied herself over the tea-cups. The corner of the lunch cloth caught her eye—a spray of autumn tinted leaves, reminding her of the sheltered corner of the garden, where she had lovingly stitched into the linen a picture of nature's own beauty. Her smile, at first wistful, grew sunshiny at the recollection, but that was before—O well!

Mary resolutely shut off the current of thought that was sweeping in, knowing it to be disintegrating in its effects. After all, why should she expect her sister to do even a share of the menial work, when she made such a capital hostess? How the guests crowded about her!

Frank Fairfield quite held his own in the gay medley of chatter, and admired, in common with all the guests, the graceful manner and witty, light talk of his pretty hostess, a friend of his sister. However, his eyes turned now and then toward the younger girl, Mary. He noticed a thoughtfulness underlying her care of every detail, her regard for each guest, and how finally she took a seat beside the least interesting of all, drawing her into conversation. Without quite understanding why, he soon took a seat beside her, but almost immediately Mary was called upon to play an accompaniment to a song.

Frank Fairfield had come down to the little village of Banksia to spend his vacation between law terms, with a favorite sister. "There are people who lift and people who lean," she had said that very morning to him, emphatically. "A very uncomfortable place this world would be for those who lean were it not for those who lift," she added, "but generally the former have not sufficient gratitude to acknowledge it."

"Have I fallen under the ban of your displeasure?" inquired her brother.

"You men," replied Mrs. Merwyn, with more haste than diplomacy, "always take things to yourselves. I had a case in mind, but I was not thinking of you at all."

"Of whom were you thinking?" replied Frank.

"Well," she answered teasingly, "of some one, or of some two, rather, whom you will meet tonight."

The words recurred to his mind that evening, when he saw pretty Mary Webb patiently remaining in the background for the sake of the comfort of the guests, while her sister Kate, less attractive in many ways, though more brilliant in conversation, remained quite upon the surface of things and apparently without any responsibility whatever. Yet while Frank realized the truth of his sister's statement and fancied that he saw its application before him, he was scarcely prepared to give it its full value, for it must be admitted that many of "those who lean" are good to look upon and the engaging smile hides many a selfish action. Yet, in spite of all the brilliancy of the dozen social butterflies in that little assembly, the calm, cheerful, restful bearing and sweet dignity of the girl who forgot herself in the service of others, stamped itself indelibly on Frank Fairfield's mental vision.

Frank Fairfield was what is generally termed "popular," and he had, withal, a justifiable pride in the straightforwardness of his own life. He "knew his own value," as they say, but underneath the layer of conceit—largely the result of unfavorable conditions—lay sterling stuff awaiting but the teaching of humility to bring it forth.

"Kate! Is she safe?" These were Mary's first words as she returned to consciousness.

"Yes," Frank answered gravely—"and you?"

"I am quite all right now," she replied, opening again the eyes that had wearily closed. "My head aches a little and I—feel a little bewildered, but it is nothing," and she drew herself away from the supporting arm and sat up. Suddenly, with quick trouble in her face, she said, "Are all the others safe, too?"

"Arnold is badly hurt, I fear, poor chap. It is a sad ending to our excursion; but you should not sit up. I shall insist upon your taking complete rest, and with your permission I shall leave you, to go to your sister and Miss Fannie with the good news that you are not injured. They were a little hysterical and I sent them to the hotel."

"But they are quite unhurt?" Mary asked again, as he assisted her to rise.

"Quite. Perhaps you are able to go the hotel, with my assistance."

"No," she said, "my place is here. I am quite well and the others need me. Quick, you can help me if you will."

Mary stood up, a bit unsteadily, but with an effort of will threw off the bewilderment and regained control of herself.

Frank was a willing helper, but the situation was a new one to him and he therefore appreciated the more Mary's skill. When finally the doctors and nurses arrived at the scene of the wrecked train and Frank Fairfield was permitted by Mary to take her to the hotel for rest, a new respect for women and all womanhood had blossomed in his heart. His own help—how blunderingly he had worked, and what harm might not his ignorance have done except for Mary's skill! He, a University man with a degree; she, but a country girl. And so it came about that Frank Fairfield returned to town with his self-complacency well-nigh transmuted into something nobler and better.

A year passed, a happy year to Mary Webb, for the friendship between herself and Frank Fairchild had blossomed into that full, sweet comradeship upon which the true marriage alone may be based; and the marriage which was to take place at the conclusion of Frank's next yearly visit, appeared to both as the open doorway into a new life—a life which should be greater than the old and which was to be filled with unselfish service to humanity. Of this greater work Mary had always held within her heart the ideal, yet her life had been shut in and hedged about. Now the ideal was to be realized, for Frank had found his life-work and Mary Webb felt that at last the dream of her life was to be realized. They would share a life of service together.

"I have you to thank, Mary, for my life's happiness in more senses than one." Thus said Frank Fairfield at the conclusion of the long looked for visit. "But for the example of your own heroism, but for your own womanly unselfishness, I should never have summoned the courage to break down the barriers that were holding me back. Before I knew you, I used to search for the brilliant and the witty, the fascinating and the clever. After I knew you, Mary, I began to search for the true, and then I began to realize how selfishness and thoughtlessness had kept all that was best in me shut away. It was you who gave me my first lesson in Brotherhood and now this new work in the city, Mary—how I wish I could tell you more about it! I can see you among the Lotus children already. How well I remember smiling to myself, in a superior sort of way, at the delight of my old chum, Harry, when I told him how sick and tired I was of the present state of things! It was you, dear, who made me see the emptiness of the old life. And then Harry took me to his society, a Universal Brotherhood he called it, really only six months ago, but it seems ages."

"It has never seemed to me right," said Mary, "that some should get so much brightness, and others so little. Theosophy—so it seems to me—must offer an explanation for these things. It is certainly more beautiful, more hopeful, more ennobling, than anything I have ever read or even dreamed. It has brought so much into my life, Frank, that I feel more than grateful to you."

"Do you believe," she said very simply, and turning to him a face that was filled with earnestness—"do you believe that our comradeship can be just the growth of one short year? It seems to me it has lasted all ways."

"I think it has, Mary," said Frank, "but however that may be, now is our opportunity to make the world richer, because we have formed that comradeship. Let us use it as a means of bringing, not more pleasure or more ease to ourselves, but as a means by which we can help those who wish to look up to find a wiser, truer way of living. We have it in our power to make our home a very sun, radiating light to those who are yet in darkness."

"You are right, Frank, this is our opportunity. A true home is like a light in the midst of darkness. If we have courage and wisdom, our home may be like that."

STUDENT

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Dr. Max Nordau and Radium—Heterodoxy in Science Denounced

DR. MAX NORDAU has rendered brilliant services to the world of thought, services which we should be the last to underrate or undervalue. He has put us upon our guard against an increasingly large section of humanity who have erected unworthy and degenerate ideals as their guides in life, who seem indeed to be animated by the unclean thoughts of past ages. For this he is entitled to our appreciative thanks, even though we are forced to dissent from his definitions of degeneracy. The gospel according to Nordau is, of course, the gospel of the commonplace and the orthodox.

He shows but scant desire to discriminate between the thought which is in advance of today and that which is but an imitation of ancient evil, or which arises from the dregs and the wild beast cages of human nature. He knows only two categories, the commonplace and the degenerate, and even Dr. Nordau's worst enemy will not accuse him of being commonplace. Small wonder then that the speculations as to the nature of radium have disturbed the academic philosophy of the learned doctor. He has not yet placed nature herself under the ban of degeneracy although her inconsiderate action in unveiling her mysteries approaches perilously the border line. He does, however, pour out the vials of his wrath upon those scientists who show a willingness to depart from accepted theories in the presence of phenomena which upset those theories. Ancient theories are orthodox and to advance is to degenerate.

Dr. Nordau has certainly the courage of his convictions. Gustav Le Bon is accused of jumping to conclusions and of forsaking ancient belief for a new theory that a continual decomposition and volatilization of chemical atoms is taking place. The Curies themselves, we are told, have "forged a sword of flame for religion and their mysterious element seems to be as fatal to doubters as to minute animal organisms." Dr. Nordau is so good as to admit that Sir William Ramsay "cannot be dismissed with the slighting name of dilettante." And yet,

Sir William, after a superficial glance at the radium tube, also hastens to throw overboard the old, time-honored atomic theory and advocates the possibility of the decomposition of matter. But he does not make the atoms dissolve into ether, but break up into ions, that is, electric particles unconnected with matter. The blessed physicists who invented the theory of ions, assert that they can conceive of particles of electricity, that is, of little pieces of motion independent of matter.

All this is, of course, very sad. Just as we were settling down into a comfortable state of somnolence in the scientific gloaming of a day well-spent, nature has been so thoughtless as to ring a strenuous peal upon the bell and summon us forth to the further labors of renewed and revolutionary thought. That the laity should be disturbed was only to be expected but that the high priests of science, the scribes and the elders should obey the summons is especially regrettable and reprehensible.

Everything which had been counted a positive possession of humanity had become an open question again. The firm foundations on which the modern mechanistic ideas of the world rest have been shaken. They totter and threaten to fall, and with them the proud structure they support. All the wild superstition, all the nonsensical fancies which haunt beclouded brains, but which had been driven back into the most hidden recesses by the bright light of natural science, break jubilantly forth, and by outbursts of contempt and ridicule try to revenge themselves on those laws of order which have kept them in check since the advent of the age of natural science. And it is not only among the laity that this distressing condition of affairs is to be observed. On the contrary, physicists themselves declare that all the laws of physics are suspended, all hypotheses and theories of science worthless, all scholastic systems worthless.

Unfortunately this apostasy on the part of scientists is not without a precedent. Had we been more consistent in the repression of scientific heresy we might have been better fortified against the assault of radium with its law-breaking proclivities. It seems that there is in human nature a tendency toward mysticism from which even scientists are not exempt. Indeed they are just as bad as the rest, and mysticism is the *fons et origo* of all these troubles. Even scientists, who ought to know better, persist in seeing the inexplicable everywhere, in being sometimes overawed by the unknown. Such men as Crookes and Zöllner, otherwise law-abiding

and respectable, have the audacity to record the things which they have seen and even to insist that they *have* seen them, in spite of the head shaking of hoary old theories by which such things were impossible.

But Crookes and Zöllner are by no means the only examples of professors of science who in everything not directly pertaining to the most concrete questions of their specialty, think like children or savages. There are only too many men of science whose whole world of thought, except a little corner which they reserve for their "book knowledge," is mystical, and who are happiest and breathe most freely when a new fact appears which does not quite fit into their school satchel, and they can find some excuse for letting their mysticism penetrate even this little corner. In spite of the fact that they are for the most part occupied with the observation of facts, in spite of their consequent strong logical tendencies, their type of mind is just the same as that of the large mass which surrenders itself openly and unreservedly to primitive superstition. We should like to assume theoretically that each new discovery of science throws a bit of light into the darkness of nature and of men's minds, puts a new tract of the desert of error under the plow of knowledge. Experience proves the contrary. Error triumphantly claims each new discovery of science as its own handmaiden.

But enough has been said. We have shown that unless some means be found to stop this habit of investigation and of thinking, it will certainly spread and who can say what the end will be?

What we need is a scientific holy office with its index of books which may not be read, of theories which may not be discussed and of experiments which may not be tried. Unless we resort to some such expedient nature may be encouraged by her impunity with radium to disclose something more to us and to shake up our dry bones into a semblance of life. Truly it is a strange world, we might even say a degenerate world.

STUDENT

The Secret of Aerial Flight in the Anatomy of Birds

STUDENTS of air-flying are studying more and more carefully the anatomy of birds, thinking—not unreasonably—that they may light upon some subtle secret of structure which their flying machines can copy. It has long been known that some of the bones of birds are hollow and full of air, and that these hollows communicate with the lungs. It is less well-known that there is in many birds a complete network of air-cells under the skin of the whole body, and that these can be inflated from the lungs. As the temperature of the bird may be as high as 115° F., it follows that when he wishes to fly he can, at will, surround himself with a balloon of hot air—almost enough of itself to antidote gravity.

A writer in the *Scientific American* discusses the problem of the flying powers of birds. He says:

In collecting bird skins I have found innumerable air-cells, forming a most delicate and wonderful network between the body and the skin. In the pelican, one of our largest birds, this network of cells practically covered the whole body and was very noticeable. Now if these cells work automatically, like the lungs or like the circulation of the blood, being filled with or emptied of hot air, according to the purpose of the bird to rise, float or descend, then surely we can better understand the ease with which birds seem to sustain themselves in the air during their long flights.

This seems a very plausible suggestion and it may well be that the quills are similarly used as receptacles for air which is heated or cooled by the bird as occasion demands.

STUDENT

Infant Mortality Due to Maternal Ignorance

IT is an extraordinary fact that every fourth death occurring in this country is that of a baby under one year old, and every third death that of a child under five. That is to say, that of twelve deaths, three are infants, and one a child between infancy and five years of age. The chief cause of this mortality is ignorance on the part of mothers that meat, pie and candy are to infants not only not food, but actual poisons. That seems an elementary bit of knowledge, but hundreds of thousands of women have yet to learn it. It would be an easy and useful move to furnish every mother, at the registration of the birth of her child, with a leaflet containing a few simple hints on child-feeding, and indeed on the elements of general hygiene.

STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World

The Hague, England and Spain THAT the principle of international arbitration is being more and more widely accepted is shown by the increasing number of treaties which tend to this end. The latest international agreement is between England and Spain, by which all matters of dispute are to be referred to the Hague Tribunal as long as "they do not affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honor of the two contracting parties." This clause seems to leave the door perilously wide open, but we must be thankful for such mercies as we can get. National sense of honor is a particularly uncertain quantity which has sometimes been left to the determination of street mobs.

Peace or War in the Balkans WHERE is Boris Sarafoff and what is he doing? A great many people would like to have these questions answered, and especially those in the Chancelleries of Europe. Upon Boris Sarafoff hangs the problem of peace or war in the Balkans, and Boris Sarafoff is waiting for the snows to melt. He is now thirty years of age, and not too old to recall his first childish experience, that of seeing his father and grandfather chained together and beaten nearly to death. Chickens certainly do come home to roost, and it would have paid Europe to see to it that Boris Sarafoff had no such memory to recall. The memories of children are so tenacious.

Marquis Ito Once a Stowaway It is not usually known that the Marquis Ito, the veteran statesman of Japan, once stowed himself away on an English ship and went to London. He was only a boy at the time, but that did not prevent him from starving in the streets and undergoing vicissitudes which usually befall unowned and unwanted children. We wonder how much of the wisdom which he has so beneficently used in the service of his country is due to what he learned and suffered upon the streets of London? How fortunate that he was not captured by the police and "reformed!"

Little Pauperism Among Japanese A JAPANESE writer asks why it is that pauperism in Japan is so rare while other nations with the same population are confronted with an annually enlarged problem of destitution. The question is, of course, one of great magnitude and not to be answered in a few words. Throughout the whole of Japan there are only about 21,000 paupers, and these are mainly the victims of earthquakes. Here we have almost ceased to propound such problems, not because we cannot solve them, but because we are afraid of the attempt. Self-love and complacency have put their veto upon inquiry.

Arbitration in Ancient Greece THE principle of arbitration as a substitute for war is so far from being new that it was in force among the communities of ancient Greece 600 B. C., and there are some who believe that the Amphictyonic Council had the power to compel disputants to resort to arbitration. In later days Henry IV of France tried to weld the European States into a common agreement for the abolition of war. Of course he failed, not having sufficiently realized that humanity loved fighting for its own sake and had no desire to be relieved from its burden.

Dreyfus Is Innocent Declared Labori A MALICIOUS rumor that Maitre Labori is no longer satisfied of the innocence of Captain Dreyfus has produced an emphatic statement from the intrepid advocate. He says: "Not only do I testify that Dreyfus is innocent, but I also affirm that the former proceedings in the Court of Cassation give but a feeble notion of the criminal conduct of certain witnesses against Dreyfus at the Rennes trial." Underhand measures always defeat themselves, and perhaps it is just as well that the enemies of justice should continue for awhile to be their own undoing.

Autograph Letters Between Monarchs IT is stated that two European monarchs, between whose countries a certain friction has arisen, have written autograph letters to each other in the interests of peace. This unconventional action has produced a profound surprise, although to the mind uninstructed in formalities it would seem the obvious and only intelligent thing to do. The wheels of the world would run very much more smoothly if potentates would allow their actions to be ruled more by common sense and less by a very stupid and dangerous routine and precedent.

A Persian Prince's Poem on Long Life PRINCE RIZA of Persia has written a poem on the length of human life which we hope will be translated. He believes that the rightful extent of life is 125 years, being five times the period of development. Full manhood should be reached at the age of 75 and old age fifty years later. Posterity may perhaps verify Prince Riza's theory, but not unless it learns to apply the same intelligent supervision to the human body which we have already learned to apply to our industrial machines, and we are still a long way from that.

France Reducing Military Service IT is authoritatively stated that the French Government intends to reduce the term of compulsory military service from three years to two years. This is intended as an assertion that the soldier is none the less a citizen of the Republic, and that the army is the servant of the law and not its master. There are other European countries which might advantageously follow the example of France, and remind their military caste that the soldier's uniform does not place its wearer above either the law of God or of man.

Japan's True Art of Government ARE we to learn the true art of government from Japan? The Marquis Ito says that the chief rule of a political party "must be the maintenance of an absolute devotion to the higher interests of its country, and it must particularly avoid giving office to mediocre individuals who have no other claim to preferment than their political affiliations." The Marquis Ito has traveled widely in Europe and America. We wonder where he could have learned such a political philosophy as this?

Scotland Invaded by the Opium Habit THE opium habit has invaded Scotland, as is clearly shown by the returns of the Registrar General. This particular vice is something like an iceberg at sea, only a very small portion of the whole is visible above the surface. There is, of course, an outcry for restriction upon the sale of the drug, and perhaps something could be done in this way, but the only efficacious restriction is that which is applied to the desire for self-indulgence, and this happens to be out of reach of Parliament.

Vivisection Vigorously Opposed IN connection with the ever present subject of vivisection and cruelty to animals in general, we are reminded that King George II once taunted the Duke of Grafton for "spending all his time in tormenting a poor fox that was generally a much better beast than any of the brutes that pursued him." The Bishop of Manchester has recently said, "I would rather die a hundred times than save my life by such infernal experiments."

Good Hunting for a Sporting Parson WE see from the advertisement columns of an English daily newspaper that a "sporting parson" is wanted for "a good hunting country, plenty of good stabling, small village, good but small rectory." Everything here seems to be good except the parson. The only stipulation in his case is that he must be "sporting." How many will answer this clarion call to Christian service?

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Sowing and Reaping

Essay by a young member of San Diego Lotus Group

WHEN we sow evil thoughts or deeds we must expect to reap them. Most people think if they sow bad and unkind thoughts, they will receive good and kind ones. But they are wrong. Whatever we sow, we will reap a harvest of the same kind.

I once read a story of a farmer who was sowing seeds. When he started it was quite cool and all his thoughts were kind and beautiful. But by and by it became warmer and warmer, and his good thoughts went away and ugly ones came. Two or three weeks later, he went to see how the grain was growing, and found to his surprise that on the first part of his field there was a lovely field of wheat, but on the other part were thorns growing everywhere.

Do you not think where there were thorns was where his thoughts were unkind, and where his thoughts were kind and beautiful there were no thorns?

If I were to say some unkind thing to one of my playmates she would, may be, not say something back that day but some time she will be tempted to do the same kind of thing to me. This shows that when our thoughts or deeds are not pure evil comes of them. If more people would only try a little harder than they do now to be kind and true, there would be more harmony in the world. R. P.

DEAR CHILDREN: The other morning I heard a great outcry among some swallows which had built their nests under the eaves of my barn. Hurrying out, I found that a large gray cat was making desperate efforts to reach the nest. The poor swallows seemed to be panic-stricken, and they finally gathered upon the ridge-pole and held a very energetic conversation. Then one of them flew to a barn a quarter of a mile away where another colony of barn-swallows lived. I waited to see what would happen, and in a few moments back came the little messenger and with him a dozen or more swallows from the neighboring barn. They alighted upon the ridge-pole, chattered together for a few minutes, and then, having evidently made up their minds to a course of action, began circling about the cat. At last, descending upon poor Tabby, all together, they began to peck at him with their beaks, and I can assure you that that cat made an inglorious retreat without any delay! Then they held another conversation, and finally the little neighboring swallows said good-bye and flew back home. Now, isn't that Brotherhood?

Learn to Say No

DEAR COMRADES: It is often easier to say "yes" than "no," but every time we say "yes" when we should not we are indulging in mental laziness, and by and by the will becomes like a muscle that we do not use. Then, when we need it most, we find that it is weak and fails us.

Let us begin right away now to strengthen our will power. If we look back just a little we can easily see how much sorrow we could have saved ourselves by a brave "no" when some temptation came. These unuttered "no's" open the door, sometimes, to the greatest tragedies of life. But we can all become strong if we try. Let us say to ourselves every night before we go to sleep, "I will be strong tomorrow," and then *let us be so*. If we have faith in that part of ourselves that is always strong, of course we can be so. Then, when temptations come, we won't say a lazy "yes." We will say "no." There is in every one's heart a center of peace and strength, and even little children can find it. DOLLY L. V.



A CLASS IN CALISTHENICS
in one of the Raja Yoga Schools established by Katherine Tingley in Santiago de Cuba

WITHOUT AND WITHIN

(Contributed by one of our young readers)

PASSING a shop, a showy watch
Attracts your eye,
So placed that but its beauty meets
The passer-by.

You see no flaw in any part
And so you say,
"It is a perfect work of art,
In every way."

The case may be of rich design
Of purest gold,
Its polished crystals gleam and shine,
Bright to behold.

But 'tis within you look to see
If mischief lurks,
Appearances do oft deceive;
Look at the works.

You meet a person; as you scan
His neat attire
You mark him as a gentleman,
Perfect, entire.

He may seem true, but look within,
Is all as well?
Or is he, like the little watch,
A gilded shell?

It is within, in everything,
That danger lurks;
Appearances do oft deceive;
Look at the works.

R. J. T.

AN unusual place to find a bird's nest is a library mantelpiece, but in a gentleman's house at Brighton a robin's nest was to be seen in that position. In 1897 the robins brought up a family, which in due time fled into the shrubbery. The old birds then pulled the nest to pieces, and in the following year built a second one. The top of the window was left open for the birds to go in and out.—*Exchange*

The Birdies' Curtains

DEAR BUDS AND BLOSSOMS: I am a Lotus Bud, and I live in Massachusetts. I want to tell you what happened in our yard last week. Aunt Sue had been washing out some lace collars and had put them out on the lawn to dry. When she went to get them they were gone. She couldn't find them anywhere.

Next day she washed one more and put it out on the lawn. Then she sat down in the library, near the big window, and watched it. Pretty soon a big robin flew down, picked up the collar and away he flew to his nest.

Aunt Sue watched him, and then had Joe (Joe is the gardener) climb up the tree and get the collar out of the robin's nest.

Joe found both the other collars there, too. Do you suppose the robins wanted to use them for curtains—or what? MATTIE E. V.

Students'



Path

THE PARLIAMENT OF MEN

by TENNYSON

MEN, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens filled with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle flags were fur'd
In the Parliament of men, the Federation of the world.

New Concepts in Science

THERE are two conceptions of the science of today—one might say the science of the last hour—which play with great harmony into each others' hands. As every one knows, the modern scientific conception of an "element" is not that of 20 years ago. It is now practically known that "elements" are really compounds; compounds so close that the compoundness was only lately suspected; so permanent that they were thought unalterable.

But the very permanence is now suspected to be but relative, and of a few elements we know it. Even in our laboratories, the element radium changes into the element helium. Radium itself seems to have arisen, with its brethren actinium and polonium, from the disintegration of the common parent uranium.

And so we reach the conception that all elements are but stages in the long march of substance, some enduring for immense periods, some but for a few seconds. The chemist of a million years hence will study many elements unknown to us because not yet born; and some of those we study will have ceased to be.

The other conception is that *heredity is memory*. Powers and faculties are handed on from parent to offspring because the cells from which the offspring develops remember the use of them. If a hive of bees should acquire some new method of work, that method would be known to each member. And each member, were he permitted to join another hive, could carry with him, and teach, the new method. The analogy with the process of heredity would be complete if the migrating bee gave rise to the new swarm. And the new method would not need to be taught to—but would be *born* in—each individual of the new hive. So as each successive hive slowly acquired some new power, this power with all the old ones, registered in the constitution of each bee, would be handed on.

"Thus every living being of the present day, plant, animal and mineral molecule, is the product of the unconscious memory of organized matter" throughout the whole history of matter. We should note that *memory* may be unconscious without the individual having it being so, or the *use* of it being so. The memory of the art of thinking is, as a memory, unconscious; but the art is nevertheless consciously used.

In the living body we use, changes are going on as in nature, the same changes: elements dying and being born. And the living body of each generation is born from the collective living body of the last; and so back through the ages, back to the time when as yet no element was born; on to the time when all elements have again ceased to be. Our consciousness is the product of the experiences gained in all that vast history; we hold the unconscious memory of it, consciously using faculties gained, whose steps of gaining we have forgotten. Though the elements dissolve

and pass, the purpose of their transit has been achieved—the evolution of humanity's consciousness.

So consciousness is the register of all the past. Loom after loom may have vanished, but each added its something to the pattern of the fabric.

CHEMIST

The Journey of Days

MEN may mark their own stages of growth towards the spiritual life, the illuminated life. It is good and encouraging to do so, if done rightly. First is a sense of discomfort at having done a mean thing, at having done anything one would not like known throughout all one's acquaintance. Then, at having done a selfish thing, openly and visibly even. Then, at having done any action—even those that hurt no one—whose aimed-at results benefit or amuse oneself only.

Then begins to dawn the idea of Freedom, freedom from all that is personal, therefore small. Many long for Light; but they do not understand that the very being of light consists in radiation, in going out every way. Therefore the Light-seeker must from his own heart as his starting-point radiate himself upon all. It is the feeling of kindness, of well-wishing, carried, as it were, to the intense point of "visibility," something "seen" by the eye of feeling. On its way out it floods the personality, mind and body. It is a fire, lit in the heart not by desire to get the warmth, but to give it everywhere. Nevertheless, he who lights it gets the first and the most of the illumination. That is its affair, not his.

The torch which lights it is the desire to give, and the torch must glow purely, the lower fire that wakes the higher. Its glow is dimmed by any selfishness. On some days it seems almost ready to break into its flame: on others it is nearly black. We can but do the best that each day permits, sure that a day of honest effort gone by is a day nearer the goal.

And the goal is Freedom, freedom from any limit; the center of our consciousness is established in and of the very Light itself. What can limit it? What can stop it from radiating a blessing, a touch of inspiration wherever it will, on whomever it falls? Wherever it falls, it makes that spot to glow with a little of its own radiance; and that spot—a human heart—is never again quite the same, quite so dark—even though no effect, no change, is to us perceptible.

As for ourselves, freed from the ever clogging weight, the gnawing insistence of the sensation of personality, the mind is opened, moves lightly, becomes conscious of a new stream of clear ideas and perceptions. The long silent voices of far-away memories begin to speak, memories whose color is that of hope, memories pointing forwards from a saddened sunset to an immense dawn. The rock of death is to us submerged for ever in the risen current of life that now carries us. We are at once freed, careless and intent.

X.

OVER the carnage rose prophetic a voice,
Be not dishearten'd, affection shall solve the problem of freedom yet.
Those who love each other shall become invincible,
They shall yet make Columbia victorious.

ALL waits or goes by default till a strong being appears;
A strong being is the proof of the race and of the ability of the universe.
When he or she appears materials are overaw'd,
The dispute on the soul stops.
The old customs and phrases are confronted, turn'd back, or laid away.

—Walt Whitman

A Sacred Duty

THE preservation of health is a DUTY. Few men seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality. Men's habitual words and acts imply the idea that they are at liberty to treat their bodies as they please. Disorders entailed by disobedience to nature's dictates they regard simply as grievances, not as the effect of a conduct more or less flagitious. Though the evil consequences inflicted upon their descendants, and on future generations, are often as great as those caused by crime, yet they do not think themselves in any way criminal. It is true that in the case of drunkenness the viciousness of this bodily transgression is recognized, but none appear to infer that if this bodily transgression is vicious, so too is every bodily transgression. The fact is that all breaches of the law are PHYSICAL SINS.—Herbert Spencer

BRETHREN AND LOVERS

by WALT WHITMAN

WE, enclosers of all continents, all castes, allowers of all theologies,
Compassionaters, perceivers, rapport of men,
We walk silent among disputes and assertions, but reject not the disputers nor
any thing that is asserted,
We hear the howling and din, we are reach'd at by divisions, jealousies, recriminations
on every side,
They close peremptorily upon us to surround us, my comrade,
Yet we walk unheld, free, the whole earth over, journeying up and down till we make
our ineffaceable mark upon time and the diverse eras,
Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races, ages to come, may
prove brethren and lovers as we are.

I DREAM'D in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the
rest of the earth.

I dream'd that was the new city of Friends,
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love, it led the rest,
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,
And in all their looks and words.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question What, according to Theosophy, is man's place in nature?

Answer (1) Man, in his entirety, is an epitome of all nature.
He is a part of every part of life. He covers the
whole scale in himself, and his place is everywhere, from one point of
view. But technically, when we speak of man we mean his mind. It
is that which is being formed in the process of evolution of this planet,
and *that* is the center of the scale. Philosophically speaking, man is said
to be at the point where the two streams of evolution, from the opposite
poles of spirit and matter, meet.

The whole drama of life here centers about the human mind. Every-
thing seems to be in abeyance but lending itself to further this growth.
Those elements, lower in the scale, work automatically. All the little
lives which make up man's body do their work perfectly, except when
interfered with by the human mind. Everything seems stable and sure
and accurate and perfect of its kind, except the human mind and that
which has been disturbed by it. Man evidently represents something in
nature, which is in the process of formation. He was born ages upon
ages ago, and is slowly, by the marvelous power of nature, being molded,
modeled and pressed out from the unknown—created.

At his midway point on the ladder of evolution he is, of course, in-
dissolubly linked with all above and below. Toward all below him he
holds a position of responsibility, for the stream of life must pass through
him to reach them. To all above him he stands in the position of de-
pendence, for it is through help from above that he is being lifted up.
To all the universe above him he owes gratitude, to all the universe be-
low, compassion.

These two sentiments should so fill his breast as to leave no room for
less noble ones. And if he could keep in his moral poise where he belongs
it would be easy to reach the next stage toward which all human nature is
tending—that of the higher mind.

G. V. P.

(2) Generally speaking, according to the teachings of Theosophy,
man stands at the focus point of the universe, the point of balance, the
midway point of evolution, summing up in his nature all the results of
evolution in the lower kingdoms, and possessing potentially all the divine
powers of godhood. He stands as it were with one hand raised to clasp
the hands of those who have already passed through the human stage,
and with the other hand reaching down to those below him.

Wherever man goes, wherever his influence is felt, he is essentially a
transformer, pulling down and building anew, changing the whole face
of Nature, introducing everywhere a new factor in the unfolding of the
purposes of Nature. This new factor is the human mind and will which
is the distinctive and characteristic feature of the human stage of devel-
opment. Man leaves the impress of his mind, to a greater or less ex-
tent, upon everything he does and everything he comes in contact with,
and thus it is in his power to help nature or hinder her.

Because of man's position at the focus-point of the universe, he be-
comes a channel through which the divine impulses of the higher spirit-
ual life must pass in order to reach the lower. Being such a channel
then, it is absolutely necessary that, in order to himself receive these
impulses and the blessings and powers of the higher life, he must ever
dispense them, handing them on to others. Hence the absolute and log-
ical truth that in order to receive, man must first give, and the same truth,
expressed in other words, that in order to know, man must do, he must
be devoted in action, he must perform the will of the Father, the Higher
Self or Divine Nature. If man will do this, then he will take his right-
ful place in nature and come into possession of his heritage, that of a
co-worker with nature and one of her creators.

Ruskin on Lectures

MR. CHAPMAN, convener of the Glasgow Atheneum Lecture
Committee (London) once wrote to Mr. Ruskin, asking him to
lecture at the Atheneum during the winter season. Mr. Ruskin,
in reply, wrote the following characteristic letter:

ROME, May 26th, 1874

My Dear Sir: I have your obliging letter, but am compelled, by increase of
work, to cease lecturing, except at Oxford—and practically there also—for, in-
deed, I find the desire of audiences to be audiences only, becoming an entirely
pestilent character of the age. Everybody wants to hear—nobody to read—no-
body to think. To be excited for an hour, and, if possible, amused; to get the
knowledge it has cost a man half his life to gather, first sweetened up to make it
palatable, and then kneaded into the smallest possible pills—and to swallow it homœo-
pathically and be wise—this is the passionate desire and hope of the multitude of
the day. It is not to be done. A living comment quietly given to the class on the
book they are earnestly reading—this kind of lecture is eternally necessary and
wholesome; your modern fire-working, smooth-downy-curry-and-strawberry-ice-and-
milk-punch-altogether lecture is an entirely pestilent and abominable vanity; and the
miserable death of poor Dickens, when he might have been writing books till he was
eighty but for the pestiferous demand of the mob, is a very solemn warning to us
all, if we would take it. God willing, I will go on writing, and as well as I can.
There are three volumes published of my Oxford lectures, in which every sentence
is set down as carefully as may be. If people want to learn from me let them read
them or my monthly letter, *Fori Clavigera*. If they don't care for these I don't
care to talk to them. Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN

A Prediction by Washington

A REPORT from New Jersey informs us that Noah Raby is dead at
the age of 136 years. There seems to have been nothing very
remarkable about Noah Raby except his extreme age and the fact
that he once heard General Washington say something which seems to
have been not otherwise reported. Noah Raby says:

When I was in Norfolk I heard General Washington speak. I am not sure
what he was talking about, but I know he was very angry. I shall never forget
one thing he said. It has stuck in my mind almost a hundred years: *Go right on,
fellow citizens, as you have been going on, and I can assure you we shall have the
devil to pay in this republic, and no mistake.* Those are his own words.

The report is interesting as far as it goes, although somewhat tantaliz-
ing. We should like to know to what General Washington was referring
and whether his fellow citizens did "go right on as you have been going
on." Judging from the concluding words of the General's prediction we
should suppose that they did, and that they have been going "right on"
ever since.

STUDENT

A Review of the Day

GOETHE once said that we are so apt to let the mean things of
life overthrow the finer nature within us that it would be expedi-
ent for us every day to read a little poetry, or to sing a song, or
to look at a picture.

There is perhaps a better way still and even more within our reach
than the expedients named by Goethe. There are not many who can-
not find some few minutes in which to review the life of the day, and
if that life has been a mean one, let us at least recognize that it is mean.
Do not let the abode of the sordid things become a home, do not forget
that we have but stooped from higher levels which we can and must re-
gain. In this way we shall keep open the path to another world, from
which we may often have to travel, but from which we can never be exiled.
Such a practise, once established, will be a perpetual source of strength.

SONNET

by WILLIAM WATSON, from *For England*

IN the cold starlight, on the barren beach,
 Where to the stones the rent sea-tresses clave,
 I heard the long hiss of the backward wave
 Down the steep shingle, and the hollow speech
 Of murmurous cavern-lips, nor other breach
 Of ancient silence. None was with me, save
 Thoughts that were neither glad nor sweet nor brave,
 But restless comrades, each the foe of each.
 And I beheld the waters in their might
 Writhe as a dragon by some great spell curbed
 And foiled; and one lone sail; and over me
 The everlasting taciturnity;
 The august, inhospitable, inhuman night,
 Glittering magnificently unperturbed.

What Is Practicality?

HUMANITY oscillates to and fro past the center of practicality into the extremes of superstition and unpractical speculation. We read that the great Bacon came to lead his age back from that wilderness of unprofitable intellectualism known as Scholasticism to the path of useful inquiry into natural laws and the conditions of human welfare. But the era of modern science and modern philosophy, at one time a symbol of emancipation and practicality, has passed the center and swung to the opposite verge of unpracticality; so that now the terms "practical" and "unpractical" are confused, and we can say that the so-called practical people are the most superstitious and the so-called visionaries the most practical.

To be brief, we have given too exclusive attention to the outer needs, to industry, physical science, and the material welfare of man. We are unpractically practical. We find we cannot educate our children and keep ourselves healthy, sane and well-behaved. Practical wisdom has now to be looked for in a return to faith in the inner, invisible nature of man and of the universe.

True practicality demands a recognition of the threefold nature of man, as Body, Mind and Soul—each one to be known and cared for. The ancient Spartans gave too much attention to bodily culture and despised the intellect and all refined culture. The Greeks in their best days used to observe the rule of harmonious culture of all the nature.

STUDENT

Dr. Pentecost on China

TWO hours of rapid speaking, and yet scarcely half a dozen in the large audience had moved from their seats. This was hardly to be wondered at, for the speaker was Dr. Pentecost, and his subject the situation in the Far East. Fresh from his recent sojourn in the East, Dr. Pentecost insisted that it was the duty of every Christian man and woman to understand the trend of events in that part of the world. The question would have to be faced as to whether the civilization of the 700,000,000 Asiatics should be Slav or Anglo-Saxon. Next to his enthusiasm for the Anglo-Saxon race and for the important part it should play in the promotion of the happiness of the world, comes Dr. Pentecost's enthusiasm for the Chinaman. China, he declares, is the key to the situation in the East; it is the center of the new-world movement. At present it is as a slumbering giant who hears distant rumblings of change; when the giant wakes up to a realization of his power, the result will be appalling to the West.

The Chinaman, with all his faults, is a great man now. It does not do to judge him by the Canton coolie type, with which we are all more or less familiar. In the interior of the Empire every Chinaman you meet looks like the son of a king, "especially," added the Doctor, "when he has all his good clothes on." His civilization, age-old but wonderful, boasts the necessary possession and development of a literature. In fact, the Chinaman is the most literary of men. In art, science, architecture and agriculture the Chinaman excels, as well as in banking and commercial transactions. He is the only man who has been able to cultivate the land for thousands of years without exhausting it. It is owing to the Chinaman's thrift, industry, persistence, that the white races are afraid of him. Declaring that he was an optimist, though he has passed through the stages of pessimism and agnosticism, Dr. Pentecost said that he was full of hope and belief that in the Providence of God the great question of the Far East would be settled according to God's will and for His glory. He allows great nations to slumber and sleep, to rise and fall. He has been in all Asiatic history; he rules over nations as well as over individuals. Asia is receiving a great awakening and is being touched by a new spirit. The day of redemption is at hand.—*Christian World*.

It is indeed true that the height of the sides makes the depth of the ditch, and if the sides be lowered the ditch is diminished, but if the sides be cast in the ditch is filled. So may the depth of want be lessened by lessening desire, or by casting it away.

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Total number of hours of sunshine recorded during MARCH, 1904. 90
Average number of hours per day, 6.28

MAR APR	BAROM ETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
4	29.930	62	53	56	53	.00	NW	4
5	29.876	61	51	58	57	.00	NW	4
6	29.766	63	56	62	58	.20	NW	2
7	29.650	67	51	55	55	.00	NW	4
8	29.714	62	54	55	55	.00	NW	4
9	29.744	62	51	58	58	.00	N	4
10	29.700	71	56	70	59	.00	NE	2

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

The Nevada Deserts

The irrigation possibilities of the arid west, especially that part of it included in the great interior basin, once called the Great American Desert, are daily becoming more apparent. Surveys for reservoir sites reveal the fact that there are many locations where water can be cheaply stored and used for power and irrigation. Other surveys show large tracts of good farming land favorably located for watering from these storage reservoirs.

A more detailed study is being made of the amount of water each watershed will furnish, especially those on which there are good reservoir sites, and the losses of water from each. Under the direction of Mr. L. H. Taylor, resident hydrographer of the geological survey at Reno, Nevada, thirteen new stream-gauging stations have been established in Nevada and eastern California. Three of these are on Walker River and branches, one on Carson River, six on Truckee River and tributaries and four on the Humboldt and its tributaries. The run-off data from these and the other eight gauging stations on these streams, when they cover a period sufficiently long to include the two extremes of run-off, will be of great value in determining the irrigation possibilities and designing the works on each. A dozen rain-gauges are to be located at characteristic places in this section. These, with the eleven already in use there, will, with the aid of the run-off data, render ascertainable the ratio of precipitation to run-off, and thus enable engineers to compute, from rainfall records, the run-off from adjacent auxiliary watersheds. Evaporation from the surface and fluctuations of the surface level of some of the larger lakes are being measured, and losses incident to storage of large bodies of water and losses from small bodies of running water are to be studied. During the last season Mr. Taylor has been assisted by Professor E. C. Murphy of Cornell University.—Selected

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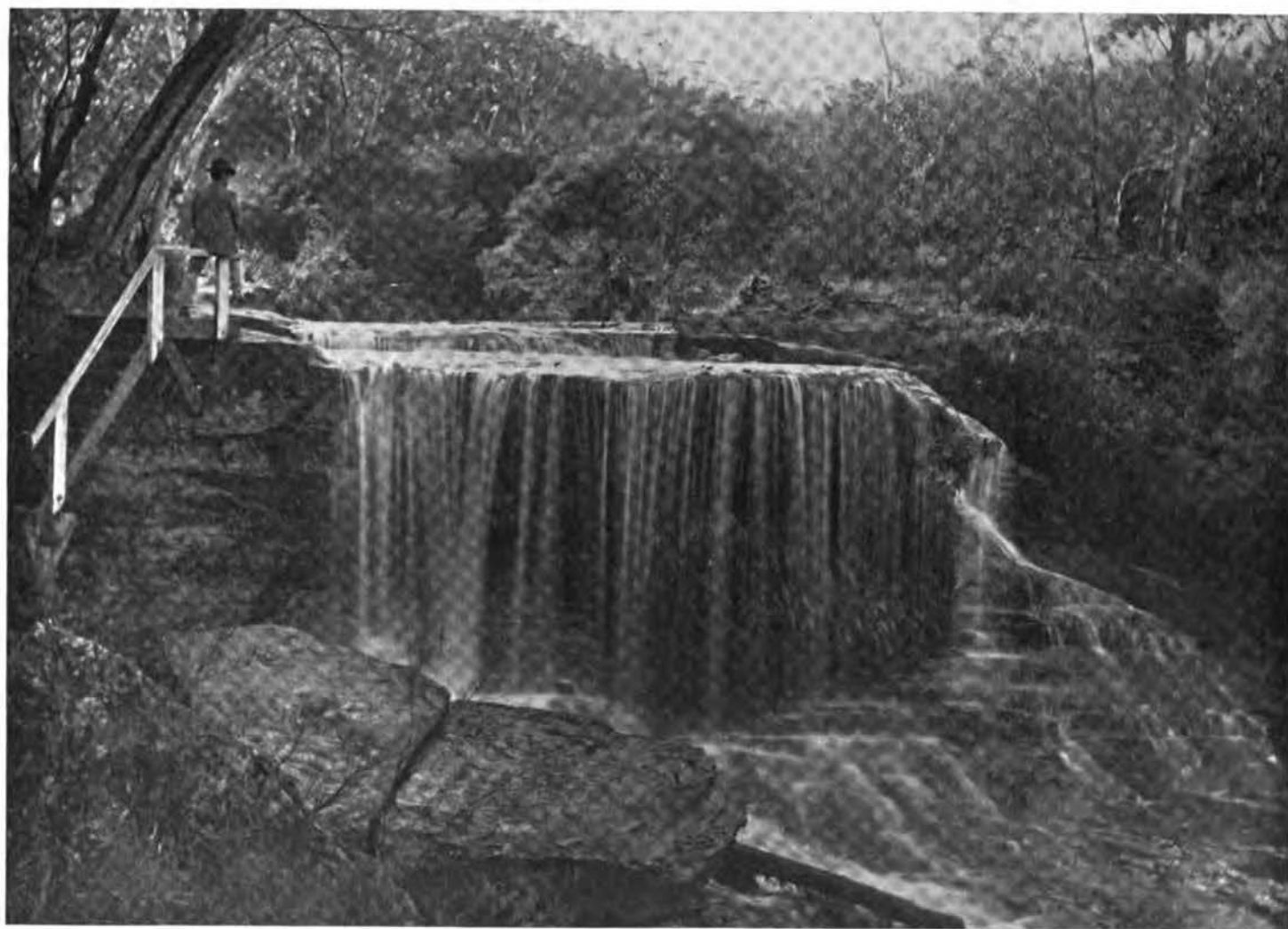
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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Great Hope in Children
Public and Private Cruelty
In a Japanese School
Huxley, the Reformer
Blend of Ideals
Wentworth Falls—frontispiece

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Problems for Newspapers
War for Defense
Poverty and Crime Result
Legislatures and Privileges
Niagara Falls in Danger

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Temple of Eleusis—illustrated
Fragment (verse)
Preservation of Our
Art Treasures

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

On Society's Edge
Interior of an Irish Home
(illustration)
In Compassion
De Maupassant's Mother

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Atavism in the Savage
Prehistoric Animals
Arizona Archeology—illustrated
Huichols and the Flood
Ancient Regimental Pets

Page 9—NATURE

Plant Leaves Never Die
Sea Gulls (verse)
Character of Plants
Loma-land Ferns (illustration)

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Prehistoric Remains and
Their Lesson
Having No Time
Sayings of Christ

Page 12—FICTION

And There Came
a Hero

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Mystery of Sleep Solved
By the Individual
News from the Nebulæ
Science, Physical and
Economic

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

England and France
China's Reformer
Rhythmic Motion
Russians Kind to Animals
Japan's Common People
Low Salaries in Spain
Missionaries & Legacies
Koenigsberg's Tablet
Japan's Marquis on Religion
German Garrisons Exposed
Poles and Germans
Slavery in Columbian
Republic

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Agnes and Her Ferns
A Queen and Her Dolls
Comrades (illustration)
Pussy Willow's Secret (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

The Navajo Blanket (verse)
The Means of Growth
Jacob Boehme
Bliss of Self-forgetfulness
Others' Pain (verse)
Students' Column

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Fragment (verse)
Theology of the
Future

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Children do Constitute Great Hope

WE are accustomed to say that the hope of the world lies in its children whose minds will receive the new light which is coming to humanity before they are ossified by a greedy materialism. The children do indeed constitute a great hope, yet we are unwilling to believe that the army of high achievement will call altogether in vain upon the thousands of young men and women who are leaving our schools and universities and who have not yet learned to be ashamed of the noble ideals which give so pure a light to youth. The glory passes all too soon. All too quickly we learn to look lightly upon the radiance which once encompassed us, and to smile upon its memory as upon a fairy tale. How

reverently we should guard our youth if we but knew that in its gardens of fair flowers the gods yet walk and talk with us until we so willingly step forth from Eden and the fiery sword bars the gateway to all who have not once more become as little children.

Humanity will need its children, but even now it needs its young men and women as it has never needed them before. It needs their energy, their science, their power of thinking. It needs the courage which is so much a part of youth, the courage which can dare to look straight upon the problems of life, which is unafraid to challenge all opinions, all modes of thought, and compel them to show their credentials. It is this very courage which the education of today is liable to destroy. It is this very courage which constitutes true manhood and womanhood. We should have no doubt of the result if we could but persuade every young man and woman to resolutely ask themselves whether they are going out into the world as a supporter of the present order of evil or as its opponent, as its lover or as its enemy. One or the other each one must be. There is no middle course. Wherever there is true manhood it will be aroused by such self-questioning, and a power of determination will arise of which it would be well to inquire the source.

We hear much today of the advance of science and of the power of knowledge. We do well to be proud of the achievements of the age and the hunger to add to them is laudable and beautiful. Let us not, however, confuse a mere knowledge of the thoughts of other men with the wisdom which comes to those who cultivate their own. Those to whom the world is unanimous in giving the palm of greatness have been, almost without exception, those who were comparatively unaware of other men's thoughts, even indifferent to them, but who had a great capacity of thinking for themselves and a great courage in expressing their thoughts.

Latent Forces Should Be Developed

However unpalatable it may be, it is none the less an admitted fact that the heroes of the world have not carried diplomas, nor certificates of learning. Their educational attainments have not usually been above the average. They have often been far below the average, and this is well proved by even a cursory glance at history. What then did they possess which those around them did not? They possessed nothing which does not lie latent in every one of us, and it will pay us to inquire what that is in order that we also may acquire it and thus unite it to the intellect which is the peculiar product of our age. The methods or modes of greatness in the past will not be altered in the future, because they depend upon a law which is not hard to find. Humanity will not transfer its allegiance from those who love their fellows to those who love themselves.

It is natural to assume that every earnest university or school student is anxious to make a name, to add to the scientific knowledge of the world, to emulate the example of teachers and professors whose discoveries are heralded from day to day. Ambition of this kind is not at the moment to be deprecated, but we would only ask if there is not a still higher ambition, a better claim to the memory of men than to make new

Conscience and Intellect Inseparable

discoveries along the lines of material science. It may be within the power of many to secure the admiration of their fellowmen for patience, and successful accuracy of research. How much greater would it be to secure in addition the love of men!

To underestimate the value of intellect would be folly. The world needs all the intellect, and all the learning, that it can get, but it will have no use for intellect without conscience, for intellect which is selfish, which is divorced from brotherhood. There are many such intellects in the world today. Humanity seems to applaud them, to take from them whatever they can give, to be amused by them, to accept from them the crumbs of material advantage which they can offer. None the less, the world will pitilessly forget them. Unless their labor has been unselfish, unless their love has been great, the Nemesis of oblivion surely awaits them. Their names will live but upon the title page of a text-book, or within the records of the patent office.

However much the religion of love may seem to have passed out of sight, the fact remains that humanity remembers only those who have loved it and fought for it, and the unselfish reformer is throned and revered without reference to diplomas or certificates. Intellect is one of the great things of the world, but not the greatest, and because it is so

priceless we would have it crowned and glorified by fraternity. Modern thought cannot divorce them however much it may try. Without fraternity intellect reaches a dead wall. With it there is no limit to its advance, because love raises intellect into genius. STUDENT

Cruelty---Public and Private

TO say that human beings will be cruel to each other in precise proportion to their opportunities seems to be almost an axiom. There are, of course, exceptions, but they are very, very rare. We have only just begun to realize the extent of the atrocities upon the Congo, and now we learn of almost exactly similar occurrences in Italian Somaliland. In the Chamber of Deputies Signor Chiesi deposed to having investigated and verified on the spot the following cases: Thirty natives were starved to death in prison; others were bound to cannon and whipped till they expired, and an entire family of distinguished residents was incarcerated in prison at Mogadiscio and strangled at the rate of one daily. Signor Tittoni, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in reply, admitted that inquiry had shown that twelve persons had been made away with without trial, whilst others had perished of hunger.

It is not, of course, the fault of the Italian Government, which cannot exercise the supervision which would make such crimes impossible. And yet it would seem that without supervision these horrors are not only possible, but inevitable, and that white men cannot be trusted with absolute power over natives without the check of publicity.

Somaliland and the Congo are in no way isolated instances. Civilization has done very little to diminish cruelty. It has altered the manner of its infliction, it has discountenanced some of its grosser forms, but cruelty is today as rampant as it ever was, and it reverts at once to its most abominable forms as soon as the restraints of convention are removed. It is not merely an indifference to the pain of others which saturates our social system. There is all too often a positive desire to wound, a desire which knows no other limitation than convention, a desire which goes exactly so far as it dares. Our indignation at the cruelties upon the Congo and elsewhere may be sincere. It probably is sincere, but we may well temper it by the reflection that it is but the unrestrained expression of the same cruelty which loves to wound by the unkind word, by the calculated and subtle affront, by the thousand pettinesses which we inflict upon those who are supposed to be our inferiors, by the injustices which cut more deeply than a whip. The cruelties which find their way into parliamentary reports are at any rate free from the hypocrisy by which we label as duties our worst offenses. Of all the crimes of which degraded human nature is capable that of cruelty must be the most hateful to God, and the cruelty in the home, in the workshop and in the counting-house is not the least upon the unseen record of Nemesis, not the least of the stains by which we deface the Soul. STUDENT

In a Japanese School

OUR desire to know something more of the training of Japanese children has brought to us a translation of a set of rules furnished to the schools of Japan by the Japanese Education Department. These rules are as follows:

Never call after foreigners passing along the streets or roads.

When foreigners make inquiries, answer them politely. If unable to understand them, go with them to an official who can.

Never accept a present from a foreigner when there is no reason for his giving it, and never charge him anything above what is proper.

Do not crowd around a shop when a foreigner is making purchases, causing him annoyance. The continuance of this practice disgraces us as a nation.

Since all human beings are brothers and sisters, there is no reason for fearing foreigners. Treat them as equals, and act uprightly in all your dealings with them. Be neither servile nor arrogant.

Beware of combining against the foreigner and disliking him because he is a foreigner; men are to be judged by their conduct, and not by their nationality.

Taking off your hat is the proper way to salute a foreigner; the low bow is unnecessary.

Reverence your ancestors, and treat your living relations with warm cordiality, but do not regard a person as your enemy because he or she is a Christian.

Learn some foreign tongues. In going through the world you will often find such a knowledge of the greatest value.

Huxley, the Reformer

WHEN we are overmuch distressed by the self-advertising and dogmatic pronouncements which we are learning to associate with the name of science, it is something of a relief to turn to the sincere utterances of some of that real race of thinkers who are likely to become extinct unless their numbers are reinforced. The scientific page of a valued contemporary reminds us of the words of Huxley, in which he summed up the aims of his life, "the objects I have had more or less definitely in view since I began the ascent of my hillock." He says that these objects were:

To promote the increase of natural knowledge, and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is.

The teachings of Huxley were, of course, widely at variance with those of Theosophy, but that variance is perhaps more apparent than real. Wherever there is "veracity of thought and of action" there must also exist a comradeship, which is not very far removed from unity. Only surface errors, the errors of the intellect, can persist by the side of honesty of purpose and the heart redeems the fault of the head.

Huxley effected a reform in the world quite outside those special departments of knowledge which he made his own and he owed his powers for reform to nothing so much as his unswerving desire to think and to act with the courage of truth. So far from this man being the enemy of religion he was its friend. He it was who broke away much of the crust of superstition, which was asphyxiating many faithful souls, who showed to them the great white light which shone outside the walls of their doleful cities of creed. He who exposes an error has done a religious deed, and he who loosens a mental chain has followed in the footsteps of Christ. Huxley was one of those men who cast out demons. Perhaps he did it in ways that are not our ways, but we none the less claim an abiding comradeship with all who recognize "that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is." STUDENT

The Blend of Ideals

THERE is one branch of ideal-making which is easier and more fruitful of good than any other. It is followed by making and holding ideal pictures of our friends and comrades. We have seen their faces lit up by a higher light than the common. We have seen them do higher acts than the common. We have known them touched to deeper and nobler feeling than the common. At those moments the inner possibilities came forward in full light and dominance. Why not compel our memories and imaginations to hold and create these pictures for our gallery? Yet it is not properly to be called creation, for this ideal does actually exist, mostly latent, veiled, yet there.

This process, of continually thinking of comrades as at their best, ennobles our own nature, clears away obstructions, elevates the imagination, and makes infinitely easier the making of that ideal of ourselves which is the first step to becoming that ideal. No one can raise himself to his ideals till he leaves off holding in his imagination a set of pictures of the faults of others, or—which is the same thing—holding to pictures of others which present their faults and weaknesses as leading ingredients.

The closer are people associated together in the path of life, the more intimate is the blend of their atmospheres. Those who have no very strong ideals and purposes are almost at the mercy of the pictures formed of them by others. And so, by creating pictures of nobler hues and outlines, we can help all whom we touch on to the point where they may begin making ideals for themselves, and turn that corner at which man ceases to be the victim of circumstances and becomes a self-creator to the nobler issues of life. STUDENT

Wentworth Falls---Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH shows a charming bit of wood and water scenery in New South Wales. The exact location is that of Wentworth Falls, in the Blue Mountains—a region famous for its beautiful scenery.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Stern Problems for Religious Papers

A PROMINENT Methodist journal, perhaps the chief organ of that sect in this country, recently said:

The sternest problem which the religious denominations of this country face today is the effort to maintain the circulation of their representative and official journals.

"The sternest problem!" Vice, suicide, murder, child-labor, corruption, materialism, all these little matters count for nothing beside the stern problem of keeping up our circulation! Perhaps the circulation would keep itself up if our "representative and official journals" would come out of their Rip Van Winkle stupor, stop hounding the fearless thinkers out of their ranks on charges of heresy, shake themselves free of medieval nonsense, and face the real problems for whose solution humanity is so painfully waiting.

STUDENT

War May Be a Necessity for Defense

IT is not very uncommon, especially since the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war, to hear the remark that war is not an evil, is even rather a benefit, a tonic, a depurative, to the nations that engage in it. This is said even by persons of religious and humanitarian nature. But they have not thought out their attitude. War may sometimes be necessity, a defence of the weak or of some great principle. But war *per se*, irrespective of end, can that ever be good?

There is *something* to be said for it. It calls out the courage and endurance of the soldiers, and sometimes—though to a less degree—in the nations concerned. When you have said that, you have said all.

It calls out courage—yes; but does it not also call out disregard for the suffering of others? What does one nation care for the sufferings and bereavements in the other, the starvation, the taxation, the wasted lands and homes; what one army for the sufferings of the other? And since one side depends for its victory precisely on the magnitude of the suffering and impoverishment of the other, the desire for victory, in nine men out of ten involves and includes desire that the other party may have those evils come upon it. War therefore involves the awakening of a force which swamps and replaces that compassion upon which the progress of humanity depends. Let that offset its courage and endurance.

Furthermore; beside a negative disregard for suffering, war awakes in at least seven men in ten a positive hate or contempt for the people of the opposing power. And this, carefully perpetuated by the histories subsequently written, may endure for centuries and lead to further wars. On the part of the beaten nation there remains moreover the desire for revenge, the sense of injustice, and the result of these—the preparation during many coming years of the means for the struggle ahead.

Poverty and Crime Result from War

It is said that war affords employment to a large mass of the population. Who pays their wages? Of course the others, upon whom therefore falls a keener pressure, more poverty; and who therefore evolve in greater measure the progeny of poverty and starvation, namely crime and lawlessness, disease, and vice. Those withdrawn for war cease, moreover, to be producers and amplifiers of the national wealth, remaining consumers.

It is claimed that the production of war material is good for trade. But this production is that of stuff which cannot be used for further production, which does not aid further production, and which belongs neither to the categories of necessity, luxury, nor beauty. Its apparent necessity is due to the necessity for going to war, an artificial necessity which could disappear in a moment. And its destruction is on a vast scale, very rapid, and leaves nothing to show for it.

It is said that war is periodically necessary for the reduction of the population. If there were anything in this idea, it would follow that after war the pressure of poverty would be less. But it is more. The few thousands killed leave the remainder in worse case. The contention is of course the exploded theory of Malthus that population tends continually to outrun subsistence. If this had ever been true, it will be so no more. The bacterial nitrification of the soil, the use of Eucalyptus as fuel, the tapping of natural sources of energy (falling water, waves,

and sunlight) will deprive it of the last vestige of plausibility.

Taking all these things into account can it be maintained that the evils of war as war and apart from some worthy end, do not immeasurably outweigh its benefits?

STUDENT

Legislatures & Individual Privileges

WE have still some little way to go before we relegate legislation to its rightful place—by no means a small one—in the work of reform. To clothe legislation with powers which do not and cannot belong to it, is one of the superstitions of today, and to be classed with all superstitions, theological, scientific and otherwise. There is a mental indolence which breeds superstition, an indolence which is fatally willing to devolve upon some piece of social machinery the duties which ought to be performed individually and which only the individual can perform. We want to take our ease surrounded by an intricate mechanism which will automatically keep the ten commandments for us so long as we give it the fuel of an occasional vote and lubricate it with a moral axiom. No more concrete illustration of this tendency can be found than a contribution by Mr. G. F. Watts to the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Mr. Watts refers to the two vices of drinking and gambling, which he very properly supposes to be destructive of character and a drag upon the wheels of progress. He asks us to consider how great a revolution would be wrought in character and health if the legislature would set itself sternly to the task of preventing these two agencies of evil. It is perhaps an open question if the legislature has any more power over drinking and gambling than it has over the movements of the moon. The supreme duties of the legislature are to guarantee individual liberty of thought and action so far as is compatible with the liberty of others. It is not the duty of the legislature, nor is it within the power of the legislature, to renew a clean heart within us, and this is what we need far more than Acts of Congress. It may be a very good thing to exercise the franchise, but it is a far better thing to exercise our wills, and we shall have to wait for a long time before we have so perfected our social systems that conscience becomes a supernumerary. The evils of drinking and gambling arise from defects in human nature, and so long as these defects remain they will surely manifest. Legislation may perhaps say, and effectually, that some specified form of mischievous self-indulgence shall not manifest in this particular way or in that particular way, that it shall not show itself here or there; but to suppose that the collective lower and passionate nature of humanity can be suppressed by Acts of Congress is not only a fallacy, but it is a mischievous and time-wasting fallacy. We have to deal with the collective force of evil in human nature, and not with the various apertures through which it reaches the surface. We have to urge men along a line of positive moral thought and action, and not merely to a discontinuance of the immoral. Affirmation is stronger than denial, and incitement to the good is better than the prohibition of the evil.

STUDENT

Destruction of Niagara Falls Feared

THE *spiritual* work done by Niagara Falls will never be estimated. Thousands go there yearly; and of these, some few, awed into momentary silence of lip and thought by the spectacle and the throb of vast power, reach some higher level of feeling they had never before touched. In such people the presence of the Falls arouses an action of consciousness not far from prayer. And there can be but few whose sense of beauty in nature is not powerfully stirred. One would think the whole American people would recognize these things, would appreciate the value of their majestic possession and act accordingly. It may be so; we have yet to see. For the very existence of the Falls, as a spectacle, is said to be threatened by a corporation which proposes to take possession and convert this superb mass of falling water into a power plant! They are now pushing their project into the New York legislature.

What will be the outcome of this attempt? Influence is being doubtless used, and if the people do not bestir themselves they will find too late that one of their grandest possessions has been practically obliterated.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

A Journey to the Ancient Temple at Eleusis

THE following extract is from a letter received recently by one of the Point Loma residents from a fellow student, who is at present traveling in Greece:

The first day that we arrived in Athens we attended a lecture in the wonderful Dionysos theatre. Last week we made a trip to Eleusis. There is left of the great Temple, of course, little more than fragments, but from these we could build up in fancy the marvelous Temple where the greatest of the Mysteries of Antiquity took place. I enclose with this a photograph from a relief taken from the Temple, the original being now in the museum at Athens. It represents the goddess Demeter giving corn to the boy Triptolemus, while her daughter places a wreath upon his head. Have you heard of the legend that lies back of the finding of the marvelous Temple, and of the Mysteries themselves? It is this, briefly: Pluto, with the consent of Zeus, had taken Demeter's daughter as his wife and, of course, kept her in his underground kingdom. Her mother, unaware of her whereabouts, sought for her everywhere and at last, becoming informed of her daughter's fate, she begged Zeus to restore her to her. The conference between Pluto and Zeus resulted in permitting the daughter to remain with her mother on earth three-fourths of the year, and one-fourth of the year with her husband in the infernal regions. In her gratitude and joy Persephone sent out the boy Triptolemus to bless mankind with corn, of which the people had never heard, and Demeter asked the Greeks to build her a Temple, in which she would herself initiate them into the Mysteries. These were celebrated twice yearly, and symbolize the great law of periodicity by which mortals are granted the summer—when for nine months the earth is blessed with trees, fruits and flowers—and the winter of three months during which Persephone, who had sent to mankind the corn, remained in Pluto's realm under the earth.

The festivals at Eleusis, from being mere local secret ceremonies, became pan-Athenaic, and when the procession passed from Athens to Eleusis thousands of people, crowned with myrtle, and with torches in their hands, entered its ranks. They arrived at Eleusis at night, according to the custom, entering the city and the Temple in silence. About the earliest and real Mysteries we of course know nothing, our present knowledge dating from that later time when they had become profanized and therefore public.

PROPOS the recent discussion over *Parsifal*, it is interesting to recall the reception that Wagner's *Tannhauser* received when first performed. It was in Berlin and the house was crowded. At the end of the first act the opera pronounced itself, as far as that audience was concerned, an absolute failure. It was, in fact, nothing short of a "fiasco," and one may hardly imagine the anguish and bitterness that it brought to the composer. The *Figaro* wrote the next day: "At last we have got rid of *Tannhauser*. Its death is of the kind which can permit of no resuscitation. If it had been hissed merely, we might have complained of a plot or an intrigue to ruin it, but the thing made one yawn. It is hopeless!" Gounod, not long after, being asked his opinion, said, "It interests me very much from a grammatical point of view!" Auber said, "To see *Tannhauser* is like reading a book without taking breath, and in which there are no commas, semicolons, nor full stops." And now what is contemporary criticism worth?

GOUNOD once said of a certain conductor who failed to interpret his (Gounod's) music according to the composer's idea: "It is calumny. He makes me say what I have never thought."

FRAGMENT

by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

HOW sure it is,
That, if we say a true word, instantly
We feel 'tis God's, not ours, and pass it on.
As bread at sacrament we taste and pass,
Nor handle for a moment, as indeed
We dared to set up any claim to such!

The Preservation of Our Art Treasures

FRANCE has always been unique among European nations, and indeed among the nations of the world, for her patronage of the fine arts, of science, archeology and literature. It is to the first French Republic that the world was indebted for the discovery that revealed to us the Egypt of the Pharaohs; and it is to the third Republic that we owe much of our knowledge of ancient Asiatic empires, particularly of Persia. Just now the French Academy is in communication with the Minister of Fine Arts for the purpose of securing photographic reproductions of all the manuscripts, papyri and rare books in the various public institutions of France of which no copies exist. This action was doubtless inspired by the recent destruction by fire of the national library at Turin, a catastrophe which should serve as a warning to our government.

Almost without exception the great treasures of art, archeology and literature throughout Europe, and with rare exceptions throughout America, are preserved in buildings that would be easy food for flames. The Louvre is crowded with masterpieces. Why are not steps taken to make it fire-proof? The same is true of the South Kensington Museum in England and many others.

It will be remembered that the catastrophe at Turin cost humanity more than three thousand of the most precious ancient manuscripts. How much would it have been worth to the State—and to humanity—if photographic reproductions of these were now in existence? Yet it were still better to preserve such treasures in fire-proof buildings. The national library of France alone contains thousands of works that are literally priceless. If we do not appreciate them sufficiently to insure their preservation, our carelessness will more than likely be estimated at its full value by the posterity of a few generations hence.

STUDENT

THE death of Gérôme has, of course, set afloat many stories. One of the best—and they say it is true—relates the attempt of a Monmartre poet to hoax the artist. A certain countrywoman was inquiring in the café for the address of a photographer, and the poet, overhearing the request, gave her Gérôme's address in the Boulevard de Clichy, explaining that if she would mention his name to Gérôme the latter would make her a satisfactory likeness at a reasonable price. The woman presented herself at Gérôme's studio and stated her errand. The artist saw the point at once and determined to turn the joke upon the poet by complying with her request. For an hour he worked at the portrait sketch and at length the woman, declaring herself entirely satisfied, reluctantly handed out three francs. Gérôme requested her to seek out the poet in the café, show him the drawing and convey to him Gérôme's thanks for throwing a little trade his way. And the countrywoman did so!

RICHARD WAGNER said at one time to Villiers: "Why, if I did not feel in my inmost soul the living light and love of the Christian faith my works would be the works of a liar and an ape. My art is my prayer."

THE difference between a bad artist and a good is, that the bad artist seems to copy a great deal, the good one *does* copy a great deal.—Blake



BAS RELIEF FROM THE TEMPLE AT ELEUSIS



✻ ✻ "COMPASSION, THE FAIREST ASSOCIATE OF THE HEART" ✻ ✻

FROM an Eastern paper we clip the following:

Dr. Emily Dunning, the woman ambulance surgeon of Gouverneur Hospital, brought to that institution a 21-month-old child that she got from a rear room on the fourth floor of a tenement house at 674 Water street. The mother lay across the bed in a drunken stupor at the time, while the child was found on a pile of rags. Miss Dunning diagnosed the child's case as "starvation and desertion by parents."

This is but one among many similar instances recorded in the newspapers; and it is a straw on one, at least, of the downward flowing currents of human life.

In London there exists a "Society for the Study of Inebriety." Its members have recently made some investigations with regard to inebriety among women and conditions almost past belief in their awfulness have been dragged to light. One physician is authority for the statement that in London alone the yearly average of infantile deaths through "over-laying" was *six hundred*—cause, almost invariably, intemperance. Dr. Claye Shaw attributed the neurotic temperaments of many children to the fact that their mothers had imbibed alcohol during the child's prenatal life. Statistics showed that of infants born of inebriate mothers, nearly sixty per cent died at birth or in early infancy, and the majority of those remaining drifted into lunatic asylums and prisons. Then, too, according to police reports, the majority of women arrested for inebriety is between the ages of twenty and fifty—and there is evidence to show that most of them are, or become, the mothers of sickly, neurotic children, in addition to driving their husbands to despair and ruining their own constitutions.

These are but a few of the facts—not conclusions merely—which were brought out at the Society's recent meeting. From another source comes the statement that during the ten years ending with 1900, while the male death rate from alcoholism has risen by forty-eight per cent the female death rate has risen by seventy-three per cent.

Now, it is not to be supposed that any reader of the NEW CENTURY PATH needs to be lectured upon the evils of alcoholism. But the evil does exist, and among our sister women—lower in the social scale than ourselves, doubtless, uneducated, poor, lacking in moral balance. Yet have they no claim on our compassion? Is it nothing to us that they are mothers, too? Is it nothing to the future that their children, when they survive at all, drift from unkept homes into asylums and prisons? Is all the agony of these conditions nothing to us, just because our own lives are protected and comfort-filled?

The women of whom these revelations have been made have the greatest possible claim upon our compassion and our help. Who are they? All, probably without exception, came into life disadvantaged with a bad heredity, which expresses itself perhaps in scrofula, in some nervous disease or other, in morbid tendencies, or tendencies toward immorality or inebriety. You and I have been more fortunate. Nearly all of these women, doubtless, have felt the pinch of poverty and the grind of monotonous work. They have met, and have not always conquered, temptations which you and I have been spared. Their lives have been neglected, unloved, hard; their pleasures cheap if not coarse; their ideal—"to have a good time." To them, or to most of them, motherhood has not meant that rich uplift into a greater joy and a larger life which it has meant to you and to me, but merely an added burden, "one more mouth to feed." What wonder that some of these women, lacking higher ideals, lacking moral balance, lacking help or hope, should yield to their hunger

✻ On Society's Edge ✻

for excitement and become inebriates? What wonder that some should try to find surcease for their troubles in the delusive forgetfulness born of drink? For it must be remembered that the majority of these women come from a social stratum where the "half-pint" is considered as proper as a cup of tea is with us. Before these women realize what they are doing they are in the chains of a habit.

Emerson has somewhere said that where people lack the exhilarant of soul life they are likely to seek a substitute for it in the exhilarants or intoxicants that belong to the physical life. Certainly he has touched very near the root of this matter, and it is not difficult, in the light of a true philosophy, to point out some forces that would be remedial. Stringent laws would do something, laws that would prevent confirmed inebriates—or, better still, all persons—from obtaining liquor except by a physician's prescription; laws that would prevent the marriage of those who are diseased, neurotic or addicted to drink; laws that would better protect the children that swarm in the districts from which the majority of inebriate women come; laws which would do something, if possible, to stop the increasing tide of illegitimate children that sweeps down, gradually but inevitably, from these quarters to pour its unwholesomeness over the whole nation. These would accomplish something—but not the real thing.

The real reform can never come to be until something is done to touch the heart-life of these women. They are lonely, unloved.

Who knows what might awaken in their hearts if they could once feel the touch of a truly compassionate hand, if they could once look into the eyes of a sister *whose manner did not say, "I am holier than thou?"*

KATHERINE TINGLEY

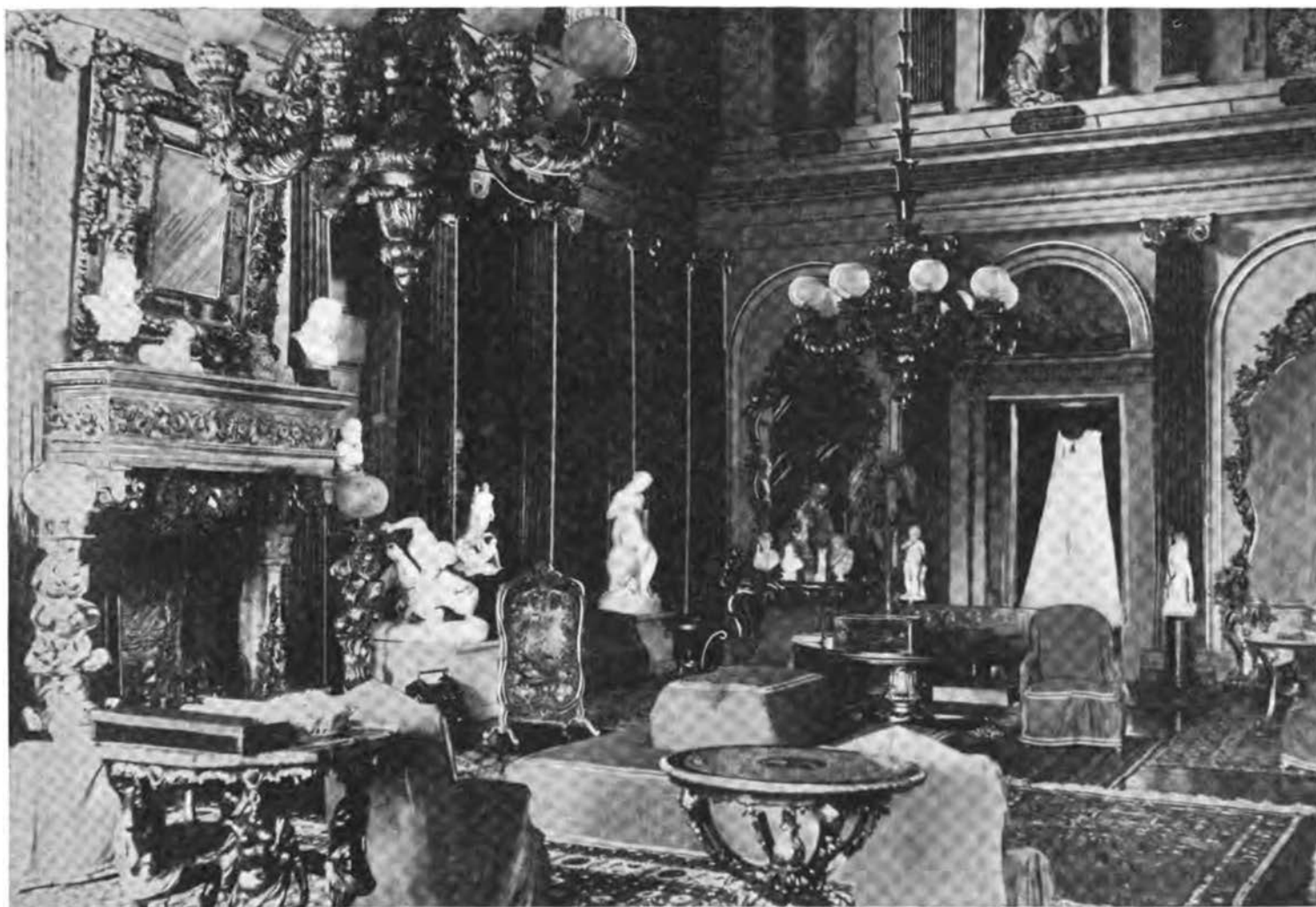
Who could predict results if music and sunshine and cheer and hope and some creature common comforts could be brought into their lives? This will yet be done, for there are great compassionate hearts waiting to give these women, in the deeper sense, the right hand of fellowship. A little compassionate help—might it not waken in them hope and trust? Once let the heart be aroused, and let there be provided some outlet for the yearnings that now expend themselves in physical gratification—these, with the help of stringent laws, would be sufficient to fairly turn the tide. These women are degraded, it is true; many of them are vicious. They are our sisters, none the less, and it ill behooves those of us who are less unfortunate to speak of the chasm that yawns between them and ourselves as if it were destined to be forever unbridged.

STUDENT

CRIPPLED, consumptive and paralytic children bring in the best results. Consumptive boys and girls bring in from a shilling to eighteen pence a week, though the price of cripples varies according to the nature of their affliction.

This statement was made by one of the members of a "profession" just brought to light by an enterprising English journalist—that known as "the go-between." The "go-between" is invariably a woman and she plays an important part in the lives of the children in the East end, London. It is to her that the dissolute or abandoned woman confides her ill-nurtured child—for a consideration—and it is to her that the beggar woman applies for a ready-made family of diseased or crippled children. "I charge each mother a commission and I also receive a small commission on the takings of my *lady clients*," coolly confessed the "go-between." And this is the Twentieth century! People who are pouring out their sentiment over motherhood in the abstract will do well to pause. This commentary on motherhood reads like a story of the Middle Ages.

STUDENT



INTERIOR OF AN IRISH HOME—SALOON, POWERSCOURT HOUSE

In Compassion

MISS ADA ELIOT, who is probation officer of the Court of Special Sessions in New York, recently said, in a public address, with regard to the women who live on the edge, so to speak, of humanity's life: "I think few women can feel more than I do the hideousness of this subject, this method of earning a livelihood, and yet my blood boils when I think of the way these women are treated. The girls and women I have to deal with in the courts I find marvelously like myself and my own self-respecting friends. Even the lowest has still some sense of honor. My work has made me more and more lenient. I feel now, after a year's experience, that the fault is far more often with environment and social conditions than with individuals. Many a woman whom the police 'pick up,' jostle into a patrol wagon as they might a beast, and perhaps leave waiting there in the midst of a curious, gaping, jeering crowd, is a woman very like you and me, only our lot has been differently cast. Some of them are so sinned against, so little sinning, that my sympathy is torn to shreds. It is not from their stories I form my judgment. I learn the facts. I follow it all from beginning to end. They often do not tell me half the bitter, extenuating truth."

THINK of the pathos, of the injustice, of the sadness, of the shame, of having a well-defined class of "outcast women" and not a hint of a class called "outcast men!"

THE first manufacturing company in Connecticut to be composed entirely of women has filed articles of corporation in the Secretary of State's office in Hartford. Mrs. Cecelia I. Yale is President, Miss Yale, Secretary, and Miss Edith Yale, a member of the Board of Directors.

THE Audubon Societies are making an urgent appeal to the women of America to abstain from using aigrettes. The dealers at present offer thirty-two dollars an ounce for raw plumes, and it is needless to pretend that hunters are not tempted to defy the law. If women do not abandon the use of aigrettes the white herons throughout the world will soon be exterminated beyond question.

De Maupassant's Mother

ONE fact concerning the mother of Guy de Maupassant affords something of a clue to the great gaps that were so noticeable in his literary career and in his personal life. They tell us that Madame de Maupassant was the model for all mothers in that she absolutely idolized her two sons. Yet, as every one knows, she was a pronounced free-thinker, and would never even admit the existence of God—an extraordinary circumstance among French women. Shortly before her death she said to a pious and somewhat anxious friend who tried to "reconcile" her with God:

"God! if he exists, I hope I shall meet him. You say I shall meet him face to face. I shall be glad of that, for I have a little account to settle with him."

The account was the death of her idol, Guy de Maupassant, to which she never became reconciled.

Is it not possible that had she possessed an abiding faith in her own divinity, a clear conception of what soul-life meant, that the lamentable gaps in her son's life might have been better bridged? Her materialistic attitude must have been as serious a disadvantage to her sons in their life as poverty, neglect or physical disabilities. It is too often the fashion among men of genius to quote adversity and disadvantages as being the "making of a man." In nine cases out of ten our great men have become so in spite of just these disabilities, not because of them. If it were an advantage to have shadows rest upon the childhood of the world, then surely our great philanthropists and educators, in trying to better conditions for little children, are wasting time. What might not come to the world through the channels of art, poetry, music and heroism if those children in whom the soul tries to speak could be helped rather than hindered by their environment. We need less adversity in the world, not more, but we shall never have it until we have souls honest and unselfish enough to climb as high by joy as they are forced to do by sorrow. STUDENT

REFORM like charity, must begin at home. Once well at home, how will it radiate outwards, irrepressible, into all that we touch and handle, speak and work; kindling every new light by incalculable contagion, spreading, in geometric ratio, far and wide, doing good only wherever it spreads, and not evil.—*Carlyle*

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Mental Prehistoric Remains—Atavism in the Savage

WHAT lies behind the savage, say the red Indian? A lower depth of savagery? In other words, is he coming up or going down, is he the remains of a forgotten civilization, or the product of a still lower ancestry? We are accustomed to assume the latter, to assume it so whole-mindedly that we hardly think it necessary to state it. But as, in digging in the desert, men have often found the remains of cities long buried, evidences of some bygone civilization: so, in excavating the mind of some races of savages, do we come across like traces.

It has long been known that the mental possibilities of the young children of certain savage peoples are the equal of those of the children of our own civilization. Dr. D. G. Brinton has said:

The question has often been considered whether the mental powers of the savage are distinctly inferior. This has been answered by taking the children of savages when quite young, and bringing them up in civilized surroundings. The verdict is unanimous that they display as much aptitude for the acquisition of knowledge, and as much respect for the precepts of morality as the average English or German boy or girl, but with less originality or "initiative." I have been in close relation to several full-blood American Indians, who had been removed from an aboriginal environment and instructed in this manner, and I could not perceive they were either in intellect or sympathy inferior to the usual type of the American gentleman.

We have all read of the phenomena known as "atavism," in which an individual reproduces traits not belonging to its species, some gland or other organ that functioned in its remote ancestry, but which, long disused, has become atrophied. Is not Dr. Brinton dealing with mental atavism? Has not the child of the savage, thus educated, developed anew the mentality of a civilization far, far behind him? Can there be any other explanation? For if not so, then environment, instead of being one of the factors that go to our development, is the only one.

If the savage has no past of civilization to be awakened by our education, and if education and environment alone have waked him from unmixed savagery to our intellectual level, why cannot the same be done for the monkey, or for those hopeless savages for whom education does nothing? As to these latter, one must assume that they have no civilized past, or that they are hopelessly decadent.

But the educable type of savage, may we not assume that he is a man in whom lightly slumber the instinctive memory and powers of a past age of intellect and civilization; that he is in the valley between two crests of civilization of which, may be, no other traces remain, or of which the outer traces are the now rapidly appearing ruins to which, as yet, archeology assigns no date? So at any rate teaches Theosophy. J.

Not All Prehistoric Animals Were of Great Size

PROFESSOR RAY LANKESTER seeks to correct the prevailing impression that prehistoric animals, taken as a whole, were larger than those of the present day. Salamanders and newts, of which the fossil remains have been found in considerable size, were certainly as large as ordinary crocodiles. Reptiles have decreased in size, but with many other animals this is not the case. The remains which have been found in the Miocene strata show that there were then elephants no bigger than a pony or Newfoundland dog, while the horses of the present day are probably bigger than any which have ever existed, nor have there ever been any reptiles bigger than some of the whales now in existence. Upon the other hand, the sharks of prehistoric times were bigger than any which are known now. He showed some teeth of a prehistoric shark and compared them with those of a modern shark known to have been thirty feet in length and with a mouth two feet across. The fossil teeth were four or five times as large, and there could be little doubt that the shark in question must have been eighty feet long.

STUDENT

Archeology of Arizona—Carvings on Sentinel Rock

TUCSON, Arizona, is the center of a district peculiarly rich in archeological relics, but they are the relics of a people so ancient that their story remains one of the unread riddles of the American continent. Ancient irrigation canals run in every direction over the plains of Arizona, stone implements lie around upon every side and the remains of vast buildings have for ages been crumbling into the soil, but no scholar has yet read the mystery of the hieroglyphics, or reconstructed the history of which not even a tradition survives. We know that they must have been an agricultural people, we know too that they understood the art of the potter, and that their written language was one of some complexity is shown by the accompanying reproduction of carvings upon Sentinel Rock.

Although these hieroglyphics have never been deciphered they seem to have a distinct similarity to the picture writing of Egypt, and perhaps we may look here for another link in the chain which connects the fall of prehistoric American civilization with the rise of ancient Egypt. This chain becomes stronger year by year as isolated discoveries fall into their proper place awaiting only the comprehensive survey which will establish the fact. The old story of neglect and vandalism must of course

be told of the archeological treasures of Arizona. For the relics which are now being stolen and destroyed future centuries would give their weight in gold. The curio hunter has almost unchecked dominion over these storehouses of national history, more valuable than the modern and mercenary archives for the preservation of which we invoke the aid of the highest science.

STUDENT



ON SENTINEL ROCK, NEAR TUCSON, ARIZONA

The Huichols and the Flood

A CONTEMPORARY comments upon the religious beliefs of the Huichols, the strange race discovered in the Sierra Madres by Carl Lumholtz. It seems that these people have

a tradition of the flood which is very similar to the Biblical account. They believe, however, that the deluge lasted for five years, and that the ark finally rested upon a Mexican mountain instead of Mount Ararat. Our contemporary considers this tradition to be a very strange one, inasmuch as neither Bible nor missionary has ever found its way to the Huichols. We should have supposed that at this stage of archeological research, every human being would be aware that the flood story is universal and in no way dependent upon either Bible or missionary. The Biblical account is copied almost word for word from the infinitely older Babylonian record, and inasmuch as all the stories relate to a historical fact, the destruction of Atlantis as described by H. P. Blavatsky, it is not surprising that so vast a cataclysm should live in popular tradition. The Mexican account is quite as likely to be correct as the Babylonian. Mexico is today full of the ancient and ruined cities which were built by the descendants of those who survived this, the most recent of the cataclysms which have successively destroyed portions of the world and which spread the broad waters of the Atlantic between America and Europe.

STUDENT

Ancient Regimental Pets Unearthed Recently in Venice

A VERY interesting discovery has been made in Venice while pulling down some ancient houses. A brick-built cavity was found at the bottom of which were a number of bones. These proved to be the skeletons of two horses, and between them was the skeleton of a little dog. On the cover of this strange receptacle were carved in Roman letters the following words, "Milit. Coosth. III, R. Centuria;" and there can be no doubt that the remains were those of regimental pets whose bodies were thus affectionately buried by the Roman soldiers.

STUDENT

Nature

Studies

The Leaves of Plants Never Die

"DEAD Leaves" is often the theme of the poet in his more melancholy moods, but one may well doubt whether he has any scientific right to his symbol. In the normal course of nature there is no such thing as a dead leaf. Leaves do, of course, exceptionally get torn away from trees in various ways, lie on the ground and die. But leaves do not die on the trees. As autumn comes on, all that is living of the leaf, sap, protoplasm, the life juices and matter of the leaves, together with everything valuable, starch, sugar, salts and albumen, are withdrawn into the stem or trunk. And there they remain, still alive. What is left is the mere shell, dry discolored fiber, husks of cells. Is that the leaf? Surely the leaf remains alive, waiting spring.

And if the plant annually "dies" down to the level of the ground, there has been no real death either of leaf or stem. The living stuff has betaken itself to the roots and rhizomes. If the plant be like wheat, an annual, it would hardly seem true to say that it dies. For as, in the other cases, part of the living leaf and stem stuff retreats, and part goes to the seeds, so in the case of annuals, all go to the seeds. The plant goes on living in the seeds.

Seeds do, of course, die. But that, so far as we remember, has never been used as symbol, or made the cause of a lament by the melancholy of poets. And there is something to be said on the other side, even here.

For the death of seeds is no part of nature's program in the same way that the death of leaves is supposed to be. She intends every seed to live. She provides them with a thousand devices to help them to find good ground, gives them wings and plumes to catch the wind, hooks and gums to stick them to animals and insects, explodes them to great distances from bursting capsules, clothes them with sweet flesh that they may be eaten and scattered by birds, surrounds them with oil, starch, albumen and salt that their first few days of budding need will lack nothing. But her benevolent intent does often fail of its aim. The welfare of the seed has to yield place to some of her greater works.

But one might question whether even then the seed dies; whether the subtle essence of plant form, the guiding essence, the living idea, does not merely betake itself otherwhither, determining the production of one more flower or one more seed in some other plant? "Mere mysticism and metaphysics," science will say, scouting the idea.

The taunt matters nothing. The whole history and process of science consists in the passage of the mystical speculation of one century into the cold tabulated fact of another.

MORE and more attention is being drawn to the Eucalyptus as a means of the world's future heat supply. There are 150 species, variously adapted to desert sands, swamps, and mountain altitudes up to the snow-line. As forest cover, shade trees, windbrakes, improvers of climate, and marsh-drainers, they are of the utmost value. Bees make great use of their beautiful blossoms, and they yield two or three valuable medicines and antiseptics for surgical use. X.

SEA-GULLS

From *West-Country Ballads and Verses*, by ARTHUR L. SALMON

ABOVE the misty headlands
White sea-gulls soar and scream,
And their wings have lured the flashing
Of the sunset's crimson gleam.
O why are those wings so restless,
And whence that boding cry?
Do they catch the breath of the tempest
And the storm that is coming nigh?

Are they the souls of sleepers
In ocean's restless bed?
And do they speak of the living,
Or do they speak of the dead?
O why do the gulls of the ocean
So ceaselessly circle and cry?
Do they think of the storm that is coming,
Or the rest that will come by-and-bye?



SOME LOMA-LAND FERNS

Evidence of Character in Plants

IT is very curious to observe the difference in the methods of self-defense used by plants, even when their weapons appear, at first glance, to be practically identical. Take, for example, the strawberry cactus as compared with the Turkshead. The only difference at first observable is that of size, but a short examination shows that the spine in the center of each cluster on the Turkshead is very massive, so much so that, even if it were not for the pain, considerable strength would be required to force down these pickets sufficiently to reach the body of the plant. In other words, its weapons are wholly for defense, and act only when touched. The strawberry variety, on the contrary, has the center spine of each group comparatively slender, but bent to a hook at the end, so that anything touching will be held by the center spines firmly against the points of its shorter companions, and once firmly gripped it is almost impossible to escape without taking along the points of the curved spines. Here we see a wholly new idea added to the first example; the one is wholly for defense, the other is for defense and retaliation; quite an important difference psychologically.

Other varieties of cactus carry out the retaliation idea in a different way. Around the base of each group of thorns (usually seven) there is a small bunch of cottony-looking stuff which really consists of hundreds of tiny hair-like thorns which are loosened

by even a slight touch and enter the skin whence it is almost impossible to remove them both because of their almost invisible fineness and also by reason of their extreme brittleness, which causes them to break off short, leaving the points to irritate the victim for days or weeks after.

If three men were to adopt three such different methods of defending themselves, we would certainly consider the fact as evidence of considerable difference of character; why then shall we not reach the same conclusion when plants are concerned? Or, rather, as character of behavior is of the mind and not of the body, why shall we not believe that plants of different varieties, species, etc., possess an intelligence as diverse as the nations, races, etc., of men? And that the specific structure, habits and general nature are as truly the evidences of a plant's "character" as a man's actions are of his?

Y.

AN important discovery has been made by Mr. S. A. Mokrshezki who has sent a communication on the subject to the Imperial Botanical Society of India. He has invented an apparatus by which salts of iron and copper can be introduced into the stems of trees with the effect of completely curing the tree of chlorosis and also of stimulating the growth to a very marked degree. An experiment has been made upon eight hundred fruit trees. Dry sulphate of copper was introduced into the stems and the very satisfactory effect is abundantly shown by the series of photographs which Mr. Mokrshezki secured. He believes that in this way it is possible not only to greatly increase the size of the tree but also to improve its color and varieties and to remove the diseases which attack it. The discovery is regarded as very important.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE announcement that the Raja Yoga chorus from Point Loma would play a prominent part in the services at Isis Theatre last Sunday evening, was sufficient to bring out an exceptionally large audience which, judging from its frequent and hearty applause, was more than pleased by the various numbers on the program. The children sang in their matchless way: "The Three Stages of Life" (Alexander); "By the Waters of Babylon" (Hawley); "Mothers' Song" (Neidlinger); "Abide With Me" (Macy). The crooning "Mothers' Song" was so persistently applauded that an encore could not be refused.

Instrumental music by students of the Isis Conservatory of Music consisted of Overture, "Prometheus" (Beethoven); "Loveley Paraphrase" (Neuvadba); "Slavonic Dance" (Dvorak).

All the musical numbers were splendidly given, forming most fitting interludes for the two addresses of the evening, by Miss Wood and Master Iverson Harris. Miss Wood's title was, "A Little Child Shall Lead Them." She said:

"When we look back to the spring time of our life, when as little children we ran over the meadows carpeted with daisies and buttercups, do we not see long vistas of happy days and catch the melody of our heart's song? We were happy then and wise. Ignorance of the world's sorrow and the world's temptations were not the causes of our happiness. The child's short life had brought circumstances which his pure mind accepted, quite naturally, and as naturally cast them aside with but a passing sigh, and soon the world was aglow with sunshine once more.

"Can you not remember the home or some dear spot with its sweet associations where youth, leading old age, walked hand in hand down the meadow lane? How blessed must have been the companionship! Those who were approaching the end of their lives were strengthened by the trust and faith which shone out in the childish face, and the questions which were asked would need a wise head to answer. 'Who is God?' the child asks, 'Where does he live?' 'Some simple answer must be given,' thinks the aged comrade, and in his efforts to explain so that the young mind may understand he, quite unconsciously, comes nearer the truth, and his understanding is opened.

"The child whispers, 'God lives everywhere. The birds and flowers and little children are his messengers. He lives in our hearts when we are kind to each other. God is in you and in me when we are happy.' 'Alas,' sighs the old man, 'I have searched for God in the high and lowly walks of life, yes, and in the churches. I am still searching for him, but this child has found God in his heart.'

"Have we the faith of a child? Those who dare not trust themselves, who have no faith in their own divinity, in their ability to overcome temptation, cannot expect to have much faith in a power they have never evoked—the power of the soul. I know that once we forget ourselves in a desire to help others, and do not worry and fret over personal circumstances that appear so large in our own eyes, we shall have the trust of a child. We shall trust the God in each of us, who never deserts nor leaves us, but is fashioning our lives according to our ideals and aspirations.

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Miss Wood's Address Entitled 'Led By a Little Child'—The Raja Yoga Chorus Presents a Good Program

Reprinted from the San Diego News

"It is written in the Bible, 'Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the Temple of my God, and he shall go no more out.' The Raja Yoga children know that every difficulty conquered is a victory won. There are many victories won in the course of a day, and the faith and trust in their divinity is half of the battle. How much it means to

the world to have a group of children living lives of faithfulness to themselves and others. Looking their characters straight in the face and cultivating a faith that will move mountains, and nothing shall prove impossible to them.

"The students at Point Loma are realizing more fully each day that the happiness and child state can be regained. They are experiencing such joy as only comes to children whose minds are pure and hearts free from selfishness. Did not a great Teacher say, 'Unless ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven?' The child state must be regained before the light of heaven can shine in our faces. The effects of wrong education and environments have bound and warped so many lives that it needs the sunlight of the soul to brighten and vivify the latent powers of faith, hope and trust."

Master Harris' paper was on "The Duty of a Raja Yoga Boy." Among other fine things he said: "When we speak of the duty of a Raja Yoga boy we do not mean the duty of the boys of the Raja Yoga school only, but any boy who tries to be honest and live a pure life. All boys should not be afraid to criticize their own actions, and especially their thoughts.

"Raja Yoga means the perfect balance of all our faculties. A healthy body is the first requirement, and then comes the necessity for a strong mind. A mind that has the strength to see the truth, and the courage to obey the voice of conscience will save us much trouble.

"We boys who are in the Raja Yoga School, which name means all that is good and honest and pure, have a duty that lies very near our hearts—it is to make Raja Yoga a living power in our lives. We all know how full the world is of hypocrites, those who profess one thing and whose lives are a contradiction.

"We boys have always this ideal of Raja Yoga before us. If we have tried and failed to live up to our ideal, we do not become discouraged but try again. There is always an opportunity to put ourselves on the right track. First of all we must see that our thoughts are pure and strong.

"It is the duty of every Raja Yoga boy to speak out boldly, and without any thought of personal unpopularity by so doing, in protest against any wrongful act that is done, even if it is done by his best friend. By so doing he proves himself a much greater friend than if he were to let that misdeed slip by unheeded, saying to himself, 'If I say anything he will think I am down on him and it will hurt his feelings.' This is the excuse he gives himself to cover the real reason, which is to save his position in the eyes of his comrades. That is nothing but selfishness, plain and simple; to think that one would injure someone else by not speaking, in order to protect his own interests.

"Therefore the duty of a Raja Yoga boy is to uphold the right and do away with the wrong, no matter at what cost to himself."

Prehistoric Remains and Their Lesson

Extracts from an address presented at Isis Theatre, San Diego, by a Loma-land Student

WHAT are prehistoric remains? They are remains of something dating from so long ago that history can tell us nothing about them. It is not the view of science that humanity has had a past, greater than its present. But it may be true, for all that. We may have once stood much higher than we do now, and under proper inspection we may show the traces of that early time.

When you study the traditions of any of the great nations of the past, you find that they all speak of a long past time when their life was grander and more glorious, a time which the Greeks called the Golden Age. After dwelling on its glories, they sometimes sum them all up by saying that at that far-away time so pure were men that the very gods were able to walk on earth with them. Nearly all peoples have this tradition—Persians, Greeks, Hindoos, Egyptians, Norsemen, Aztecs, Mexicans, Zunis, Maories, and many of the tribes of our own American Indians.

Well; it all goes for nothing. The traditions are dreams; the heroes of the Golden Age were personifications of the sun, moon, stars and west wind. Moreover, as men were savages ten thousand years ago, there could not have been a

Golden Age of civilization, or indeed any civilization, twelve thousand years ago.

So answers science to these universal claims. But does it not strike us unscientific people, people not self-hypnotized out of common sense, that the universality of this grand tradition shows that there is something in it? Does not the mere talking about it, even amongst ourselves today, waken a sort of vague half-memory, a sort of conviction that it certainly was so; as if we ourselves had participated in it, had rejoiced like children in the pure morning of human life; and then had lost its beauty, had wandered from then to now through the ages and civilizations of declining grandeur; and at last meet here and talk it over, and wonder whether after all it was not a dream; and finally let science persuade us that it was?

But if it was a dream, then there is only left for us the hypothesis of science—that we are on our way up from the monkeys, and that in the savages of this and other countries we see what we were a few thousand years ago.

Perhaps we were; but it does not follow that behind the savage is the monkey. Behind the savage may lie a set of forgotten civilizations, and he may be passing the valley between those and our own or some future one. If you see a man below you in a valley, it does not follow that he came up into it from some deeper hole;

he may have come down into it from the opposite mountain side and be preparing to ascend that on which you stand.

How goes the evidence? It will certainly be found a little difficult to reckon with on the ordinary view.

Think for a moment of Egypt. We know that in ages long gone by, Egypt had a period of splendid civilization. Then it all vanished, and days of utter degradation supervened, and lasted to our own time. Suppose that that period of splendor was so far away that no traces remained, only that kind of memory that we call tradition. Now three or four hundred years pass, and, as will almost certainly happen, Egypt acquires again a high civilization. The scientist of that day, three or four hundred years hence, will say, "Behold how quickly this nation has ascended from the original savage state!" And he will add, "Of course, like all savages, they had a foolish tradition of a splendid civilization in a wholly imaginary past."

But in this case we shall know that tradition corresponded with a fact.

What do we know about Egypt's past? Nothing whatever to suggest a savage background. On the contrary, the very first glimpse that history catches of her, on the borders of the absolutely unknown, thousands upon thousands of years ago, shows her with a civilization in full swing, a civilization evidently even then ages old.

What about India? We know that the people who are now the Hindoos came thousands of years ago into India from somewhere, we do not know where; and that when they came, they came highly civilized, came with the arts of peace, with poetry and music. Indeed, when we study their great poems, the *Vedas*, we find specimens of poetry which to this day have never been surpassed, which we know to have been sung to music which there is no reason except our own arrogance for supposing to have been inferior; and containing evidence that they were enjoyed by the whole people. Our people do not enjoy superb poetry, and are not—as these people were—profoundly and philosophically religious. Our people enjoy yellow journals and go to prize-fights. So we must have gone down hill since then, one would think.

What of Italy and Greece? We know that in Italy, an utterly unknown period ago, lived two or three sets of highly civilized peoples, the Etruscans, Pelasgians and others, who had carried art to a point not since surpassed. In Greece we know that below the present ruins of Troy lie—layer below layer—eight other Troys, built one after another as the ages passed; and with no suggestion of barbarism in the earliest. In Crete we have recently unearthed the remains of a past civilization and a people—the Minoans—so remote that not even tradition has anything to say about it.

In Peru, Yucatan, Mexico, and South America generally, we are now continually finding vast traces—whole cities and stately temples—of civilization after civilization, layer upon layer, of which even the very latest is too remote to be more than a tradition—sometimes not even that—of the degenerate natives.

And so in our own country, North America; every day brings to light the remains of an utterly unknown—but assuredly not barbarous—past, of which the wandering Indians can tell us nothing.

In fact, the more we know, the more we decipher, the more we dig in sands and ruins, the more utterly do we fail to find any evidences of that barbarous past

from which—according to science—we came. The more we know, the more does the likelihood of that disappear.

And even yet more splendid civilizations than we have ever found any traces of may have flourished and vanished utterly. For think what time can dissolve away and cover. How much of our civilization's marks would be left in 10,000 years if they were deserted? Not a single fragment of paper; nothing made of iron or steel, not a trace of a machine—even an iron-clad battleship dissolved away in the ceaseless waves; not a trace of anything made of wood; not a trace of most of our buildings. Neither here nor in Europe is there the dry air of Egypt which has preserved her pyramids. The London air is eating away the walls of the palace of Westminster, and, till it was varnished, was gnawing at Cleopatra's column that was brought from Egypt. The rains, the winds, the frosts, the hurricanes, the earthquakes and the volcanoes, might blot away every sign and trace. In Egypt the winds and sand-storms of uncounted centuries have buried many of the evidences of ancient civilizations beneath seventy feet of sand, and as we dig deeper, more come up. And in some places there are marks of ten successive temples, one below the other—how many ages between, we know not. So as to what was our civilization, no observers who found the few traces that might remain in 10,000 years could form the very faintest idea. We might be overwhelmed by a yellow horde from the East, as we nearly were 800 years ago, and absolutely wiped from history and even tradition. Moreover, whole continents sink slowly beneath the ocean, carrying with them who knows what remnants of teeming human life?

Moreover, there are traces in us of a grander past. Take the child of a Maori, or any of the better types of red Indian. It is known that if you give to these the education and surroundings that our children have, they prove their capacity to take the same polish and to stand in matters of education and culture exactly where we stand. Could that be so if they had not, buried in them, the remains of once used culture and education, human prehistoric remains of an old civilization?

And may it not be that in ourselves, our ideals of a nobler and grander life to come, like our secret traditions of a Golden Age, a Garden of Eden, are memories, remains? Could we have them or frame them if the state had never been experienced in our human race? Could genius suddenly arise amongst us, could a Shakespeare or a Mozart appear, with nothing in his parentage to warrant it, if it were not a reminiscence, an unveiling of a long-veiled prehistoric remains, speaking of a long past time when the spiritual consciousness of all men was awake and active in its ever fresh beauty? Surely, it would be otherwise as impossible as that an oyster should suddenly develop eyes or fins.

Now, look at the whole thing at a glance: consider the vastly destructive hand of time and nature; the ruins from old epochs and civilizations that have nevertheless survived the countless centuries, ruins one behind another, one below another, separated by unknown time, and think what must have been that which they represent after time has done all his work upon them; think that behind civilizations that built and left remains may have been others that built nothing, times of spiritual civilization when men dwelt close to nature and the Divine, knew where we speculate, touched at all times the glory of direct truth, had perfect peace like that of the Garden of Eden. Of these, no trace would remain save that all-present tradition of a Golden Age—and our unuttered, unformed hopes and ideals.

"Having No Time"

THERE is a certain sort of person who is always retiring from duties on the ground that he has "no longer time to do them." He is sincere; he thinks he has not time. And it is not always true that he puts aside duties he dislikes for those he likes. Indeed he is often very conscientious, and the duties which he thinks he must crowd out he would rather do than those which he retains.

An old proverb runs: *If you want anything done, go to the busiest man you know.*

For one of the very secrets of the universe is in this matter; and, as usual with secrets, it lies on the top, openly visible. This secret is the creation of time. "I will *make* time for it," says a man who has this great secret. Time expands according to our power to pack it tight with deeds. We create the time we need, if we will. If we throw over one duty because another comes upon us, time contracts so that it becomes only enough for the one. If we accept the other, and add it on to previous duties, time increases its length to correspond with necessity. "An hour is no more than an hour," says someone. Never was there a greater error. "An hour" means nothing. One man's hour is another man's minute. It varies in length according to the man who uses it; it is "as large as a piece of chalk."

Time is like strength—created by demand. "The law of nature is that those who do the thing shall have the power; those who do not the thing have not the power."

STUDENT

Sayings of Christ

PROFESSOR HARNACK, the well-known teacher of theology in the University of Berlin, has collected a number of the reputed sayings of Christ, which are not contained in the New Testament but which, from internal evidence, he believes to be genuine. Some of these sayings are:

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," although it is not in the Gospel, it is noted by St. Paul as having been said by Christ.

"He is guilty who troubles the spirit of his brother." This is from fragments of the Gospel to the Hebrews, quoted from St. Jerome.

"You should never be joyful save when you behold your brother in love."

"The seeker shall not rest until he finds, and when he finds he shall be astonished."

"I shall choose out the good. Those are the good whom my Father in Heaven has given me."

"In that which I find you therein shall ye be judged."

Speaking to one who was at work on the Sabbath:

"If thou knowest what thou doest thou art blessed; if thou knowest it not, then art thou accursed and keepest not the law."

"Who is near me is near the Father; who is far from me is far from the kingdom."

"Hast thou seen thy brother? Then hast thou seen God."

There are, of course, a considerable number of other sayings, and additional discoveries are frequently being made.

STUDENT

And There Came a Hero

ALL was quiet in the roomy library of the Woods' country home. The big clock was ticking away peacefully, almost silently, the canary bird was napping comfortably in her swing and Magda, the great Dane, lay asleep before the fire. The only sound was the shuffling of papers upon the cozy little desk before which a slender, handsome, brown-eyed lad was writing.

"Hello, Jack, what you doing?" This from Ralph Woods, who burst into the room, a very amateur avalanche.

"O, just making notes for the debate."

Ralph flung himself into a chair before the fire. "How does the thing read, 'Resolved'—something about heroism, isn't it?"

"Resolved," read Jack from his note-book, "Resolved, that heroism may sometimes best express itself by means of unheroic actions."

"Which do you have, Jack, affirmative or negative?"

"We both have the affirmative, Ralph," was the thoughtful reply.

Ralph rose hastily. "Nonsense," he said. "The idea of heroism having anything to do with actions that aren't heroic! Why it reads like a riddle from the riddle-book."

"Well," said Jack, "there's a good deal to be said on both sides. Take Milly Stevens, for instance. You remember how she gave up her trip abroad and took a position under that miserable Mr. Clark, just so that her sister and two brothers could go on with their studies."

"Well, that's not *my* idea of heroism," said Ralph, vigorously. "I don't go much on the negative, whining kind. Now, what *I* call heroism is dashing into burning houses, and rowing out into breakers in a life-boat when there's a big sea on, and—and standing right up to it like at Thermopylæ and Marathon and —"

"Yes, but Ralph, which really would be *easier*, Marathon, or to do what Milly Stevens is doing?"

"H'm," said Ralph, with some hesitation, "that's different." He shook himself out very much as Magda might have done, took the cap from his pocket and stood examining it thoughtfully for a moment. He was rarely so quiet long.

"Ball game today, is there?" This from Jack.

"Yes, wish we could go together. Say—'er—Jack, I never thought about things being heroic when they didn't look so. Well, good-bye," and out he flew to the ball game.

Jack Fleming and Ralph Woods were cousins, and the former, ever since his mother died, had made his home with the Woods' household. One could scarcely imagine a greater contrast than existed between the two boys; Ralph, big, splendid, boisterous and fifteen; Jack, slender, frail, and a year older. A fall in childhood had injured his spine and so had shut from Jack's life almost all the things that Ralph cared so much about. But the two boys were alike, very much alike, in their generosity, their love of what was straightforward and true, and their splendid good-fellowship. Ralph was known the neighborhood over for a dozen heroic actions. Jack—how he longed, what would he not have given, to have done one really heroic deed. His frailty at times seemed to him almost like a curse. How easy it would have been for him to have grown envious and unkind. There were times when the mere effort to smile was harder and more truly heroic than any effort Ralph had ever made. There were many times when the battles with his own despairs were almost more than he could bear, and when the conquests were as hard won as the taking of a city or the raising of a siege. For deeds less heroic than the conquests Jack Fleming made over himself, almost daily, men win the Victoria Cross in other fields.

It was November and a light snow was falling. Across the dusk of the village streets there rang out a quick alarm. It was the fire-bell. Jack and Ralph were both stretched out upon the hearth-rug before the fire, studying. They heard the bell and both sprang at once to their feet, for what village boy does not love to run to a fire? "Come on, Jack," said Ralph, "it'll do you good to get out. Must be the old post-office. Looks that way."

There was a swirl of caps and coats, a dozen quick words, a slam of

I GIVE nothing as duties.
What others give as duties I give as living impulses.
(Shall I give the heart's action as a duty?)
—Walt Whitman

the big front door, and both boys were on the street, Ralph, as usual, helping Jack along just a bit with a friendly grasp of his arm. They hurried past the court-house, around the big elm and through the arcade.

Five minutes later they had reached the dead-line which separated the crowd from the firemen and engines. It was worse than the boys had even dreamed. The old post-office was in flames and the hotel would go next. A dry, tense, anxiety had settled down upon the crowd. In the hotel window were a dozen white faces. With the falling of the old post-office wall the hotel would be doomed, for between the two buildings stretched a narrow bridge of the flimsiest wood, already on fire. It would have been but the work of a moment to tear down the bridge, but the hook refused to catch. The firemen tried again and again. It is more than likely that the fire apparatus was not the most modern or the best, for the village had never known such a catastrophe. The Chief was in despair. Some one would have to risk his life and not one of his men could be spared, at just that moment.

"Who will volunteer? Five minutes yet before the wall goes. Quick, some one!"

What a hero chance! A single quick climb and that was all. The wall might fall, of course, but then the chief had said, "five minutes yet" and a dozen white faces gleamed out of the windows between that chance and death. Jack and Ralph were just without the ropes and at the word both rushed forward almost simultaneously. Each grasped the ladder at the breast rung. In the excitement neither noticed the other until they stood face to face at the foot of that ladder. Both started. Never before had Ralph known greater enthusiasm; never before had Jack's face revealed so plainly the pleading that was in his heart. It was as if the pent up longing of a whole life had broken its barriers in a single moment, the longing for a chance—just one chance—to be heroic.

Strange things happen sometimes. Ralph—there was but an instant's hesitation—let go the ladder and stepped back. "Go on, Jack, quick, I'll wait for you!" How the frail boy sped upward!

Silence fell upon the crowd. Ralph felt it and knew the reason, and his face flushed. But he stood his ground at the foot of the ladder. In an instant a deafening applause burst out and it seemed as if the crowd itself would break over the ropes that held it away from the fire-lines. The hook was secured. The walls were already tottering to their fall, but Jack was half-way down the ladder and a dozen lives were saved. And then another strange thing happened. He had barely reached the ground when he fell, weeping, into Ralph's arms.

"The excitement was too much for him," said one in the crowd. "Queer the big fellow didn't go," said another, and both remarks Ralph heard.

Four weeks later the postman left a little box at the Woods' home, addressed to Jack Fleming. Jack opened it eagerly. Inside, on a bit of crushed velvet of a delicate lavender shade, lay a medal, a circle of gleaming gold. It had been fashioned from a double eagle. Within the smoothed circle of one face were Jack's initials. On the reverse side a simple square had been limned and within it was graven, "For Heroism, November 23d, 1903." The following Sunday a similar little package was left by Jack in Ralph's room. When he opened it he saw what he at first thought was Jack's shining medal. But it had been sawn through with exquisite neatness and Ralph's face flushed as he took up the delicate circle and read, "For Heroism, November 23, 1903." On the other side Jack had had graven the name, "Ralph Woods." Not a word had passed between the boys with regard to Jack's little expedition—due to the giving up by Ralph of his chance to do the heroic deed. But when Ralph took up this medal he knew that Jack had understood.

That afternoon his mother came into the room and her eye rested upon it. "What is this, Ralph? Jack's medal? What an idea! Why, it's cut in two—and your name! Well, it is certainly strange how much you boys think of each other." Ralph Woods said nothing. But the dignity of his bearing told of the new power that had somehow come to its heritage within his heart.

STUDENT

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Mystery of Sleep to Be Solved Only by the Individual

THERE are many and increasing signs of revolt against the science of the mind as given to us by Bain, Spencer and others of their school. And this in spite of the assurances of these teachers that their theories were final and might be regarded in the light of a philosopher's stone which would turn all the mysteries of life into the gold of knowledge. We are, of course, grateful for such teachings as we have received on the association of ideas, and we are not the less grateful because we refuse to believe that they constitute the last word of mental science, and that we may now sit down and take our ease upon the highest possible point of human knowledge.

Our recognition of the many problems which are explained by the theory of the association of ideas does not prevent our equal recognition of the many problems which it does not explain, and we cannot assume the tranquillity which we covet so long as such numerous mental mysteries are knocking on the door. In other words, we are not satisfied that the mysteries of the inner life are finally and forever solved by the teaching that the mind is a kind of adhesive fly-paper to which thoughts naturally and fortuitously stick with a tenacity which varies with the mental—that is to say, the sticky power of the individual. If we were ourselves without mind and the power of introspection, we might accept such a theory. As it is, we have the certainty of something beyond this, of a god in the background with the power of selecting its thoughts, of purifying them when they are selected, a god who holds the keys of the mind and with the power to loose and to bind. The future science of the mind will deal with the god behind the thought, it will penetrate into the palace of the king, not merely concern itself with the suitors at the gate.

The revolt against the deification of mere mechanism is signalized by several books and articles upon the meaning of sleep, and notably by a well-known writer, whose main argument appears to be that during sleep we are shut off from the phenomenal world and enter into contact with the spiritual. Without in any way adopting such a theory, which is far too compact for accuracy, it none the less commands the respect which is due to an honest and unprejudiced effort. It is at least infinitely preferable to such meaningless and empty phrases as a "state of unconsciousness." Its fault lies in its relative failure to realize that the mental conditions of sleep are probably as varied as the mental conditions of wakefulness, and that neither set of mental states can be tied into a parcel and labeled. Wakefulness is entirely compatible with spirituality and sleep is compatible with its reverse. Sleep is a bodily function which may indeed liberate the inner man from certain sets of phenomena and their immediate influence, but it cannot produce a spirituality which does not exist. Sleep may be a cutting of the anchor-chain, but whether we forthwith move and in what direction we move must depend upon quite other causes.

We can, however, do but little to help each other to an understanding of sleep. Each one is already equipped with every implement of research, and all he needs to do as a preliminary is to clear away preconceived ideas, to learn to look upon the inner man as having only a transient connection with the body in which it lives, and to realize that his individual waking consciousness oscillates within very narrow limits upon the infinite scale of consciousness which is rightfully his. The mercury in a thermometer may never rise or fall beyond certain points, but, given the necessary conditions, it will both rise very high and sink very low. Our normal consciousness is like the piano player who confines himself to the middle octaves. Perchance during sleep we may play upon other octaves from which we are debarred during wakefulness by the unresisted automatism of the body. Our lives are small and mean because we suppose that the octaves upon which we so untunefully play constitute all possible octaves, that the thought boundaries which we create for ourselves are the boundaries of the universe. If we open our intelligence to some of the mysteries of sleep we may perhaps find that we ourselves are the sentinels standing at the gates of Eden and that we may repossess the land which once was ours.

STUDENT

News From the Nebulae—Myriads of Blazing Suns

AMONG those mysterious patches of cloudy light known as Nebulae, that wonderful object, the Great Nebula in the Constellation Orion, is at present well placed for observation in the evening. It is just visible to the naked eye as a dim, misty spot in Orion's sword-handle. The great elliptical nebula in Andromeda is also faintly visible without a telescope. All the nebulae are sources of great interest to astronomers, but some recent spectroscopic photographs have revealed a quite unexpected state of things in the light of the Andromeda nebula, which, when fully comprehended, may change current theories of the constitution of these curious bodies. This nebula belongs to the class called "spiral" or "whirlpool" nebulae. They are not resolvable into separate stars even under highest magnifying power, and they have been supposed to be primitive matter condensing in forms resembling eddies of a stream. Seen under high powers the spiral nebulae are certainly very suggestive of the growth of solar systems, but lately the new photography has supplied strong evidence that the spectrum of the Andromeda Nebula certainly, and perhaps others, contains dark lines such as we find in the spectrum of so advanced a body as the sun. Until lately it was thought to be a continuous spectrum, a band of rainbow light unbroken by gaps; this would imply that the nebula was made of luminous gas under high pressure, or of glowing solid or liquid matter. Its curious spiral shape seemed to confirm the theory of the eddy or vortex formation of nebulae, but the recent observations show that this and other irresolvable nebulae are almost certainly not in a merely chaotic state of gas, for the spectra of the solar type are only produced, as far as we know, by the selective absorption of certain rays of light by an atmosphere in front of a solid or liquid core. So it now seems likely that the Andromeda nebula must be composed of a vast number of stars at an inconceivable distance from us, each one surrounded by an atmosphere giving rise to the lines in the spectrum. If so this astonishing galaxy of blazing suns is probably larger than the Milky Way itself, of which our sun is a member.

The views of astronomers respecting the constitution of the stars and nebulae depend upon the light-sifting power of the spectroscope. It is assumed that the waves of light behave in the same manner across the vast abysses of space as in our terrestrial laboratories. But this is by no means certain; it cannot be proved; and, in fact, H. P. Blavatsky declares that important modifications take place in their vibrations as they approach and enter our atmosphere which vitiate the accuracy of our observations. According to Theosophy most of the visible nebulae are not in the earliest, crudest states of matter, but are relatively advanced—"baked bricks" ready for building into worlds. We shall watch the progress of discovery in these subjects with great interest, and there is no doubt that many seeming contradictions and paradoxes will meet investigators before they find a hypothesis which will fully account for all the facts, but the new-time spirit is moving so rapidly and positively into the Theosophical position that it will not be long before the most advanced thinkers will admit that the suggestions brought to us by H. P. Blavatsky provide the only rational clew to cosmic and terrestrial mysteries. R.

Science, Physical and Economic—Broader Conceptions

ASURVIVAL of broader conceptions of the mission of science exists in the custom of including in the programs of national scientific associations papers on economic and social science. This is an admission that science should be interested in the more vital questions of human life, but these papers, which deal with such topics as labor strikes and housing of the masses, have little if anything in common with the papers on physics, chemistry and the like. They form an entirely distinct department, and are on a footing of toleration, rather than cooperation, by the other departments. This tendency to make departments of special study is a loss to every department; for truth is in the whole, not in the parts. The proper study of mankind is Man—Man the unit, physical, mental, spiritual.

STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World

England & France Apply Arbitration ENGLAND and France have followed up their arbitration treaty, which is in general terms, by another which comes down to details. Their governments have fully discussed all the little matters of outstanding difficulty—matters relating to Egypt and Morocco, Newfoundland, Madagascar, Siam and other places—and settled them once and for all. This means more than the mere departure of those difficulties, all of which were points of danger. It is a precedent for their future guidance; an example; and it has greatly strengthened at a critical moment the existing cordiality between the two nations. Its influence, along with that of the Alaska settlement between America and Great Britain, occurring at the very opening of the Twentieth century, will be profound and far-reaching.

A New Reformer Appears in China CHINA has a new reformer and his name is Kang Yung Wei. Reformers are not popular with the governing classes of China, and Kang Yung Wei has a program which is certainly progressive. He wants:

- 1 Equal political rights for men and women.
- 2 The education of mothers, so that they shall be prepared for the work of motherhood.
- 3 All children to be educated until their twentieth year.
- 4 Marriage among criminal classes to be prevented.

Finally, he holds that parents ought to be held responsible for the characters of their children. And yet we say that China is backward.

Rhythmic Motion Curative, Valuable AT Boston a university professor has been advocating dancing as a means of health and as a general corrective and curative. "If a person is tired, he should dance a minuet; if apathetic, something faster." The age of eighty, according to him, is no bar to the exercise. Of course he is right; but his remarks as to the value of dancing have nothing to do with the modern practice of the art. Late hours, excitement, vitiated air and improper eating and drinking, entirely do away with the benefit, and score heavily on the other side. But under utterly different conditions in every respect, rhythmic motion done to music is valuable, curative and rejuvenating in a very high degree.

Kindness of Russians to Animals A RECENT traveler in Russia speaks enthusiastically of the kindness to animals which is almost universal throughout the Empire. Never once did he see a Russian strike his horse, and he gives a charming picture of the comradeship which exists between man and animal. This is indeed high praise and eloquent of much. Nothing is more indicative of the virtue of the "common people," or the want of virtue, than their treatment of animals.

Japan's Common People Numerous THE population of Japan is about 43,000,000 persons roughly divided into the following classes: Imperial family, 53; nobility, 4,500; gentry, 2,000,000 and common people 41,000,000. From which it will be seen that there are a great many common people in Japan as elsewhere. It will be remembered that Abraham Lincoln once said that God must be very fond of common people as he had made so many of them.

Spain's Low Salaries for Teachers TEACHERS in Spain receive a smaller salary than those in any other part of the world. The average annual payment is only about \$30 for men, while women receive even less. A writer from Madrid says there is a tendency to equalize the payment of men and women, which of course is right in principle. In this case, however, the process is carried out on the basis of the pay to the women, which is wrong in principle.

Shrinkage of Missionary Legacies A RELIGIOUS newspaper says: "The shrinkage in the legacies to our missionary societies seems to indicate that the generation of those who regarded this great work with the same kind of affection as their own families has almost passed away." It is quite likely. Charity, after all, begins at home and it may be that the great human orphanages which we call the slums are more effectively appealing for recognition and for a place in the national family.

Koenigsberg's Memorial to Kant THOSE responsible for the memorial tablet to Immanuel Kant which has just been erected in Koenigsberg, were certainly well-advised in their choice of an inscription. The tablet bears the following quotation from the writings of the great philosopher:

Two things fill my mind with new and increased amazement and respect the oftener and more constantly I think about them—namely, the starry heavens above me and the Moral Law within me.

It is well for us to be reminded that amazement and respect are not incompatible with profound erudition and intellect, however noisy may be the modern school which confesses neither to ignorance nor to awe.

Japan's Marquis on Religious Questions THE Marquis Ito, of Japan, seems to have definite views on national culture and the way to its attainment. He said to a recent interviewer:

We need disinterested men as leaders. The Japanese Government will not deviate from an attitude of strict impartiality with regard to religion. I myself look to science, knowledge, culture, as a sufficient religion. We will continue to follow up the paths of European learning and inquiry.

A combination of science, knowledge and culture ought certainly to constitute a good religion. All religious failures are due to a lack of these things. Indeed, might we not say that religion and knowledge are synonymous?

Bilse's Exposure of German Garrison LIEUTENANT BILSE's exposure of German garrison life has now reached an edition of 70,000. So eager are people to read this prohibited work that it is being smuggled across the frontiers and a regular and lucrative contraband trade has sprung up. Six copies which were recently confiscated were bound and inscribed as Bibles. It is very certain that but for the Government prohibition this little book would have been practically unheard of. We may now expect that authors will court a Government censure as the most certain means of securing a vast circulation.

Poles Object to Becoming Germans THE process of compelling the Poles to be Germans goes on apace. The use of the Polish language is prohibited wherever such a step is possible, as, for instance, in the mining districts, where a fine is imposed whenever Polish is spoken. The business of all benefit institutions must be conducted in German under penalty of a forfeiture of funds. Under such treatment, Polish sentiment is, of course, becoming more intense. Tyranny invariably defeats itself, and this is as true of individuals as it is of governments.

Peru Slaves in Colombian Republic AN interesting little slave trade seems to be in full progress upon the borders of the Colombian Republic. It appears that armed parties are sent across the Peruvian frontier in order to capture the defenceless Indians, who are then sold to an Anglo-American rubber syndicate, transported to distant localities and enslaved for life. May we hope that some little light will be thrown upon these proceedings, even though it may imply an interference with "vested interests" or other sacred things?

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Agnes and Her Ferns

AGNES FLEMING had been reading stories about how some rich people had been giving poor and sick persons money and, so doing, had relieved them of their suffering. She sighed and said to herself, "What can I do to bring the sunshine into some one's life? I am as poor as the people in the story whom the rich people helped. I just can't do *anything*."

As Agnes' thoughts dwelt on how much she would like to assist those who were less fortunate than herself, her eyes rested upon some maiden-hair ferns that she had found in the woods and planted in a box for her window. She had become very much attached to them and pictured in her mind how beautiful they would be when they covered the whole box; the idea of parting with them was like giving up a companion that she loved. But she kept thinking about Mary Rice, a little sick girl who lived in a dark attic, and never once got out in the sunshine to gather flowers, and something seemed to tell her that she might give her ferns to Mary and so let her, too, have the happiness of seeing something fresh and green and growing.

The knowledge that she could really help another by giving up something that was her own and that she loved, filled her heart with joy, and Agnes immediately carried the precious box of ferns to little sick Mary.

When Mary saw the ferns and was told that they were truly alive and would grow until they covered the whole box, her eyes sparkled with delight. Each day Mary would examine the ferns, and she came to know every new leaf that came out. They gave her a new interest in life and taught her many lessons in unselfishness, "for," she often said, "flowers do not grow to please themselves, but to give pleasure to others." A. W. H.

DEAR CHILDREN: One day a valuable horse was stolen from the stable of one of my neighbors. Several weeks passed by and the man, giving up all hope of finding it, finally concluded to go to an auction sale of horses, to be held some distance away, and purchase another. When he was driving up to the stable where the sale was to be held, his horse—which was the mate of the one stolen—gave a loud whinny. "Could it be possible that my horse is in that stable?" thought the man. He got out of the wagon, took the horse out of the thills and led him into the stable. There was the stolen horse. The two horses were overjoyed to meet each other, rubbed each other's necks and whinnied like two delighted children. Now how did that horse know that his mate was in the stable? Who can tell? E. H. K.

A Queen and Her Dolls

DEAR CHILDREN: Do you remember about Carmen Sylva and her love for little children? She loves dolls, too, but not in the way that you do. She doesn't play with dolls, of course, she is too busy helping those who are suffering and in want, but she has something like two thousand dolls of her own, and these have been helping her earn money to give to poor children who are in need.

Recently she held a great exhibition and all the kings and queens of Europe sent their contributions to it. The exhibition was all of dolls—think of it! There were ever so many kinds. Each of the royal families of Europe sent six dolls which represented the costumes of their own country and then, besides that, the collection was arranged by centuries, beginning with the daughter of an Egyptian king who lived fifteen hundred years before Christ. She was so beautifully dressed!

Then there was a stately Assyrian king of the Twelfth century, and Egyptian and Jewish beauties, and warriors and statesmen, and sweet-faced dames from ancient Greece and old Rome.

Then there were real tableaux given by the dolls. One represented a Roumanian ballroom, another a great coronation procession. Queen Margherita of Italy sent gaily dressed court ladies and Neapolitan fisherwomen and some splendid Venetian gondoliers.

Then there were doll peasants, fishwives and fishergirls from Boulogne and Normandy, and peasants from the Black Forest. And there were also wonderful tableaux showing the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," and scenes from "Cinderella."

Now why should most of our dolls be dressed in pink and blue and frills, and labeled "From Paris?" Isn't it a nice idea to have dolls representing the different nations? AUNT EDYTHE

NOT what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three;
Himself, his hungry neighbor and me.

—Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal



COMRADES

PUSSY WILLOW'S SECRET

PUSSY WILLOW had a secret that the snowdrops whispered her,
And she purred it to the south wind while it stroked her velvet fur;
And the south wind hummed it softly to the busy honey bees,
And they buzzed it to the blossoms on the scarlet maple trees,
And they dropped it to the wood brooks, brimming full of melted snow;
And the brooks told robin redbreast, as they babbled to and fro;
Little robin could not keep it, so he sang it loud and clear
To the sleepy fields and meadows: "Wake up! Cheer up! Spring is here!" —Selected

DEAR CHILDREN: One of my friends has just told me of how two little boys were recently saved from death by their pet dog. Little Robert and Howard, the two boys, were playing policeman the other day. One of them placed the other in an old wooden chest, pretending that he was shutting him up in jail. The little black and tan terrier was playing with them. Snap went the rusty lid, and the two little boys were prisoners. The dog realized the danger and ran to the room up-stairs where their mother was sewing. He barked and barked until finally she drove him away. Then he went again to the box and sat down beside it, and barked incessantly. So she went down-stairs when she saw what had happened, broke the lock and when the lid was lifted the boys were found to be nearly unconscious. The dog had saved their lives. T.

Students'



Path

THE NAVAJO BLANKET

by EDWIN L. SABIN in *Toub's Companion*

OUT in the land of little rain,
Of canyon-rift and cactus-plain,
An Indian woman, short and swart,
This blanket wove with patient art;
And day to day, through all a year,
Before her loom, by pattern queer,
She stolidly a story told,—
A legend of her people, old.

With thread on thread, and line on line,
She wrought each curious design:
The symbol of the day and night,
Of desert and of mountain height,
Of journey long and storm-beset,
Of village passed and dangers met,
Of winds and seasons, cold and heat,
Of famine harsh and plenty sweet.

Now in this paleface home it lies,
'Neath careless, unsuspecting eyes
Which never read the tale that runs
A course of ancient, mystic suns.
To us 'tis simply many-hued,
Of figures barbarous and rude;
Appeals in vain its pictured lore;
An Indian blanket—nothing more.

The Means of Growth

LONGFELLOW once wrote that what is really best for us lies always within our reach, and it would be hardly an exaggeration to say that we have here an indication of the whole philosophy of individual evolution.

There has, perhaps, never before been so great a desire—and very much of it is sincere—for a knowledge of the means of growth. No theories are too strange or too bizarre for our consideration, and we ransack the world for some new thing, for some weird belief or practice which we imagine will help our quest. So much of this injurious labor we might save if we would but see that no faculties are worth anything whatever except the faculties of the Soul, and that it is the Soul itself which resolutely holds us face to face with the only obstacles which are in our way. The supreme problem which confronts these searchers for truth is the control of the mind, and while this is very freely recognized, we still suppose that there is some unknown way in which this control may be attained, some other way than the simple and obvious way which is always within our sight. A single introspective glance will show us at once how serious is the need for some kind of mental reform, for the establishment of some kind of government over thought, and yet how few there are, even among the sincere, who exercise any control whatever over the mechanism of the mind. And to do this absolutely nothing is wanted, absolutely nothing can help us except the determination to do it and an interior and unrelaxing watchfulness. We can easily attain to a realization of our needs in this respect by a sudden arrest of our mental processes at some time when we are not actively engaged upon some engrossing matter. We shall probably recognize that a tide of minute and entirely useless thoughts have been occupying the mind, each one lasting but for an instant, each one suggested by the one which preceded it, each one suggesting that which instantaneously follows it. All of these thoughts were uninvited, unregulated and entirely useless. They are nothing more than a mob and a rabble, taking possession of that interior abode which should be for us an ordered and a sacred home. We allow our minds to become simple cages of monkeys and we congratulate ourselves that they are only monkeys and not tigers.

Now the only way in which we can establish control, the only way in which we can cure this mental St. Vitus' Dance, is simply to do it. No books can give us any particular help in the matter however high priced they may be, and there are no profitable secrets which impressive orientals can whisper in our ears whether we pay for them by the lesson or by the course. Our mental homes have been so long without a master that the invaders which riot through the open doors are doubtless difficult to expel, but it can be done and it must be done in the obvious way and not otherwise. We must establish control and we must maintain it. We must allow no thoughts to enter except those which we have selected. We must exercise constant watchfulness, and we must so occupy the mind and in so worthy a manner that it gradually becomes automatic in its rejection of the trivial and the injurious. This is the supreme task of those who would become strong, and no one can do it for us. With our success comes the recognition that all great and gracious powers have been soliciting entrance and that we made no room for them, that all divine forces in nature were waiting but for our invitation, until we had swept and garnished the guest-chamber. The great things of life are the little things and "whosoever will" may take of these waters of life freely.

STUDENT

Jacob Boehme

WE are told by Hegel that philosophy first came into Germany through Jacob Boehme, who will yet be recognized as one of the great religious teachers of the world. He was born in Lusatia, where he was educated as a shoemaker, and he died in 1624. A prolific writer and an extraordinarily successful controversialist, his philosophy attracted widespread attention and heated opposition from the theologians of his day, who were overthrown by him without apparent effort. The following extract upon *The Supersensual Life* will be read by many with interest and profit:

The Disciple said to the Master: How may I attain to the supersensual life, that I may see God and hear him speak?

The Master said: If thou canst raise thyself for a moment thither, where no creature dwelleth, thou shalt hear what God saith.

The Disciple said: Is that near or far?

The Master said: It is in thee, and if thou canst be silent and cease, for an hour, from all thy willing and brooding, thou shalt hear unspeakable words of God.

The Disciple said: How may I hear, if I cease from all willing and brooding?

The Master said: If thou wilt cease from all brooding and willing of thine own, then the eternal Hearing and Seeing and Speaking shall be revealed in thee, and shall discern God through thee. Thine own hearing and willing and seeing hinders thee, that thou canst not see nor hear God.

The Disciple said: Wherewith shall I hear and see God, seeing he is above nature and the creature?

The Master said: If thou keepest silence, thou art what God was before nature and the creature and out of which he made thy nature and creature. Then shalt thou hear and see with that wherewith God, in thee, saw and heard, before thine own willing and seeing and hearing did begin.

The Disciple said: What doth hinder me that I cannot attain thereunto?

The Master said: Thine own willing and hearing and seeing, and because thou dost strive against that whence thou hast proceeded. With thine own will thou separateth thyself from God's willing and with thine own seeing thou seest only in thy willing. And thy willing stoppeth thine hearing with the obstinate concupiscence of earthly, natural things, and leadeth thee into a pit, and overshadoweth thee with that which thou desirest so that thou canst not attain to the supernatural and supersensual.

The Bliss of Self-forgetfulness

IT can never be too often repeated that *real* Theosophy is not contemplation or introspection or philosophizing or talk, but work, work for others, work for the world. We are told that the one fatal bar to progress is selfishness in some one of its Protean forms. Selfishness will never be overcome by thinking about oneself. And, as we have to think about something, the alternative is thought for others and how to help them. As the mind fills with such schemes and the hands take hold of them, self-interest is displaced and egoism fades out. Selfishness dies of inanition, and altruism grows because constantly fed. And all this time true progress grows insensibly on. The mind clears of prejudices and fogs, the spirit grows more sunny and cheerful, peacefulness settles over the whole interior being, and truth is seen with greater distinctness. For the great hindrance to evolution is decaying away.—*From The Path*

OTHERS' PAIN

IF ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?
Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for your own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free!—*Lowell*

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

What are the main elements in character building?

Answer

(1) The use of the term "building" is very expressive and significant in connection with character, and perhaps more clearly than any other word explains the process of character formation. This being so, we may restate the question and ask, "What are the materials and the tools, who are the workmen, who is the master-builder?"

All of these we may find in ourselves. The tools with which we work are our thoughts, our desires, and these, too, in another aspect constitute the material out of which is woven that marvelous and subtle garment of the Soul—character. And we may find in ourselves the three grades of workmen, the laborer or apprentice, the craftsman, and the wise Master-builder, though this last, the Master-builder, is known to but few of us in this day and generation because we have disobeyed his commands and have not faithfully followed the design traced by him upon the trestle-board. We ourselves, in our present development, are either craftsmen or apprentices, or in the majority of cases a mixture of both, according to our attitude with respect to the lower nature, whether we have dominated it or become its slave. But the privileges and responsibilities of craftsmanship are ours if we will take them, and follow the dictates of our Divine Nature, the Divine Soul within each of us.

Just as a building cannot be erected by merely making plans, by intentions and thinking, but by hard work, so is the building of character accomplished only through work. We bring with us into each life the character which we have built up in our past existences and upon this we must build for the future.

(2) Character building is our chief business. We are always building, but not always aright, and that which is wrong must be destroyed and something better put in its place. "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it," for otherwise it is like the house built on the sand that falls before the storms. That our building may stand it must be founded on the rock of the eternal spiritual nature, and the divine one within must direct the work. We, as craftsmen, must follow the plan and be guided by the word of the Master Builder, and not be carried hither and thither by a thousand discordant voices arising from the lower nature. All unfit material must be rejected in the making of this structure. The fit and the unfit are both at hand and we have to choose. A plant will take from the soil in which it strikes its roots the elements that are suited to its own upbuilding, for each little life in its hierarchy of lives works in harmony with the One Life and its plan. But we, in our character-building, are prone to follow blind guides. The brain-mind, lord of the senses and high priest of selfishness, holds sway too much, and instead of precious jewels without flaw or blemish, we have rotten wood and crumbling stone. We identify ourselves with this ruler of the senses instead of with the higher self, and imagine we want all the useless and hurtful things it prompts us to seek. Let us but identify ourselves with the higher nature and see things at their real worth, and we shall have no more use for the worthless in our building. Then will courage and patience and compassion find place, and selfishness will be crowded out.

We may, in a moment of time, set ourselves to work to build in this

way, but we cannot in a moment of time complete the structure. There has been so much wrong building that must be rectified, so much bad material used that must be gotten rid of, that the process is slow, requiring patience and courage and indomitable will. But enduring structures require time in their building and something to try their power of resistance. The sturdy oak has had its centuries of upbuilding and battling with storms, and still endures, while the mushroom grows up in a night and may vanish as soon. The very things that seem to us to be hindrances are helps if we but meet them aright. The gross iron of their make-up becomes a purified and sublimated article that gives strength to our inner fibre when we resolutely make them our servants instead of our masters. And every conquest adds new strength. So, if we allow no failure to dishearten us, but work on and on with the master-plan before us, the time will come when beautiful and filled with living light shall stand complete the structure which nothing can destroy. Not for self can such a one be builded, but for the self of all selves it may.

B. W.

(3) When we think of a great person in history, who has lived nobly and unselfishly, who has suffered that the burdens of others might be lightened, is it of the body we are thinking? Surely it is not, for we might never have seen the person, yet we feel we know him well and his life, even after many years, fills us with admiration and inspires in us a hope with which the whole course of our lives may be changed. What is it then that makes the memory of that life so strong in us? What is it that made his life so powerful? We know it was not the body nor even the mind, it was a something back of those which influenced his every thought and deed. It was his character, pressing upon and into the events of his life, and as the character was so his life was. Thus Joan of Arc is but the name by which we speak of one strong, noble character.

Again, why is it that among the millions of people on the earth no two of them are exactly alike, either in mind, body or life? They all have minds yet regard the same thing in different ways, they all have faces with eyes, a nose, a mouth, yet it would be impossible to pick out two of them that were more than similar in looks; they all do the same things yet their lives are widely different, their tastes, likes and dislikes. Something must have left its mark upon each one to cause this great dissimilarity, to cause the same features to appear so unlike. It is the character, bringing with it those traits and tendencies from the past, which each one has attached to himself, that has stamped itself upon the mind, life and body. More truly, what we see and know as the person, is but the image or likeness of the character. We see the character in the expression of the eye, we hear it in the words from the mouth, it is revealed in the deeds of the hand.

Character may be said to be the soul's own vesture which it has woven for itself through its many journeys through life. So our character today is to us a register of the effects of past experiences, which we ourselves have unconsciously kept and of which our karma is the result. In existence after existence we have met life's experiences, used them as we would, wisely or unwisely, selfishly or unselfishly, and made them a part of ourselves, building up our characters. Character then is the record of what we have been in the past; and what greater proof of past lives could we have, for if we are not responsible for our own characters, where, when and how did we come by them? and whose the blame if our character is weaker than another's? If in the past we chose to live in selfishness, it will be found in the character. If we have aspired in thought and action towards our higher nature the character will reveal it.

As the child at play takes one block and adds it to another till he builds for himself a toy house, so every hour, every day, he is building his character, from the use he makes of the experiences of his life. With his house, he soon discovers that he must build firmly and evenly or it will tumble down, that if a misshaped block is used it will spoil the house, that if he builds with his eyes open he will have better results than with them shut. But people are continually building their characters with much less care and thus there is need of much rebuilding. It is only with a realization that we are souls and that there is a noble purpose in life, that we will allow nothing that is unworthy to attach itself to us, then will our characters be untainted, noble and strong.

E. P.

WHATEVER I leave undone some one else has to finish.

FRAGMENT

by TENNYSON

I WAGE not any feud with Death
For changes wrought on form and face;
No lower life than earth's embrace
May breed with him can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shattered stalks,
Or ruined chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth:
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

Theology of the Future

SOME eminent theologians are discussing the source of the theology of the future. The Rev. T. A. Munger invites the churches to turn more and more to the university for its theology, but the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon believes that vital and permanent truth will come from pastors and preachers. Both these men have a reputation for liberal orthodoxy and the discussion is an interesting one.

With regard to the former of these two views, it might seem as though the universities themselves are as much in need of reform as the churches. The modern university has without doubt many admirable features, but we had not hitherto looked upon it as a theological gold mine, nor can we look with equanimity or even with seriousness upon the kind of theology which it would be likely to produce. Its athletes are, however, frequently of a very high order.

It sometimes happens that the views of university magnates force themselves upon public attention, and these views are not always of a nature to commend themselves to popular confidence. We may, for instance, cite the views of a well-known university chancellor, widely published and advertised, to the effect that the lives of sickly and deformed infants ought to be "snuffed out," and that all incurable cases of disease ought to be terminated by the scientific murder of the victims. If this is the fruit of university theology, if these are the views submitted for the acceptance of our young men, we can only say for the moment that we do not like them.

Then again there was that other educational luminary who wishes to

refuse university education to all students who cannot show that they have a mental equipment of psalms, hymns and catechisms. Is this the broad and tolerant theology which is recommended to us? Dr. Munger of course detests such opinions as heartily as we do ourselves, but we none the less remember the hysterical twitter of delight in which so many religious newspapers forthwith indulged.

Upon the whole, we think that Dr. Gordon's suggestion is the more tolerable, although the world is not likely to become enthusiastic for either view. The preacher with an unbiassed sense of duty, with an unobstructed vision of human fraternity, will be a power in the world of tomorrow as he is in the world of today. We hope much from an increase in the number of such men, but we strongly hold that the humanity of the future will go for its theology neither to the university nor to the preacher. Not for ever will mankind go cap in hand to any external authority whatever. We do not assent to the belief that upon essential ideals of conduct, that is to say of religion, the world will be for ever divided into the teachers and the taught. A new theology is upon the horizon, a theology which will not need intellectualism for its explanation nor eloquence for its recommendation. It is that theology which was once authoritatively described as being so simple "that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein."

The advice and the example of good men will never cease to be of value, but humanity does not want any more of the scheduled and catalogued creeds which have passed current for so long. The supply of these mischievous and silly things will not perhaps cease yet awhile, but the demand is dwindling, and the buyers are very few. Universities and creedists may dispute for the coin of vantage, but they will pardon us for the use of terminology not altogether strange to them when we say that the market is weak.

The religion of the future will be the religion of conscience, not the religion of another's conscience nor faith in another man's faith. Every man will be his own church and his own preacher, and in the stillnesses of his own heart he will find the Holy of Holies with ever open doors.

STUDENT

NATURE always works toward harmony.—*W. Q. Judge*

SLOTH is the most unpardonable of the deadly sins.—*Eliphas Levi*

NO ONE can sin, nor suffer the effects of sin, alone.—*H. P. Blavatsky*

I CAN grasp the spirit of music in no other manner than in love.—*Wagner*

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Total number of hours of sunshine recorded during MARCH, 1904.90
Average number of hours per day, 6.28

MAR APR	BAROM ETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
11	29.690	71	53	58	58	.00	NE	4
12	29.816	64	55	60	58	.00	E	4
13	29.812	65	55	56	56	.20	NW	12
14	29.788	63	57	60	58	.00	NW	7
15	29.800	64	56	59	56	.00	SW	gentle
16	29.864	65	53	58	53	.00	NW	6
17	29.784	66	50	60	55	.00	NE	6

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

The Past

Yes, even though our past contain crimes that now are beyond the reach of our best endeavors, even then if we consider the circumstances of time and place, and the vast plane of each human existence, these crimes fade out of our life the moment we feel that no temptation, no power on earth, could ever induce us to commit the like again. The world has not forgiven—there is but little that the external sphere will forget or forgive—and their material effects will continue, for the laws of cause and effect differ from those which govern our consciousness. At the tribune of our personal justice, however—the only tribunal which has decisive action on our inaccessible life, as it is the only one which we cannot evade, whose concrete judgments stir us to our very marrow—the evil action which we regard from a loftier plane than that at which it was committed, becomes an action that no longer exists for us save in so far as it may serve in the future to render our fall more difficult; nor has it the right to lift its head again except in the moment when we incline once more toward the abyss it guards.—Maurice Maeterlinck in "The Buried Temple."

GRATITUDE does more good to the man who feels it than to him for whom it is felt.—H. P. Blavatsky

CHILDREN should above all be taught self-reliance, love for all men, altruism, mutual charity.—H. P. Blavatsky

IN life's pilgrimage nothing is gained by favor, but all depends on merit.—W. Q. Judge

CANT is the most loathsome of all vices.—H. P. Blavatsky

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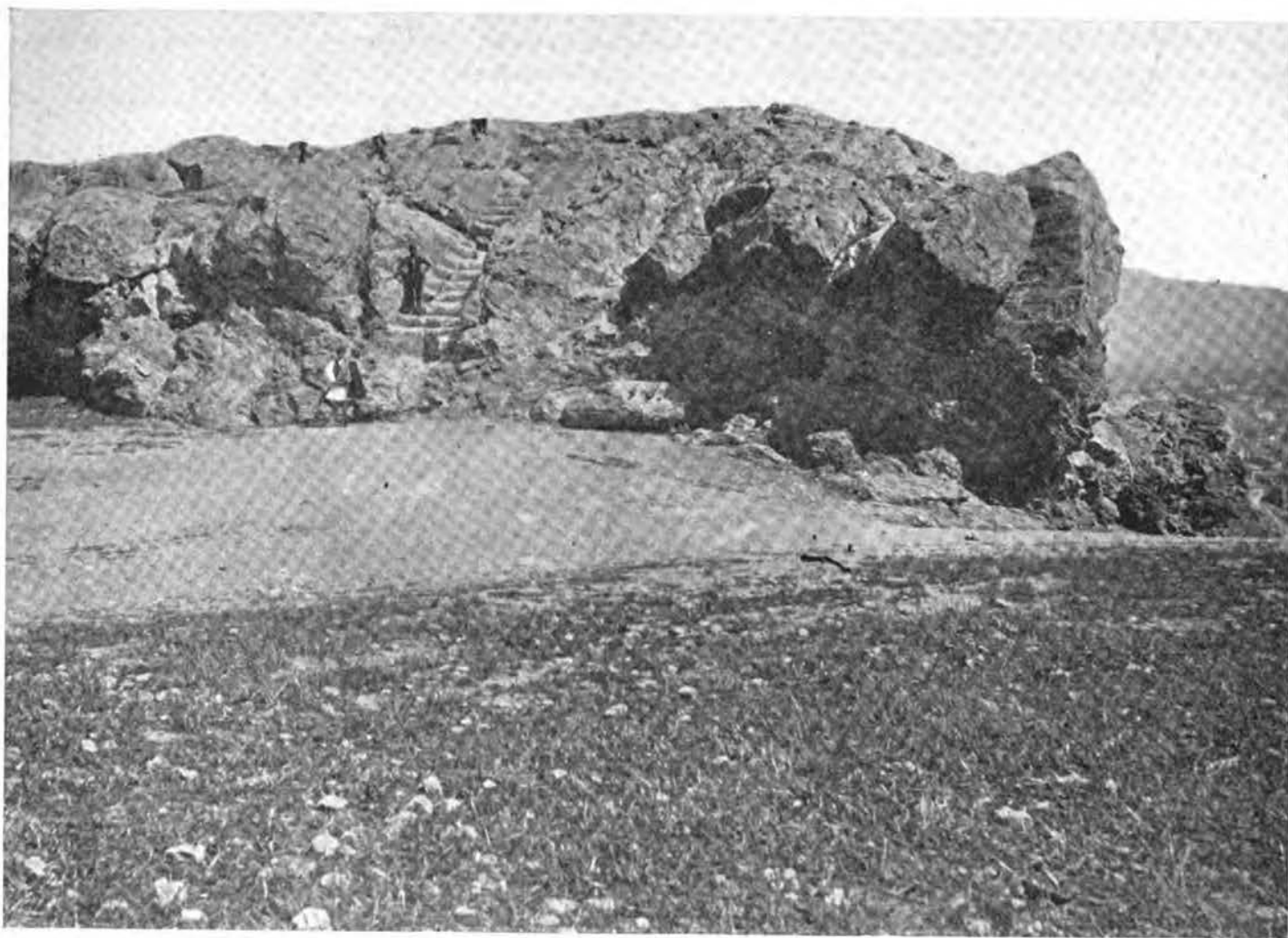
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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Law a Poor Remedy
The Areopagus—frontispiece
Coarsening National Ideals
"Here Am I,
Send Me"

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Selfishness Causes War
Is There An Undiscovered
World?
Resources Exhausted
Infant Mortality

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

The True Drama
Fifty Years Ago
Raphael's Drawings (illustration)
When Poet Came (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Women as Gardeners
Woman's Work in Germany
A Curious Plant
Madame Curie
Homestead Garden (illustration)
Three Zones
Greek Song (verse)
California Horticulturist

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Druidic Temples
South American Ichthyosaurus
Discussing Antiquity
Map of Ancient Egypt

Page 9—NATURE

Warner's Ranch (illustration)
Variety of Root Forms
The Tiger (verse)
Animal Faculties

Pages 10 & 11—U. S. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Be Thyself
Homestead Gateway (illustration)
Daily Training

Page 12—FICTION

The Brotherhood Touch

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Mother Nature
Cycles of Growth
Cancer and Meat Eating
Moon Larger Near Horizon

Page 14—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Japanese Confident
of Success
Mortality in Panama
Californians & Books
America & Russia Ex-
change Acorns
America and England
Plague in India
Spain Unsettled
Congo Atrocities
Productive Siberia
A South African Prince
Spain's King Charitable
Suicides at Monte Carlo
Russian Deterioration

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Good Part
Did the Birds Know?
Little Cubana (illustration)
Sunshine and Music (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Song (verse)
Art of Getting Old
Christianity in Japan
Potato Patch Idea
Peace on Earth (verse)
Students' Column

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Better Part (verse)
An Elizabethan Divine
Universal Religion

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Laws No Remedy for Human Ills

THERE could perhaps be no more valuable study than that of the attempts which the world has made to happily regulate its affairs by means of laws. It would of course be a study of failure, absolute and colossal, but the recognition of failure might well be the beginnings of better things. Recognition has of course not yet come and it may be a long way off. We are still as feverishly interested in law-making as though it were an entirely new invention accompanied only by the most fortunate auguries for the future, and with no discreditable history behind it. We still believe that we can see in it the panacea for all human ills, the political philosopher's stone which can turn all our leaden

troubles into gold. There is a pathos in credulity almost as great as the pathos of incredulity, and a superstitious belief in the reformatory potency of human laws is as strong and as dangerous today as it ever was before. It is becoming the enemy of personal duty, the pretended substitute for personal virtue. If one-half the force which is now expended in entirely well-meaning demands and struggles for legislation were diverted to the performance of the neglected personal duties of life, the duties to family and to neighbor, the golden age would be perceptibly nearer and social calamity would be perceptibly further away. And yet the failure of lawmaking to perform more than its rightful functions ought by this time to be sufficiently evident. We have only to ask if it has succeeded in advancing human happiness, for surely upon this alone must rest its claim to our sympathy and interest.

If lawmaking has not advanced human happiness it has either been fundamentally misdirected or it has been asked to perform what is inherently beyond its power.

We must at any rate concede that human happiness is not advancing, and that the happiness of the individual is now less than it has been. Human happiness, the happiness of the individual, is the only gauge of national progress. If the average of happiness is increasing, the race is advancing; if the average of happiness is diminishing, the race is retrograding. There is no other possible alternative, no other guide, no other index. The verdict is of course beyond question or dispute. The causes of human suffering are being multiplied, and we may well question if there is a single class of the community which has now a greater measure of real happiness than it possessed many decades ago, while in some classes the wild beast which lies perilously near the visible surface of human nature is rapidly destroying, under the tuition of pain, the only restraints which it has ever known. With these sinister signs has gone an increase of legislation. The parliaments of the world, almost without exception, are entirely choked with impending enactments, with the repeal or the amendment of old laws and with the passing of new ones. Probably never before in the history of mankind have such avalanches of laws descended upon humanity, never before has the almost universal increase of misery been so startling nor so tragic. Is it not time that we faced the real issues, that we no longer asked of human laws what they cannot perform, that we recognized wherein they can be helpful and wherein they can be only helpless and mischievous? Otherwise some entirely worse thing may befall us.

There can of course be only one successful issue from the whirlpool of calamity which threatens to engulf our social systems. We must have fewer insane appeals for new laws to change human nature and a keener sense of individual responsibility, an enlarged sense of individual power to change the human faults with which we are most directly in contact. He who succeeds in putting hope into one human heart has performed a sublime service to the nation, he who redeems one child life from the sin or shame which menaces it has proved his patriotism by service, and he who makes of himself a model of self-sacrificing citizenship in the small and the domestic affairs of life is already one of the rulers of men. Never before have we heard so much of civic and political duties; never before have they been so ill performed. Nature has her way of working back and back to the individual, and the debt of national duty remains unpaid so long as our only vouchers are for votes, and the clamorous devolution of personal duties upon the pitiless lawmaking machines which we have too long deified and trusted.

STUDENT

The Areopagus—Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece represents the Areopagus of Athens, always associated in the popular mind with the hill of Mars, the seat of the Court where Ares was tried by the twelve gods for the murder of Halirrhoetius. Æschylus, however, asserts in the *Eumenides* that the Court was appointed by Athene for the trial of Orestes after the murder of Clytæmnestra. Whatever may have actually been the origin of this wonderful ruin, the rock cut seats of the ancient court may still be discerned where accusers and accused faced each other in the open air standing by the two great stones known as the "stone of implacability," and "the stone of crime."

Coarsening of National Ideals

THE Rev. Dr. Watson, better known as Ian Maclaren, is much troubled at the coarsening of national ideals. It is not surprising that he should be perplexed and even dismayed at the tendencies which he sees around him and which he enumerates in the graphic language of which he is a master. He deplores the false glitter of the town, the banality of the theatre, the degradation of amusement into a means of gain, the insincerity of thought and of literature. Young men are not serious. They want perpetual sunshine, constant excitement and the charm of some new thing. All this is of course deplorably true and in reading the published report, all too curtailed, of Dr. Watson's speech, we confess to skipping much of the diagnosis in order the more speedily to reach the remedy. Here we must confess to a disappointment. We are told that

If every man should have to make his choice for himself and his nation, between mammon, luxury, and vice on the one hand, and simplicity, purity, and faith on the other, then the spirit which had been slumbering would awaken once more.

But every man does have to make his choice and the trouble is that he chooses wrongly, that he allows himself to be carried away by the popular tide of pleasure and self-indulgence. If men were to choose simplicity, purity and faith there is no doubt that the slumbering spirit would awaken, and many other things with it, but men do not choose these things. They seem to prefer their opposites, and what are we to do? It does not seem that Dr. Watson helps us very materially by merely cataloguing our shortcomings and there leaving us.

There is, after all, much to be said for the young men of today, much to be said in excuse as well as in reproof. They are pretty much as we ourselves have made them and we can hardly wonder at their susceptibility to the influences with which we surround them. We can put upon one side the pernicious teaching of the nursery with the recognition that it is a fitting preparation for the still more pernicious influence of the school and the university. Around the young man center all those forces which rob life of its dignity and its nobility. The only seriousness which we teach him is the seriousness of self-acquisition. Religion and science combine to rob him of his ideals and to break up the pictures which might become for him a guide and an inspiration. Religion cramps his existence—the only kind of existence in which he is interested—into a few feverish years; it banks up the darknesses before and behind him, and the science which we so laboriously teach him demonstrates to him that he is but an animal, a beautiful piece of mechanism which may be shattered forever by a fall in the street or a casual chill. What wonder that he chooses between the life of the butterfly and the life of the tiger? These are the only two paths which we have ever allowed him to see. Truly it says much for the innate power of truth that it can ever withstand the enemies which we have assembled to assail it.

The young men of the present day will not be redeemed by the educational agencies upon which we build our hopes. They will be redeemed by nothing but a knowledge of the immensity of life, by a vision so grand that everything unworthy will sink into insignificance. They must be taught that life, *as they know it now*, is eternal, and that no abyss of non-existence awaits them when the sun goes down. Let us remember that the whole of our social system, the whole of our education is a practical inculcation of the precept to "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." This is what it actually is, however sincerely we may theorize in an opposite direction. We have to show our young men that life is eternal, that the inner conflict between good and evil must be fought to its end, that death decides nothing, that it is but a moment's truce in a struggle which must be renewed. We have taught them that life is bounded by a few dozen years and that if there is indeed a life after death—and we pay many of our scientists to persuade them that that is not the case—it will be under conditions unknown and unknowable. How then can we blame them for looking at life through the glasses which we ourselves have given them? Why should they look seriously at so small and slight a thing? Why should they not eat, drink and be merry if they must die tomorrow, or if tomorrow they must enter upon some vague existence of which they know little and care less? Our young men need defenders and friends more than they need censors and critics. They need those who will take the bandages from their eyes so that they may look upon the boundless panorama of individual

life and see for themselves that death cannot break nor stay it. They need those who will give back to them the dignity of living of which we have robbed them. They need those who will give to them the crown which comes only from the recognition of eternal life, eternal effort, eternal hope and eternal attainment.

STUDENT

"Here Am I, Send Me"

A GREAT military commander said once that he had searched a whole country and had found but one man therein. That commander was doing upon a small scale what nature is doing upon a great scale. There is a demand for men, and there is an abundance of volunteers, an abundance of those who suppose themselves to be fitted for any position, so it be but high enough. Truly, very many are called and very few are chosen.

There is in nature a process by which men are tested and selected, a process which works automatically and incessantly. There is in every one an upward gravitating force which carries him to the point of trial, and he must then either fail or succeed, either stand back and await more strength, or go forward to some other test. There is always a great work to be done, but from the hosts of humanity how few are there who prove their capacity to do it, who can answer the subtle tests which they have invoked at the hand of nature! What then is nature's conception of capacity, what is it she exacts from those who would sit in her high places? It is not a capacity to do one thing, but to do all things. It is not the ability to stand heat, but also to stand cold. Here is one who can endure poverty, but can he also endure riches? Here is one who can stand unmoved in the face of contempt and hate. This is good, but now let us see if he can endure popularity. Here is another who has decorated his slavery with virtues that are divine, but how will he bear himself when he is the master? Let us take him from the conditions which he has learned and subdued and set him down amid other conditions and see if his tranquillity will now be shaken, if he will turn his eyes away from the inward light which has been the source of his wisdom. Let us see if he can pierce the deception when his self-love masquerades as duty, and ambition imitates the voice of God. Can he turn to all points of the compass or to only one? Is he shaken by injustice, or moved by fear? Is he tranquil under the slight which stings like a whip, and will his fortitude endure against ingratitude and the sneer of a friend?

Unnotified, day by day and hour by hour, these tests come in upon us as though from the careless hand of chance. Yet are they recorded by the law which we have invoked. Whoever in his heart has said, "Here am I, send me!" has invoked that law from which he can demand nothing but the right to try, to be tested. The test comes to no man, but he himself must go to the test. The doors of all attainment stand wide open for us to pass through if we can, but at each door is the Guardian who says, "Thou canst not pass unless thou canst tell me my name." Some have passed but few of these doors, and some have passed very many, but upon nearly all goes forth the fiat somewhere, some time, the "Mene, Mene, Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting." Confronting us all is the problem which we have not solved, and that problem is different for all of us. Some base thing of daily life has struck at us in passing and we have not understood it. The lower forces within ourselves have risen in insurrection. They have whispered to us their messages of pride and resentment and ambition, they have tricked us by the false semblance of duty allied to inclination, and we are confused and blinded. And to some has come discouragement, which also is of the pit. The whisper has come to us that there is, after all, no Law, no hope, that we do but beat our wings against doors of iron, that the star which shone for us long since has melted away into nothingness. All these things are the dark shadows which stand by the gates of power and which menace our approach, which turn us back upon the path until we learn to confront them and to tell them their names.

The only fate which can overwhelm a man is from within himself. All nature smiles and beckons his advance, all skies are blue, all waters calm. No arresting hand is stretched forth to stay his progress. We stand each one of us at the high-water mark of our present possibilities, each one of us is awaiting, not the permission to advance, but only the inward strength to pass through the gates onward and upward to all shining and glorious peaks of attainment.

STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Selfishness Is the Cause of All Wars

AN organ of the society of Friends asks why it should be taken for granted that war is inevitable and that civilized nations should still have the right to settle their differences by "fighting it out like beasts or savages." We do not think that the inevitability of war is taken for granted by any section of the community whose views are worth the trouble of ascertaining, but we do think that there is a great deal of short-sighted misapprehension as to the way in which war can be abolished. One of the most dreary signs of the times is our inability to look straight at basic principles, our determination to spend our time in cutting off the leaves of the tree of evil and leaving the trunk untouched and at liberty to replace those leaves as fast as they are destroyed.

The real evils which poison the life of the world are not war, nor crime, nor alcohol, nor any of such things, but unbrotherliness, and so long as unbrotherliness is firmly rooted in the life of nations, so long as it is watered, cultivated and cherished, so long will it continue to bear fruit after its kind. We may discourage war and penalize crime, we may work our legislature and our reform machinery to its utmost limit, but so long as the evil sap rises in the tree, so long will the branches and leaves multiply and grow.

We have of course the deepest sympathy with every effort to minimize the terrors of war, with every phase of the struggle against crime and misery, but we are none the less certain that if one-half the force were directed to the simple teaching of brotherhood, nearly all our social evils would perish of inanition. At the present time some of the finest minds in the world are discussing the causes of war. The explanations and the remedies are alike endless and varied, but how many are there who can see that the wars of the future have already their mimic beginnings in the nursery and the school, as indeed have all other evils, all other shames and tragedies.

We sow the seed in self-love and self-complacency and we reap the harvest in bitterness and sorrow, and yet we cannot see the link between the two, and even in the midst of our lamentations we sow the seed with greater liberality than ever.

Teach the children to be brotherly, teach them to believe that all humanity is of one family; make great their sympathies and then, and not until then, shall we be able to say that the Prince of Peace has not lived in vain.

STUDENT

Is There An Undiscovered World?

IS there any other world than that with which we are familiar, and if so, can we, by any possibility, lay hold of the end of the thread which will lead to it? There must surely be such another world. The musician can distinguish sounds which are inaudible to others and the artist can see colors which are invisible to others, and we know that sounds exist which are far beyond the power of any ear, as color exists which no eye can see. Are these perhaps the threads which we seek and where then do they lead?

This power to see and to hear which is possessed by artist and musician, whence comes it? Does it find its source in an abnormal delicacy of the mechanism of eye and ear or is this abnormal delicacy the result of some other cause, and if so, of what cause? We are learning to dethrone the god of chance and to believe that he is indeed but an ignorant and foolish ghost and so to transfer our obeisance to reason and to law. Is this finer mechanism of ear and eye due to some interior consciousness which has created it, is it due to some habit of thought in this or in some other life which has moulded for itself the means for its expression? Perhaps we can answer this and many another question if we can once realize that the consciousness of the normal man is not at all in that full contact with nature which we like to suppose but rather that it is confined to five narrow avenues of perception and that it knows nothing of outside nature except the restricted knowledge which these five avenues can supply. We are, as it were, shut up in a structure which has five tiny windows and we know no more of the landscape than these windows can disclose. We are so accustomed to our confinement that we have learned to deny that

Faith & Aspiration Are Requisite

there is, or ever can be, any other landscape than that which we can see. Let us now imagine that by faith and aspiration, by thought and by devotion we can somewhat enlarge these windows, and we may understand something of what the artist and the musician have accomplished. They have enlarged the windows by which they know the outside world and some added beauties are disclosed unto their vision.

The future science of the mind will advance with marvelous speed because it will recognize that the mind is the tenant of the body with unlimited power to improve the premises. It will recognize that the body is an unfinished structure and that the architect is the consciousness within. It will recognize that thought is the implement by which the indwelling mind either enlarges and gives transparency to the windows of that house, or narrows them and beclouds them.

The phraseology which we now apply to mental states will no longer be nebulous and meaningless but definite and precise. Ethics will no more be confused with a vague and well-meaning sentiment and man will recognize the goal of his evolution and every effort thereto will be precise and well directed. In our mental research we shall borrow the accuracy of the physicist and the road of progress will be mapped and charted. We shall recognize that selfishness is folly and by the education which is based upon knowledge we shall solve every social problem. Already the new wisdom is dawning within the world, already we are becoming assured of the infinite powers of knowledge which are within us if we will but so think, and so aspire, and so imagine, as to make our bodies transparent to the spiritual light which is around and which for these many ages has beaten in vain upon the adamant in which we have been content to live.

STUDENT

Resources of Civilization Exhausted

SOME parents seem to be almost proud of their own incompetence. What are we to say of a mother who brings her boy, aged ten, before the judge with the following catalogue of woes:

He is beyond our control.

He steals money and has stolen his brother's boots.

He stays out at night.

He plays truant.

He picks the lock when I lock him in.

He breaks the door when I lock him out.

He has been caned by me.

He has been strapped by his father.

He has been punished by his schoolmaster.

He has been taken to school by me.

He has been taken to the police station, but they would have nothing to do with him.

In this instance, the resources of civilization seem to be well-nigh exhausted. If we cannot reach the heart of a boy of ten by beating him, locking him in and locking him out, what is there left for us to do? It seems a pity that the judges, before whom these boys are brought, do not sometimes take the opportunity to fix the blame upon the right party and to speak to these incompetent parents in a manner which they would remember and which might be reported in the press for the benefit of others. It probably never occurred to this particular mother that in her appearance before the judge she herself was the accused and that her own son was the accuser.

Infant Mortality & Some of Its Causes

THE Commission of the Chicago Children's Hospital Society seems to be doing much useful work not only in instructing mothers as to the proper way to feed children but also in enabling them to carry out the advice which is given. Many of the experiences which are met with throw an unpleasant light upon some of the causes of infant mortality. An almost incredible ignorance seems to prevail in certain quarters as to the proper food for babies. Pure milk was in many cases rejected because of the "yellow stuff" on the top which was supposed to be medicine; while many mothers supposed that milk must only be given as a remedy for illness and should be discontinued as soon as possible.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The True Drama. A Mighty Educational Force

THE *Ajax* of Sophocles has been given in *Greek* by men and women of the Greek colonies of two of our metropolitan cities, New York and Chicago. A generation ago such a thing was undreamed of; ten years ago it would have been impossible. It must have required something more than a mere romanticist to discover in the Greek peddlers and venders of our cities the possibilities which these dramatic representations prove them to possess. It has required something more than a dreamer to convert these possibilities into tangible realizations. It is well known that the Greeks of our large cities rather out-rival their compeers from the other Mediterranean countries both in industry and in character. They are sober, industrious and peaceable, and a high regard for education is universal among them. It is significant in these times that *Ajax* should have been chosen. The drama itself is a trumpet call to the soul and symbolic in its every line of great truths, holding up, well-nigh persuasively, the mirror to what is the great disease of modern times, ambition.

The drama will be easily recalled as the story of the madness of Ajax. Ambition, augmented by his disobedience of the gods who were his teachers, is in Ajax punished by temporary madness, and the cloud, which descends by command of the gods themselves to obscure his mind, leads Ajax to deeds which are unworthy of his true nature. Upon recovering his vision he is overwhelmed by shame, for he perceives the true nature of this thing which fastened itself upon him, his ambition is revealed to him in all its hideousness, and he takes refuge through the only avenue of escape that appears to him—death.

The performance, as just given by the Greeks of these colonies, has a unique interest from the fact that for ten successive weeks, seven nights of each week were given up to rehearsals—and this from people who labor from dawn until twilight six, if not seven, days of every week. Besides this, *none of the actors received money.*

They gave the drama from their pure love of its ideals, for the honor of their native Greece, and the glory of the race. When we recall what the drama was in the days of old Greece, and how, if it could have been kept upon the high plane to which it was lifted by Eschylus, it would have truly been the salvation of the Greek people, we know that there is something more than we realize at work beneath the surface of things. The presentation of *Ajax* is perhaps only a sign, but, methinks, one well worth reading.

SAID Adelina Patti recently: "Oh, those Russians! They would rip the Tropic of Capricorn off the earth and fling it to you for a belt. Never have I seen such lovers of music as Russia holds. The love, or, to speak accurately, the passion for music, is not with the rich alone or with the poor alone. It is in the pulse of the whole people. It is a link binding them all together."

With the Echoes of Fifty Years Ago

THE *Ohio State Journal*—which is, by the way, nearly one hundred years old—has been recently reviewing occasional articles published in its columns *fifty years ago*. From among those reprinted we clip the following (of passing interest today):

(From our issue of December 14, 1853)

Ole Bull respectfully announces to the citizens of Columbus that he will give in this city one Grand Concert, on Wednesday evening, December 14th, at Walcutt's Hall, on which occasion he will be assisted by

SIGNORINA ADELINA PATTI,

The Musical Phenomenon, and

MAURICE STRAKOSCH,

The Great Pianist, Musical Director and Conductor

Programme

PART I

- 1 La Sylphide Fantasia Romanique, composed and executed on the pianoforte by Maurice Strakosch.
- 2 Cavatini, from Verdi's *Ernani*, sung by Signorina Adelina Patti.
- 3 Soldier's Dream, composed and executed by Ole Bull.
- 4 Magic Bell, followed by the Youth, Love and Folly, Polka, composed and performed by Maurice Strakosch.
- 5 Coming Through the Rye, sung by Signorina Adelina Patti.
- 6 Fantasia Appassionata, by Ole Bull.

PART II

- 1 Musical Rockets, composed and performed by M. Strakosch.
- 2 Introduzione di Capriccio E. Varezzone, composed for the violin alone, by N. Paganini, and performed by Ole Bull.
- 3 Jenny Lind's Echo Song, sung by Signorina Adelina Patti.
- 4 The Carnival of Venice, composed and performed by Ole Bull.

The price of tickets has been fixed at \$1.

REGARDING his orchestral works Gounod often expressed himself as not believing in over-using modulations. "When for a quarter of an hour," he used to say, "the orchestra plays in C, the walls of the room are in C, the chairs are in C, and the sonority is doubled."

ONE wonders why Scotland has never taken a place of any importance among the musical nations of the world. Time was, many hundreds of years ago, when the "land of flood and mountain" was also a land of song. The Scottish people, in the early days, were sweet singers, and no nation, at one time, was richer in characteristic old-world music. Some of their songs bear the stamp of the greatest antiquity. One Gerald Cam-

brensis, of the Twelfth century, recorded that the people sang songs and used for their delight the harp, the tabor and the choro. But the monks, who alone knew how to write, would not deign to transcribe the ballads of the common people, and it was not until about three hundred years ago that a serious attempt was made to save from oblivion the wealth of melody which has come down from the old days.

GOETHE somewhere says in one of his prose-poems, "the eye needs color as much as it needs the light."

THE true drama points away from the unrealities of life toward the true life of the Soul.

KATHERINE TINGLEY



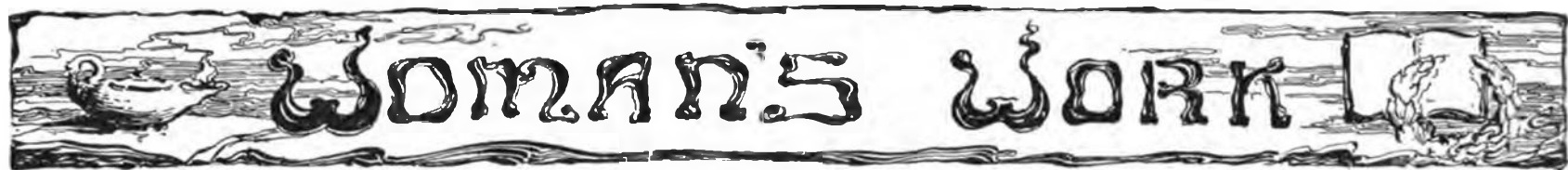
FROM DRAWINGS BY RAPHAEL
(Academy of Fine Arts, Venice)

WHEN THE FULL-GROWN POET CAME

by WALT WHITMAN

WHEN the full-grown poet came,
Out spake pleased Nature (the round impassive
globe, with all its shows of day and night.)
saying, He is mine;
But out spake too the Soul of man, proud, jealous and
unreconciled, Nay, he is mine alone;
—Then the full-grown poet stood between the two, and
took each by the hand;
And today and ever so stands, as blender, uniter, tightly
holding hands,
Which he will never release until he reconciles the two,
And wholly and joyously blends them.

STUDENT



✻ ✻ "NATURE IS IN EARNEST WHEN SHE MAKES A WOMAN" ✻ ✻

IN the New Age, which is now in its formative period, and in which, as all signs point, women are to play

an important part, it is interesting to bring before the mind some of the activities by which they may become useful members of a community, and through which they may fit themselves into their new relationship. Gardening is one of these, an occupation which brings into play a variety of faculties, and one to which woman is peculiarly fitted by nature. In the first place, the out-of-door life it necessitates, and the constant contact with Mother Earth it brings, induces health—one basic requisite for a normal, well-balanced life.

To attain the best results it is necessary to have delicate perception, æsthetic feeling, a trained habit of observation, much patience, pure love for nature and common sense. Essential, but secondary to the above, because more easily acquired, is some scientific knowledge of plants and their needs. The exercise of these faculties broadens the character in many directions and affords every opportunity for it to grow purer as well. Flowers are sweet companions and it is hard to imagine a refined nature coming in close contact with them without gaining greater insight into some of the deeper mysteries of life. Those who are successful in floriculture seem to establish some sort of rapport between themselves and the something which inhabits these less developed but perhaps more beautiful forms. It is a fact of common observation that flowers always grow for some and always die in the hands of others—a fact which I once attributed solely to knowledge and care on the one hand, and to ignorance and neglect on the other. But an ardent lover of flowers once told me that I was quite wrong in such an inference, and that to make a plant really thrive it was necessary to love it. As proof of this she gave me her experiences for two successive years. She declared that during both those years her plants received equally intelligent care and attention, and that the conditions of soil, light, air, etc., were the same. The first year, however, they did not thrive well, while the second, they grew vigorously; and this difference she attributed to the fact that the first year she cared for them intellectually, while the second, she loved them.

That it is not simply a theory that women are by nature preeminently fitted for this occupation is shown by what some women have done. Mrs. H. H. Kellogg, who, by the way is *unsalaried*, is the only woman park superintendent in Chicago. Recently she turned her attention to a small triangular piece of ground at the intersection of Ruth, Cass and Chestnut streets, which had been used as a garbage dump, and under her personal supervision it has been transformed into one of the most charming small parks of the city.

Strange to say, America, the pioneer in woman's work, does not offer the same advantages as England in this particular field. Lectures are given in several colleges there, and at Swanley College a thorough and systematic training is given to women who wish to become gardeners. They are taught the science and art of fruit growing; gardening and the culture of flowers and vegetables, and the college, having among its objects that of fitting women for colonial life, teaches poultry-keeping, cooking, including bread-making, laundry-work, general house-work, dairy-work, the care of bees, and even driving, harnessing horses, light carpentry work, hygiene and sanitation. Mr. Hall, of the college at Swanley, said recently, "There is absolutely nothing that my lady gardeners seem unable to accomplish, and I believe that some of them could even make a clothes-pole sprout."

The Countess of Warwick has established similar work at Reading, England, and the students of the school established by her are also en-

Women as Gardeners

couraged to enter for the diploma of the Royal Horticultural Society. To quote her own words concerning the require-

ments: "The student must know the elementary principles on which horticultural practise is based. She must have a thorough knowledge of the value of soils and the different requirements of plants in water, heat and air, and be able to discriminate between different species and to dissect flowers under the microscope. She must be a first-class botanist, able to put her knowledge to account in surveying or landscape-gardening, in hybridizing and selection in the culture of fruits, and in the treatment of insect and fungus pests. She must also understand the rotation of crops, and be skilled in budding, planting, pruning and potting, and know how to grow a tomato or melon as well as she can make up a bouquet or decorate a table."

Such demand as there is in America for this training is now met to a certain extent in some of the agricultural colleges, but a greater demand would no doubt call out larger opportunities.

Point Loma is laying the lines in this direction, as in almost every other, having a tract of land known as the "Women's Garden." It is probably not an accident that the floriculture of Point Loma should be virtually in the hands of women. It is probably not an accident that the Leader of this great Movement, which has made one of the veritable

"waste places of the earth" blossom like a rose, should be a woman. And it may not be wholly accidental that the wonderful gardens around Loma Homestead, where the pine stands side by side with the palm and poinsetta, where the jasmine and the hardy rose clamber over the porches with an abandon born of luxuriance, should have been placed by the Leader in charge of one of the women students. The latter, for years a

teacher, has found in her work close to nature, health, courage, happiness and a knowledge that books alone can never give. Under her touch the gardens have sprung into something like new life. It is as if each plant vied with its neighbor in an effort to lift the whole to a standard undreamed of before. The idea that the highest privileges of so-called "higher education" are wasted on one who devotes herself to bringing out nature's beauty in all its fulness has long been consigned, in Loma-land, to the limbo of the discarded fancies and outworn beliefs. Because of its own inherent advantages as a bringer of wisdom and health, a restorer of shaken poise, and a true educator on the highest lines, floriculture in Loma-land has become among the women students a coveted privilege.

GERTRUDE VAN PELT

Woman's Work in Germany

GREAT tidings come to us from Germany. A hall in the imposing building of the Reichstag is to be temporarily given over as a meeting place for the International Congress of Women, which will be held in Berlin in June, and the Town Hall of Berlin also will receive them as guests, all of which is due to the fact that the wife of Count von Bulow, the Premier, takes a great interest in the congress. It is well-known that the Kaiser's ideal is the *hausfrau* of the good old-fashioned style, but apparently there are those who have revolted from that ideal just a bit and the Premier himself—so they tell us—leads the revolt. The following news from a London journal adds interest to the above mentioned facts: "Lady gardeners are rapidly coming to the front in the Fatherland, judging by the appointment of Fraulein von Karlowka, of the Horticultural School at Marienfelde, to the post of Royal Gardener at Braunfels. Is this yet one more phase of the revolt against the *Hausfrau* ideal to which German women have been so long vowed?"

LIFE is so much more tremendous a thing in its heights and depths than any transcript of it can be, that all records of human experience are as so many bound herbaria to the innumerable glowing, glistening, rustling, breathing, fragrance-laden, poison-sucking, life-giving, death-distilling leaves and flowers of the forest and the prairies.

—Holmes

A Curious Plant

A WRITER who is interested in the plant life of the desert, tells us of a curious little plant to be found there, which blooms at night only. Its flower yields a most delicious perfume which saturates the air for a great distance. In the morning, however, no trace of flower or perfume is to be found.

An involuntary feeling of attraction arises in one towards this lonely little flower unfolding its beauties to the moon and stars only, and offering its incense to the night; its modest charms to be rarely realized and appreciated save by some wandering lover of outdoor nature, or perhaps the belated traveler.

To us, who live in the day, there is always a certain fascination about all those creatures and plants whose times of action come at the hours which are night to us. They are quite as necessary in the great plan of evolution as are the more active creatures that flourish in the daylight, perhaps even more so.

Madame Curie

ONE of the largest and best-equipped laboratories of the Pasteur Institute in Paris has been placed at the disposal of Professor and Madame Curie, and there is every prospect that a certain sum will be set aside for their use by the Chamber of Deputies. This will enable them to continue their researches unhampered by the problem of supplying the daily bread. Professor Curie will be remembered as the discoverer of radium and Madame Curie of polonium. An English contemporary gives the following interesting details regarding Madame Curie, who, it is said, began her scientific career as a penniless student in the "Quartier Latin" of Paris. Her face, we are told, "is arresting rather than beautiful. Her dark, deep-set, keen eyes, her fine broad forehead, fringed with jet black hair, make her a woman to notice, but the cast of the face is domestic, and not that of the savant. Quiet in manner, she speaks French, Russian and German well." But with all this it would seem that she is very retiring, shunning "advertisement and notoriety, and quietly working away in her laboratory."

M. Curie has been insisting that his wife shall receive the honor due to her as the discoverer of radium. One of the coveted distinctions with which France rewards her great men has just been refused by him on the ground that it was not also offered to his wife.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, Premier of Canada, recently said with regard to the anti-cigarette legislation now before Parliament: "More can be done by women in teaching and educating our youth than in seeking legislation."

A CERTAIN opera-singer recently refused to wear a costume selected for her by her manager because, in her opinion, it was not sufficiently modest. The manager brought an action for damages against her in consequence, but the singer has won her case. The court, in giving judgment for the defendant, declared among other things, "that a woman's right to preserve intact her feelings of modesty can never in any case be infringed upon, and that, finally, no contract having for its object any sacrifice of such feelings can be upheld by the justice of the country."

Three Zones

IT is said that "there are two places in the world where three zones are represented," where one can pass from orchids to snow in the short space of an hour. Hawaii is one of these places and Darjeeling the other. The change is made by climbing up high mountains.

The change in Darjeeling is said to be the most wonderful. The entrance to the tableland on which the little mountain city stands is through a dark, sombre tropical pass, full of mighty palms and hung with orchids and other jungle growth.

After a while the trees change from palms to the wonderful tree ferns. These alternate with banana trees, until, after some more climbing, forests are reached of magnolias and similar trees.

Through these magnolias the way leads ever up, and all at once, over an open pass, there come into view immense thickets of Himalayan rhododendrons and the evergreen of firs and cedars;

and beyond stand the white, grim, snowclad, frozen mountain peaks like arctic icebergs. In less than two hours a traveler can ascend from orchids through jungles to tea plantations, and thence to a climate of northern roses and violets. It is not such a rare occurrence in Southern California to see the mountain tops in snow and roses blooming in the valleys below.

WASHINGTON is soon to have a diet kitchen in charge of a woman. Physicians expect to

find it the greatest possible help in their work, for it will be so arranged that they can send in directions for meals to be supplied for their patients just as they would send prescriptions to a druggist, with the assurance that the food will be scientifically prepared.

A California Floriculturist

CALIFORNIA has no floriculturist who is more successful or better known than Mrs. Theodosia Shepard of Ventura. In a recent address before the Contemporary Club at Redlands she gave much interesting insight into the growth and development of the plant, tracing it from the simple cell up, through the various evolutionary stages, to the perfect plant.

To Mrs. Shepard flowers are almost human. They are her comrades and fellow-workers, she declares, and yet she does not allow sentiment to make her undervalue practical knowledge, for Mrs. Shepard is an authority on cross-fertilization, selection, hybridizing, grafting, pruning and cutting. She declares that the night is the time to visit with flowers. "The glare of the sunlight is overshadowed by the witchery of the moonlight and the stars, and through the half-lit garden one may wander with flowers fairy-like in form, delicately exquisite in perfume."

U. N.

ONE J. M. Douglas, a lecturer, recently stated to an audience in Ottawa, Ontario: "I have been considering the possibilities indicated by statistics of education in the United States, both common school and collegiate institutions. To judge from these, it is not, in my opinion, at all improbable that the day may come when we will have a woman President of the United States. Certainly in educational circles the young women of the United States are far in advance of the young men."



A GLIMPSE OF THE GARDEN NEAR NORTH END OF LOMA HOMESTEAD

GREEK SONG

from the Greek of Meleager, translated by ALMA STRETTELL

NOW the white iris blossoms, and the rain-loving narcissus,

And now again the lily, the mountain-roaming, blows,

Now too, the flower of lovers, the crown of all the spring-time,

Zenophila the winsome, doth blossom with rose.

O meadows, wherefore vainly in your radiant garlands laugh ye?

Since fairer is the maiden than any flower that grows.

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archaeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Underground Druidic Temples—Dene-holes of South Essex

WE recently gave a description of the ancient subterranean excavations near the little English village of Chiselhurst. So far, as we pointed out, they are quite incompletely explored. The same is true of another set, known for a longer time. These are the "Dene-holes" of South Essex. The ancient Britons had their Solomon, to wit, King Canobeine, father of the warrior Cassivelaunus. Canobeine or Canoven, like Solomon, was gifted, according to tradition, with many magical powers and with vast wealth. The wealth he is reported to have hidden in, or discovered in, the "Dene-holes." So strong and lasting was this tradition that so recently as a hundred years ago a company was actually formed to explore and work these subterranean passages as silver mines. We do not think, however, that anything was ever done.

The surface soil of South Essex is gravel and loam for about 50 feet down. Then begins chalk, and it is in this chalk that the central hall or dome and its radiating passages, are excavated. To reach them, one has to descend about 70 feet through any one of four shafts by means of a rope. The descent is therefore not very easy, and the surface apertures are quite hidden in the woods.

The plan, as we have said, is that of a central hall or dome; say 20 feet high and the same in diameter. From this radiate many passages up to a distance in some cases of half a mile or more. So far as is known, there are no visible prehistoric remains. But as the floor is largely covered with fallen masses of chalk, and as neither it nor the walls have ever been dug into or sounded, it is quite possible that research would be well rewarded.

We hope that archeologists will soon undertake this work. It seems exceedingly likely that the excavations were some sort of underground temple, or initiation chamber, belonging either to Druidic (Celtic) or pre-Celtic times. STUDENT

Ichthyosaurus in South America

THE University of California has been enriched by a very perfect specimen of the *ichthyosaurus*, the first fossil of its kind which has ever been found in South America. It was discovered near Coquimbo, in Chili, and Professor Merriam, the Head of the Historical Geological Section of the University, says that so far as he is aware no specimen which has yet been found rivals this one in scientific value. The University of California is certainly to be congratulated on its unique acquisition.

Still Discounting Antiquity—Nothing New Under the Sun

THERE has long been a belief that Solomon was a man of unusual wisdom, but it seems that the present age has surpassed him, for we find the assertion in a current periodical that "only the ignorant claim that there is nothing new under the sun." This reckless utterance would scarcely be worth a passing smile were it not the real opinion of so large a percentage of the populace.

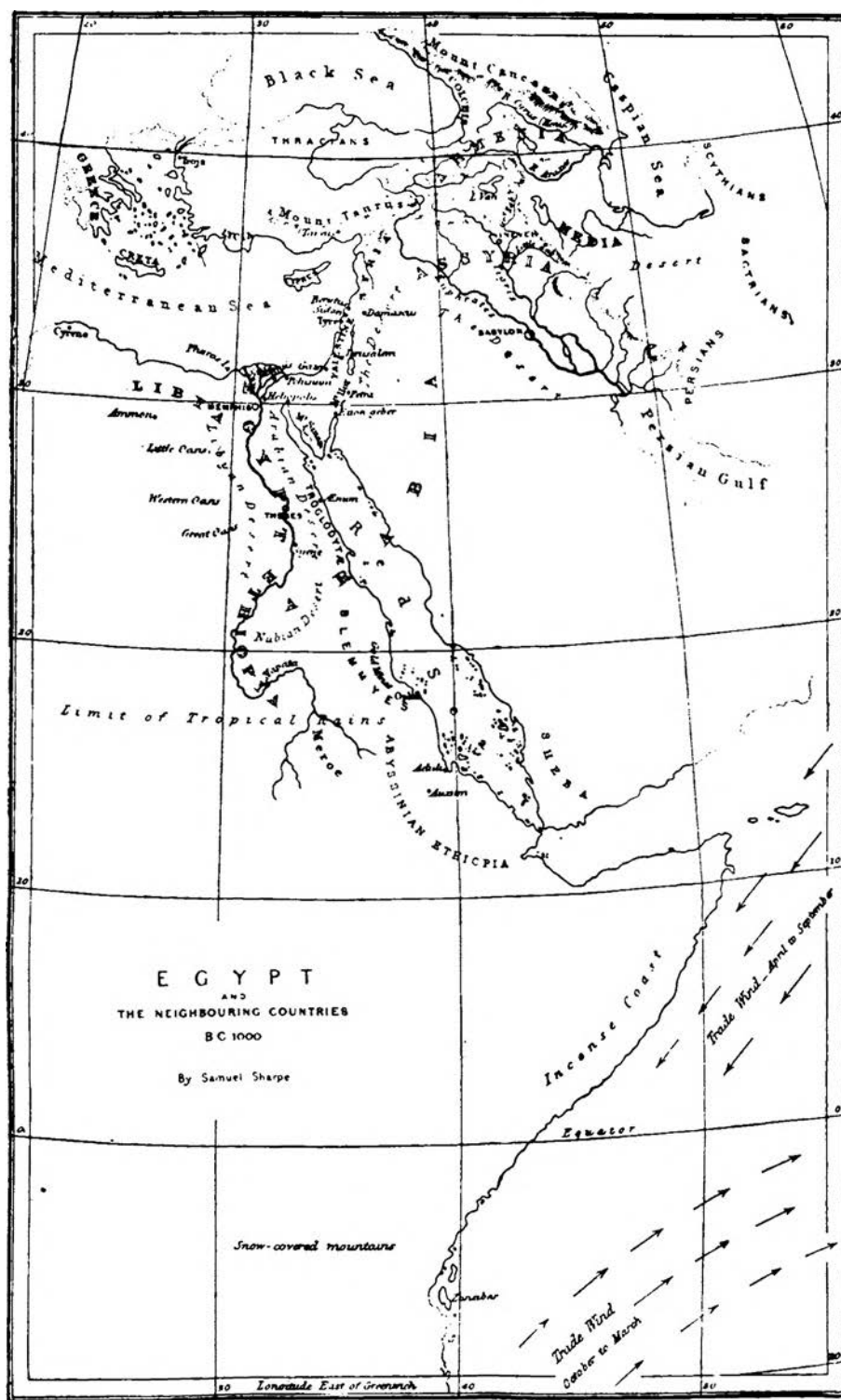
Any one so fortunate as to possess a Bible will find in the first chapter of Ecclesiastes the following passage:

The thing that hath been is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said, "See, this is new?" it hath been already of old time which was before us. There is no remembrance of former things; neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come with those that come after.

It would readily be inferred from this passage that the parvenue "progressives" of three thousand years ago held views, regarding their own attainments, very closely resembling the self-estimated value of our present civilization, and that the wise king had the same difficulty in convincing the people of that time of the antiquity of history that has attended the efforts of the Three Leaders and especially the present one, Katherine Tingley; experience in convincing the people of the present day that the forests and mountains of Arizona, New Mexico and thence southward through South America contain the monuments and records of a civilization so old that it was dim with age when the prehistoric pyramids and sphinx were built.

Of that, our own former civilization, we have "no remembrance," but may obtain the records if we have sufficient interest in the matter to devote to the purpose one-tenth the amount the nation yearly spends for injurious self-indulgence of one sort or another. Mexico is setting an example in the matter which we would do wisely to follow on a scale proportionate to our national importance and wealth. There would certainly be no more patriotic work than to restore the glory to these fast fading pages of history before they are finally effaced by time. STUDENT

THE map of ancient Egypt on this page will be examined with interest by those who have followed the progress of archeological research, and the history of mankind which it has disclosed.



EGYPT AND NEIGHBORING COUNTRIES AS THEY APPEARED B. C. 1000

Nature

Studies

Warner's
Hot Springs
former home
of an Indian
Tribe



In the
mountains
near the city
of San Diego
California

The Variety of Rootforms

THERE seems to be a quite interesting, and as yet untouched, field of study in the relations between plants and their roots. From the observations we have been able to make, we think that there are at least four essentially different types of connection between plant and root, viz: (1) The root is dominant and produces the top, as violets, ferns, etc. (2) The top is dominant and produces the root, as in the case of cacti, geraniums, etc. (3) The top and root are a single unit, as the conifers and the annuals. (4) The top seems to be an attachment to the root, as carrots, celery, etc. There are also the various classes of semi-roots, tubers, bulbs, etc.

In the first class, the root seems to contain all the vital energy, and even if the top is repeatedly cut off, or the root itself divided, it yet continues to produce fresh plants.

In the second class, on the contrary, the top, or fragments of it, will readily produce new roots for itself, but the roots are not able to produce a new plant. The cactus family is a very striking example of this type.

In the third class, the root and top are apparently animated by a single life; for if they be separated neither part can reproduce the other, but immediately dies. The pines are typical of this arrangement. Plants of the fourth class have the root dominant, with the top rather attached than united to it, as in the parsnips, salsify, etc.

Space forbids a more extended consideration of the subject at present, but it must be plainly evident that if the whole range of underground plant factors were to be included the field of study would be immensely extended. And surely in the gradation from end to end of the long series of rootforms, comprising rizomes, bulbs, tubers, rootstocks, tap-roots, fiber-roots, etc., etc., there must be a vast range of psychological study; for if it is not admitted that plants have an indwelling intelligence, they must, in any case, have been constructed by an intelligence of some sort, and the use of so many different methods to accomplish the same, or nearly the same, purposes, indicates a complexity of reasons which might be worth knowing.

COCKADOS are thought to have less intelligence than any other of the larger varieties of birds, yet there is now a troop of trained Australian Cockados touring the country; and they show a very high degree of intelligence.

THE TIGER

by WILLIAM BLAKE

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night.
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize thy fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand framed thy dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Regarding Animal Faculties

IN an article wherein he condemns the "yellow journalism" which has invaded the field of natural history, John Burroughs, the naturalist, allows himself to be carried by the eagerness of controversy into making statements which we hardly believe he will himself approve when in a more judicial mood.

Besides ascribing a most marvelous range to "instinct," he practically says that experience teaches nothing to animals; that they never consciously teach their young," and that young birds build as good nests as old ones.

Such statements are unworthy of serious consideration, because the first and second are contradicted by numberless observed incidents, and the third cannot be proved either way because we do not know a bird's criterion of excellence in nests sufficiently well to judge comparatively.

We also fail to comprehend how it is possible to reconcile the Darwinian theory of evolution by the accumulation of accidental variation with the idea of "cosmic intelligence of species" which gives the "appearance of reason" to the acts of the individuals.

Moreover in his desire to show man's superiority he asserts that "animals are helpless in the face of new conditions while man is not." This is a wholly unfair comparison between the inferior individual animals and superior men, for it is, as the writer must know, almost impossible to teach some people; as witness the many thousands who starved, in India, rather than eat the, to them, "strange food," wheat, which was supplied to them in place of their accustomed rice.

On the other hand the cunning and ingenuity of some individual animals; and of some whole species, as rats, crows and foxes; is too well attested by generations of observers to admit of question. While we fully agree with Mr. Burroughs in his statement that "it has become the fashion to ascribe impossible faculties to animals," we must deplore the unconsidered lengths to which disputation has led him. STUDENT

A WRITER suggests that the buoyancy of birds in the air is due to the balloon action of the cells; filled with warm air. He forgets two facts: (1) He has not shown that the power of flight is proportionate to the number of air-cells; and (2) He fails to explain how birds can fly with the same apparent ease in air as warm or warmer than their bodies.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

A LARGE audience listened attentively and warmly applauded an address on "Fate and Destiny," which was delivered by one of the older Point Loma students in Isis Theatre last Sunday evening, at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. There was the usual splendid musical program by students of the Isis Conservatory of Music. In the course of his address, the speaker said:

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

An Able Address on the Subject,
"Fate and Destiny," Attentively
Listened to by a Large Audience

Reprinted from the San Diego News

"We all of us believe in fate or destiny. Neither education, nor civilization, nor what we are facetiously pleased to call common sense, can take away from us this belief. Deep within our minds is the conviction that unseen forces compass us about, that the subtle powers of nature are leagued with us or against us, that we have darksome enemies which no artillery of ours can overthrow, as also beneficences which will give us the victory against all tremendous odds. We stand, as it were, amid a surrounding darkness, and we sense the soundless and the all-pervading motions of fate. In the presence of a conviction of destiny the strong man becomes weak as an infant, and the stripling becomes mighty to overthrow giants. Between ourselves and our supreme success is interposed the finger of fate, and destiny whispers to us, 'Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee.'

"Much of fate will become comprehensible to us when we know something of the way in which the law of cause and effect operates from life to life, but we shall need something not quite so crude as a mere belief that the conditions by which we are surrounded, our fate and destiny, are the logical result of the acts and thoughts of lives that are past. That of course is true, but we must go further and deeper if we would avoid a naked fatalism. We do but small service by showing a man that he is in prison, unless we also show him how to get out, and the physician who merely diagnoses the complaint and forgets the remedy, had better have stayed away. The Saviors of the world have gone forward with tidings of liberation and not of bondage. They have preached not only the law which binds, but also the law which can loose. They have shown how masterful fate can itself be mastered. They have said to those who suffer, 'Ye suffer from yourselves, none else compels, none other holds ye that ye live and die, and whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss its spokes of agony.'

"What then may we understand by the law of Karma, which imposes upon men the burden of fate, which stretches its arm from the far past and imposes a mysterious success or failure upon the efforts of today? One thing, let us be careful not to understand. The law of cause and effect, which we call the Karma of the acts of passed lives, is not a judge who dispenses from a code the penalty which he supposes the offense to merit. Karma is the injury or benefit which we have imposed upon ourselves. It is the *other half* of our action. How often do we realize that when we have done something, only one-half of that something is visible. The other half is invisible. We say that we have planted a seed. We have done more than that because we have also set in motion the natural processes which will bring that seed to fruition. Karma, fate, is the invisible half of what we have done, the invisible half which presently becomes visible as fate and destiny.

"May there not be something in a man's character which we cannot see but which mars not only certain sets or groups of his actions, but all actions? When we can identify the weak spot we say that it is a law of justice, but when we cannot identify that weak spot we say that it is a mysterious fate or destiny. If the blood of the body be impure, what malady shall not lie in wait for us, what physical ill shall not lurk to surprise us unawares? The whole body will show its dis-

content in a hundred different ways, and only the wise physician will know that there is one persistent cause. Now thought may be said to be the ever circulating blood of the mind. If thought be impure, if, that is to say, it be contrary to wisdom and knowledge, all acts which spring from thought will be tainted, but where is the wise physician—

except the Soul within—who can show us when and where that thought has been vitiated, so that upon every act must lie the curse of failure, so that every plan must fail, every project come to naught?

"Let us remember that every thought is a potency, that every thought which issues from the mind attracts to us certain invisible forces which manifest themselves in our life conditions as good or bad luck. He who thinks disease, invites disease. That we know well enough, but do we try to understand the workings of so strange a law? If we will reason from the things that we know, we shall understand many things that we do not now know, and we shall see how certain thoughts are actually the producers of destinies with which they may ordinarily seem to have no connection whatever. Now, if thinking disease produces disease, we can produce health by thinking health, we can produce success by thinking success. We shall know then that the man who hopes creates the very thing for which he hopes, that the ideal which we build up in our minds is the plan of the architect, and the hammer of the mechanic, and the bricks of the builder. God created this universe by divine imagination, and as we ourselves are in the image of God, so we, too, can create our universes by thought and by imagination, along plans which we know to be divine.

"And so the supreme enemy of all ill luck is a well-ordered mind, a mind which shall reflect the divine mind, a mind which knows its own creative and godlike powers. It is the disorderly mind which produces ill luck, the mind which attracts calamity to itself by willing calamity upon others, the mind which broods upon misfortune, and so feeds it, strengthens it and makes it permanent. Nine-tenths of our troubles would cease to exist tomorrow if we could refrain from nourishing them with our thoughts for twenty-four hours. Nine-tenths of those evils would never have arrived at all if we had not signaled for them, invited them by our apprehensions, hoisted a flag for them by our terrors, so that they bear down upon us from all quarters. If ill luck must come, let us meet it as though we loved it, and see then how soon it will weary of us and depart. These things feed upon our mental resistance, by our lamentations we nourish them.

"We cannot juggle with law. We may call it chance if we like, but remember what Emerson said, that *God's dice are always loaded*. By our drugs, and our anti-toxins, and our vivisections, we may hold off pain from the body, but the dice are loaded, and mental or some other misery awaits us instead. We may pile up wealth in defiance of God and man, but the dice are loaded, and other sorrows, other torments overwhelm us.

"Let us then live in the duty of the present and not stretch forth compelling hands unto the future. Is that not enough, are we ever uncertain of our duty, and can any good thing come in other ways? There was a mariner who prayed unto God, 'O God, thou mayest save me if thou wilt, and if thou wilt thou mayest destroy me, but I will steer my rudder true.' What more could he do, what more can we any of us do than steer our rudder true by the light of duty, leaving all tomorrows unto the law which has ordained them. Then only can the hand of fate be laden with all good gifts, and there will be no other destiny for us than the il-limitable will of God."

WE have too much of a tendency to try to cover up our faults. We know that we have a lot of them, but we do not want anybody else to know it, and so we spend a lot of time, thought and energy in trying to act so that our faults do not show. This is wrong. Be yourself, even if you have many faults, and even if they would all show! We all have faults, but what of it? Let us ask ourselves a question: Are we for Brotherhood or are we not? I think we are. Then, if underneath all the rubbish there is the right purpose, what of our faults? Should we stop, and hesitate to act, because our faults would show, or we could not act just as we wanted to? No! We should act the best we knew, for the time being. Through acting we will gain experience and gradually learn how to overcome our faults.

There are people who never make any mistakes, never show any faults, but these are people who never really accomplish anything at all. It is all well enough to

Be Thyself!

A Short Lodge Paper

"be nice," you can do that if you just try to get along with people and adjust yourself to their peculiarities and to their faults. But if you stand for an idea, yourself, and try to express it, you will no longer be considered "nice" and you will have no use for being considered so, for you will see that trying to "be nice" would mean to put limitations on yourself, preventing you from free action.

If you have a fault, do not spend a tenth of a second in trying to cover it up; do not let it keep you from acting, but do make it plain to yourself, that it is something that you should try to overcome!

If, in the heart of every one, and realized in our better moments, there is the desire to do right, then, never mind about the faults, but, Be Yourself! and act as best you can and gradually you will gain mastery over your faults, and so be able to act more in accord with your own better and best ideals. NILS AMNEUS



Main
Gateway to
Loma
Home-
stead
Grounds

Homestead
in back-
ground.
Point
Loma
California

MANY men and women, when hearing of some great thing done—some wonderful act of heroism, some truly noble and unselfish sacrifice by another—long for some such opportunity, and wonder why their own lives are so apparently insignificant.

But, perhaps they are not ready for such great trials, and if they will watch for them they will find close at hand, lots of little things to be done; making stony pathways less rough for tired feet, and may be helping to carry some burden almost too heavy for another's weary shoulders.

Do we not all know, too, what strength and courage it takes to bear cheerfully and patiently the little jars and disappointments of each day with the present rush and friction around us?

How clearly the individual characters are shown in any public place. Take the delay of an electric car or train. Some will roam nervously to and fro, leaving doors open, making their fellow passengers more wretched. Others will sit like monuments of impatience, grieving over their personal discomfort. But how many will think of a chance to help some one else pass the tedious time of waiting more comfortably?

Every incident, of however trivial or disagreeable a nature then, should have its meaning for us. Close observation of all these little happenings, as we travel along on life's journey, will enable us to learn many lessons and also to help others, perhaps, to see more clearly the meaning and purpose of their troubles.

Katherine Tingley has said that "Carelessness in little things is criminal," and, in thinking those words over we see how negligence in the performance of some apparently small duty might cause great discomfort, if not suffering and death. Suppose, for instance, I fail to stoop and put in place a bit of misplaced rug or carpet as I pass, unnoticing or careless. Some one may trip and fall, being seriously injured; or suppose I forget to feed my pets or water my plants—do I not cause suffering? So, it is easy to see the need of careful attention to small duties, if we would not cause pain to others.

Now then, suppose we neglect to dust our room carefully. What is the result? But worse still, if we fail to dust carefully our "mind mirror" each day, keeping it well polished, bright and clear, ready to reflect high thoughts, what happens? Like the neglected room, it grows untidy. Cobwebs get into the brain corners, and when we are called upon to think we cannot respond, until we do our dusting.

The need is for alert, positive, open minds, attention to details, and willingness to do the little things, gladly giving loving service in whatever situation life may place us.

Then, should some larger field claim us we will be ready. These minds and

Daily Training

brains of ours are the instruments for the soul's use. How much use is a lazy one, do you think? Notice the slow movements, dullness of eye, heaviness of body, would we call upon such a

messenger for an important errand, or the rapid carrying out of a plan? No! Neither will those who are looking for helpers in their world work call upon those who are careless or indifferent. There is no time for training them. The big, sad world today needs loving hearts full of compassion, and hands ready to work, and each must get his, or her own self, into readiness or training, by careful attention to and right performance of each small duty.

Each can keep the heart-light burning brightly within. Each can give the warm hand-grasp, the cheerful good morning and kindly good night greetings. There are very sad hearts around us. Lots of chances for practising the "Art of being kind" are waiting for all who have the real desire to help. Here is a quotation from Robert Browning. It gives food for thought:

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it.
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His millions soon hit.
This high man aiming at a million,
Mimes an unit.

So, let us not feel once discouraged when little things seem to be all that come to us to do. Do them in the best way and gladly.

"Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition," says the *Book of the Golden Precepts*. Does it not apply to every smallest duty?

The strong desire to help has its effect in arousing others. Let these words from the writings of one of humanity's Helpers, give us joy and thankfulness:

"Do not rush out madly or boldly to do, to do. Do what you find to do. Desire ardently to do it; and even when you shall not have succeeded in carrying anything out but small duties, some words of warning, your strong desire will strike like Vulcan upon other hearts in the world, and suddenly you will find that done which you had longed to be the doer of."—From *Letters That Have Helped Me* F. E. L.

Do THE Duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a Duty!

OUR children's children will hold our American Constitution more sacredly than we.—Katherine Tingley

★ The Brotherhood Touch ★

"I AM worn out," said Mrs. Bent, almost querulously. "It seems to me there is no end. It is either anxiety or work. I don't know which is hardest to bear."

Mrs. Bent was very tired, for it had been a busy day and the maid-servant had been ill. But at last the washing was dry; the clothes were dampened and folded away for tomorrow's ironing; the tea-table laid, and the children quietly playing in the little garden, awaiting their father's return. Presently Mrs. Bent heard the children's shouts of welcome, and the father entered the room, with the baby on his shoulder and Elsie clinging to his hand. But his usually cheerful face was overcast with gloom; the daintily prepared tea was scarcely touched and the children's evening romp "with papa" was sadly lifeless.

Mrs. Bent was a tactful woman, and she asked no questions until the children were safe in bed. They were, however, induced to go to bed a bit earlier—the incipient insurrection being stopped by the promise of a story—one of "mother's stories"—a reward not to be lightly rated. Not until both Elsie and baby Fred were sleeping, did she return to the sitting-room. She drew her mending basket toward her and sat down, even then too tactful to question abruptly.

"They have started the retrenchment scheme," said Mr. Bent, suddenly.

"O Jack," she cried, "not you," and the blood ebbed from her cheeks.

"Mary, dear heart," he exclaimed, with sudden compunction, "I didn't mean to frighten you. No; it is Jim Walsh, I meant. I'm safe enough, but what will he do?"

"And their baby only a few months old," said Mrs. Bent; "what will they do?"

"It is a bad problem," returned Mr. Bent, moodily. "I think half the men under me are likely to go, and the prospect before us this winter is enough to drive one mad."

Mrs. Bent stitched away silently. In the face of her neighbor's calamity, how childish seemed her own complaints!

Jim Walsh's face was that of a haggard old man as he reached his home. The blow was doubly terrible because unexpected and undeserved.

"Hush," said his young wife with laughing eyes, as she opened the door, "baby is asleep. O Jim, what is it?"

She turned pale as she caught sight of her husband's face.

"We must make the most of this," he answered with that carelessness which is only a cover and a screen—and he threw his month's pay on the table. "It is the last we're likely to get for some time. I am retrenched."

The agony of Jim's face went to Emma Walsh's heart—but she was a brave woman, and more resourceful than she herself knew.

"Now, Jim," she said, "be reasonable. You know very well if it wasn't for baby and me, you wouldn't mind this a bit. You'd face the situation without a quiver; and Jim, it isn't I would be making a coward of you. Come, have your tea, and we'll talk about it afterwards. Besides, Jim"—and her face lighted up with the same old smile—"you don't know what a manager I am. We're safe for two months yet anyway. You know I have been saving up."

"Well, Emma, you would put life and heart into a post," and sudden gratitude did what adversity had been unable to do, in bringing to his eyes the tears.

"And besides, Jim," continued the wife, her face deeply serious, "that isn't all; there is something in this experience for you and for me, and there is a higher law, Jim, and there is something way beyond and above all the retrenchment schemes in the world. Don't you understand, Jim?"

"Well, Emma, I never could understand much about those things. I suppose I am a soul, as you tell about, but I can't see how it'll work to help us out here. I'm mighty thankful for a wife like you, and that's as far as I can reckon."

The two months passed and lengthened into three. Still there was no change. Jim remained out of employment and very little remained in Emma's purse. They had even been obliged to part with some articles of value from the home, yet Jim's wife kept a bright face and a brave heart, although no one knew how sorely her faith was tried. But at last

a day came to her when it seemed that she would have to give up. The first winds of November were blowing about the house, and she shivered as she glanced about the tiny rooms. It had at last become more than a question of food; they must buy fuel as well. What could they best spare next? Mechanically she went to the wardrobe, and as she opened a drawer, her eye fell upon a pretty little blouse she had made for herself before her marriage. She drew a long breath and almost laughed. "To think that I had never thought of this before! I will write a card at once and put it in the window. The back of this old almanac will do—just the thing. And she wrote out in letters conscientiously careful and large: "Dressmaker—blouses a specialty."

The evening of the same day Mr. Bent came home with his face unusually troubled. The two months had been hard for him for he felt the privations of his men, and, worst of all, Jim Walsh, so worthy and steady, was still unemployed. "Dear," he said to his wife, "I don't believe the poor chap has enough to eat. Now of course they are not quite on our line socially, and they aren't far enough below so we could offer them things without offense, I'm afraid. Could not we ask him to tea? or—we must do something."

"I know her so slightly," was Mrs. Bent's reply, "Emma Walsh seems like such a sensible little woman, but I don't see exactly how I could manage. But I'll take the children up that way for a walk tomorrow. Things may shape. My heart aches for her, I know that."

The next day as she reached the little cottage, the dressmaker's card in the window met her eye. Instinctively she recognized it as the key to the whole situation, and she hurried the children, almost impulsively, through the little gate down the path and up the steps to the door. The tale which the card had begun, Emma Walsh's face completed. She smiled. But behind the smile hung the shadow of a troubled anxiety, and the whole room told the story of want.

Mrs. Bent's heart was so torn between sympathy and her anxiety to relieve the situation, that she was fairly nervous. "Perhaps you don't remember me," she said. "I am Mrs. Bent, and I would like you to make me a blouse. I see by your card in the window"—

"O mama," exclaimed Elsie, "here is a *real little baby* in the cradle."

The two women looked into each other's eyes and words were not needed, for there is a certain freemasonry in motherhood of which only mothers fully know the sweetness and the worth.

"I have been wanting this work for a long time," said Mrs. Bent, and only yesterday my neighbor made inquiry of me as to some one who could do sewing for her. I am sure, that if you suit her, we can get you plenty to do."

Jim Walsh returned while the two women were still talking, and when Mrs. Bent had departed, two-thirds of his anxiety had, unconsciously to himself, departed with her.

With an uplifting of hope in Jim's heart came a turn in the tide of events. It was not long before he found employment and life then looked less like a nightmare.

"I don't mind telling you, Jim, now that it is all over," said Emma Walsh to her husband, as they sat before the fire Christmas night, some months later—little Ida was sleeping in her cradle beside them, and the room had lost its bare look, for good times had come again—"do you know I was pretty near the breaking-point the day Mrs. Bent came in? If I live a hundred years I shall never forget her kindness. And do you know, Jim, I am awfully glad you were retrenched? You know it is the rough weather that tests us and tries our strength, and I tell you I have a faith in the justice of things that I never had before."

"You had faith a-plenty all the time; that's what kept me up."

"Yes, I know, Jim, I held to it right along, but I was coming close to the breaking-point. It was that very afternoon when Mrs. Bent came, and I looked around and saw so many things gone from the house and thought of the winter coming, and then, and then, I heard her knock at the door."

"Well, Emma," said Jim, "guess I'll have to believe in the higher law too. I thought it was just a notion of yours. But notions don't make heroines. And you've been one, sure enough."

STUDENT

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Mother Nature—Why Has the Giraffe a Long Neck?

WHY has the giraffe a long neck? The answers to that question illustrate a whole chapter in the history of biological theory. According to the Lamarck school, an early animal kept stretching his neck in order to reach higher and better furnished boughs of foliage. He lengthened it a little and handed on his acquired measure of success to his son, who did likewise; and so on.

This theory is hardly held at all now. It is very doubtful whether acquired characteristics are transmitted to offspring. There is no evidence whatever that the children of a Rubinstein or a Paganini would start life with any greater natural facility of finger movements than the parent, notwithstanding the immense acquired digital facility of those performers. It is not likely they would have children of very marked musical tendency.

The next theory, the Darwinian, that of Natural Selection, supposes that in any given species there is a tendency on the part of offspring to vary a little from the parental type in respect of necks as well as other organs, some having necks a little longer, others a little shorter, others a little stronger or weaker. Those that happened to have the longest necks could get at the most foliage, would therefore be best fed, would live longer, have less danger of dying of hunger, and have more offspring. Thus, generation after generation, the longer necked animals surviving better than the shorter, the streak of tendency to have long necks would become permanent and result in giraffes.

But this theory is in its turn getting attacked from many quarters. The last substitute is that of Dr. John Beard, Edinburgh University lecturer on Embryology. He rejects the Darwinian killing-off method. In his view, the long neck is due to the fact that "Nature eliminated in the germ cells those characters which tended to the production of a short neck," whilst fostering the opposite ones. She did not wantonly wait till the cells became mature animals and then let them fight it out till the short-necks died of hunger.

This seems to be conferring upon "Nature" a conscious power of prevision, and from our standpoint appears to be an important move in the right direction. It also tends to relieve the conception of Nature as a red and agonized battle-field.

But an obvious addition is wanted. Whilst "Nature" was thus seeing to the production of the long-necked giraffes, she was also seeing to it that their special food should be preserved for them from other animals. For she was also working in the germ cells of certain trees, eliminating those characters which resulted in a short trunk and low foliage, and fostering those resulting in a tall trunk and high-springing foliage. So she provided at the same moment the giraffe and his tree.

Have we not here the key to the situation, to the infinite variety of adapted feeders and food, simultaneously produced? May we not look on Nature as consciously working for infinite diversity of forms of life, animal and vegetable, making forever new forms of mutually adapted food and feeder, working simultaneously on both lines? It is just as fact-explanatory a view as that which makes her chief method that of agony and carnage. The Garden of Eden view may one day bloom forth as science, and it may turn out after all that *man* introduced the keynote of bloodshed. Z.

Cycles of Growth—Experiments at Copenhagen

COPENHAGEN is the scene of some interesting experiments in the growth of children. Seventy boys and girls have been weighed every day for some years and it has been found that they gained in weight in the fall and the early part of December. From then until the end of April there is hardly any increase and in many cases a decrease until the end of summer. It would be interesting to know if these data are generally true elsewhere. If so, we have another indication of a cyclic law of which the action might perhaps be utilized. When we have once recognized how universal is this cyclic law of evolution and how the tides of growth and progress ebb and flow in every department of nature, mental as well as physical, we shall be able to take advantage of times and seasons to a much greater extent than we do now. X.

Cancer Caused by Excessive Eating of Meat

THE Hon. Rollo Russell, arguing in the *London Daily News* for a fruit and grain diet, which shall exclude tea and coffee, lays the increase of cancer at the door of flesh-eating. His conclusions are not beyond dispute, but they are certainly worth investigation. Here are some of them:

Cancer is largely prevalent, and increasing, in the richest countries; it is rare or absent in the poorest; moderately frequent in intermediate communities.

It affects natives brought into European ways of living in a far higher proportion than natives in their primitive surroundings.

It is very rare in convents and monasteries where the diet is spare and free from animal food.

The curves of increased flesh consumption, and increased cancer, among nations, tend to correspond.

Cancer is infrequent in India; in Syria and Arabia almost unknown; in Siam, Borneo, Java and Iceland rare. In China much rarer than Europe. In Lagos only five cases in fourteen years, and these five victims had lived like Europeans.

It seems likely that the combination of flesh-eating to excess and the excessive use of tea and coffee specially favors the development of cancer. We find Norway consuming per head 78 lbs. of flesh and 144 ozs. of tea and coffee, with a cancer rate of 950 per million in 1887; Holland with a flesh consumption of 57 lbs., a coffee consumption of about 240 ozs., and a cancer rate of 930 in 1898; Italy with a flesh consumption of 26 lbs., a tea and coffee consumption of 20 ozs., and a cancer rate of 496. On the other hand, the United States, which consumed 150 lbs. of flesh, 162 ozs. of tea and coffee, had a cancer rate, in seven chief cities, not higher than 664 in 1898; and New South Wales, with 297 lbs. and 134 ozs., respectively, had a cancer rate not higher than 508 in 1895-99. The conditions of new countries, however, where the greater part of the population is young and strong, cannot well be compared with the European States. The rate is certainly increasing in our Colonies, as in England. Thus, in New Zealand it was 422 in 1889, 633 in 1899; in South Australia, 427 in 1889, 590 in 1900. In Tasmania the increase has been slower.

Mr. Russell may have exposed one of the causes of cancer; we think he has, but there are doubtless several others. Any cause tending to throw the nervous system out of gear must help in the production of cancer; for cancer is essentially a mass of cells actively multiplying outside the sphere of control of the nervous system. It is a local physiological anarchy. In a phrase, one might say that the cause of cancer is the habits of civilization—as we practise civilization: drink, vice, gluttony, narcotics, stimulants; the exploitation of men and nations by each other, with their consequences—misery, starvation, hate, jealousy, slavery of children, and modes of livelihood that claim their annual victims in tens of thousands. The causes of cancer are the same as those of insanity and suicide; and they overlap and supplement each other almost beyond disentanglement.

In the face of a problem so grave we cannot afford to neglect any plausible theory. M. D.

Why Does the Moon Seem Larger Near the Horizon?

WHY do the sun and moon seem larger when near the horizon than when overhead? The explanation has often been given, yet needs to be continually repeated. Some people think that the refraction of the denser air near the earth is answerable for this appearance. But refraction would not cause an alteration in apparent size, only in direction. Besides which it can be easily shown that the apparent size of the moon near the horizon is the same as when overhead by the simple experiment of holding (say) a pencil at such a distance from the eye that it will just hide the moon, when it will be found that this distance is always the same.

What makes the sun and moon seem larger when low is because they are then near terrestrial things, such as mountains, trees, or the horizon line, with which they can be compared; but when high up they look small by contrast with the vast expanse of the heavens. STUDENT

Here and There Throughout the World

Japan Hopeful of Being Victorious A WRITER in the Japanese paper *Keisei*, asks some questions suggested by the Japanese advance and which strikingly illustrate the gulf of thought which lies between the east and the west. He looks forward patriotically to the coming power of Japan and he asks:

Do we as a nation possess those qualities which tend to beneficent rule? Will those who become subject to us profit thereby? We have reached the parting of the ways that lead to heaven or to hell. Will Japan show herself worthy of the high place she aspires to occupy in the Far East?

These questions are put from a new point of view. They do not ask whether other nations can benefit Japan but whether Japan can benefit them, not what profit can Japan receive, but what profit can she give.

Reduce Mortality on Panama Canal THOSE who are familiar with the horrible death rate which has attended previous work upon the Panama Canal, will hail with delight the intention of the United States Government to so conduct the necessary operations that the mortality shall not exceed that of an average new city. If this intention be carried out—and we do not question that it will—a new era will be inaugurated in public work. It will be a recognition that the lives of the workers are of as much value as the work which they accomplish, and that human health and happiness must not be reckoned at the mere market and trade prices of the raw material.

Californians Pursue Most Books THE President of the Macmillan Company has a good word to say for California readers. He announces that the people of California buy more good books, in proportion to the population, than any other State in the Union. He adds that "the Far West is full of that buoyant American spirit which believes that the strange mixture of races now going on in this country is sure to produce the strongest race the world has ever known. And the writers of California share in this optimism." The people of California will presently be known not only as the readers of good books, but also as their writers, even more so than is already the case.

America and Russia Exchange Acorns SOME years ago the Czar of Russia was presented with some acorns from a beautiful oak tree which overhangs the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon. These acorns were planted in the gardens of the Peterhof Palace at St. Petersburg, and some fine trees were the result. In 1898 the United States Ambassador to Russia collected some of the acorns which had fallen, sent them to America and had them planted in his grounds in Missouri. Some fine saplings were produced, and one of these has just been transplanted in the White House gardens at Washington, at the instance of President Roosevelt.

America & England Have Controversy THERE is a gentle controversy as to whether the arbitration proposals between America and England originated upon this side of the Atlantic or upon the other. That they originated somewhere is the supreme and honorable fact and the locality is not of great importance. It is, however, none the less gratifying to see this new ambition, this new competition upon the road of peace and concord. One day we shall see all nations making haste to do good.

Plague Statistics Growing in India THE Indian plague statistics go up by leaps and bounds. The number of deaths for the week ending March 6th was nearly 29,000, an almost incredible total to those unaware of the conditions of Indian life, and of the resolute and dangerous hostility which the people display towards every sanitary measure. The plague in India is becoming one of the great problems of the age.

Spain Continues to Be Unsettled SPAIN appears to be in a curiously unsettled and fretful condition. Small outbreaks are reported upon every side, while the President of the Cabinet admits that affairs in Valladolid "have a revolutionary aspect." It seems that the populace are incensed at the large military expenditure on the one hand and the increasing destitution and distress upon the other, and that they should be perplexed is hardly remarkable. Famine is imminent in many districts, but money for the purchase of ammunition is abundant. But Spain is not the only country in which a choice must be made between gun-powder and cheap food.

The Atrocities in Congo Free State DR. BARBOUR, the corresponding secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, comments upon the official denials of the horrors which have taken place in the Congo State. He says:

We wish it were possible for us to regard this statement as proving that the frightful reports received concerning conditions in the Congo Free State under the rule of King Leopold, are without foundation. But we are unable, and we fancy that the American people will be unable, to accept these denials as conclusive as against the stream of testimony which for years past has come from residents of the Congo State, including travelers, missionaries and explorers.

Siberia Not a Land of Bitter Frosts WE have still much to learn about Siberia, and there are many popular opinions about this vast country which will be modified by extended knowledge. Siberia is by no means a land of bitter frost, exiles and quicksilver mines. In many parts it is a veritable Garden of Eden, with vast agricultural resources and very beautiful scenery. Within a period of three years over a thousand butter factories were established in Siberia, and the Russian Government is fostering this industry in very many ways.

An Educated South African Prince PRINCE CETYWAYO, the third son of the great Zulu King, is now in London for the purpose of studying at the British Museum and elsewhere. To an interviewer he said:

My object is not to earn my living, as my private income is sufficient, but to learn as much as I can so as to enlighten my countrymen on my return. I am reading law, history and, in fact, anything likely to be useful.

The Zulus are a magnificent people, perhaps the finest in South Africa, and will appreciate what their prince is doing for them.

Spain's King Wants to Help the Poor WHAT little we hear of the young King of Spain is usually of a pleasing nature, and shows that his humanitarian and enlightened instincts have not been drowned in precedent and formula. When he heard of the preparations for his reception which were being made at Barcelona he requested that no expenses should be incurred in the matter, but that whatever money was available should be devoted to the relief of the poor.

Monte Carlo Suicides Kept Secret SUICIDE is said to be very much on the increase at Monte Carlo. Statistics are of course impossible to obtain as cases of suicide are never admitted to be such. Police and officials are all parts of the concern, and no facts are allowed to transpire which might throw a gloom over the festivities. Monte Carlo is the supreme plague spot of Europe, one of the sewers of civilization.

Physical Deterioration in Russia PHYSICAL deterioration is more widely spread than is usually supposed. Even from Russia come pessimistic reports, the conscription committee at St. Petersburg announcing that "the number of strong and robust men for military service is steadily declining." Youthful dissipation is the chief reason ascribed.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Good Part

Written by a young Lotus Group member

THE large new house that was being built on the corner lot was the talk of the neighborhood.

"O, how I would like to own it!" was the comment of everybody that passed by. Nothing but praise was bestowed upon the building until the finishing touches had all been put on. And then everybody said, "Now there is something about it that I don't like. It is that ugly, gloomy paint and those big eaves that look as if they wanted to grab everything within their reach, and I believe the person that built it never had a generous thought. Anyone whose heart was sunshiny would not have allowed two such mistakes to spoil a beautiful home."

And so the people waited to see what kind of a person would come to take possession.

At last the owner of the house came, a little, hunchbacked, weazen-ed, lonesome man. His name was Mr. Graball, and he knew how to put a price on property. He was very rich in a worldly sense, but in the things of the heart life he was poor because he was selfish. As his wife had died shortly before the home was finished he had decided to sell it. He was a miser.

In order that a larger sum of money might be obtained, flowers were planted in the garden. Every day the little hunchback was seen watering his flowers, tending to the garden. And by and by the neighbors noticed that a change had come over him. His face had a pleasanter look. His heart seemed to have gone out to his flowers. By and by, as he cared for his flowers, he found out that by doing something for others, even if they were only flowers that could not speak, a great many of the ugly places in his character began to be smoothed away. One day he picked a bouquet of beautiful flowers for a little sick girl who lived across the way. Then the neighbors knew that the good part in his heart had been found.

DEAR CHILDREN: Why should you not take a trip to Loma-land—a fairy trip? There are fairies still, you know, good ones as well as bad. They wait just outside the doorway of our hearts trying, oh, so hard! to get in. We call them thoughts—sometimes our own thoughts and sometimes the thoughts of others—but they are fairies just the same, and they will take us wherever we want to go. They have a godmother, too. We call her *Imagination*, and she helps us so faithfully and so well, if we will take pains to see that she has only the good-thought fairies come to visit her. It is in her magical chariot, with its great spreading wings and soft bell-like music, that you can fly to Loma-land in the twinkling of an eye, if you wish to—or, as we say, you can *imagine* that you are here. It's heaps of fun! And now is the most splendid time to be here for all Loma-land is glorious with birds and flowers; with sunshine, sweet pure air and the love of little children's hearts.

COUSIN EDYTHE

LITTLE flower, but if I could understand
What you are root and all and all in all
I should know what God and man is.

—Tennyson



A LITTLE CUBANA
of the Raja Yoga
School, at Loma-land

Did the Birds Know?

NOT long ago a little brig was sailing smoothly along before a good breeze in the South Pacific when a flock of small birds settled down upon the rigging. The sailors fed them. The birds flew away in the morning and returned again at noon. The sailors fed them again and this time the birds had become so tame that they hopped about the deck. They again flew away and in the afternoon the sailors were astonished to see the flock returning, each bird shrieking at the top of its little voice, as if pursued by some terrible enemy.

Instead of alighting on the rigging and the deck in the old happy way they huddled down behind the deck-house as if frightened.

Sailors are said to be very superstitious; but however that may be, they called the Captain and he looked at the barometer. Although there was no sign of bad weather he had the little ship put in shape at once to outride a storm. In twenty minutes after the little birds reached the vessel torrents of rain fell and the sky looked like an arch of mud.

On reaching port two days later the Captain learned that a great tornado had swept across that part of the sea. And here is the strange part of the story. The birds left the vessel directly after the storm had passed over and did not return again. Did they come to tell the sailors about the danger? And what would have happened if the sailors had cruelly killed them the first day they alighted on the ship? Something to think about here, isn't there?

UNCLE FRED

DEAR CHILDREN: I recently read of a curious case, showing that birds have some instinctive understanding, possibly, terror, of death. A certain canary died, and its mate was then removed to another cage. The old cage was thoroughly cleaned and, after remaining empty for about six months, became the home of another bird. But the little newcomer fought and struggled to get out. Then it refused to eat, so of course its kind-hearted mistress found for it another home. Later another bird was placed in the cage. This too, struggled to escape and then huddled itself up on its perch, refused food, and seemed bent on grieving itself to death.

Children, I wonder why. Did the little birdie which died leave some message behind it, or what?

A LOTUS GROUP TEACHER

SUNSHINE AND MUSIC

A LAUGH is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peaks of life with light,
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along!

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet!

—Our Dumb Animals

DO ANIMALS reason? Why does a dog so easily learn to stand perfectly quiet at times when "on the scent" of something? Who taught the little rabbits to keep still and "lie low" in time of danger? And hunters say that it is most remarkable to see the way in which teal or baby peewits will lie down, put their little beaks flat upon the ground, and remain perfectly motionless for many moments in order to avoid being seen.

THE flowers have come! The flowers have come! The hillsides of that Paradise land in which the Raja Yoga children live are already covered with a glorious nature-carpet of flowers.

Students'



Path

SONG

by CELIA THAXTER, in *Unity*

A RUSHING of wings in the dawn,
A flight of birds in the sky!
The darkness of night withdrawn,
Is an outburst of melody!

O birds through the heavens that soar
With such tumult of jubilant song!
The shadows are flying before,
For the rapture of life is strong.

And my spirit leaps to the light
On the wings of its hope newborn,
And I follow your radiant flight
Through the golden halls of morn!

The Art of Getting Old

EVERY little while some representative of the world of science seems to feel prompted to come forth with a pronouncement against humanity's hope and intuition of immortality. The last is Professor Elie Metchnikoff, and he speaks with the usual calm assurance of his kind. If the majority of men had not lost touch of their own immortal center, no harm would be done by any number of such books.

But harm is done, for our civilization has blotted out the clear intuition of earth's older peoples. So that every such treatise closes the eyes of hope and faith somewhere.

There is no proof for immortality save that which each may find within himself.

Every autumn the great trees begin to withdraw from their leaves, which are their hands and eyes and mouths, the life therein, the stored nourishment, the sap, the protoplasm, drawing these elements down for safe housing into the trunk beneath the bark.

The whole art of growing old is taught in that, if we use it as a symbol. For growing old may be elevated into the practice of an art, instead of the oncoming of a misfortune. The sap of life slowly passes back from the senses and organs, lingering last in those that are most vital. Then it passes back, or inward, from a portion of the mind, the portion that is founded on the senses, that holds the memory of the life's little recent events, that faces out upon the details of the daily panorama.

Most men will now feel themselves getting old and dying. Through all their years their whole attention has been concentrated upon passing matters. They have lived in the trifles of the passing days, and have furnished their minds with the contents of the daily paper. That portion of the mind alone they know. How shall they find the deeper place to which the life current is now setting?

That deeper consciousness is seated in the heart, the center of man's highest feeling. All know that there live conscience, compassion, unselfish love, heroic daring, all that gives manhood its beauty, dignity, purity and splendor. These are marks of the indwelling soul, its voices. If, through the years of vigorous manhood, the mind has been accustomed in thought, in prayer, in meditation, to seek this place for the inspiration that dwells there, and then to act in accordance with such feelings; if the man has at all trained himself to "work out his heart"; then his old age will not be as that of others. As the sap dies back from the outer life, the inner will become richer. The touch of the world's life will grow closer. The senses may dim, and memory; but instruments of consciousness greater than these will be developing and acting. And so the man will become aware that instead of moving deathward he is actually moving lifeward. He will see that the "question" of immortality was raised by his intellect only. He will not have an answer to it; it will simply fall to the ground and cease to be. His senses will merge into perception of the world's life, of universal life; feeling will merge into

the greater feeling of universal comradeship; his powers of action, changing form, will become freed; his mind, dissolving from the merely local, will become fuller and richer. And death will at last be the completion of the process he has been watching.

But each must learn for himself the art of getting old; each must find for himself and in himself the immortal; each can understand, reckon with, and be prepared to welcome death, ere death come. STUDENT

Christianity in Japan

SOME religious papers are inquiring into the possibility of the adoption, by Japan, of Christianity as her official creed. A London religious journal prints a long article from a well-informed correspondent on this subject. It appears that some years ago Japan sent a commission to Europe to inquire into our ways of civilization, and in particular our religions.

This body reported to its government in favor of the adoption by Japan of Christianity as her official creed. But, of course, such adoption was only considered in its political bearings. It was thought to be a necessary step towards Japan's reception by the western nations on terms of equality. This portion of the report was not acted upon. The only move made was that perfect liberty was henceforth accorded to the Mikado's subjects to hold any creed they liked, and Japan has now complete religious freedom. Indeed, creed is not a matter of great consideration in Japan. It is conduct that the Japanese consider. Does a man's conduct display loyalty, courage, self-denial, pity, endurance?

The official adoption of Christianity is, it seems, now less likely than ever. For one thing, Japan has been studying the conduct of the "Great Christian Powers." For another, there is the "Asia for the Asians" movement, bringing Japan into ever closer touch with China and other Asiatic countries. And it is obvious that this movement can but grow stronger in the exact proportion in which the "Great Christian Powers" behave toward Asia as aggressors.

The report to which we have referred remarks that the Japanese do not seem anxious to have any more western Christian missionaries among them. "As the military and naval officers regard themselves as the equal of the best European officers, so many of the Christians of Japan believe they are not one whit behind the very chiefest of the missionaries from Europe." This seems to the writer of the article very astonishing: to us, less so. The Japanese have now the Bible; on what else is real Christianity founded? Let their own missionaries, the native converts, armed with the Bible, conduct their own propaganda. Indeed, it would be of the highest interest to watch the type of Christianity, pure and undefiled, that would arise among a people introduced to it by the Bible only, not accompanied and overlaid with the accretions of comment, dogma and tradition that have gathered in the west about the sayings of Christ. STUDENT

PERSONAL limitations must not obscure the possibilities of the hour.

— Katherine Tingley

THE mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.— Milton

The "Potato Patch" Idea

MICHIGAN has long been famous because of the "Pingree Potato Patch Idea," and in that State it has been carried out on a large scale. In Philadelphia Pingree's plan has met during the last year with remarkable success, being under the charge of the "Superintendent of Vacant Lot Farming." His annual report, recently presented, shows that the utilization of vacant lots for agricultural purposes by people who would otherwise have remained idle, has brought excellent results. Over six hundred people, including one hundred and forty orphan children, were last year given employment on these vacant lots. Each dollar invested in construction, tools and seed yielded a return of from five to seven dollars. Bear in mind that the people thus employed would otherwise have remained idle. They were made up of orphans, the partly disabled, the decrepit, and those out of work, and then consider what the social reformer has to deal with when, according to this report, the main obstacle to the success of this scheme has been to find people who are willing to make use of the opportunities offered. STUDENT

PEACE ON EARTH

by LONGFELLOW

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
 Their old familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black accursed mouth
 The cannon thundered in the south,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
 "There is no peace on earth," I said;
 "For hate is strong,
 And mocks the song
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
 "Love is not dead, nor doth it sleep!
 The wrong shall fail,
 The right prevail,
 With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

How far does habit make or mar character?

Answer

(1) Habit is an every-day expression of cyclic law. What has been comes again and again, unless something is done to prevent it. There is naturally a tendency to repetition.

We may take advantage of this tendency by establishing good habits so that it becomes easier to do right than otherwise, and habit is then in place and is our friend. We may also allow this tendency to take advantage of us in the formation of bad habits so that it becomes easy to do wrong and difficult to do right. We may become veritable slaves to habits that are harmful to ourselves and to others also. In such a case habit is very much out of place. Habit is always in place when we make use of it in the service of the soul, for then it serves all and helps to lift all to higher planes, even the lower nature itself whose wishes are not gratified. Habit is out of place when it caters to selfish and personal desires, for then it serves none well and harms most where it seems most to serve. It is in place when it helps in the building of noble character and out of place when it hinders or destroys this work.

Habit is a powerful ally in making or marring character from the very fact that each step that is taken becomes easier to take again. What an encouragement this is to us, not only in the formation of good habits, but in the breaking up of bad ones. We may seem to make but little headway, or even seem to fail, yet if we have earnestly tried and done our best, we have not failed, however things may seem, for our very effort has given us new strength, and at our next trial we shall be able to come nearer the attainment of the end in view, and so on and on till the desired end is reached. In a lecture on Cyclic Impressions W. Q. Judge illustrated this law very forcibly. He spoke of people having the blues at regularly recurring periods, and showed how by the law of habit, or return of cyclic impressions, the state of this recurring period might be changed to the very opposite. Thus, whenever this tendency to blues arises, think of something to help somebody else or make some one else happy, and do it if possible; then, when the blues come again, the newly-planted impression will come also, and if the latter is encouraged and followed up, it will continue to grow stronger while the other grows weaker, and finally it will crowd the other out altogether. This illustrates how we may correct any bad habit and put in its place a good one.

We have habits of body and habits of mind that ought to be corrected. Every atom of our bodies is attuned to these habits and has to be changed to another key, and this takes time, patience and perseverance. Habits of mind are most difficult to change, and here we have to be every instant on guard against the entrance of wrong thoughts, rejecting all that would mar character and entertaining only those that will make it. And

the law of habit itself will enable us to do this if made use of rightly.

The greatest incentive to never-failing perseverance in our efforts to overcome all wrong habits of thought feeling and action should be the helpful effect such efforts will have upon others; for by such a course we give an uplift that is felt to some extent by all, and upward striving is made more easy for all; while if we allow wrong habits to hold sway we are not only making stronger the chains of our own bondage, but we are adding a weight to the already heavy load of others. If only ourselves were harmed by our lack of heroic endeavor, we might think we could let things slide sometimes and take the consequences, but how can we do it when we know that by such a course we are adding to the misery of the world, and when we know that by the opposite course we might take away something of that misery—might help to send gleams of sunshine into darkness?

This kind of helping is not heralded by a trumpet; it is silent and unseen, but none the less effective, and is in the power of each one of us to do.

B. W.

(2) The body is a thing of habit, an automaton that tends to repeat mechanically the dictates of the ruling master, whether good or bad. It is a law of physics, called inertia, that a body once set in motion will continue to move in the same direction until acted upon by other forces. The physical body, composed of physical molecules, comes under this law, and it tends to repeat again and again the impulses sent from the inner man. The lives composing the man of clay, though conscious in their degree, are of a low order exercising no discretion and resenting any new impulse. If the controlling entity be the lower man, the habits impressed on the body and mind will be accordingly low, but if the true lord be in possession, each act and thought, even though unstudied, will be graceful, helpful and pure.

It is not sufficient that we simply have good habits, the law is satisfied only when each habit, though lofty and pure, is used in proper time and place. We must have pure habits made so by contact with and under the impulse of the higher man, but even though spotless in their purity, they must not be hard and fast and used indiscriminately.

We must be pliable and versatile and use tact even in the application of good things. How can we teach the world unless we are quick to change methods and to adapt ourselves as we meet changed conditions?

Our habits represent an agglomeration of forces created and fostered in the past and forming the environment of the soul when Reincarnation takes place. Even the greatest soul finds the subjugation of the body difficult, and of necessity this persistent automatism will color the actions of the warrior until it would seem to be a part of the true character. The real character of the soul is godlike, but it is practically valueless unless manifested; and if the divine light shines through smoked glass, the transmitted radiance will be smoky and gloomy; and it is the light as manifested that determines the character of the man. It is by the purity of the influence that we are judged and rightly so, for while there is a taint of the lower order left in physical man, there is danger of a fall and a fall unseats the true man and enthrones the personal fiend "who ever wars against the light."

The habit of good must be continuous and persistent until every nook and corner of the body is radiant and only as this cleansing process takes place is it said "the character is pure and wholesome."

The true man, the strong man, the helpful man, is he who is always on guard, whose animal is under control and whose mind is never allowed to steal away his faculties; who recognizes in his fellow men a collection of forces, each varying from the other as the trees of the forest, and who deals with each according to the needs of the occasion. He is a strong character for good who, through habit, stretches and bends to fit the occasion and who dares to do right for its own sake.

A. S.

A RECENT suicide, in two letters he left behind him, explains that his act was due to desire for rest. "I feel so tired and discouraged that I cannot resist the temptation to rest." No man that had ever touched his own soul, or reached any appreciation of the purpose of life, would suppose that suicide was the path to rest. Rest is the reward of those who have run their race and faced whatever difficulties the running involved, not of those who have turned aside. Few would thus shirk the troubles of life if they had been taught in youth that there is no pain but has its lesson.

X.

THE BETTER PART

by MATTHEW ARNOLD

LONG fed on boundless hopes, O race of man,
 How angrily thou spur'st all simpler fare!
 "Christ," some one says, "was human as we are:
 No judge eyes us from Heaven, our sin to scan:
 We live no more when we have done our span---"
 "Well then, for Christ," thou answerest, "who can care?
 From sin which Heaven records not why forbear?
 Live we like brutes our life without a plan!"
 So answerest thou; but why not rather say:
 "Hath no man second life? Pitch this one high!
 Sits there no judge in Heaven our sin to see?
 More strictly then, the inward judge obey!
 Was Christ a man like us? Ah! let us try
 If we, then, too, can be such men as he!"

An Elizabethan Divine on the Reign of Law

OF law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.—Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity

Hooker was a divine and writer of the Sixteenth century, a man of vast learning, great piety, and exceeding depth and penetration of mind. He is said to have given to English prose literature a dignity which it had not known before. His great work, from which the above extract is taken, aimed at showing the grounds upon which the church could justify its authority, and was a defense against the extremes of Roman Catholicism and Puritanism. It should be remembered that in his time the English church was not a superannuated institution blocking the wheels of progress, but a represented movement of reform and enlightenment; so that a great man would be able to find scope for his energies under her banner. In our day he would have been a reformer of the church, or its opponent.

STUDENT

To FEEL the inspiration of the Divine Law in every act is to have spiritual knowledge.—Katherine Tingley

ALTRUISM is an integral part of self-development.—H. P. Blavatsky

An Universal Religion

THE sermons of Rabbi Hirschberg are well known for their weight and for the wisdom which they contain, and in a discourse recently delivered by the learned Rabbi at Boston he has fully lived up to his reputation. His subject was an universal religion, and he occupies the very sound and common sense ground that all religions are universal so far as they contain universal truths. But this, he says, "is far from acknowledging any one of them to be the true and destined universal religion." Speaking more particularly for his own great faith with its profound sublimities which are so often expressed in the daily lives of its people, he asks if it is not presumptuous to claim a monopoly of divine truth upon contentious beliefs which are not held by millions of devout and sincere persons. The essential affirmations of Judaism, the unity of God and the ultimate birth of the Messiah in every individual of the race, are also essentials of other faiths, and while men may make labels and form corporations, religion itself is the universal birthright of the race.

This is, of course, along the exact lines of Theosophic teachings, and for this reason Theosophy seeks to detach no man from the faith in which he was born or to which he has given his adhesion. Theosophy urges no man to cease to be Christian, but rather to be ten times more Christian than ever before, to ceaselessly explore the depths of his own faith, to learn of it in its purity and to free it from the accretions of two thousand years. If there is anywhere a religion which appeals to the hearts of men it is because of the Theosophy which it contains, the Divine Wisdom which it has preserved and of which it originally entirely consisted. The present-day turmoil in the churches and the searchings of heart which the religious world is undergoing are but the misunderstood efforts of sincere men to throw off the disease of creed and to re-establish the healthy life current of brotherhood, which is but another name for Theosophy. Theosophy, as such, wants no recognition. It does not care whether those who call themselves Theosophists are to be numbered by tens or by millions. But it does care that the supreme essential of human brotherhood shall be recognized and practised under whatever name or label it may please men to give to the system which it glorifies. So long as such sermons as that by Rabbi Hirschberg can find intelligent and appreciative audiences, so long we shall have abundant cause for content, so long we shall know that it is well with the cause of human brotherhood, and that good seed has fallen upon good ground and is bringing forth fruit abundantly.

STUDENT

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Total number of hours of sunshine recorded during MARCH, 1904.90
Average number of hours per day, 6.28

MAR APR	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
18	29.798	66	52	60	55	.00	NE	5
19	29.812	63	56	61	58	.00	S	14
20	29.840	66	50	56	49	.07	W	17
21	29.888	62	46	55	50	.03	NE	6
22	29.804	63	50	58	53	trace	W	5
23	29.846	64	50	58	53	.00	E	5
24	29.876	64	52	59	52	.00	W	2

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

His Assets

"Yassir," said the colored citizen, with a wave of his hand toward the cabin. "I'se done broke. I reckon I'se what dey calls a bankrupt."

"What are your assets?"

"Lemme see. Dar's me and de three boys" —

"You misunderstand. Your assets are what you have hopes of realizing money on."

"Dat's what I'm getting to. My assets ain't nuffin' but fo' votes an' a mule." — *San Francisco News Letter*

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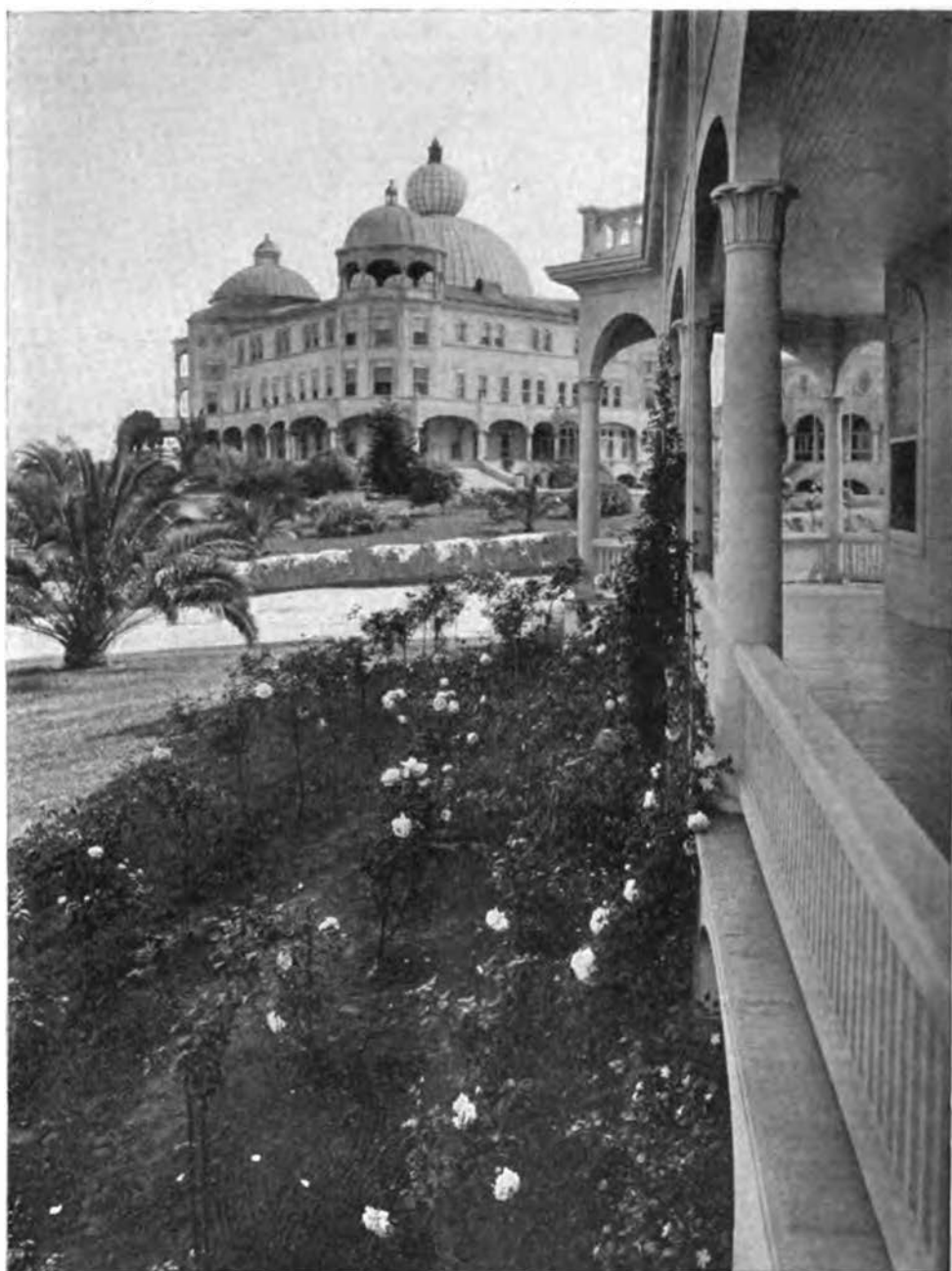
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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3 — EDITORIAL

Classifying Religions
Eternal Life
Hope of Immortality
Heart Action
Spirituality & Organization
Heartless Asiatic

Page 4 — XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Bulgarian Mob
Humanitarian Work for the Children
The Responsibility for Lawlessness
Press too Eager to Publish Crime
Cancer and Radium

Page 5 — ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Mozart, Prophet of Cheerfulness
Mozart's Manuscript (illustration)
From Pippa Passes (verse)

Pages 6 & 7 — WOMAN'S WORK

Physical Culture
Fencing for Women
Physique of George Eliot
Women Riding Astride
Good Brain in Sound Body
Development of Physique
American Ladies in Korea
Caryatide (illustration)

Page 8 — ARCHEOLOGY, ETC.

Book on Babylon
Babylonian Legislation
Postal Service not Modern
Incas Treasures
A Gift from Antiquity
Archeology of London

Page 9 — NATURE

Cacti Are Not Orchids
Bird Migration
Acres of Lilies (illustration)

Page 10 — U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre

Page 11 — SCIENCE

New Physiology
Art of Long Life
Nebulae News

Pages 12 & 13 — GENERAL

The Transformation of Japan — Glimpses of the Island Empire That May Rule Eastern World — illustrated

Page 14 — FICTION

Prosperity and Adversity

Page 15 — CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Meteorological Station at Point Loma
What It Means to Grow Cuban and American Children of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma
The Sun (verse)

Pages 16 & 17 — STUDENTS' PATH

Columbus (verse)
Grey Days
Conflict Between Religion and Science
A Mother's Joy
What Have You Done? (verse)
Students' Column
The Torpedo

Page 18 — MISCELLANEOUS

The Hour and the Man (verse)
The Meaning of Compassion
The Book of Genesis

Pages 19 & 20 — ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Classifying and Tabulating Religions

IT has lately become popular to classify and to tabulate the religions of the world, as well as the various denominational divisions of each country. For a certain order of mind there is a peculiar fascination in watching the ebb and flow of contending forces and in speculating upon the ultimate result of a very unedifying and irreligious rivalry. A few years ago the task was distinctly easier than it is today. The number of those unwilling to be classified was very small, and the boundary lines between the creeds were well and sharply drawn. At the present time, however, a distinctly new element has entered into the problem. Not only have the old labels lost much of their meaning, but

there is now an immense volume of very sincere and serious thought which refuses to allow any brand whatever to be placed upon it, which remains outside all dogmatic organization, and which, by its silence, increases the perplexity of those who cannot conceive of any religion without external formulas, legible labels and aggressive propaganda.

We are well aware that we have still to reckon with much sincere thought of the materialistic order. Its remedy will, however, be found in its very sincerity, and we are not without the assurance of observation that materialistic thought, or what appears to be such, is often accompanied by actions fraternal and spiritual to a very high degree.

A New and Exalted Order Coming

That a new and exalted order of consciousness is coming into the world and offering its illumination to every mind which is willing to receive it, is a belief which we have often expressed and upon which we lay increasing emphasis as its signs are so visibly multiplied upon every side. It is toward this new and inexpressible consciousness that the unclassified religious thought to which we have referred is directing itself. However apparently unformed it may yet be, however seemingly vague and inarticulate, there is none the less a growing perception that man has not, nor can he ever have, any other religion than the search for the God within himself, and that all creeds and externalities are but magnets which fatally draw him away from that God. There is no other hope either for nations or for individuals than in the increasing clearness of this vision, the increasing recognition of the sure and certain success that must follow every effort to see it, and the reward ineffable which it is waiting to bestow. What wonder that the religious census monger is silently and even contemptuously dismissed by those who have seen, it may be afar off, the splendors of the inner and eternal light!

Peace Will Come to Him Who Finds

Truly, we behold it but as a vision in the night-time, because we have not yet learned to search for it, but we shall learn, and to him who finds it will come the peace which passes all expression. We shall learn that there is within the heart a holy of holies into which every man may enter unafraid without either mediation or intercession, if he can but leave without the door the love of self which makes him blind and deaf. No longer will the Will of God be merely a phrase without a meaning; it will become a fact in nature to be ascertained and to be obeyed by all who can silence for a season the turmoil of desire. Then will religion be no longer a sentiment of which we can enumerate and arrange the prides and prejudices. It will have become a fountain of wisdom, and nothing will be too small to escape its guidance, and nothing will be too great to do obeisance to it. It will unite men by love instead of separating them by hate, it will be the universal language of human aspiration, it will give to mankind the leadership of just men who have been made perfect.

Surely, a gracious and a glorious prospect, and one which may seem to be in but ill accord with the present strife of the world. Yet it was said that "He maketh the wrath of men to praise Him," and under the storm and battle-swept soil of human life lies sheltered the seed of a new age already quickening to the coming splendor of flower and of fruit. Y.

Eternal Life

IT is only the believer in the eternity of the individual life who can ever see anything in its true perspective, who can distinguish between the ant-hills and the mountains of daily experience. If it were possible to invoke from Divinity some supreme gift for men, some leaf from the Tree of Life which is for the healing of all nations, what better thing could we ask than a knowledge that individual life is eternal, eternal backward into the unlit and fathomless past, and eternal forward into the future which only hope can see? What a convulsion would then be wrought in the affairs of men and with what speed would human minds let go the things which most they prize! How instantly would the objects which we now call great dwindle away into the infinitely little, and with what haste should we search for the things at which we now have no time to throw even an idle glance! How small would be our politics, our ambitions and our strivings, and in what majestic guise would the very humblest of duties appear before our eyes! Even a measureless eternity would give us no time to hate and immortality itself would be all too short for the demands of love.

STUDENT

Our Hopes of Immortality

SCIENCE and religion alike are puzzled over the present attitude of the average man toward immortality. Science, as represented by more than one eminent professor, tells us with a distinct note of discouragement, that in spite of all its teachings, in spite of all its discoveries, men still believe in immortality. Upon the other hand we are assured by some representatives of religion, that men, and especially dying men, no longer show a feverish concern about the hereafter, are no longer tormented by fear, nor uplifted by ecstasy, and that such anxiety as they may show is for the earthly welfare of those they leave behind them. And meanwhile the "average man" seems indifferent as to the discussion which his perversity has caused. He goes upon his way in the full assurance that the Kingdom of Heaven is not yet upon earth, wherever else it may be, and that it is perhaps upon earth where it ought first to show itself. After all, he has been taught to pray that the Kingdom of Heaven may *come* rather than that he may go to it, leaving, it may be, his dear ones upon earth, in another kind of kingdom, the reverse of Heaven.

Perhaps the attitude of the average man toward immortality, the average man, the man in the street, in whom we are all so condescendingly interested, is not one of the indifference which we suppose. Had he the leisure to discuss the matter with his self-appointed mentors, he might tell them that they are no more qualified to instruct him about immortality than he is to instruct them. Perhaps not so much so. Wisdom does not necessarily lie in much discussion, and silence is better to great ends. Science can do no more than tell us that it has searched for the Soul and has not found it, as Arctic explorers have searched for the North Pole and have not found it. And as for the hysterical agonies of dread or exaltation, which once mocked the soul of the dying, it may be that a new spiritual consciousness is beginning to whisper audibly that the life count is closed, and that it shall be eternally well with us even though our freight of folly may be a heavy one. Man is becoming his own high priest both of science and of faith. He is becoming conscious of a Holy of Holies within himself, into which he alone may enter, while intellect stands without the door. Therein are said to him things unlawful to utter, indeed impossible to utter, and for a while he no more hears the angry waves upon the rocks and the discontented ripples on the shore. For a space there is no more sound than the breathing of the unutterable sea of time.

It was well said by Lorenzo de Medici, that he who does not believe in immortality is already dead, and there is truly an odor of the grave about these unfortunate ones. Even our abiding pity for them will not persuade us to argue with the dead, least of all upon the subject of life. For our knowledge of immortality we in no way depend upon erudition. To this door every man has the key, every man has within himself the knowledge which no other can confer upon him.

STUDENT

Heart Action

WHAT do we mean when we say that a word or an action comes from the heart? Hardly any expression is more usual, hardly any expression less understood. Even physiologically some thoughts and actions seem to have a different seat from others. Consciousness appears ordinarily to be in the brain and yet where is he who has not sometimes been conscious of a conflict between the reasoned intentions of the head and the warm unreasoned impulses of the heart? Because these latter are unreasoned we subordinate them, victims as we are of the intellect superstition, the malady of the times. The impulses which we feel welling up from the heart and which we suppose it to be our duty to suppress, are however but a foretaste of what might be if we would but listen and obey. Instead of mere impulse might come the spoken voice which has been called the "still, small voice." Instead of the suggestion of a heart glow which we have learned to despise as mere sentiment, would come a clear and steady flame burning upon an eternal altar, a flame which veils and which discloses the face of God.

The perfected man who is even now being fashioned in the divine workshops of eternity will live more in the heart than in the brain. He will be very close to the fire which fell from heaven, the fire in the heart which we now keep so far from us that it is as it were in another world. However great may be the present development of intellect it is as nothing

to what it will be when we have learned to feed the fire of the heart, to give to it the fuel of our self-love until its wonderful flame shall rise into the cold chambers of the brain inspiring them to an undreamed of genius. Of all forces in human nature, the intellect is the best of servants and the worst of masters. Let us offer to the heart the tribute of our awakened recognition. Let us invite it to its rightful sovereignty.

Spirituality and Organization

THE Rev. R. J. Campbell is well and favorably known in America, and has deservedly secured a reputation for broad and liberal thought. He none the less furnishes an illustration of the extent to which theological bias can narrow our survey of the universal spiritual laws which respect neither persons nor organizations. He contributes an article to a contemporary in which he deals with "Religion and the New Humanism." He tells us that he can see the religious spirit unconsciously working *even* in the quickened humanitarian impulse of men who have severed their connection with formal religion. Does Mr. Campbell seriously suppose that the religious spirit descends upon earth, as it were, in parcels, labeled and addressed to the various denominations, and that it is therefore surprising that those not belonging to the denominations should be found in possession of it? He really seems to think so, for he relates with some apparent surprise that a newspaper man of his acquaintance, who had a great dislike for church-going, had none the less been busy in arranging to send crippled children to the seaside. It is a little difficult to argue against complacency of this kind which assumes some special and exclusive partnership between human organization and the great spiritual forces of the universe, and that such complacency should still flourish is a little astonishing and disheartening.

We would suggest that human dogmatic organizations and corporations are not, and never have been, the peculiar vehicles of divine light; that they are, indeed, and always have been, very much like barnacles upon the ship, unornamental, and distinctly injurious to progress. It is the organizations which have attached themselves to religion and not religion to the organizations. The sooner we get rid of the idea that spiritual light reaches humanity through certain specified shafts or tubes, the better it will be for us. Spiritual force may be received by any heart which invites it, and the only way to invite it is by the precept and practice of human fraternity, which is more likely to exist apart from creeds than with them. Judged by this standard, we think that the non-church-going journalist who sends crippled children to the seaside is in the way of receiving a very unusually large amount of spiritual force. Indeed, if a tree is to be known by its fruits, he seems already to have received it.

The Heartless Asiatic

A WELL-KNOWN newspaper correspondent in the East is guilty of the following statement: "The Asiatic is heartless. The suffering dumb brute means nothing to him."

Now, we do not know whether this correspondent is merely writing from the fantastic exuberance of his own ignorance, or whether he is simply trying to write down, and down, and down, to the mental level of his readers. It would, perhaps, be useless to inquire exactly what this precocious young scribe means by "the Asiatic," and whether he knows how many hundreds of millions of human beings, of the world's oldest and most humane civilizations, are included in this term. Is he, for example, aware that the people of India are Asiatics? Probably not, but a map of the world will convince him of its truth. Still further research will show him that a very large proportion of the people of India are so tenderly considerate of animal life that our habitual behavior toward the dumb creation fills them with measureless and eloquent abhorrence. This is so well known that we should have thought even a war correspondent would have been aware of it, and even the necessity of filling two additional lines of newspaper space would not have justified so gross a libel upon far more than half the human race.

STUDENT

Japanese Scenery --- Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows a bit of Japanese scenery that is quite characteristic of suburban localities in the Island Empire. An extended article on Japan that will well repay careful reading appears on pages 12 and 13 of this issue.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Bulgarian Jews Crucified by Mobs

IT appears that Bulgaria has been disgraced by an anti-Semitic outrage, a number of Jews having been seized by the mob and crucified. Some tardy steps were taken by the authorities to suppress the turmoil and to conceal the murders, *fearing to excite the animosity of the Jewish financiers against Bulgaria.* What a picture of human nature! Only yesterday we were reading of the massacre of Bulgarians and the atrocious and dishonoring tortures inflicted upon them. The curtain falls for a moment only to rise again and to disclose these very people crucifying and murdering the weak and the defenceless and covering up the evidences of their crimes, not from a feeling of natural shame and remorse, but for fear of incurring the hostility of the money lender.

We can make no greater mistake than to suppose that those who have themselves been persecuted are thereby less liable to persecute others. The reverse is the fact. Persecution has usually been a curse to him who receives it and to him who inflicts it, and noble indeed is the nature which can suffer persecution without degradation. The history of all times shows that power and persecution are practically synonymous terms. Nor indeed need we turn to history for confirmation of this truth. We need only look around us at the social systems in which we live to see that the habit of persecution is only limited by its opportunities, and that the desire and determination to make others suffer for their beliefs is one of the dominant features of human nature as it now manifests.

If this news from eastern Europe be confirmed we shall doubtless hear much of it and the indignation will be as sincere as it was upon a previous occasion. How sincere that actually was we may well be somewhat in doubt. Persecution is not confined to eastern Europe nor does the absence of bloodshed mitigate its abomination. We do not remember that the authoritative proposal to impose religious tests upon university students, and to deny higher education to those who could not pass those tests, was received with any apparent signs of detestation, nor is there any evidence that the murderers of Lompalanka in Bulgaria nor of Kishinef are lacking cultured and educated comrades in the other countries of civilization.

STUDENT

Humanitarian Work for the Children

SURELY, it is worth our while to do something for the children of the slum and the factory; worth our while, in fact, to do something for every ignorant and neglected child with whom we may come into contact. There are, indeed, few among us who cannot do something for some child and so help to lift the curse which the misery of babies is laying upon civilization. The problem is becoming more pressing every day, and fortunately there are some signs that the public conscience is being aroused. There are very many who are willing to help, to sympathize with organized efforts, and to give their pens and their voices where they are needed. There are still very many others whose efforts are, so far, confined to a well-meaning sentiment, or to the expression of a wish that something may be done. There is, however, a more practical way than any of these, valuable as they are. The neglected and miserable children of our towns are within our sight every day. Suppose we were to make it a rule of our lives never to lose a chance to do something for some child who needs help. It might be a word of tactful advice to a mother, it might be only a careful and affectionate word to the child, it might be the keeping of some waif under partial observation in case the opportunity for something more practical should occur. Attempts at legislation are good, and organization is good, but if the recording angel can set down one single act of kindness to a child, one single individual act which will help that child-nature to unfold, it will not be lost among other and more pretentious deeds.

Let us by all means encourage humanitarian legislation, let us raise our voices publicly and privately, but do not let us forget to crown all these efforts by individual acts of compassion, by the cup of cold water individually given, and so gain for ourselves that gracious experience which only contact can bestow. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

STUDENT

Iniquity Ad- vertised and Increasing

A CHICAGO pastor has commented upon the prevailing lawlessness which is now so popular a theme in certain quarters. He says, "Iniquity constantly spreads and advertises, and anybody can see it except those whose business it is to check it." We would ask for more information in order that the blame may be rightly affixed. We are so accustomed to paying other people to do our duties for us that we are apt to forget that we have any duties at all of our own except to cast an occasional vote at the bidding of someone else. Unless we are finally to understand that a modern community is merely a collection of selfish units banded together for a greater facility of aggrandizement, we must maintain that it is the business of everyone, without any exception whatever, to check iniquity. We presume that our cities are still self-governing, that they are not subject in any way to external and despotic control, and that they are therefore entirely responsible for any conditions which may grow up within their borders, and the responsibility is of course individual as well as collective. This devolution of responsibility is the curse of modern life. By it we may succeed in deceiving ourselves, but we certainly do not deceive the recording angel. The guilt for the existence of slum life, which is the very factory of iniquity, lies directly at the door of every man and woman who has failed to attack this evil in every way known to them. If, as we are told, the spread of iniquity is apparent to everyone, then upon every one is the condemnation, and there will be no kind of relief for us until we recognize it.

X.

Public Press too Eager to Publish Crime

DR. HENRY HOPKINS, the President of Williams College, holds very strong opinions upon the deterioration of public morals and upon the causes of such deterioration. He says that the very foundations of our national life are threatened, and that nearly every branch of our social system is invaded by a spirit of lawlessness, treachery and crime. As to the causes, Dr. Hopkins is in no doubt whatever:

One of the most potent, most ubiquitous, most constantly operative causes is the vast volume of criminal suggestion flowing in upon the public mind through various means, but especially through the public press. The reader is taught both how to perform the crime and how to avoid punishment.

This is, of course, so obviously true that no discussion is possible. Equally true is Dr. Hopkins' conclusion that the "total influence of newspapers is good." The sinister work of criminal suggestion is carried out by a section of the press only which supposes that it has amply defended itself by the proof that it does but supply a demand. A more shallow defense was, of course, never made. Such a plea might be advanced with equal justification by a purveyor of burglars' tools, for which also there is unfortunately a demand. The police would not, however, regard it as effective, and we do not see why it should hold good in the case of those others who teach "both how to perform the crime and how to avoid punishment."

STUDENT

Cancer Not Checked by Radium

THE London Cancer Hospital has definitely declared against the use of radium. It has been carefully tried in sixteen cases, and although in some few instances there has been a slight alleviation of pain, in other cases the pain has been increased. We must therefore suspend judgment as to the very numerous reports of cures which have come from various sources. These are either due to faulty diagnosis, or the authorities of the Cancer Hospital have been premature in their conclusions.

At the same time the action of the Finsen ray upon lupus continues to be very satisfactory. Cases of failure are very rare, and a great many absolute cures have been reported. Lupus and cancer are, of course, entirely different maladies, but they resemble each other sufficiently to justify the hope that they may be amenable to the same treatment. There is, therefore, good ground for hope that the most dreaded disease of the age may yet be successfully assailed.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Mozart, the Prophet of Cheerfulness

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART was born in Salzburg, Bavaria, in 1756. His life was filled with joy, hard work, grave vicissitudes and very, very many sad experiences. He was but thirty-five when he died, apparently from a fever, although he believed himself poisoned. His funeral was a disgrace to society. Five "friends" who had intended to accompany the body to the grave, turned back because it happened to rain, and the body of Mozart, one of the greatest, most genuine, most lovable men that Germany has ever produced, was hurried, unaccompanied, to a pauper's grave.

Mozart was educated mainly by his father, a violinist. At three he shared harp lessons with his sister, five years his senior, and a year later he played minuets and composed little pieces. A concerto, composed by him shortly afterwards, was criticized by his father as being too difficult. The tiny Wolfgang replied that "no one could be expected to play a concerto without having first diligently practised it." He performed in public when but five years old and at the age of six, with his sister, made a musical tour through Germany.

He was handsome, self-possessed and his manners naturally spontaneous and refined. One day he slipped on the polished floor of the court-chamber and the Duchesse Marie Antoinette lifted him up.

"How kind you are," he said. "When I grow up I will marry you."

It is almost incredible that after the favors received at court, he should have remained so gentle, so unspoiled and so amenable to parental authority that he used to say: "Next after God comes my father."

When still a child Mozart composed a symphony and published a third set of sonatas and an anthem entitled "God is our Refuge." When but ten years of age he composed an oratorio and a year later an opera bouffe.

His tour in Italy was marred by the jealousy of resident composers, to whom his answer was the composition of a number of operas from Italian text? He arrived in Rome on Wednesday in Holy week and went at once to the Sistine Chapel to hear the *Miserere* of Gregorio Allegri. On returning to his hotel he transcribed it from memory, note for note, a feat which created an immense sensation, for at that time singers were forbidden to transcribe the music on pain of excommunication.

The excellence of Mozart's work is only paralleled by the extraordinary rapidity with which he produced sonatas, symphonies, concertos, operas, masses and other important vocal and instrumental works. Both musicians and public recognized his love of graceful melody, the wonderful sweetness of many passages, the torrent of passionate fervor, the natural dramatic instinct of the composer, his reverence for the claims of legitimate art and his capacity to express the sublimest feelings. He was the first of all the composers to observe in his compositions the parity and disparity of tone qualities in the orchestra, that is, how the sounds of some instruments will unite with, and some will penetrate through, others; how

some instruments, by pouring forth a stream of harmony, may enrich or nourish a melody that floats on the surface in another quality of tone.

Mozart's compositions, whether sacred or designed for the stage and concert room, are marked by an individuality of style which cannot be mistaken. There is in them no trace of indecision or inconsequence. Mozart was most wonderfully exact. Everything was pervaded by a noble ideal and individual charm, *vide*, his handwriting and his manuscript music. He himself has left us a description of the loving care he exercised in the production of his charming phrases. Having once conceived an idea he subjected it to a process of mental elaboration which continued until the composition was complete. Then, and not until then, he committed it to paper. It was because of this faculty that he was able to write out the celebrated overture to *Don Giovanni* on the day of the first performance. He tells us that his ideas flowed best when he was cheerful and alone. E. A. NERESHEIMER

ART and Joy go together, with bold openness, with high head, and ready hand --- fearing naught and dreading no exposure.—Whistler



FROM ORIGINAL MUSIC MANUSCRIPT BY MOZART
Now in the private collection of one of the Point Loma Students

SONG FROM PIPPA PASSES

by ROBERT BROWNING

THE year's at the spring.
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.

faithfully. Perhaps there would be fewer wars, certainly less eagerness for war, if this man's paintings were better known, were as freely reproduced as those which give us the pomp and inspiration of war.

AN enterprising American has recently purchased and brought to this country the magnificent Seventeenth century tapestries formerly in the Barberini Palace, Italy. They are of peculiar interest, quite outside of their perfect workmanship and their enormous value,

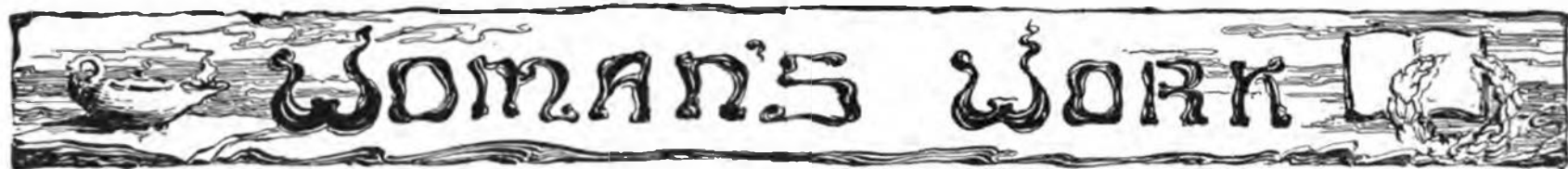
because the designs represent episodes in the life of Queen Dido of Carthage. One of the tapestries represents the landing of Æneas and the meeting of his celestial protector in human shape; another, his meeting with the Queen; and still another, which is of unusual interest, pictures Queen Dido showing to Æneas her plans for the building and fortification of Carthage.

ONE of our historians tells us that John Adams of pre-Revolutionary days, had slender respect for music, and—so they say—he once upon a time recommended a certain Peter Chardon as "a promising youth who has a sense of the dignity and importance of his profession—that of law. This fellow's thoughts are not employed on songs nor his time on flutes, concerts and card tables. He will make something!"

LIFE is a progress and not a station.—Emerson

WE regret to note confirmation of the rumor that the great Russian war-scene painter, Verestchagin, was one of the victims in the destruction of the battleship *Petropavlovsk*. There have been painters enough of the glories of war. Even its horrors had hitherto been painted with the horror melodramatized and transfigured.

But Verestchagin spared us nothing; he made us face the results of the glorious charges, the majestic thundering of cannon, the columns advancing under streaming banners. We saw the limbs torn away, the welling blood, men dying as men do die, ghastly and contorted. It was his message, his sermon, and he gave it



"THE BODY HAS JUST AS GREAT WORK AS THE SOUL, & PARTS AWAY AT LAST FOR THE JOURNEYS OF THE SOUL"

The Need of Physical Culture

THE woman of the past devoted herself to supplying the defects of her physique by artificial methods, albeit inconvenient or unhealthy, following blindly a desire for symmetry and beauty. Today, woman, broader-minded and with higher aim, realizes that future generations depend largely upon her understanding of her nature and the manifold laws that govern it. And Physical Culture, from being a fad, much overridden, has taken its place among the necessities of a well-ordered life.

Women have been grasping the ideal of the "Beautiful." We are building higher ideals, are living purer lives, and now we plead for better bodies. At best we have used but a limited part of the muscular system. Health requires a prescribed amount of physical exercise, a conscientious daily attention to the building of such a body as shall be a willing agent of the ideals that are becoming more real. Not only is exercise needed, but the exhilaration of the sunshine and fresh air, the wholesome stimulus of suitable athletics, the control of nerves and body that out-of-door games develop. Too long have we neglected the physical, lest we should be deemed selfish or vain.

Katherine Tingley has placed in our hands the Key to the Book of Life, bidding us step into the broader path, where the inner and the outer may be in harmony. Go to Mother Nature and learn her ways. Study little children and notice the interdependence of the threefold nature. With this clearer sight how fraught with meaning is *our* every gesture! The coldest material sciences will support us when we assert that every emotion or thought expresses itself through some muscle or set of muscles. We call this or that but a gesture; repeated, it becomes a habit, and habit, persevered in, grows into the mirror of our characters.

For ages women have studied and been taught submission, self-effacement. Is it any wonder that we had the impassive, hollow-chested wife and mother of yesterday? Carry this attitude a little farther and we find the abjectness of fear, the cravenness of guilt.

Not by words do we reveal ourselves to each other, but by every line of face and form do we cry out to all our inmost secrets. Are they good, are they strong, are they evil—he who runs may read, though our lips deny again and again.

So today, even in the light of better ideals, we are cumbered with old habits, not knowing 'tis our duty to *make over the body* as well as the mind.

Isn't it time for a true Teacher? How the world needs the woman she is building! for this is woman's opportunity.

It is not enough that woman shall think pure thoughts and hold high aims; her body must be fit servant and interpreter of the Soul.

Woman's physical nature shall yet stand to the world as a Temple of Beauty and a fortress of strength, within which no weakness can thrive and no evil force its way. Truly, as Katherine Tingley has said, "The world is waiting for a nobler type of woman, a higher womanhood."

A. I. W.

Fencing for Women

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, England's veteran surgeon, advocates fencing as an exercise for women. "I am always trying to impress upon women," he says, "the necessity of using the left hand and arm equally with the right. There is one thing I have to say about the average English woman, and that is that she cannot walk. She walks with her shoulders, and it is perfectly painful to watch her. The reason is that most of our women have not had proper physical training, have not been taught to hold their heads up and look ahead. French women, on the other hand, walk well, and in my opinion this is due to the fact that they generally receive in their youth military training of some kind, or instruction from a fencing master. Outside of all other considerations, a graceful, natural carriage is desirable from the standpoint of health."

The Physique of George Eliot

HERBERT SPENCER, in his autobiography, writes of George Eliot's head: "In physique there was perhaps a trace of that masculinity characterizing her intellect; for though of but the ordinary feminine height she was strongly built. The head, too, was larger than is usual in women. It had, moreover, a peculiarity distinguishing it from most heads, whether feminine or masculine; namely, that its contour was very regular. Usually, heads have here and there either flat places or slight hollows; but her head was everywhere convex. Striking by its power when in repose, her face was remarkably transfigured by a smile. The smiles of many are signs of nothing more than amusement; but with her smile there was habitually mingled an expression of sympathy, either for the person smiled at or the person smiled with."

Favors Women Riding Astride

A WELL-KNOWN physician of Baltimore, commenting upon the growing custom of women riding horses astride, said: "We should all welcome the day when women are no longer bound by a custom that is unsafe and restricts them very much in an exercise that is peculiarly well adapted to their health. All women originally rode astride. The side-saddle was introduced into England in 1341 by a consort of Richard II—Anne of Bohemia—who, being lame, was unable to ride a man's mount. Before her time no such thing as the two pomel saddle was known. Queen Anne died in 1394, but the custom she introduced survived her."—*Baltimore Sun*

Good Brain in Sound Body

THAT a sound healthy body is a powerful aid towards developing clear, strong brain power, is shown in the case of Miss Ivy Williams, who recently passed the Doctor of Laws examination of London University, one of the severest of tests, triumphantly. She is strongly addicted to outdoor pursuits, her accomplishments including cricket, swimming, skating, diving, rowing and cycling, as well as riding and driving—a fair record for one who has won such distinction in graver occupations. She is also an accomplished linguist, and reckons a thorough knowledge of several dead and living languages among her other gifts.

Development of the Physique

MRS. JOSEPH CONN, in the course of a lecture recently given at Bechstein Hall, London, is quoted as making the following statement: "If the importance of attending to these particular muscles (the trunk) was duly considered, such complaints as spine curvature, indigestion, asthma and the general indisposition vaguely described as 'internal weakness,' would be obviated. Mothers themselves should be educated in order to teach their children to breathe, sit, walk and stand properly."

DR. GRACE MURRY, one of our well-known American physicians, said recently: "To answer the question 'Is woman physically capable of competition with man?' is an undertaking which bristles with difficulty. The answer would largely depend upon the consideration of the field of endeavor in which the competition were to take place. The women peasants of Europe carry as great, if not greater, burdens than the men. I have seen women in the valleys of Switzerland carrying on their heads loads of hay which concealed the figure from view and made each resemble a walking haystack. Few are the physicians that would have the physical endurance to stand what the women trained nurses endure in a serious case of illness. I doubt if the master of the household would be able to perform Bridget's task of sweeping, washing, etc., any more than her mistress could enter into 'competition' with her."

American Ladies in Korea

From the *Kobe (Japan) Chronicle*

THE lot of foreigners in the north of Korea, should that country ever become the scene of severe fighting, would be unenviable in the extreme. At present living there is safe enough, yet it was considered wise some weeks ago for the ladies in an out-of-the way part of Northern Korea to be removed to the coast and then sent to Japan. As we reported in a recent article, these ladies were from the American gold mines at Unsan, and they arrived in Japan a few days ago, and are at present in Kobe, awaiting a steamer to take them home to the United States. Although accounts of the ladies' travels agreed in the fact that they met with no unpleasantness on their journey in Korea, and had no sensational adventures, such as would make acceptable newspaper copy, an interview with one of the ladies yesterday afternoon at the Olivier Private Boarding-house, deepens the common impression that a lady is generally a more interesting talker than a man. The lady our representative saw, said she had little to say that would be likely to interest newspaper readers.

Their journey from the Unsan gold mines via Anju, Chinampo, and Chemulpo, while devoid of any happening of an alarming nature, had been full of events common to travel in Korea, both interesting and amusing.

The party of ladies who left Unsan, about nine in number, with three children, were conveyed for some thirty miles in "dumpies," podgy, bumping, inconvenient little carts used at the gold mines for moving quartz, and the procession of dumpies was followed by thirty "jiggys," or Korean carriers, who bore on their backs the luggage of the party, which, as our readers will remember, was escorted by the mine officials—husbands and other relatives of the ladies.

The journey was provocative of much amusement from time to time, because the dumpies, drawn by shaggy little Korean ponies, besides shaking every bone in the body as they traveled over the rough, uneven roads, frequently showed strong inclinations to upset altogether. These little diversions were the chief attractions of the journey until the party arrived at Anju, where it will be remembered they were quartered next door to some Russian officers, from whom they experienced the polite treatment that was expected.

Of the Cossacks the lady says she never saw so fine a body of cavalry in her life. The horses were magnificent animals, and their riders—extremely well armed and equipped—might have been born in the saddle. As an instance of fine horsemanship, the lady said she herself observed an officer, note-book in hand, making a survey of the surrounding country on horseback, under most difficult circumstances. The officer sat on his horse, which was mounting a very steep hill zigzag fashion, with perfect ease, making notes during the ascent, the reins hanging

loose. It was a remarkable feat in horsemanship. This observation led to the inevitable comparison between the cavalry of the belligerent nations. In the opinion of the lady, the Japanese make very poor cavalry troops. They sit on their horses as if they were uneasy in the position, and would far sooner be on foot. Some of the officers' horses that were seen were fine animals, as good as the Cossacks, but the mounts of the rank and file were—well, not good to look at, but they may be hardy and valuable in the field.

In answer to a question, our representative was informed that the Unsan gold-mine undertaking is prospering. New ledges of gold-bearing quartz have been discovered and the company has a bright prospect before it, though at present only two out of the six camps are working. It will surprise many to hear that there are no less than sixty-five foreign employes at the Unsan mines, and many hundreds of Koreans. The principal officials are all American, but some of the foremen and other workmen are of European nationality.

The lady said a great deal which showed her keen sympathy with the Korean—man and woman—whom, after three years' experience in the country, she considers the most abused people on earth, as well as among the most amiable and gentle. The sorry condition of women and men, the tyranny and "squeezing" to which they are subjected by officials, and the oppression which they suffer at the hands of Japanese, were themes on which she spoke a great deal and with feeling.

After reaching the coast at Anju, thirty-two miles south of Unsan, the ladies continued their journey, part of the way escorted by the Cossack troop, and safely reached Chinampo, where they found the American warship *Cincinnati* awaiting them. They were then conveyed to Chemulpo, where several of the party left for Seoul, while the remainder, six ladies and three children, continued their journey.

They traveled on the German steamer (now an O. S. K. chartered steamer) *Amigo*, and experienced the kindest treatment from Captain Hansen, who placed his cabin at their disposal. In a day or two they will be homeward bound.

ROBERT BROWNING's biographer, William Sharp, tells us that the poet's mother "was a woman of singular beauty of nature, with a depth of religious feeling, saved from narrowness of scope only by a rare serenity and a fathomless charity. Her son's loving admiration of her was almost a passion; even late in life he rarely spoke of her without tears coming into his eyes. She was, moreover, of an intellectual bent of mind, and with an artistic bias, having its readiest fulfillment in music, and to some extent, in poetry." When the characteristics of the mothers of great men are better revealed, the lives and work of the men themselves will be better understood.

N.



CARYATIDE FROM ERECHTHEON, ATHENS, NOW AT ELEUSIS

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

A New Book on Babylon—Animals & Taxes Mentioned

MR. W. ST. CHAD BOSCAWEN has given us a new book which he calls *The First of Empires "Babylon of the Bible," in the Light of Latest Research*. In spite of its title, which is a bad one, the book itself is a good one. How does Mr. Boscawen know that Babylon was the first of Empires? It seems a pity to embody in a title a theory or a dogma which further researches are certain to disprove. Mr. Boscawen is a victim to the distressing malady of modern scholars which causes them to hail every fresh discovery as that of the beginning of something, or the dawn of something, or the first of something. It would probably have vastly amused the Babylonian sage with his knowledge, for instance, of ancient Atlantis, to be told that the Babylonian Empire was anything more than the latest of such Empires and systems, a link in a chain which he would have known to be of immeasurable length.

The chapter on the "Garden of the Orient" is perhaps one of the most interesting in this volume. The thousands of tablets which have been found on the site of Tello describe a system of land survey more minute than anything of which history has record. Every domestic animal in the country was carefully enumerated and every yard of land, and a system of fractions was used in computing the taxes. The chapter on Babylonian literature is also of great importance. We are given many specimens of poetry and folklore hitherto but little known, of which the following small illustration will be read with interest:

I will sing the song of the lady of the gods;
Attend, O hero; give ear, O warrior,
Of Mama (goddess), her song is sweeter than honey or wine,
Sweeter than honey or wine,
Better than fresh-gathered fruits, better than pure cream.

Very striking, too, is the description of Isum, the god of infectious diseases, as having been "born in the gutter," which shows a hygienic knowledge which we have ourselves but lately acquired.

The translation of Babylonian tablets has, of course, been but lately begun, and we may look forward to a steady stream of renderings for many years to come. As a foretaste of the good things in store for us, Mr. Boscawen is to be congratulated upon his labor. STUDENT

Babylonian Legislation Not Unknown to the Jews

MR. STANLEY A. COOK is well-known as a cautious and careful student of Babylonian literature and remains, and his book on *The Laws of Moses and the Code of Hammurabi* may be welcomed as a valuable addition to our knowledge.

Mr. Cook's problem is the extent to which early Jewish legislation was borrowed from Babylon, and while in the earliest Hebrew literature he can find no unmistakable traces of such borrowing from Hammurabi there are certain phenomena which may imply that the Babylonian code was not unknown to the Jewish lawgivers. It is at any rate certain that during the exile the Jews must have become thoroughly familiar with that code, and "it is from this period onward that the indications tend to grow even more unmistakable."

It is of course evident that there are essential differences between the two systems and we see no reason to disagree with Mr. Cook's suggestion that "the parallels and analogies which have been observed are to be ascribed most naturally to the common Semitic origin of the two systems." The most notable difference is perhaps the spirit in which the two codes were conceived, the Mosaic code having a vivid element of cruelty while that of Hammurabi leaning always toward the side of mercy.

The Postal Service Not a Modern Invention

THE postal service is not, after all, a modern invention. A very complete system was in force under King Hammurabi of Babylon 2,300 years ago. It probably existed very much earlier, but the excavations connected with this particular period have brought to light a considerable number of missives, each enclosed in its clay envelope and directed for delivery. STUDENT

Treasure of the Incas Discovered by Prospectors

THE buried treasure of the Incas still has its fascination for explorers and travelers. We hear now that a party of engineers have discovered \$15,000,000 of Inca gold "among the mountains." The address is somewhat vague and we may reasonably continue in our belief that the treasure still lies undiscovered where its former owners placed it. The story has none the less served to rearouse an interest in the marvelous people who raised themselves to such a height of civilization and power. The traces of their workmanship lie thickly upon the ground which they occupied and speak eloquently of their engineering knowledge and mechanical skill. The great Temple of the Sun, built by them, is now the cathedral of Santa Domingo, while *Saisa Huanian*, the Inca fortress, still stands as proof of their military prowess. The stone of which it is fashioned is to be found nowhere else in the neighborhood and we hear the time-honored marvelings as to the means by which these ancient peoples were able to carry out a transportation which would tax the machinery of the Twentieth century.

That the Incas were the possessors of vast treasures which have never been accounted for seems hardly open to doubt. There is for instance the chain of gold belonging to Huascar and which was thrown into the lake when that prince was defeated in war. This chain was of heavy links and was of such length that it would nearly enclose the great square of the city. Then too there was the treasure which Pizarro vainly tried to acquire and which has never yet been found. Are there custodians of this gold still living? If so, they have well kept their secret. It would almost seem as though there might be such custodians. A modern authority relates that an adventurer did once actually discover a hidden store of gold and loaded it upon his mules, but the natives of the district, angered at what they considered to be a profanation of sacred relics, fell upon him and relieved him of his plunder, barely allowing him to escape with his life. STUDENT

Another Gift from Antiquity—The Preparation of Clay

A BULLETIN from the United States Geological Survey draws attention to Mr. Edward G. Acheson's experiments in the preparation of clay. It will be remembered that Mr. Acheson was induced to investigate the matter by the Biblical reference to the difficulties of making "bricks without straw." The bulletin says:

He was interested in bricks because they are made from clay, and he was desirous of finding a clay ideally suited to crucible making, or, failing in that, of treating refractory clay in such a manner as to increase its plastic and binding qualities to that desired degree. It occurred to him that the straw and stubble that the early Egyptians combined with their clay may have had the effect of influencing the clay chemically, not mechanically. Experiments taught him that clay mixed with an emulsion of straw became more plastic, tougher, and stronger, and required much less water to bring it to a given degree of softness or plasticity. Water in which was dissolved a small quantity of gallo-tannic acid showed the same effect to a marked extent. Infusions of spruce, sumac, catechu, tea-leaves, and oak were tested and all had a similar effect on the clay, though in different degrees.

The experiments show very conclusively that we have one more illustration of the recovery of a lost art, one more gift to the world from ancient Egypt. STUDENT

Archeology of London—An Ancient Stone

THE Museum of the London County Council is not very well known but it has none the less a very considerable archeological interest. Here are exhibited the various discoveries which have been made from time to time during the excavations which are always being made at one place or another. These discoveries illustrate the whole history of London from the earliest times. Here may be seen the remains of prehistoric animals, ancient weapons, shells and human bones with the debris which a great city invariably deposits. An excavation at Brompton recently disclosed an ancient Egyptian stone sculptured with hieroglyphics. This was found at a very considerable depth and is the only one of its kind which has ever come to light in London. X.

Nature

Studies

Cacti Are Not of the Same Family as the Orchids

THERE seems to be a very general belief that the cactus family lives on scenery and sunlight and that it requires neither soil nor water for its well-being. While it is true that a cactus can retain vitality for years, even if entirely detached from the earth, yet the fact remains that it requires very nearly the same conditions, in less degree, that other plants need in order to grow vigorously. It is among plants an analogy to the camel among animals, inasmuch as it can store away within itself the means of sustaining life in comfort for a longer time than other animals could live at all; but, like the camel again, it must receive nourishment sometime.

In fact, cactus roots are very business-like affairs, actually larger in proportion to the weight of the plant than the roots of ordinary trees. A prickly-pear about thirty inches high and weighing about twenty-five pounds has roots nearly an inch in diameter and which divide to the finest possible threads. These large roots are of a yellow color, very hard, and being prettily grained, can be made into dainty little curios and fancy things. When the season is wet there is great industry amongst the cactus-plant stewards to get in as large a supply of the necessities of life as possible. Once in there is no trouble about working the gathered

Facts Bearing on the Problem of Bird Migration

SOME leading ornithologists have been, for several years past, collecting from a multitude of sources some facts about bird migrations, which are of so unexpected a nature as to call for a wholly new system of theories upon the subject. A synopsis of the results of their observations, some twenty thousand in number, recently appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, from which are taken the following items, space forbidding a reprint of the entire article:

Birds prepare themselves for migration by fasting for twenty-four hours.

Birds, which have small powers of flight, ordinarily travel at great speed for long distances when migrating.

Even young birds migrate, and usually go ahead of the adults.

The daylight flights near the earth are merely jauntings; the real migratory flight is chiefly at night, at a height of from two to four miles, and at a speed as high as two hundred miles per hour, or even more.

When rising for the migratory flight they appear to rise vertically with motionless wings, as though by a power not used at other times.

All species are at peace with each other during migration, and use a "bird-language" common to all, but not used at other times.

The lines of migration taken by some species are believed to be along the valley lines of now vanished continents.

Acres and
Acres of
Beautiful
Calla Lilies



As they
Grow in
Southern
California

materials into whatever is wanted, as the cacti have excellent circulations and employ only the best elf chemists.

Their only dread is a long succession of dry years, which leaves them all shriveled and yellow, so that it takes all next season to restock. Within the lumpy, heavy cactus plant is a structure, which is, if possible, more perfect, more delicate and elastic in its action than is that of a sunflower plant or an apple-tree. If examination be made, it will be found that each cluster of thorns is a bundle of the finest needles, each smooth, straight and carefully packed; and there is a most wonderful system of mounting each cluster in a specially prepared niche of its own, and to produce and sustain all this complexity of structure an extremely complicated internal organism exists and works so well that a single leaf, with no roots, will sometimes remodel its material so as to produce from its own substance another leaf half as large as itself.

Some species migrate from a land of plenty to one of scarcity.

Certain facts observed lead to the theory that the migratory flocks travel, or float, on terrestrial magnetic currents.

Astonishing as these facts are they have been substantiated by the most careful observation, by the most capable and well-equipped men, stationed at suitable points over distances of thousands of miles, and their reports have been minutely compared. Even those who made the observations confess themselves unable to frame any satisfactory theory which will cover all the facts, and we give this too brief epitome to our readers to be interpreted by each for himself.

Y.

There is a something elfish and weird about a cactus; one learns at last to feel it, as though it were one of those strangely half-animal things like the insectivorous plants, but of a different character, elf-hermits who wish to be undisturbed.

Y.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

AT Isis Theatre last Sunday evening Mrs. Katherine Tingley, who has just returned from a long tour around the world, was an interested listener to a splendid program of Wagnerian music by students of the Isis Conservatory of Music, and two addresses by Loma-land students. In the box with Mrs. Tingley were Messrs.

Clark Thurston, F. M. Pierce and Professor Goppfried de Purucker, members of The Universal Brotherhood Cabinet, while two other Cabinet officers, Messrs. Hanson and Harris, were in the adjoining box. Mrs. Tingley seems to be in the best of health, and has returned from her trip younger looking than ever, even more energetic than of yore. At the conclusion of the program there was an informal reception at her box, many San Diegans improving the opportunity to greet the Theosophic Leader and welcome her home. A number of the girls of the San Diego Lotus Group also paid their respects, each laden with an offering of flowers.

The first address of the evening was by Mrs. E. T. Bundsmann, on "The Drama," a subject which was handled in a most thorough and artistic manner, the following all-too brief extracts of which are given:

"Vanishing, evanescent ripples upon the ocean of Time, are races and nations of men; but as eternal as the ebb and flow of tide, are the principles, the aspirations and ideals which govern them.

"Those peoples whose national life has been fullest and richest, have bequeathed to the world the crystalline essence of their greatness in the form of epic poems and symbolic dramas. These treasures of the past are the most precious gems in the jewel casket of time, for with these as a nucleus we can, in imagination, build up the manifold life of a vanished race.

"When we consider the great Greek dramas, we find that in them the personages and the events circle around a central idea, and symbolize the forces which are at play. And as these are universal in their aspect, the spectacle became, in reality, a religious ceremonial for the education and enlightenment of the people. The higher emotions were evoked, and the people brought to a realization of the beauty and use of virtue in the practice and performance of the offices of daily life. This, indeed, is the true mission of the Drama.

"The love of humanity for dramatic expression shows that it is a need of the heart. No human power holds more potency for good when its right use is maintained.

"In England, the reign of Elizabeth witnessed the flowering of that dramatic art which began with the minstrels of the Middle Ages. Shakespeare, the greatest of bards, ran the gamut of human emotions, as we know them in individual life. His men, women and events are true, up-to-date. Thus, if we would have the best drama of our own time, we must still turn to Shakespeare to fill our needs. But this does not mean that the last word in dramatic art has been spoken. There is an answer to Hamlet's 'To be, or not to be;' 'Our little life is rounded off with sleep' includes the idea of an awakening; and 'There is more in this than we have dreamed of in our philosophy' shows that the poet-dramatist knew of the heights beyond for the soul of man to dare.

"The impulse given by Shakespeare to dramatic art was felt in the other great countries of Europe. Goethe gave to the German people and the world his superb *Faust*; and Lessing, his drama of Brotherhood in *Nathan the Wise*. Corneille and Racine produced classic French drama, and Moliere wrote his inimitable comedies.

"But are these the dramas which the people of America and Europe are witnessing today? Save in rare instances, they are *not*.

"Problem plays, comic opera and farce comedy hold the stage. The theatre has come to serve the same purpose as opiates, narcotics and gambling. The love of sensationalism has invaded this realm, as it has all others; and instead of being an educator, and thus a factor in evolution, the plays of today cater to idleness and luxury, and teach men nothing of the nobility of their calling. The Roman age of 'bread and circuses' is upon us! But it need not last to our destruction. Nor will it, if the signs of the times prevail.

"A revival of the drama is fast approaching; soon the time will be when, through it, man will be led away from contemplation of the personal to the impersonal, and will be shown the spirit of the Divine pervading all life. Thus again will it become a religious ceremonial, teaching to man the noblest and grandest lessons of terrestrial life."

The second address was by the Rev. S. J. Neill, well-known to San Diego audiences. "Can We Know the Truth?" was his topic. From his convincing answer in the affirmative, the following passages are quoted:

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Katherine Tingley an Interested Listener---Addresses on "The Drama" & "Can We Know the Truth"

Reprinted from the San Diego News

"It is the highest interest of every-one to distinguish between truth and error, between what is genuine and what is false; between what is real and what is merely show. It can never be to the interest of any one to take the wrong path; to walk in darkness rather than light; or to labor under delusion. What light is to the physical eye that truth is to

the eye of the mind. In all ages the wisest and best men have recognized the great value of truth. Milton speaks of it as 'The golden key that opes the palace of eternity.' The philosopher Locke says, 'To love truth for truth's sake, is the principal part of human perfection in this world, and the seed-plot of all other virtues.' Emerson declares that 'Truth is the summit of being; justice is the application of it to affairs.' In Plato we read that 'Truth is the source of every good to gods and men. He who expects to be blessed and fortunate in this world should be a partaker of truth from the earliest moment of his life.'

"Can we obtain this pearl of great price? Can we know the truth? This which has been the quest of the wise and the good in all ages and in every land, and which is declared to be so important—can we attain unto it? Can we know the truth?"

"If some knowledge of the truth were not within human reach all these sayings of wise men concerning it would surely be meaningless. And yet as we view the lives of men, and perceive how men differ not only on trivial matters but also on important ones, we are forced to ask, 'Why is this?' Since truth must be *one*, how is it possible for well-meaning and intelligent men to differ so widely? It is a logical law that 'Contradictories may both be false, but cannot both be true.' And where men differ so widely are they all mistaken? Has no one got the truth? Or, do those who differ see but a partial view of the truth? Are all views of truth only partial, and, therefore, to that extent misleading? These are very vital questions, and all have a deep interest in finding the right answer.

"The eternal reality, the absolute truth can be known in us only by the spirit which is that being itself. The lower mind cannot know it except in a dim and imperfect manner. As we read in the book of Job, 'Canst thou by searching find out God, canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?'

"The lower mind can lay hold of truth in the sense of facts pertaining to the physical universe; it can also grasp some of the truths which we call necessary or intuitive; but beyond that there is the truth itself, absolute reality, absolute being. And as St. Paul said, it is ever true, that 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' The lower nature can know the truth itself only as it is taken up into the spirit and becomes at one with it. Without this it may know of the truth and talk of it but it cannot know it truly; it is like the moon reflecting the light of the sun.

"Let us always remember that the differences of opinion originate in the lower mind and not in the higher. The differences, the strifes, the wars are bred within us. They spring from greed, from vanity, from love of power, from ambition, from the evil seeds which have sprung up in the garden of the lower nature.

"The conclusion we come to, therefore, is that in order to know the truth and to be sure that we are in the right way, the lower nature must be cleansed of all those qualities which so easily deflect the judgment in its efforts to see the truth.

"Can we know the truth? Jesus says, 'If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine.' And again he says, 'Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.' It is not enough to talk, or read, or write about the truth; to know it we must do it, and become one with it. We read in the *Voice of the Silence* that 'Self-knowledge is of helpful deeds the child.'"

THE character of a man is the sum total of his thoughts. So far from thought being secret, it is loudly proclaimed by every act. The man whose thoughts are for the good of his country will not be deficient in patriotic deeds, and the purer is his thought the wiser and the more effective will be his acts.

I HOLD not with the pessimist that all things are ill, nor with the optimist that all things are well. All things are not ill and all things are not well; but all things shall be well, because this is God's world.—Robert Browning

THERE can be no truce between selfishness and patriotism. The selfish man is the enemy of his country. He steals from his native land the force with which he feeds his own vanity.

FROM birth to death every man is weaving destiny around himself, as a spider does his cobweb.—H. P. Blavatsky

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Some Facts and Principles of the New Physiology

THE progress of science is as marked in the domain of physiology as in those of chemistry and electricity. Not only are new facts being heaped up, but new conceptions of old facts, indicating larger use of legitimate imagination, mark the infusion of a new spirit.

The conception of the nerve-cell as living was signalized by the introduction of a new word for it—"neuron." Therewith came a new conception of the mystery of thought.

If one thinks of a sea anemone, with tentacles waving in every direction, a beginning will have been made toward the meaning of the word neuron. Think of them as very minute and as closely set together all over the surface of the brain. Their tentacles move in the gelatinous matter which separates them. Into each neuron enters a fibre bringing sensation from somewhere. Out of each comes a fibre carrying an impulse, which, when it reaches a muscle, gives rise to muscular movement. That is a rough abstract of the physiological conception of the neuron.

Physiology and psychology, joining hands, are now enquiring in what language we think. Must we necessarily think in words, or is there a thought that is deeper than words? Is there a stage of thought when it has not as yet become worded?

The psycho-physiological conception is that it is in the neurons that thought becomes finally fashioned, polished and encased in words as yet unuttered. If we go a step further with it, the outgoing fibres from the neurons transmit the intention to the nerve centres of speech, and so to the muscles of speech.

Behind the neuron is the real thought and the real thinker, the soul. The man is truly this soul, but he does not usually pay any attention to the higher and divine doings of his own consciousness. He only consents to know and to see those thoughts and intuitions which are simple enough to fall within the operations of the neurons. As a thinker he lives the neuron life, taking no account of the finer life of thought that does not come down to that level. For the neuron is the foot of the Jacob's ladder of consciousness, and the upper end of this ladder is in the supreme light of the spiritual man.

The neurons are stored—how we know not—with the records of all the sensations we have ever experienced. They are the keyboard of our terrestrial memory. In the conception of physiology of today, the neurons are continually relating themselves one to another by their "tentacles." Thus memories are combined in all sorts of ways, as the tentacles of different neurons, in their incessant motion, seek each other out and communicate the contents.

The neurons are therefore the abiding place of the terrestrial man, where he sits in the receipt of sensations from all the senses, storing them. He goes over his stores, arranges them to suit himself, lets some get out of sight in the background, keeps some prominently in his view. Here he forms abstract ideas from them. There are thousands of other sensations in his body, but if they are to be his as well as its, they must come there for registration. In meditation and aspiration he retires back from this busy mart for awhile, and recognizes that he is really a spiritual something.

In this conception of the neurons we have the union of the physiology of the day with that higher and spiritual psychology which is so rapidly gaining ground. It is in his intense preoccupation with them that the spiritual man forgets his soulhood and thinks of himself as being but a blend of embodied sensations. It is through their unsupervised vagaries at night that he finds himself, on waking, confronted by dreams. It is by training them that he learns to make them reflect and give intellectual form to his spiritual feeling. And inspiration of all kinds is their irradiation with the light of the spiritual consciousness.

STUDENT

The Art of Long Life Rests in Gaining Self-Control

THE students of the University of Missouri have asked the college authorities to make the daily meals two instead of three. They have found that they are "in better health and spirits, and better prepared for hard mental work," when eating only twice in the day.

Apropos of this, there is a sensible article by Dr. Roger Tracy in the current number of a monthly contemporary. He points out that somewhere between thirty-five and forty-five a waning of the bodily powers tends to occur. The effects of any kind of excess are less readily surmounted. If excesses are kept up, and the aid of medicine invoked to enable these effects to be thrown off, serious results are ahead. But if the warning is taken, habits regulated and diet markedly reduced, a period of rejuvenation will follow. Better health, more power of work, and a clearer mind will be the reward. A higher standard may be reached than any period of youth.

Between sixty and seventy another critical period occurs. It should be met as was the earlier one—a still more careful regulation of habits, a stricter avoidance of excess, a further reduction of diet. Then there will be an ideal old age, clear of mind, vigorous, serene. And life may readily be prolonged to one hundred and even more years, wearing out as a whole and without the advent of a second childhood. The rules are simple. There is in fact but one—Abstain.

This is on the physiological side. But the art of living long is not physiological only. Man is spiritual, mental and physical. The three parts interblend, and all three must cooperate for the perfect life of them. Man must live fully, spiritually; and wisely, mentally and physically.

STUDENT

News About the Nebulae—From the Depths of Space

ONE of the most striking advances in recent astronomical research has been the discovery of the existence in the depths of space, of countless myriads of those mysterious bodies called, from their appearance, spiral or whirlpool nebulae. The result of photographing hitherto unexplored regions of the sky, chiefly by the late Professor Keeler of the Lick Observatory, has revealed the astonishing number of these cloud-like patches of twisted fire-mist, until now unknown, and only recognized now by their pictures on the photographic plate, for they are too faint to be seen by human eyesight even in the largest telescopes. By long exposures the faint images of these almost ethereal bodies impress themselves distinctly enough to be studied. Nearly all show, more or less plainly, the spiral tendency; and, notwithstanding many fantastic irregularities, the underlying uniformity of one unifying thought is apparent. Later on we shall probably reach some definite knowledge of the life-history of these nebulous spirals which may give light on the profound mystery of the origin of rotation in the Solar System.

But in the ancient Indian and Egyptian philosophies many clues are to be found to this and other physical mysteries, for they take into account the underlying spiritual causes, the Divine Intelligence within the forces of nature, symbolized by numerous deities, and in the east called Fohat. Materialistic scientific men scorn the idea of an inner spiritual motive force behind physical effects, but the ancients were wiser than we in this matter, and even now the more progressive thinkers are rapidly nearing a higher standpoint. The materialistic, like the old-fashioned orthodox position, is waning fast.

H. P. Blavatsky brought us a sheaf of treasures from the past, and, respecting the super-physical cause of the apparent beginning of rotation in the spiral nebulae, the following extracts from her writings will be found valuable:

The Deity becomes a "Whirlwind." . . . This law of vortical movement in primordial matter, is one of the oldest conceptions of Greek philosophy. . . . Leucippus and Democritus of Abdera—the pupil of the Magi—taught that this gyratory movement of the atoms and spheres existed from eternity.

Motion (the Breath) becomes the Whirlwind and sets them into rotation. "How does the process of cooling and contracting the mass impart to it a rotary motion?" It is not materialistic science that can ever solve it. Motion is eternal in the unmanifested and periodical in the manifested. It is when heat, by the descent of Flame into primordial matter causes its particles to move, that motion becomes Whirlwind. A drop of liquid assumes a spheroidal form owing to its atoms moving round themselves in the ultimate, unresolvable and noumenal essence, unresolvable for physical science at any rate.

R.

The Transformation of Japan---Glimpses of the

From the NEW CENTURY PATH Special Correspondent



THE impression produced upon one, on first sighting the picturesque islands of the Japanese coast-line, although naturally a profound one, taking the extraordinary history of the country into consideration, is doubly so at this present time, when we remember that here is the plucky little folk who have so boldly defied the mighty military power of the Russian Empire. The rights and the wrongs of this question, shall we not leave to the Higher Law which makes for Justice in its own mysterious ways? But certainly the little Japs are doing all they know how to do, to prove to an astounded world that they believe they are right, that they are working in the greater interest of the Yellow Men, and that they are determined that their international policy and their political principles shall receive due respect and consideration from the all-grasping and all-absorbing White Men.

Throughout the East the Russo-Japanese war is the question of the day. Everywhere it is the one subject which evokes more than a languid interest; in the hotels, in the clubs, on the ships from east to west, it is the topic most talked of and most disputed. Progressive, in our western sense, as Japan was known to be, the rapid way in which she mobilized her forces, threw them into Korea, supported them by her navy, and has turned to account the different happenings of the struggle, has come as a bewildering revelation to all; even to military experts, as they themselves confess.

History offers no parallel to the way Japan has risen from semi-barbarism to the brilliance and power of a new civilization, which has swept over the country and settled down upon the Japanese like a veritable wave of spiritual fire. How did it happen? Scarcely a quarter of a century ago, this people overturned a firm and solid government, crystallized by the authority of centuries; they chose again a form, which from the Thirteenth century of our era had been but a shadow without substance, and therewith threw open many ports to foreign trade and intercourse, which had been even more jealously guarded than are now those of hoary China; upon this foundation of a new-old government they laid the superstructure of their present civilization, and that, too, built absolutely on Occidental lines. Indeed, it were as marvelous a thing, in a way, were old England to come one fine day to the conclusion that Oriental ways and customs were better than Occidental, and were she to follow out the strength of her convictions by inaugurating a new era of Orientalism. The comparison is not overdrawn, if one remembers the intense conservatism of the Asiatic mind and its fatalistic tendency. In Japan, above all other countries, the foreigner was abhorred, and his customs were considered abominable and evil. Now behold the transformation that has taken place, and pause to ask what in the name of the Law does it all mean! Is there not a spiritual Power at work in this people? It is a marvelous "coincidence" that just about the time when the western nations begin dreaming of the dissection of the East, at the time when the undignified scramble for "spheres of influence" in China should be most acute, that a new power steps boldly forth, and without hesitancy or fear cries "Halt!"

Truly, the impression grows upon one that this war has a moral shading which lies behind the seeming, and that things are being done, and national destinies settled, in a way which appears very startling to a reflective mind. To predicate that Japan is destined to sway the balance of power in this Far East is not saying too much; nor, indeed, is it going too far to think that a day is brightening in the East for the yellow races, which may bring out from the womb of the future very curious surprises for the West. The enormous inertia of China needs but a touch to transform it into a military power such as the world has never seen nor even dreamed of, and Japan is fully alive to this fact. Japanese military instructors are achieving great success with the raw Chinese recruit where Europeans failed. In China the foreigner is becoming a greater public nuisance with every day, and where he was some years ago passively borne with, he is now greeted with howls and yells of hate in his daily perambulations. The "foreign devil" is one of the most respectful of these cries. Japan, again, has never lost sight of the fact that Japan must be for the Japanese, and as fast as they learn from the white

man the secrets and the mysteries of this or that manufacture, out he goes; a most dignified exit withal, salved with innumerable bowings and expressions of regret, but still an exit.

These reflections are but a few of numberless others along the same line. Writers who know Japan well and its folk, say that the plans for the future of the country, extending to the "emancipation" of the Yellow Man in general, indulged in by the statesmen at Tokyo, are startling in their magnitude. Does this give no clue to the reason for the war with Russia, even though the Japanese should suffer a humiliating defeat? Ill-starred wars may be re-fought, but the effect of precedent on the human mind is not unknown to the Oriental.

The Japanese is in earnest, in deadly earnest. The earnestness of the nation may be well exemplified by one of its most prominent statesmen today, Marquis Ito, who made his way up from the humble life of a fisherman, then worked his way to England on a sailing vessel and returned full of ideas for the naval aggrandizement of his country. To him is largely due the efficient and powerful navy of today. Another good representative of the men Young Japan has produced, is the gallant officer now in command of the fleet operating against the Russians, Admiral Togo. This man was a poor young fellow, full of patriotism and "go," who managed to get to England, there learned what western methods were, and on his return struggled to the top. Again, as Ito may be called the Father of the Japanese Navy, so may the late Baron Iwasaki be called the Father of the Japanese Mercantile Marine. He was a poor clerk once upon a time, but went to sea, saw what profits were to be had in the shipping business, and sought about to get ships. Little by little he got them; more and more he got; and developed in a wonderful way what is now the Japanese shipping industry and steamship lines. He was, by the way, a firm supporter and staunch helper of both Ito and Togo in their early days.

Japan is naturally a very rich country, blessed by nature with the sinew of modern commercial life: coal. This is being largely mined, while other mines are constantly being developed. Although it is said that five-sixths of the face area of the land is mountainous and incapable of cultivation, yet it ranks as an agricultural nation, and even exports rice, ginseng, green tea, matches, silk handkerchiefs, camphor, papers, flour, toilet soap, beer and other liquors, European umbrellas, and dozens of other things. Among mineral exports I choose at random coal, ingot and manufactured copper, sulphur, antimony, bronze-ware, manganese, salt, brass wire, etc., etc. The list is too long to enumerate. But it all tells a tale; it shows that the Japs are fully alive to the fact that international commerce means national life, and what they will be able to accomplish with cheap and willing labor, as compared with European and American high wages and labor unions, the future will show. The outlook is fascinating; what a couple of small islands have done in the world's history, Great Britain is a shining exemplar; what Japan may do with her five small islands and her innumerable little islets to back her, remains for the future to demonstrate.

The story of Japan reads like a romance. In the life time of this present youthful generation, the chivalrous daimios held sway over Japan, those little five-foot men who carried two swords in their dress, and who fought each other to the death upon the slightest pretext; the Mikado was then but a name. Then like a mighty wave of energy came the greatest revolution the world may show, the more remarkable that it was next to being a bloodless one, excepting always the Satsuma rebellion. The heavy, if chivalrous, hand of the warrior caste was broken, the Mikado restored to the throne of his ancestors, and invested with the real and actual power of the Empire, the country was opened to the abhorred foreigner, who became as it were by magic the welcome sojourner, sought for his practical knowledge; diplomatic relations with the world were established; Parliament was formed, the Imperial Diet of the Upper and the Lower House; an army and a navy were raised and created, as it were out of the air, commerce was fostered and encouraged, and behold, a country in the making, yet made, almost a nation in the perfecting of its latent powers!

The land of the chrysanthemum, of the cherry blossom and of the romantic long-eyed Mousmé; of little five-foot men and four-foot women who look like dainty little fairies, when they retain their national costume,

Island Empire That May Rule Eastern World

the "kimono." What a land for a novelist's theme, beautiful Japan! What a fair background this country, where the ubiquitous tourist, some of Cook's "locusts," for instance, serve as an advantageous set off. They are coming; yes, they are coming, more and more with every passing year. Let me prophesy: within ten years Nippon will be as sought after as is Egypt; within twenty, it will be as much a land to be "done" as is Switzerland. For Japan has scenery which is unparalleled elsewhere, because unique in its features, and it is not difficult to get at.

Later, INLAND SEA, OFF SHIMONOSEKI

A beautiful stretch of country is this! Tree-clad hills rising from the water's edge, and here and there from the rice-fields, which extend in their turn to the lapping waves of the straits. Little houses, with upturned, angled roofs, for all the world like first cousins to Swiss chalets, dot the hillsides, and rise like toy cottages from within the clumps of trees. In another part, on both sides of the straits, are the brown roofs and "champagne bottles" of factory chimneys, and dwelling houses; on one side the coaling station of Moji, and on the other the ancient town of Shimonoseki. No one would believe for a moment, on looking at the line of little dwellings running along the water's side that both of these towns boasts a population of at least thirty thousand souls, so oddly and daintily are the houses hidden among the trees and between the embracing hills. Here too is the junction of the railways running over the largest of the islands, Nippon or Honshiu, and over Kiushiu; the junction being made by a railway ferry across the straits, the passage taking but a quarter of an hour.

Here is the place whence the government despatched the thousands of her troops across to Korea, on its own transports. Even now, five of these vessels are lying at anchor waiting for their living freight, each flying the Japanese colors, a plain white background with a full-orbed red sun upon it, a striking flag, if odd. The railway service is disorganized for passenger traffic to a large extent, so instead of choosing to wait at side-stations until the line is free, your correspondent finds it better to remain on board and land at Kobe and rail it thence to Yokohama. From Kobe to the latter place, on the Imperial Railway, enough native life should be visible to furnish food for thought and script for many an hour. So I wait and watch the coaling of the steamer on which I am. The women work here with the men, queer little creatures scarcely four feet tall, and often carrying the baby, in real North American Indian fashion, papoose fashion on the back. The barges come alongside, and quicker than seems possible, a series of steps are slung against the vessel's sides; on these stand one man to a step; below on the barge are half a dozen others. Then work begins. Little wicker baskets, holding scarcely half a bushel, are produced; filled with incredible speed; and passed up the steps to the bunker holes, where they are slid by women along boards to the bunkers themselves. Quick as a flash come the baskets, quick as a flash are they thrown back to be refilled and passed on again. Never have I seen anything like it. In one minute I counted, watch in hand, forty-three of

these baskets filled with the fine native coal, pass a line, on their way to the bunkers. The thing is done on the principle of passing the water-bucket from hand to hand. I have been informed on reliable authority that these little Japs can stow away 100 tons per hour, incredible as it may seem, by such primitive methods. This same authority stated that coaling could be done in one half the time here that it could be done with the electric bunkers at San Francisco.

In the bay is a small river gunboat, apparently in the best of condition and ready for instant service. The officers, all natives of course, throughout, with the native crew; transports the same; railways the same; everything the same. The Jap learns, rather has learnt, how to do everything, and does it now himself, and well. Japanese railway companies, Japanese steamship lines, Jap newspapers, Jap enterprise. It is unexpected; one asks oneself in a sort of bewilderment, when is it going to stop?

Yet we steamed into Japan, into the inland sea, in a driving snowstorm, reminding me ever so much of times when I have come up New York harbor from Europe, in similar chilly and frosty weather. But it does not last long; the gusts come and go, the deck is besprinkled for a time with

the white tapioca of it, then the sun shines, and it goes. The wind is howling like a thousand demons, then it too lulls, and dies down, and the deck becomes endurable again. Little men in dark blue uniforms, in puffing steam launches, come and go; the formalities of the port are got through with, and we are admitted visitors to Japanese waters. On our way in we pass the fortifications.

The Japs are as jealous of their forts as are the Germans; an instance in point: the other day a passenger was placidly and innocently photographing, snapshotting, around Moji. He was surprised to find himself suddenly under arrest by a posse of the little

Japs and conducted to a police station where his camera had its films extracted, and there before his eyes the officials undertook to develop every one of the negatives he had. On none of the fortifications being found on them he was most politely dismissed. The experience was probably a reminder to him that photographing in Japan in war-time might have sundry attendant evils. What the consequences of a little carelessness might have been in that line were not shown.

That the Japs are wide awake, in their methods of carrying on war, is evident from a little incident that happened on our steamer leaving Hong-kong. The first night out of the harbor, from ten o'clock to about eleven, while ploughing along our 15 knots, we were circled again and again by two Japanese men-of-war, who did a pretty little bit of telegraphing with their flash lights. Suddenly the lights died out, and we knew we were free to pursue our way quietly along.

We reach Kobe, or Hiogo day after tomorrow, as we leave but tomorrow morning, our coaling taking all day. This place is one of the most important ports in all Japan, being central and yet a port; bearing commercially a Chicago-like relation to the rest of the country.

G. DE PURUCKER



A JAPANESE RICE FIELD

Prosperity and Adversity

IN the old days, when the world was young, Prosperity was its teacher, and he made humanity glad and brought many comforts and many blessings in the hope of making men better; but as time went on men became selfish and then sad. Yet still the sun shone and the birds sang their songs and the sky was cloudless, for Prosperity ruled the land and humanity had no other teacher. But, alas! the day came when Prosperity saw that he had failed in his efforts to lift men into the joy of the heart-life. He became still more prodigal in his gifts, but men answered him only with ingratitude, and their hearts grew harder. At last the day came when the air was thick with the selfish thoughts of men, and in that day Prosperity called upon his brother, Adversity. He besought him to lend aid in this work of reforming the world. And so Adversity came and Prosperity went away; and the gifts of Adversity were many, and men called them famine, and war, and danger, and the sins that spring from selfish ends, and the crimes that grow out of false peace. Yet the hearts of men softened not, though the skies were dark and the teaching of Adversity continued bitter and long. And at last the day came when Adversity, despairing, looked at the world and said, "I, too, have failed."

And so it came to pass that the two teachers—who were brothers—Prosperity and Adversity, met upon life's highway and counseled together as to how they should reform the world.

"Let us begin with one or two," said Prosperity.

"We have tried to reform nations and the many have not listened," said Adversity. "You are right; let us begin with one. That one may become a teacher as we are teachers; in that lies the only hope."

And as they discussed upon this highway of human life, there came toward them a woman, who was joyous because of the fullness of her youth, and happy because of her beauty and her strength.

"She will be worthy of our efforts," said Adversity, "but I dread to see her sorrowful and her eyes dim with weeping; you, my brother, give her your gifts first. It may be that she will not need mine at all."

So it was agreed that Prosperity should begin his work. And he was hopeful, because unto this woman he was already known as a friend.

"She has all even now," said Prosperity to himself. "What shall be my gifts?" But as he looked into her life, he saw that it was filled with care and strife. "When she no longer has care and when the worries of life have departed, then surely her heart will speak and the soul will grow within her. I will take her anxieties away."

But the woman lived as before, saying that she became more selfish, and found it still easier to indulge herself in the many little selfish fancies that care had made impossible before.

"O that I had more costly dresses and more sparkling jewels!" she said.

"These things perhaps will elevate her mind," thought Prosperity, "and perhaps through them I may reach her heart."

And he gave her all the divers things for which she asked. But the woman merely wept and cried out that the silken garments ill became the house in which she lived.

"O that I had a palace in which to dwell!"

Then she cried out for servants to do her bidding, and Prosperity gave her all for which she asked.

"If the beautiful does not soften her heart," he said, "then will it grow through gratitude."

But the woman sighed and said that her life was dreary.

"Let me see the world," she said, and Prosperity smiled at this.

"To meet her fellow men," he said, "that will touch her heart and that will save her from herself. She will see misery and the great opportunity will come to her, which is the chance to relieve the sorrow."

But the woman only shut her eyes to the misery of her fellow men. And Prosperity said, "Then I will send her where there is no misery—where the people are pure and patient and good; their example will touch her heart."

But the woman laughed at the good people and came back to the palace, her heart within her as a stone.

Prosperity was waiting to receive her. "Surely," he thought, "she will be grateful."

But, instead, the woman spoke haughtily and demanded further gifts. Prosperity, fearful that he would fail, in his despair gave the woman more and more, but she demanded yet other and divers things.

And so it came to pass that, one fair day, Prosperity and Adversity met

again upon life's highway and discussed again together the question of humanity's sorrow.

"I have failed," said Prosperity. "You, my brother, it is now your turn. It may be that your gifts will soften her heart; mine have but served to make it colder and harder."

And as it came about, Prosperity went away and Adversity took his place and stood at the side of the woman.

She had known Adversity in the old days and she fancied he had departed, never to return. "What will you here?" she said, as Adversity came to her palace.

"I am here to take back the things which my brother, Prosperity, loaned to you. And in the end I, too, have for you a gift—a golden key."

The woman laughed, and answered, "I have gold enough to fashion a thousand keys. Keep your gifts, and go."

"Nay," replied Adversity, "I am come to stay."

The woman laughed again and defied him, and then Adversity took her jewels, her silken robes, her servants and her palace, and at last the woman was left—stripped of all the things that she had desired so much—alone and in a cottage. She wept and wept, and even the sun grew dark and dim to her as a light that failed.

"Surely," thought Adversity, "this will soften her heart, and, understanding her own sorrows, she will feel for the sorrows of others."

But the heart of the woman still remained closed, and she went from friend to friend bemoaning her fate.

Then Adversity said, "I will take away her friends. When she has no one to complain to, then she will find herself and the work of reform will begin." And he did so; but the woman still wept, still rebelled.

Then Adversity took away her health. "Sickness will touch her and suffering will open her heart," he said, "and in the quiet and the loneliness that now will be forced upon her, she will find her real life."

But Adversity was mistaken. The woman would not try. She merely wept and rebelled.

And so it came to pass that, on another fair day, the two teachers, Prosperity and Adversity, met again on the highway of human life.

"I have failed," said Prosperity.

"And failure is mine," said Adversity.

"Now let us work together," said both.

And so it came about that, out of the compassion of his heart Prosperity, sought out the woman and gave her back divers gifts. She began to ask for more. Then Adversity took away divers other gifts and Prosperity gave her what she asked. She asked for a beautiful home and she asked for a beautiful child. Prosperity gave her these. Then she began to complain further and demand other things. And Prosperity consulted Adversity, for he feared again to fail.

Adversity smiled, saying, "You have done well, my brother. Give her what she asks—I will take away her child." The child died soon, and by the side of the little still form, the mother cursed Adversity and said, "Is this the gift that you promised to give me?"

And Adversity said, "It is within your own heart, but you have closed the door upon it."

And the woman was still rebellious. And then it came about that Prosperity and Adversity both departed and left her alone.

In her loneliness and in her sorrow, the hardness that lay about her heart became something other, and for the first time she felt within her own soul all the sorrows of the world. In one sudden moment she saw the meaning of all that had happened to her—of all the gifts that the two brothers had brought: She understood; and as if divining this, Prosperity and Adversity came back to her dwelling, and when she looked up she saw them standing beside her; and within her heart, as she stood beside the little coffin which held all that she really loved, there came into her being something much like joy but more like gratitude. She turned to Adversity and smiled. "I have not forgotten your promise, she said, "your promise of that gift which is beyond all price; the wonderful golden key which you told me would open the doorway for me into a new life. But keep it, I care no more for gifts. My life is complete and joy-filled. I shall become your helper and I shall, with you, serve humanity, and the gifts that I have longed for may be given to others."

But Adversity smiled, saying, "You have the gift already. I gave it when death took away your child—and the doorway is already opened, the doorway into this beautiful realm, the realm of the heart." STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Meteorological Station at Point Loma

DEAR CHILDREN: Scarcely anything is more of a joy to the Raja Yoga boys than a visit to the meteorological station. I have already told you a little about it. The very delicacy of the instruments is a perpetual source of fascination, and then meteorological work has a dignity and an importance that means a great deal to Raja Yoga boys. Every day the observations are carefully entered in the books and copies of the monthly register are always sent to the government. By comparing these observations with those made at other places we find that the climate of Point Loma is more perfect than that of any other place in the world. I promised some time ago to send you a little account of the way in which the temperature and rainfall and sunshine and air pressure records are kept, and here it is:

TEMPERATURE—On the top of the weather-station, there are five thermometers. One of them shows accurately the greatest heat during twenty-four hours; another the greatest cold during the same time. By comparing this with two others you can tell how much moisture there is in the air. The fifth is so arranged as to mark the temperature on a sheet of paper which is kept always moving by a very delicate clock, so that the heat of every hour of the day is always known by looking at the paper. At the end of a week you change the paper and put in a new one. It is generally warmest in Loma-land about two in the afternoon and coldest just before sunrise. **AIR PRESSURE**—Inside the weather-station are two barometers. One shows the pressure of the air very accurately at any given time. The record is indicated by a delicate dial. The other is a permanent register made on a sheet of paper by clockwork. This, however, is not so accurate as the first one.

RAINFALL—When it rains you can tell how much has fallen by means of a tall round vessel without a lid which catches the rain falling into it. A measuring rod dipped into the vessel shows you how deep the water is and it is so contrived as to tell you how many inches of water this would amount to, if it had fallen on the ground and none of it had soaked in.

SUNSHINE—A wonderful instrument is the sunshine recorder. From sunrise till sunset the sun's rays shine through a tiny hole in this instrument on to a strip of photographic paper which is kept in the dark inside. And so, as the sun goes on moving,

What It Means to Grow

Essay by a young Lotus Group Student

IF we want the flowers in our garden to be thrifty and to grow well we must water them and take good care of them. It is the same with our characters. If people want their children to grow to be noble men and women they must take pains with them and cultivate their minds and their hearts. Instead of feeding their bodies so much, parents should cultivate their children's souls, and they can do this by teaching them kindness and self-control. Then there will be no room for ugly weeds of selfishness to grow.

Growth is the purifying of our lives. When our hearts are in tune and

we are bright and happy then our characters are growing tall and strong. Everything grows from within out, and so everything that is beautiful in our natures must find its beginning in the heart. And we know, when we stop to think, that every good deed and every good thought have their beginning deep down in our hearts. That is why we always feel happier when we have done a good deed. When we have this feeling it means that we are growing, not in the size of our bodies perhaps, but in character.

If we do not fill our lives with good thoughts and deeds, then ugly weeds of selfishness and fear and hatred will spring up and crowd out the flowers, and the beautiful soul garden will all be spoiled. We need more heart-light. Joy is heart-light. Joy helps our higher

natures to grow, just as sunshine helps the flowers.



CUBAN AND AMERICAN CHILDREN OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL AT POINT LOMA

THE SUN

by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

GREAT is the sun and wide he goes.
Through empty heaven without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlor cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic, spider-clad
He, through the key-hole, maketh glad;
And through the broken ledge of tiles,
Into the laddered hay-loft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around
He bares to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering look
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The Gardener of the World, he goes.

At a farm on the Mohawk river are several horses, one of which is totally blind. They frequently swim to the islands in the river to eat the long, green grass. After a recent freshet, in returning, the blind horse became separated and would have been carried away by the current had it not been for the heroism of a comrade horse who swam out and guided the blind one safely to shore.

E. H.

(Continued from First Column)

or rather as our position with relation to the sun continually changes, a line is made across the paper. At night you change the instrument a little so that next day the spot of light does not pass over the same place. At the end of the week, when you change the paper, you have an accurate record of just how many hours of sunshine we have had during the week or during any given day. And that is a great deal in Loma-land.

UNCLE FRED

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

by S. E. Kiser, in *Escondido Times*

YOU are going to do great things, you say---
But what have you done?

You are going to win in a splendid way,
As others have won;

You have plans that when they are put in force
Will make you sublime;

You have mapped out a glorious upward course---
But why don't you climb?

You're not quite ready to start, you say;
If you hope to win

The time to be starting is now---today---
Don't dally, begin!

No man has ever been ready as yet,
Nor ever will be;

You may fall ere you reach where your hopes are set---
But try it and see.

You are going to do great things, you say,
You have splendid plans;

Your dreams are of heights that are far away;
They're a hopeful man's---

But the world, when it judges the case for you,
At the end, my son,

Will think not of what you were going to do,
But of what you've done.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

What, generally speaking, do you consider will be the effect of Theosophy on the Twentieth century education?

Answer

(1) The educational value of Theosophy is something that is only just beginning to be generally recognized. This being on account of the fact that it is only in the last few years that Theosophy has been made sufficiently practical in its applications to appeal to people as an educational factor.

The Raja Yoga School has become such an example of what can be accomplished by carrying the principles of Brotherhood into the daily lives of children, that the eyes of the world are being forced this way, and the minds of the foremost educators have been set thinking along a line, that to them, was entirely new.

What is the essential feature about Theosophy that makes it so valuable as an educational factor? It is this, developing the realization in the individual that he is a responsible being, that his life is linked with that of all others, that he has in him something more exalted than the physical envelope we see with our eyes, and that this something is capable of expressing itself more and more, of making itself manifest to our perceptions in more ways than one, every day of our lives, if we will only allow it to do so.

It is this gradual unfolding of the soul that is the key to true education. Yet we find that none of the modern educational systems have even a touch of it. They confine themselves solely to the intellectual, and so deal with the vehicle instead of the controlling power.

True knowledge of any kind can only develop from within, the ordinary brain-fed understanding of the parrot-learned style is of little value, because it has not become an essential feature of one's being. It can never become so, as long as the process consists of efforts to force into, without any endeavor to awaken and develop, that which lies *behind* the human brain.

So this will be the effect of Twentieth century Theosophy on education: Making education more a matter of unfolding of the innate possibilities of the individual; for in every human being lies dormant the latent possibilities of comprehending all things that relate to the universe, awaiting merely the touch of the master-hand to awaken heart and mind to an activity which leads to and becomes true knowledge—the knowledge that is a part of one's being and not that which masquerades for it. Also the abolishing of much of the useless rubbish that is taught today in our schools, and the substituting of teachings in regard to our divine natures and of the correlations between us and Nature's various forms of life, inculcating the idea of learning more from observation, of

thinking more and talking less, of being self-reliant without being domineering, of being afraid of nothing and still being prudent, of having a supreme confidence in one's ability to do anything and to overcome all obstacles and still not be egotistical. These are but a few of the effects that Twentieth century Theosophy will have upon education. H. S. T.

(2) The effect on education when the teachings of Theosophy are practically applied to it, is no longer a matter of conjecture or experiment. After three years' test of this system in the Raja Yoga School, with the wonderful results obtained, the truth of the statements made by all the Leaders and Teachers of this movement of what the outcome would be has been demonstrated beyond a question.

Long ago H. P. Blavatsky outlined a Theosophical training for children. But when she brought the teachings of Theosophy to the western world twenty-five years ago, it was into an age steeped in intellectual egotism. She was powerless, at that time, to demonstrate the wisdom of her teachings by practically applying them. Her work was opening the way for her successor by breaking down some of the barriers which were preventing humanity from receiving the Truth. She wrote: "If we had the money, we would found schools which would turn out something else than reading and writing candidates for starvation. Children should, above all, be taught self-reliance, love for all men, altruism, mutual charity, and, more than anything else, to think and reason for themselves. We would reduce the purely mechanical work of the memory to an absolute minimum, and devote the time to the development and training of the inner senses, faculties and latent capacities. We would endeavor to deal with each child as a unit, and to educate it so as to produce the most harmonious and equal unfoldment of its powers, in order that its special aptitudes should find their full natural development. We should aim at creating *free* men and women, free intellectually, free morally, unprejudiced in all respects, and, above all things, unselfish."

What she longed to do then, Katherine Tingley is doing today, and Theosophy, in the Twentieth century, is made practical and applied to all departments of every-day life. Touching education, it entirely changes the basis for training the child. Instead of developing the brain-mind at the expense of physical and moral unfoldment, it shows the due relative importance of each. Building a strong, healthy physical foundation comes first. The child is taught the laws of his being and how to live in harmony with them; that the body is but the instrument for the real self to use, and must be well cared for and attuned before the Soul can express itself through it. He is taught from the first the divinity of his nature; that he is a Soul, with godlike powers, but, being dual, there is also the animal side of his nature, which must be controlled and made to serve the higher, not dominate it. Instead of cramming with facts and data, true education draws out gradually the knowledge already stored up in his inner consciousness, allowing it to unfold like the flowers, naturally and easily.

Development of body, mind and Soul go on simultaneously, and a well-rounded character, perfectly balanced and free, is the result.

The effect of such a system, if generally adopted, would be magical. A new order of things would begin at once, and ignorance and fear would disappear, as shadows of the night when the dawn breaks, and humanity would be saved.

A. D. P.

The Torpedo

THE torpedo does not seem to be so entirely the conception of the present age as we have imagined. The following dialogue is to be found in the *Staple of News* by Ben Jonson, written three hundred years ago:

Barber—They write here one Cornelius-Son hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel, to swim the haven at Dunkirk, and sink all the shipping there.

Pennyboy—But how is it done?

Cymbal—I'll show you, sir. It is an Automa, runs under water, with a snug nose, and has a nimble tail made like an auger, with which tail she wriggles betwixt the coats (ribs) of a ship, and sinks it straight.

Pennyboy—A most brave device to murder their flat bottoms.

THE knowledge that we are divine gives the power to overcome all obstacles.

—Katherine Tingley

THE HOUR AND THE MAN

by PRISCILLA LEONARD

NO man can choose what coming hours may bring
To him of need, of joy, of suffering;
But what his soul shall bring unto each hour
To meet its challenge---this is in his power.

The Meaning of Compassion

SOME of the greatest and most frequent problems of our mental life lie hidden away under such familiar forms that we fail to recognize the magnificence of the treasure which they hide. Truly we travel into far countries to find the wisdom which, after all, we have left by our firesides at home.

The names of our virtues and of our vices are the commonplaces of every day speech, but how many are there who have made any honest and sincere attempt to discover what these things are in their beauty and their ugliness, what scientific messages they have for us, from what parts of our natures they arise, and in what way they are connected with the forces and the laws of the universe. We speak freely of cruelty and despair, pity and compassion, but would it not pay us to ask what these things actually are? We might perhaps find in them the threads which would lead us to a greater knowledge than we imagine.

What for example is compassion and why is this sentiment called forth by the sight of suffering? There are, let us hope, very few who have not at some time felt its force. Did we but glimpse its meaning it would today be the triumphant power in human nature. It would have opened for the race an avenue to wisdom which would have banished the sorrowful perplexities of life.

What then do we actually mean when we say that we have compassion for one who is in pain? Is it not in itself an assertion of the unity of the life which sweeps through all creation, the one life which manifests itself through infinite complexity of form and beauty? If this were not so, whence comes this contagion of pain which requires that we also must suffer because of the suffering of another, and what else is compassion except the ripples which pass from shore to shore when a stone is cast thus painfully into the sea of life? Happy are they who have so far escaped from the prison of themselves that they feel and know the ripples of consciousness, of sorrow, and of joy which pass to and fro over the tides of life. Such alone know the glory of living and such alone have the heritage of nature's wisdom. By compassion we step out from the

darknesses and the ignorances of life, by compassion we become one with the universal God.

And if compassion with one another can thus set ajar the portals of divine wisdom, how great and how gracious must be the flood of knowledge which follows upon a wider compassion, a compassion which embraces humanity, which feels the surge of human hopes and fears throughout the world. What wonder that love and wisdom have gone ever hand in hand and that the path to divine achievement has also been the path of love! What wonder too that power has ever been the companion of compassion, for do we not thereby enlist all evolutionary tides upon our side, do we not thereby become one with all that lives and is it not the force of the universe which passes into us, the onward sweep of the divine intention? Who can say to what heights of undreamed of knowledge compassion may not be our guide? He who loves his fellow men loves also nature in all her forms, and recognition of beauty and symmetry and strength and grandeur is but sympathy under another aspect. Nature recognizes her lovers and opens to them the doors which are ever tightly closed to the analyses of intellect and research, she makes smooth her roads to those who give to her the password of their sympathy. X.

The Book of Genesis

DR. W. T. DAVISON has expressed certain views upon the meaning of the Book of Genesis, which have produced a strained feeling between himself and some of the religious newspapers. This uncomfortable tension Dr. Davison has endeavored to remove, but we fear that the manner of the attempt may, perhaps, increase the difficulty. He writes:

Any minister who believes that the world was created in six days in the year 4004 B. C., or that the deluge covered the whole globe—as the earth is now known to be—so that the highest mountains were covered; or that one of the patriarchs lived on the earth longer than from the Norman Conquest until now, will, of course, teach his people so.

To this doubtful concession he adds the unwelcome assurance that teaching of this nature will, of course, alienate intelligent people and play their game for the enemies of Christianity. We might add that the religious newspapers which support creeds of this kind will lower their circulation, a point not without its due weight in the presence of the assurance recently given us by one of these journals, that the maintenance and increase of their circulation is the supreme problem which at present faces them. We like to help whenever we can. STUDENT

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Total number of hours of sunshine recorded during MARCH, 1904.90
Average number of hours per day, 6.28

APR MAY	BAROM ETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DAY	WET		DIR	VEL
25	29.744	65	52	62	58	.00	W	7
26	29.656	66	55	59	54	.00	SE	4
27	29.842	61	52	55	49	.11	N	14
28	29.904	62	49	57	52	.03	NE	5
29	29.876	64	50	58	55	.00	W	gentle
30	30.798	65	55	58	54	.00	SW	6
1	29.702	64	54	58	53	.00	W	13

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Sink Holes in Kansas

An interesting phenomenon in western Kansas is described and pictured in a recent report of the United States Geological Survey. One of the natural curiosities of the great plains region is known as the Meade salt well, in southwestern Kansas. It made its appearance very suddenly in 1889.

On March 3d in that year the famous Jones and Plummer cattle trail extended right over the spot where this depression was soon to appear. A wagon passed along the trail over the level ground. It is not known that this spot was seen again until twenty-three days later, when it was found that the ground for a considerable area had sunk into the earth and the hole was partly filled with water from an underground source.

The cavity was circular and the tracks of wagons and cattle on the trail were still plainly seen on either side of the hole. A considerable area around the hole had been depressed to a smaller extent.

The sink hole remains today, and on either side of it are still to be seen the road ruts and cattle trails along which for years scores of thousands of ranch cattle were driven from northern Texas into Kansas. There were very few routes of travel across this wide plain. But the accident to the surface occurred on the most important of them. Those who studied this depression were surprised to find that the water in it was very salt, although the ground water in the neighboring wells contained not a trace of salt.—*New York Sun*

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New Century Path

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Results of Evil Habits
To Harness Dead Sea
View of Kobe—frontispiece
Theology & Weak Men
Think About Thinking
The Yaqui Indians
Degrading Amusement

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Sensational News Items
Vivisection Condemned
by French Physicians
Kinds of Memory
Concentration and Memory
Evil of Capital
Punishment
Age and Pauperism
in England

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Where Are Our Masters
of Designs?
Nike Loosening Her
Sandal (illustration)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Sonya Kovalevsky
The Last Song (verse)
Countess Tolstoy
Women of Rumia
Another View
Japanese Women
Mendelssohn's Wife—illustrated
Through Chinese Eyes
Women's Dress

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Moon's Mountains &
Valleys—illustrated
Electricity and Life
The Sun's Atmosphere

Page 9—NATURE

Ivy (verse)
Protective Mimicry—illustrated
New Plant Type

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Reports of Anniversary
Exercises from the
Raja Yoga School at
Santiago de Cuba
"Vivisection" at
Claremont

Pages 12 & 13—GENERAL

Continuation of The
Transformation of
Japan—Glimpses
of the Island Empire
That May Rule
Eastern World—illustrated

Page 14—FICTION

Miss Delavan's
Reform

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

With the Children in
Loma-land
Harmony and the
Heart-Life
Some of the Children
of the Raja Yoga
School in Loma-
land (illustration)
One Song (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Thoughts (verse)
Modern Uses
for Plato
Kind Actions
Science of Souls
Students' Column
Life's Schoolmaster
Wail of Despair

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

An Object Lesson
in Visions

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Evil Results of Habits in Selfishness

A MEDICAL contemporary publishes an article which illustrates one of the most radical misconceptions of the present day, a misconception which is largely answerable for the failure of many well-intentioned reforms. The article in question draws attention to the enormous and world-wide increase of the alcohol habit, which has apparently been almost unchecked by the advance of scientific knowledge. It points out that even the most ignorant are now aware of the physiological evils which result from self-indulgence, and that although civilization is now saturated with precise and definite knowledge upon this particular point, the trouble is undiminished and likely, indeed, to in-

crease. It appears, therefore, that we are sinning against the light, such light as science has to offer. The ill results have been discovered, they have been made known by all the resources of the age, they are undisputed and indisputable, but the world goes upon its alcoholic way very much as though Science had not spoken. In the presence of such perversity, what is there for science to do except to go on with its vain repetitions and warnings, to which no one listens except those who do not need them? Now, we hold in high honor every effort, materialistic or

Passion and Desire Must Give Way

otherwise, to wean men from error and to open for them the road to better living. None the less, we hold that the efforts of what we may call a philanthropic science would be more successful if they were more inclusive, that is to say, if they recognized that passion and desire are stronger than intellect, and that moral faults cannot be overcome by the imparting of material facts, however conclusively proved and however freely admitted. Moral faults are to be conquered by moral ideals and in no other way. Material science may be a useful ally; it is, indeed, to be recognized and welcomed as such, but that it cannot stand alone in resistance to evil, nor produce any marked effect upon evil, is evidenced not only by the alcohol habit, but in very many other ways.

A science of morality is, indeed, the supreme need of the age, and by this we do not mean a collection of moral axioms nor of theological commands and injunctions. By a science of morality we mean an application to the mind and higher nature of man of those principles of sound and patient research which have proved so successful in the physical domain. We mean the practical recognition of the unseen forces of human nature, their classification, and their assignment to their due and proper precedence. Not until this is done, not until men recognize that

Break Down the Barriers to Pure Life

there is a vast scheme, a design, and an intention in their lives, a far-off goal and destination to their existence, can we expect them to regulate their actions, and to understand why good is good and why evil is evil. The good and the evil which are confined to the sphere of the body will remain impotent as forces of redemption before the assault of passion unless they are commanded by another and a higher science, which will give to life the majesty of eternity, which will break down the barriers of life and death, which will be above and beyond the sordid and the temporary.

The science of the future will include the full scope of life and not merely one aspect of it, and that aspect the lowest and the most transitory. It will show that the individual man has, indeed, a goal toward which he has been advancing for ages, and that his progress depends upon his power to subdue the base and the passionate within himself. It will show him the path which leads directly to that goal, and it will teach him the price which must be paid for every deviation towards self-indulgence. The price of physical pain he is willing to pay, because passion is stronger than this. Would he be willing to pay the greater price which is demanded by the greater law?

STUDENT

Harnessing the Dead Sea

FRENCH engineers are considering three different projects for turning the Dead Sea to industrial uses. Its level is more than 1,300 feet below that of the Mediterranean, and by cutting a canal between the two a great water-power would be obtained; while the enormous evaporation that always goes on in the Dead Sea would far more than neutralize the effect of the inflow from the canal. One project is to start the canal from the Bay of Acre, lead it south past Mount Tabor, and let it join, at Baisan, the waters of the Jordan. Another plan is to make it along the railway line from Jaffa to Jerusalem, which would involve a thirty-seven mile tunnel through the mountains of old Judæa. The third project is to start at Akaba in the Red Sea and pass through the desert of Wady-el-Jebel.

General View of Kobe—Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows an excellent bird's-eye view of Kobe, one of the principal cities of Japan. The photograph was taken from the hills back of the city, overlooking quite a large section of the metropolis and its harbor. Attention is directed to a further article on Japan which appears on pages 12 and 13 of this issue.

Theology for Weak Men

CONSIDERABLE attention has been excited by a recent article in the *New York Independent*, with the title, "Why I Gave Up the Ministry—a Soul's Tragedy." The writer gives three reasons for having done so, of which, for the moment, only the first concerns us. This reason is "a feeling of revulsion at the type of man with whom one must associate," both as a divinity student at college and afterwards. At college,

The strong men prepared to study law or medicine; weak ones theology. . . . The ministry today is not the profession that attracts the strongest men.

This phenomenon only reflects what is admittedly going on among the laity. The strong thinkers are rejecting the current religion, the current ideas about God. Their rejection is negative. It is not carried so far as the setting up of antagonistic conceptions. They shelve the whole matter as insoluble and unknowable. Professor Flint says:

As regards knowledge of God, religious and irreligious men take up the same attitude. Both endeavor to persuade men that there is and can be no such knowledge, that the best attainable is to be content with unreasoned and unenlightened belief.

In his recent book entitled *Christ*, the Rev. S. D. M'Connell says:

It is no mere phase of superficial skepticism through which we are passing. Half the men one meets are "agnostics," and this whether they call themselves that or call themselves Christians. The idea of God, as it floats in the mind of the average man, is compounded of three or four inherited conceptions, each of which has to a large extent ceased to fit in with the other portions of his mental furniture, and all of which have grown to be impossible.

A French writer, M. Albert Schinz, points out the result of this—a laicising of the church, the reduction of it to a sort of agency for the solution of economic and social problems.

The root of the trouble is in the pulpits. How can men teach others to find God who have not found God themselves? The man who has found God will not lack an audience, and he will send most of his audience away burning to enter upon the search on their own account. The man who is furthest from that finding will have the completest and neatest definitions of God, and the fullest assumed knowledge of God's feelings, purposes and past history. His hearers, after careful thought and search for any such being, naturally have to report a total want of success; retire from the search, and either become positive agnostics or indifferent about the whole matter.

The finding of God, the "Light of all lights," the sustainer of life and breath, the source of all the inspiration that ever descended upon any man, must be the most glorious attainment possible to humanity. Does the average pulpit occupant convey the impression that so vast a thing had happened to him? Do his words burn with splendor and intensity of the message that would in such case necessarily be his? If not, he has not truly, entered upon his calling.

The real teacher will say, look in, not out. He will not point to a definition, but to a fact of experience. He will call his hearers' attention to the moments when they were at their highest, when they were most stirred to some noble act, most filled with compassion, to all those moments in which the heart dominated, and the man became something beyond his common self. In such moments, he will say, the touch of God was upon you; and through them may the search for God be begun. Create them, recall them, repeat them, act according to their inspiration, overcome failings with their strength, and you will need no definition of God, nor any arguments to establish the existence of God. You will move more and more into the light of God. Beginning within, you will reach that which is beyond. Thus only can the quest have any success.

X.

Think About Thinking

ANDREW LANG recommends us to "think about thinking," which he says is not such dull work as some people suppose.

Even the thoughts of the most uneventful day may present us with problems not insoluble and well worthy of much consideration. Mr. Lang reminds us that even the most frivolous sometimes experience what they call "happy thoughts," and he invites us to a contemplation of their meaning. He illustrates his point with an anecdote:

In Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Life of the Great Duke of Wellington* is a report of his conversation by a lady. The Duke spoke of his own happy thoughts. In a military difficulty, he said, he would suddenly see, in his mind's eye, the whole

vast and perplexing situation spread clearly out before him, as in a panorama, so to speak. The amount of new knowledge which he got in this flash of vision was so great that to write it out for his use, he declared, would occupy him for two hours, and he could write succinctly.

There can be little doubt that the habit of concentration, and especially when it is joined with a trained and regulated imagination, produces results quite different from those obtained by ordinary thought. It is as though a mental barrier were suddenly broken down allowing a flash from some field of omniscience to enter the mind. It comes as lightning comes in a dark night, instantaneous, unheralded. It is a gift to the mind, from something which is not the mind, a gift from an interior realm of knowledge ordinarily inaccessible. If the mental science of today possessed attainments in any way equal to its claims it would be able to tell us what is this interior realm of knowledge and the precise steps by which we may be able to enter it.

STUDENT

About the Yaqui Indians

WE are hearing a great deal about the Mexican Yaqui Indians, but not very much in their favor. Dr. Stephen Bowers has just completed a trip through the Yaqui country, and he affords us a glimpse at the other side of the medal. There usually is another side. Dr. Bowers says:

The Yaquis are descendants of the Aztecs, and are an athletic race of people, industrious and brave. Those who live in the mountains are the ones to be dreaded. I found that most of the dispatches in relation to the depredations of these Indians are sent out by interested parties and have little foundation in truth. The Yaqui has no animosity toward Americans, but, of course, an American prospecting in their territory, or being found in company with Mexicans, would be in danger of losing his life. The Yaqui's fight is with the Mexicans, who he claims are his oppressors. This is presumably the reason that the stages running from Guaymas to Alamos, a distance of about 300 miles, are so seldom molested, as they usually carry some Americans.

When we got out two or three leagues from Guaymas, the ghastly sight of a naked Yaqui hanging from the limb of a tree, head downward, met our gaze. He had been left there by the Mexican soldiers several days previously. Before my return, three weeks later, the body had been taken down by the Indians and buried. Such inhuman acts excite a spirit of retaliation on the part of the Indians, and seem to have no deterring effect whatever.

I learned that one of the causes of the Yaqui war was the diverting of the water of the Yaqui River by the Mexican Government. It was sold to an English syndicate, which dug a canal more than forty feet wide and thirty miles long, almost completely diverting the water from its original channel.

The Mexicans have deported many of the Yaquis to Yucatan, but so great is their love for their native mountains that it is not uncommon for even their women to return carrying a child the entire distance.

The Mexicans have now been at war with the Yaquis for nearly twenty years, and it is believed that from twelve to fifteen thousand Mexicans have lost their lives in these contests. Who can say how many Indians have been killed, thus swelling the total to a frightful figure?

The Yaquis are human beings, industrious, brave and patriotic. It seems that the Yaqui children are loved by their mothers just like white children. Surely, some way could have been found to stop this long-waged war, to save the lives of these many thousand of Mexicans and Yaquis, and to prove that civilization can fetter the tiger in human nature and not merely sharpen its teeth and claws.

STUDENT

A Degrading Amusement

AN elevated and dignified entertainment was recently given at one of the large Pacific Coast cities. A fight was arranged between a cat and a dog, both animals having acquired a reputation for pugnacity under human tutorship. There does not seem to have been any particular concealment about the matter, the promoters possibly being aware of the prevailing taste of the community. The published report, accompanied of course by the usual picture of the principal ruffian, says:

The cat and dog were loosed on a vacant lot, the owner claiming that there would be no need of an enclosure. It was a very bloody affair, and the dog was ripped to ribbons, while the cat was chewed to death. The dog died the night after the fight.

Is there no law in the Pacific States against cruelty to animals and, if so, why is the law not enforced? Why was the atrocity permitted and why are not the authors of it punished? They appear to be well known by name and by reputation.

STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Too Many Sensational News Items

A CERTAIN man has committed suicide because of an entirely unfounded report that he had done so. No other reason is apparent, nor does it appear that he had ever previously contemplated such an act. It seems to be a case of suggestion pure and simple.

For one instance such as this there must be a very large number that are never heard of. Day by day our newspapers teem with horrors, luridly painted, and with every sensational detail represented, exaggerated or invented. Every kind of crime, every product of moral disease is flaunted before the eyes of boys and girls and of the nerve-wrecked products of civilization. What wonder that an increasingly large number of victims learn to believe that crime is something commendable because it is notorious, and that there can be no higher destiny than to be the subject of a newspaper column. Truly, we take our responsibilities very lightly, but the answer to them will be of a different kind. X.

Physicians Condemn Vivisection

A NEW YORK paper, acting upon the view of Dr. Maréchal, that "the anti-vivisection cause, to succeed, should originate in the medical body itself," prints a symposium of the opinions of a large number of eminent French physicians, all condemnatory of the practise. Most of them dwell upon its uselessness in throwing light upon human physiological processes; many regard its results as distinctly misleading; nearly all of them dwell upon its immorality.

For ourselves, we should compress the argument into one sentence. Even if results of value in saving human life or advancing knowledge have been attained or be attained hereafter in however great a degree, these are far outweighed by the degradation of the moral nature of the operators, student or diplomatized; all of whom have or will have the lives and often the minds of the sick in their care. No parent will be long in forming an opinion who will consider whether he would like to place his sick child in the professional care of a vivisectioner. X.

The Various Kinds of Memory

A SERIES of interesting researches have lately been made on learning and memory. The memories of different persons are by no means alike in kind, any more than they are in degree. If two pupils are observed, learning, say, the names of the towns in a State, one will be seen to be muttering, the other not. A third will have to go away and read them aloud. A fourth will learn them just as quickly if they are read to him. Here are at least three kinds of memory, but the time occupied by the four pupils may be exactly the same and the result equally good in all four.

One remembers by sight. He calls up the picture of the map and re-reads the names with his mind's eye.

Two others remember by sound. They have learned through hearing the names repeated, either by their own voice or someone else's. In their inner consciousness, they hear the sounds of the names once more and echo what they hear.

The fourth has stored in his memory the string of motions made by his lips in muttering. In repeating what he has learned, he goes through them again.

Most people, of course, use two or all of these methods. They look at the words they are memorizing; they say them aloud. And they say them aloud often enough to arouse both the memory of the sounds and of the motions. But even in these cases, one of the methods is easiest and most prominent for each person.

These three kinds of memory are used in thinking. As thought comes forward into clear consciousness, it passes through the storerooms of memory and clothes itself with what it finds there. Accordingly different persons find their thought going on in a sort of echo of their own words and voice; or in pictures of printed or written words; or in half-begun movements of talking. These last are the chatters; their memory is that of motions of lips and tongue, and so their thought—if it

Concentration and Memory

can be so called—passes out at once as chatter. They are chattering inaudibly or audibly all the time. Can there be thought without words? Of course. It consists of those deep, swift evolutions in consciousness that have not yet passed into the anteroom of memory to select the dress of words in which they will finally present themselves to the world. At that stage they are best regarded as feeling; and we can then keep the word thought for them after the robing process is complete. Some of them are, of course, altogether too subtle and spiritual for words at all. In the musician, many of these will prefer to robe themselves in pure sound, as music; in the poet, their verbal dress will be rhythmic. In great poets, the unutterable ones are made to suggest themselves by means of the elevated form which is given to those that are just barely utterable. In both artist and musician, the robing room is not only fitted with words heard, sounds heard, and colors seen physically, but with sounds and colors perceived with a subtler, inner sense of sight and hearing.

It has been found that memory cannot be trained by mere practise in learning things by heart. After years of that, persons may remain with no better or swifter memories than before. Memory is only trained by training the power of concentration. Anything is remembered on which attention was concentrated. But attention, besides its gross and obvious waverings, has a much more numerous subtle set, not noticed by the ordinary person. So, in learning a paragraph, for example, we have to go over it many times in order that the waverings of attention may be at different places. In the end, when learned, attention has rested over all of it. But a person of trained concentration will remember it at one reading. To train memory, train concentration. Memorizing things only trains memory in so far as the process is used to train concentration.

PSYCHOLOGIST

The Evil of Capital Punishment

THE governor of New Jersey has honorably distinguished himself by saying "If any effort of mine can prevent it, my administration shall not be stained with the hanging of a woman." It has been said that gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come and we therefore gratefully invite the governor of New Jersey to make a further pronouncement to the effect that if any effort of his can prevent it, his administration shall not be stained by the hanging of any one. The question of capital punishment is one which admirably illustrates the deficiency in nerve connection between the nation and the executive. There are, of course, some people who positively advocate the continuance of judicial murder, but their number is very small. They belong largely to that unfortunate section of the community who have reached a point in evolution where instinct is dead and intelligence not yet aroused. The vast majority of the nation, if questioned individually, would discourage and disapprove of capital punishment. In spite, however, of our representative machinery, the nation is inarticulate on matters of morality and lacking in determination to become articulate and to insist upon being heard. STUDENT

Old Age and Pauperism in England

IT has lately been shown that of every four persons in Great Britain—one of the richest countries in the world—over the age of sixty-five, three are paupers. Of these, some small proportion, of course, "deserve it;" some were spendthrift, some criminal. If we find any relief in so doing, we can put them apart. There will then remain the thousands who lived all their years on into age, earning only the price of bare necessity, and facing, notwithstanding all their struggles, the coming certain humiliation of pauper "relief." What that humiliation means, only those know who have seen the relief being distributed. Some day it will be recognized that there is a national consciousness from which no unit of a nation can disentangle himself and for which every unit is responsible, colored by the griefs, hopes, fears, anxieties, joys and pains of all. What these thousands of old people contribute to it needs no description. And it is the record book on which the divine Law founds its sentences, the sentences which are the fate of nations. X.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Where Are Our Masters of Design?

WE have painters, sculptors and architects, but where are our designers?

Not long since I visited one of the largest theatres in America, just being decorated by a well-known firm of designers, and as I looked about I was forced to ask myself, "Have we any masters of design, such as the Greeks had, such as medieval Europe had, such as even the old Celts claimed in their own style, such as has modern Japan?" The design of the proscenium arch was a hybridization of old Celtic and classic Greek. Above it meandered panels in "rococo," as indefinite and irritating as that style ever becomes, which is saying a great deal. Here was a suggestion of old Egypt in the lotus *motif*; there, a border whose color and design traced its ancestry to the textures of old Persia; the boxes were fashioned and adorned like Moorish palaces, yet the color was not garish, and, as a whole, the theatre pleased the masses, for the majority in art, like the majority in music, rarely mind if the instrument is not more than a little out of tune. There are, however, those who do—that is the difference.

But the most inharmonious note in that theatre was the labored "feel" of the designs. How those designers had labored! That was written on every wall and its label rested painfully in almost every line. There was meagre blossoming of soul-speech there in color and tone! Why?

As a nation we are young, just struggling into art-life, because the heart is just beginning to feel its need. Our cities are growing up like mushrooms. We demand the beautiful, for the heart demands food, and we have millions with which to buy it—which is not, however, an unmitigated blessing. Our younger artists have been tempted, as few in any age have been, to rush into designing before they were trained. The result is—well, one result has been a dulling of the moral sense, the artist's and that of the public, for a fine moral sense is the compass and the guide of all art. For all that is feeble in design is *immoral*, and never can be anything but immoral, *because it breaks the law*.

Imagine a would-be "litterateur," wholly ignorant of French, but who, after struggling through *Chardenal's Elementary Grammar* or *Bercy's Livre des Enfants*, should consider himself perfectly qualified to produce masterpieces of literature in the French language. Imagine a teacher who would say to his pupils, "It is quite unnecessary for you to study masterpieces of literature in your own language or in any other. If you can conjugate the verbs and tell a noun from an adjective, the thing for you to do is to begin an original work at once, say a drama in five acts, or a three-volume novel." What masterpieces such training would produce!

Imagine, for instance, the great Joachim Raff saying to a pupil, "O, it's not necessary for you to study counterpoint, nor even to be familiar with the masterpieces of music. You don't need a knowledge of musi-

AND for the individual, as soon as you have learned to read, you may, as I said, know him to the heart's core, through his art. Let his art-gift be never so great, and cultivated to the height by the schools of a great race of men, and it is still but a tapestry thrown over his own being and inner soul; and the bearing of it will show, infallibly, whether it hangs on a man or on a skeleton. If you are dim-eyed, you may not see the difference in the fall of the folds at first, but learn how to look, and the folds themselves will become transparent, and you shall see through them the death's shape, or the divine one, making the tissue above it as a cloud of light, or as a winding-sheet.—*Ruskin*



NIKE LOOSENING HER SANDAL

cal theory or of musical forms. You have merely to begin by being original! Go ahead and make your own forms! You can play 'Home, Sweet Home,' and can tell a minor third from an octave. Now you are ready to start out as a composer!"

And yet we have today "teachers" of design who teach their pupils after exactly this fashion. "To be original"—that is their watchword, not realizing that they are themselves psychologized by the modern fever for novelty and the modern chase after "something different." The results we see all about us, in our public buildings, in our school-houses, in our private homes. The Japanese can teach us something there, for the artists of no modern nation have so marvelous a mastery over line and so wonderful a facility for design, and the reason is that the classic forms, the principles, or elements, so to speak, of their design are as familiar to them as speech is to the tongue. Imagine the mastery that would result if a teacher of design insisted that his students should study the recognized styles one by one, thoroughly, conscientiously, carefully, until he had mastered each in turn; *until he could absolutely think in it, translate his own thoughts into it, as if it were his mother tongue*. Let such a student begin, say, with the Greek, then pass to the design of old Egypt; then, perhaps, to a complete and close study of Gothic design, not forgetting the rare old traceries of the Celts. A student who had mastered the principles of design, not through slavish copying, but *through close and careful and impersonal study*, need not worry about originality. The man who can read and thoroughly understand Shakespeare is able to compose a letter to his grocer or write a paragraph about the weather, perchance even a sonnet to the Soul.

If this kind of study were the rule instead of the exception, we would have designers who are masters of line, not mere meanderers after it; designers whose work would not be labored apologies, but poems, songs, absolute dramas in color and in line.

STUDENT

SAFONOFF, the visiting Russian conductor, said recently:

All nations which have added to the store of human culture have at all times conserved their national folk-song. Peter the Great, when he ransacked Europe for artists and men of letters, guarded jealously the songs of the people as the sacred treasury of their soul life. Mathematics and science belong in common to all nations, but the folk-songs of a people are its distinguishing inheritance, the expressions of its peculiar genius.

HANS VON BULOW once remarked of a musician—and a volume could not have expressed more—"He plays the easiest pieces with the utmost difficulty!"

RICHARD STRAUSS recently said of the American public, "It is unique in its appreciation of art." What did he mean to convey?



IF WE WOULD WALK IN THE LIGHT WE MUST MAKE DUTY ONE OF OUR HIGHEST IDEALS

— KATHERINE TINGLEY

Sonya Kovalevsky

THE books of Tolstoy and Tourgenieff have made us familiar with the enthusiasm for advancement and freedom felt among some classes of the youth of Russia; but the world is not so well acquainted with the fact that a similar feeling has fired the hearts of many Russian women, and that their burning desire to help their country by the spread of knowledge, led, about thirty years ago, to a strong movement among the daughters of aristocratic families.

In departing from the accepted order according to which the Russian woman is wife and mother, or merely a woman of the world, these girls encountered parental opposition, and in order to overcome this and make it possible for them to leave home and study at foreign universities, they contracted marriages with young men in sympathy with their ideals, and then, as married women, pursued their studies abroad.

Among these pioneers in the cause of higher education was Sonya Kovalevsky, the great Russian woman mathematician. She and her student husband went in 1869 to Heidelberg. Already in Russia her talent had shown itself. From Heidelberg she went to Berlin where the university was, as now, closed to female students. The great teacher, Weierstrass, was astonished at her application for tuition in mathematics; but the acuteness and skill with which she solved some problems he had set for his advanced pupils, convinced him of her powers. She remained his pupil four years, and during this time wrote the three treatises that gained her a doctor's degree in the university of Gottingen. She desired to apply her knowledge in the higher branches of education and thus help to open the universities to women; and in 1883, when were opened the doors of the University of Stockholm, she gave there a course of lectures in private, and in consequence received an official appointment for five years. At the end of this time she received an appointment for life, but lived to fill it for only one year.

It was her custom to spend the time between terms in Paris and other capitals, where she received every mark of distinction due to her achievements. She frequently lectured at scientific congresses. Genius she adored, and her natural element was the companionship of mighty intellects.

Madame Kovalevsky delighted in literary work and was a successful author, publishing novels and magazine articles anonymously. In her book, *Recollections of Childhood*, she relates that her nursery was temporarily, while waiting for the outer paper, covered with sheets of lithographed lectures on the calculus, which she deciphered, working out for herself the order of the formulæ. These impressions returned vividly to her mind later. In 1888 this young Russian woman received in person, from the French Academy of Science, the *Prix Bordin*, the greatest scientific honor which any woman has ever gained and one of the greatest honors to which any student can aspire.

Though endowed with great strength and endurance in the prolonged consideration of the science she loved, and possessed of the will that overcomes all obstacles and works to its end, Sonya Kovalevsky had an almost childlike charm of manner and a sweet dependence upon those who loved her; these won for her the affectionate title, "our Professor Sonya," by which she was known in Stockholm.

Introspective and at times gifted with second sight, this brilliant woman

THE LAST SONG

by JOHANNA AMBROSIO

A SONG of my own creating,
A wondrous song I'd sing,
Which like the fragrant breeze of May
O'er earth its flight would wing.
From North to South, from East to West,
A way break in a trice,
And give to all mankind sweet rest,
Joy, Peace, and Paradise.

Unto the sick and dying
Sweet cordial it should bring,
The sound of its soft pinion's stroke
Still grief and suffering.
Mid clank of arms and conflict hot
Foa courage to a flame;
For woe men comprehend not
Comfort it should proclaim.

But where'er sin is lurking
With cruel serpent e'e,
To hurricane swiftly rising,
'Twill sweep it in the sea.
On every chink in house of pain
A cooling balm distil,
The temple cleanse from ev'ry stain,
And every want fulfil.

And if this song succeeded,
Nor fame nor gold to gain
I'd wish, but throw my lyre down
And sing no other strain.
Unto the pine woods stealing,
Lay me for death's repose
To no one e'er revealing
Who did this song compose.

was intensely interested in human nature and had intuitive insight into it.

Her biographer and friend, Anna Carlotta Leffler, says of her: "She had risen to heights to which genius and imagination alone can carry the soul. To others she had given instinctively of her knowledge, experience, phantasy and feeling. No one who knew her could remain unmoved by the influence ever exercised by the keen intellect and glowing feeling which spread sunshine and growth around. Her mind was fertile because her intellect was unselfish."

MARJORIE M. TYBERG

The Countess Tolstoy

ONE of the most remarkable women of the present age is the Countess Tolstoy. So completely obscured has she been by her husband's fame, few are aware to what an extent she has made his fame what it is. Twenty-nine years younger than her husband, but differing radically from him in most of his views of life, and herself possessing remarkable gifts as a social leader, one wonders how she could have led a life so serenely happy upon the lonely estate upon Yasnaya, Polyana, so far away from Moscow that a railway journey of some nine hours must be taken first, followed by a droshky ride of ten miles. The only near neighbors are the peasant inhabitants of a tiny little village of straw-roofed houses upon the estate itself.

One who is even slightly familiar with the work of the Countess Tolstoy must admit that she possesses rare adaptability and a perfect genius for unselfishness. Her husband quite willingly leaves to her the entire management of the sale of his books, and if he is not daily thankful for the fact that she differs radically from him in regard to his ideas of property rights, he ought to be. Excepting for that fact the Count might be peniless today.

The Countess spends a great portion of her time revising, correcting and copying her husband's manuscripts for the publishers, and her patience is apparently inexhaustible. One of his books, *War and Peace*, she copied entirely six times, and another one, *Life*, she copied a round dozen times before the Count decided that it was really fit to go to the publishers. In addition she translated the latter book into French.

To her children, eight of whom are still living, the Countess has been an ideal mother. English and music she taught them herself, for she speaks fluently not only English, but French and German, and it is only because she has kept herself in the background that she is not today better known. Her life with Count Tolstoy has covered a period of something like forty years, and she has borne him thirteen children. She has been the pilot-wheel and the anchor for the entire family, and now the Count declares that marriage is a failure—doesn't believe in it at all! Her own views on the subject the Countess has not yet expressed.

STUDENT

MADAME PUSEPP KONDUROFF, daughter of Colonel Maximoff Konduroff, has been enrolled in the Russian forces in Manchuria. Madame Konduroff will join the First Regiment of Sharpshooters. She leaves this week for the front. She is the first woman in the Manchurian army.

MISS EMMA HELEN BLAIR is editing a series of fifty volumes on *The Philippine Islands, 1493-1903*.

Woman's Status in Russia

"ABOUT ten years ago," wrote an American woman, recently, "I met a Russian lady of rank and wealth who congratulated me on being a citizen of a republic. As my allegiance to my sex is greater than it is to any theory ever established by men, I replied that I could not see that being a citizen of a republic was a matter for any woman to be congratulated on. She was amazed at this and asked me for an explanation, whereupon I asserted that I was confident that our sex had not fared so badly, either politically or legally, at the hands of the Russian government as at the hands of the United States republic. Each of us wagered that the other was wrong, and to settle the question we agreed to gather certain data concerning women in our respective countries. We found that, while in America millions of wives had had no individual control over their property for about two centuries, every wife in Russia had been the legal mistress of her own fortune; that while every woman householder in Russia had had the right to vote on all municipal matters for several centuries, millions of women in the American republic had no such rights; that 9,000 wives were deserted by husbands in the republic to 500 in Russia; that thousands of tiny girls were employed in factories in the republic, while no little girls can be legally employed in Russian factories."

Another View

ACCORDING to one of our exchanges a person living in the village of Petrowka, Siberia, recently sent the following extraordinary letter to the police at Irkutsk:

I have the honor to ask you to kindly make it publicly known that in the village of Petrowka I have a young wife, twenty years old, and two pigs for sale. The price for all three is only £2 10s. My wife is very pretty and young, but of a somewhat quarrelsome and capricious disposition.

The police at first thought they must be dealing with a madman or, if not that, with a person of weak intellect, but when the person himself came to light, they found him to be perfectly sane and of average intelligence. Such are our ideals otherwheres—and such is life.

Life of Japanese Women

JAPANESE women, unlike other women of the Orient, have never led enclosed and wholly shut-in lives. They have had an almost exaggerated patriotism and public service has been to them one of their sublime ideals. In the old days every Japanese woman was taught fencing and the use of the shield so that when the Samurai, those of the warrior clan, were off to the wars, she might defend the women's apartments and her own honor. The days when such emergencies arise may be past, but the higher patriotism remains in the hearts of the Japanese woman of today and there is sore need.

Patriotism in Japan is more than an ideal merely, it is a passion. At one of the recent teacher's conventions in Japan one of the questions up for discussion was, "What shall we do to inculcate among the youth of the nation the glory of war, the higher patriotism, and the endurance of hardships?" The Empress Haru, as is well-known, was the head of the Japanese Red-Cross Society organized during the late war. She was lavish in her gifts of money and, with the ladies of her court, she made thousands upon thousands of bandages and garments for the army hospitals. She herself visited the wounded, often distributing gifts. The work of the Japanese women as nurses has always been more than a success; it was and continues to be an inspiration.

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE recently said: "It is not the really wealthy who make the display. It is the people who want others to think they are wealthy."

It is announced that two new foreign universities for women will be opened next year, one at Tokyo and one at Moscow.

The Wife of Mendelssohn

OF Cécile Jean-Renaud, who became Mendelssohn's wife, Edward Devrient says, in his *Recollections*: "Cécile was one of those sweet, womanly natures whose very presence exerts a tranquilizing and beneficial effect on every one; a slender girl with features of dazzling beauty and delicacy, hair of deep blonde and eyes blue and large, she showed even then signs unfavorable to a protracted life. She spoke very little and that little very softly, having that voice which Shakespeare so praises in woman, and that charming silence which Shakespeare, in the utterance of Coriolanus, extols no less highly than does Lear, Cordelia's soft low voice."

Hensel, the son of Fanny Mendelssohn, wrote of his aunt, Cécile, "It was not the presence of strong and marked peculiarities which made her so lovely; rather, it was the absence of these, the harmony and complete roundness and balance of her character. She was not especially brilliant, not wonderful in her wit or learning or in any particular gifts, but she was refreshing as a breath of mountain air or a draught of pure, cool water; it seemed as if this woman was created for Felix. No one could have been better adapted to his temperament, no one could have secured him such unbroken joy."



THE WIFE OF MENDELSSOHN

Through Chinese Eyes

HUAN HSIANG-FU, an eminent Chinese lawyer, recently published a book in which he jotted down his observations of our western life. The book is unique, it is needless to say, and well worth reading. One of the strangest of our customs, in his eyes, is our habit of kissing. He remarks that "the most respectful form of this courtesy consists in applying the lips to the lower part of the chin and making a smacking sound." He notes that women commonly do this, "which is exceedingly strange." "Husband and wife," he says, "go arm in arm along the street, yet no one smiles. . . . The husband will perform any menial service for his wife and nobody will jeer at him. . . . No man may smoke while women are at the table, but occasionally when they have finished eating the women leave purposely, letting it be known that this is done out of compassion." The author was also much astonished at the fact that women "must go out walking in the streets every day!"

Exhibition of Women's Dress

CRYSTAL PALACE, London, is just now housing a great international exhibition of women's dress. Not only are the finest and most elaborate of modern gowns in evidence, but also hundreds of typical peasants' costumes from all the European countries. Also medieval and ancient Japanese and Chinese gowns are there, rivaling in beauty and elaborateness costumes of the marvelous richness characteristic of Sixteenth century Venice. The exposition has its practical side as well, demonstrating by means of hand and power looms and various machines all the processes used in the making of feminine attire.

It is more than likely that this exposition will be significant in its results otherwise than commercially speaking. It is as absurd to under-rate as to overrate the importance of women's dress. If the body is the servant and handmaid of the soul, it is but common sense that it should be properly clothed; and it is quite likely that the cardinal laws which govern all earthly things govern also the realm of the wardrobe. Ugliness is never appropriate and carelessness is as great a sin as over-fastidiousness. To be neglectful of one's personal appearance is the reverse of a virtue, and may be even more disintegrating in its effects on one's self and the characters of others than vanity. Women must find the middle line, where beauty clasps hands with usefulness, where there is made an honest and loving effort to adapt the garments to the soul's highest needs, where the soul is neither outraged by the uncouth, the ill-fitting or the neglectfully-fashioned garment, nor denied expression by over elaborateness and the showiness that is merely sham. STUDENT

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

The Mountains and Valleys of the Moon—Earth's Tides

OUR picture shows the Moon's principal features when she is a little more than a week old. The comparatively smooth, dusky plains, called seas, the brilliant mountainous regions, the hundreds of strange ring mountains, and a few of the mysterious bright radiating streaks, are well seen at this period. A little above the center the long curved line of the lunar Apennines is seen, a range about twenty-nine thousand feet in height. Still higher up is a curious straight streak, the shady side of the deep, clean-cut valley through the Alps; and above this, a little to the left, we find Plato, a great walled plain about sixty miles across, whose variations in color as the sun rises higher upon it may be due to the growth of some low form of plant-life. Not far from the southern pole the lunar surface is extremely rough and pitted with many huge cavernous depressions, and here we notice one of the centers from which the bright streaks radiate.

The Moon presents the appearance of a dead world, a burnt-out or frozen corpse, slowly disintegrating; but H. P. Blavatsky tells us it is not completely dead, though its spiritual principles have fled. Recent observations have convinced many scientific men that certain periodic changes take place upon many parts of the lunar surface, and the idea is growing that they are partly due to vegetation and partly to the melting of frost precipitated during the long lunar night. It is not improbable that some low forms of life exist, and the brilliant whiteness of the mountain regions is strongly suggestive of frost or snow.

The influence of our Satellite upon earth-life is well known. Its attraction is the chief cause of the tides, though the theoretical explanation of the high tide, on the side of the earth farthest from the Moon, is not clear. The text-books give the curious hypothesis that the earth is pulled away from the sea, leaving a body of water heaped up behind it, but this idea has been seriously doubted of late. We would respectfully suggest that the attractive force may change its polarity upon passing through the body of the earth, and may become a repelling force, pushing up the waters a little above the mean level of the sea.

It is held by many that the Moon is the parent of the earth; she had her life culmination at a time when the earth was not fit for habitation, but ultimately the Moon's vital energy and spirit passed over to our globe, and now there is little left but an empty shell. The knowledge of this intimate connection between the two planets throws light upon the inexplicable problem of the seven, fourteen, twenty-one and twenty-eight-day cycles in many diseases, in the life histories of animals, in the weather, etc., etc.

PROFESSOR HALE is investigating the climate of Southern California with the intention of erecting a gigantic and improved Spectroheliograph. He concludes the conditions are ideal upon the high peaks of the Sierras.

Modern Science Associates Electricity With Human Life

IN the minds of scientific students, electricity is being more and more closely associated with life. A recent book, *The Signs of Life*, by Augustus Waller, M. D., F. R. S., accentuates this point very markedly. It might almost be said that, in the author's words, the thesis is "that the electric responses . . . are a token and measure of vitality. . . ." This result was reached from an examination of very diverse objects, the retina, the lens, the entire eye-ball, the skin of animals and its equivalent in plants, and many other living tissues in both kingdoms.

But electricity, so far as we know, and as we suspect with more and more confidence, does not differ in essential nature from the other emanations we call light, X-rays, N-rays, and all the other alphabetically-named rays of which a new one is now discovered every few weeks. It is probably a question only of length and rapidity of vibrations, grading downwards from the highest invisible light to the comparatively slowly vibrating electric rays or currents. And it is probable that the whole of them, those we now know and reaches of octaves yet to be discovered, are emitted by all things that have life, different portions of this vast spectrum predominating according to the different forms of life and the different rapidities of life-changes. These are all *forces*, emitted and absorbed by Life, the master-workman, from and into his countless laboratories of molecule, crystal, cell and organ, absorbed where he builds, emitted where he unbuilds. Though in truth both processes go forever hand in hand. They are messages or messengers between living things, continually entering into and leaving service. STUDENT



THE MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS OF THE MOON

Clouds in the Sun's Atmosphere

FOR some reason astronomy seems to be the science that has produced more distinguished men than any other in America. The Royal Astronomical Society of England has just recognized the brilliant work of Professor George E. Hale of the Yerkes Observatory, Wisconsin, by

awarding him the gold medal of the society, the highest honor an astronomer can receive. His special achievement has been the perfecting of the Spectroheliograph, a powerful spectroscopic telescope which sifts out and separates the light emitted by various glowing substances floating in the atmosphere of the sun, and so enables photographs of the brilliant clouds of hydrogen, or masses of calcium vapor, for instance, to be taken independently of the other constituents of the solar atmosphere. Of course, these dazzling vapors cannot be distinguished by the eye with telescopic aid, however powerful, as they are merged together in the general brilliancy. But the Spectroheliograph has marked a new epoch in astronomy and opens the way to important new discoveries about the condition of the sun's surface. Possibly we shall get some clues concerning the period of sun-spot frequency to which less attention has been given.

Nature

Studies

IVY

by CHARLES DICKENS

WHOLE ages have fled and their works decayed,
 And nations have scattered been;
 But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten upon the past:
 For the stateliest building man can raise
 Is the Ivy's food at last.

The Question of Protective Mimicry in Insect Life

THERE can hardly be a more fascinating pursuit in natural history than the study of protective mimicry. Protective mimicry is an insect's imitation of its surroundings, so that it may not be perceived and consequently eaten by its enemies. Some insects precisely resemble dead leaves, living leaves, twigs, thorns, bits of moss, flowers, seeds, pods, lichen, spots of mold or decay, fungi, grass blades, anything whatever upon which they feed or on which they have a habit of resting. They even mimic each other. There is, for example, a little beetle which the birds will not eat, because his weapon of defense consists of a very bad smell and taste, when he is crushed or even irritated. Another beetle, which has not even this to defend himself with, has taken care to make himself so exactly like the first that the birds are deceived and let him alone.

No one can have failed to notice the slighter cases of mimicry. Pulling off a dead twig, taking up a handful of dead leaves, or scraping a bit of moss from a tree-trunk, one will constantly notice a moth or two fly away from under one's very eyes, previously entirely unnoticed.

There is a species of butterfly called the "leaf butterfly," from its exact resemblance when at rest, to a withered leaf. The shape, veining and shading are marvelously close and deceptive.

An English caterpillar achieves a very remarkable athletic feat in his successful efforts to disguise himself. His scheme is to resemble a little twig growing from a larger one. He feeds at night, and when daylight comes he seizes the twig firmly by two pairs of legs at the extreme hinder end of his body. Holding on by them he causes the rest of his length to stand off at what he considers a suitable angle from the twig so as to look like a little branch. This position, swaying in the wind with his twig, he can retain for hours, bearing his whole weight on the two pair of legs. But as a rule he spins a silken thread from his head end to the twig, so as to take some of the weight.

The twig insects, *Phasmida*, carry the resemblances to twigs much further, as our drawing shows, and can hardly be distinguished even on close scrutiny.

The zoology of today is beginning to suspect that its explanation of protective mimicry may be at any rate incomplete. Its explanation is comprised in the magic words "natural selection." Out of a large brood of young insects, born one summer morning ages ago, one had a slight accidental resemblance to a twig. When the family scattered over the neighboring trees, all got eaten by birds except this one. A bird standing

at some distance and being a little short-sighted, mistook him for a twig. So he lived long enough to marry and had many offspring, most of whom had their father's slight resemblance to a twig. One, however, carried the resemblance a little further, and, as it chanced, he alone escaped being eaten and became a parent. And so, through a vast length of time, the thing went on, until at last the present perfectly deceptive twig insects were evolved.

We do not see why that explanation may not go hand in hand with, and be completed by, another. May not the consciousness of the insect be so affected by the constantly present picture of his surroundings—in this case the slender twigs he lives on—as to influence the form of his offspring? How the influence would be conveyed to the egg and so to the future insect is no more mysterious than any other problem in heredity.

This suggestion would cover the admitted flaws in the doctrine of natural selection. It would explain why the variations in offspring are not in all directions, as they would be if the affair were chance only; why they tend to be along a favorable direction. And it would explain the absence, in such innumerable cases, of the transition forms which the doctrine of natural selection, standing alone, requires. We suspect that science will soon find itself forced into some such hypothesis, and that even proof of it may be forthcoming very soon. ZOOLOGIST

The Appearance of a New Plant Type

READERS of this page will remember the strange roses which consisted only of the petals; the whole central structure of the flower being replaced by a very vigorous twig-stem. Since then other cases of the same nature, in other genera of plants, have been brought to our notice. One species of geranium seems to be especially addicted to the habit, and now the gaillardia-like types have taken it up and produced several samples of flower stems transformed into twigs, quite contrary to the usual practice of such plants. Indeed it really begins to look as though Nature is experimenting with a view to introducing elsewhere the plan; already successfully used by one species of fern and by such plants as strawberries and myrtles; of producing new plants directly from the branches of the old.

It can be done now, with roses and other shrubs; under artificial conditions, by "layering" and "slipping," but there will certainly be some curious developments if

Nature begins it on a large scale. Imagine a rosebush with tiny rosebushes fully formed, roots and all, growing on its branches, all ready to pick off and set! Or suppose the lemons and other citrus fruits do like the one described on this page about a year and a half ago, which grew a little lemon tree inside the lemon rind while it yet hung on the tree. Such a departure is certainly not explicable by any theory of "accumulated variations," "natural selection" nor "survival of the fittest," but must be regarded as a definite action by the intelligences ruling Nature for the purpose of introducing a successful plan into new fields of operation.

As yet we have failed to secure any separate plants from such twig-flowers but we shall continue until the experiment succeeds. Perhaps we did not leave them on long enough to mature sufficiently. N.L.



STICK INSECT LEAF BUTTERFLY CATERPILLAR
 INSECTS THAT IMITATE PLANTS

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

A LARGE audience was highly pleased by the very interesting program presented at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in Isis Theatre last Sunday evening. Two very admirable addresses were presented, one by Miss Bonn entitled "The Angel of Hope," and "The Drama," by R. W.

Machell. Most of the music was furnished by the boys and girls of the Loma-land Raja Yoga Choir, and this was so thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, and the applause so frequent and prolonged, that encores were absolutely necessary. There was also a violin quartette by Raja Yoga boys and other instrumental music by students of the Isis Conservatory.

In his remarks on "The Drama," Mr. Machell began by quoting Shakespeare's lines "All the world's a stage —." Continuing he said:

"Could we but realize more fully how true this is I think we would be a little more tolerant to one another, and a little more tolerant to the destiny that throws us into so many difficulties and so many troubles.

"We look at life too narrowly. We see but a small part of the great drama in which we play our part, and seldom succeed in getting even a faint perception of the purpose of the whole great play, or even of one act of the drama. We have lost our sense of unity and have become so narrow in our individualism that we are not able to see our own place in life and realize how our own work fits in with the work of others, to make up a great act in the constantly evolving drama of human progress. Could we but realize more fully the unity of the human family we would find our interest in life vastly larger and more entertaining than we do at present.

"If you will think a little you will see that this individualism has been steadily fostered by most of the professed teachers of the Christian religion, which claims to be based on the precepts of Jesus, who constantly sought to teach the very opposite. For all the teaching of Jesus is the teaching of Human Brotherhood, and all the teaching of his professed followers is how to save your own soul.

"It is this constant appeal to man's selfishness that makes this form of religion popular and at the same time makes it worthless, for it fosters the very evil that is the cause of human misery, the sin of selfishness, the only sin there really is.

"The great teachers of men, whether they have been called Saviors or prophets, philosophers, poets, sages or men of genius, have all tried to show men how to be happy; but the priests and the pedagogues have never understood this, and have turned the wise teachings into hard and cold dogmas or laws and called it duty.

"Now, I think it is like this: a wise man sees that there is a natural way for

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Two Admirable Addresses, "The Angel of Hope," and "The Drama," & an Interesting Musical Program

Reprinted from the San Diego News

men to live, and that if they live that way they will be happy, and he tells them so. He tells them what to do and what not to do; he shows them the safe and smooth path, and warns them of the dangers that come to all who follow any other path.

"But his hearers think that they are living naturally already, and that the Teacher

wants them to do some difficult thing in order to please some imaginary Being who will reward them if they do what pleases him and punish them if they do what pleases themselves.

"The wise Teacher sees the Unity of all, and how beautiful is the great drama of the evolution of the Soul of Humanity; and he tries to show men how to live their lives according to the natural law and the fitness of things. He tells them of the joy that comes to each one who feels himself a part of this great Unity and the misery that comes to those who get shut up in their own blind wilfulness. And they think he is asking them to sacrifice all that makes life worth living and offering them a reward as a bribe to induce them to follow an unnatural and superhuman path of pain and suffering.

"I remember being deeply impressed with the spirit of the old epic of Sigurd the Volsung, which is the remains of one of the oldest epics in the world perhaps, in which a great king who had done many evil and many glorious things, speaks when his death is near of the joy to come when in the halls of All-Father Odin he shall sit at the feast with his brother whom he has slain and they shall talk of the great deeds done upon earth when they loved and fought and saved or slew as it chanced or as the gods willed. And another of the heroes in his hour of despair is told by his wiser counselor that the day of his enlightenment will come and he shall know the meaning of the tragedy and see the purpose of the part he has played, and she tells him he shall look on the face of all earthly ill

And the foul shall still seem foul and the fair shall still seem fair,
But thy wit shall then be awakened and thou shalt know indeed
Why the brave man's spear is broken and his war shield fails at need,
Why the loving is unbeloved and the just man falls from his state,
Why the liar gains in a day what the sooth-fast strives for late.
Yea and thy deeds shalt thou know and great shalt thy gladness be
As a picture all of gold thy life days thou shalt see,
And know that thou too wast a god to abide through the hurry and haste,
A god in the gilded hall, a god on the rain swept waste,
A god in the battle triumphant, a god on the heap of the slain —
And thy hope shall arise and awaken and thy love be quickened again.

"This nobler view of our destiny was once in the world and shall be again when we have learned the dignity of our calling and our true position in life."

Splendid Reports from the Raja Yoga School at Santiago de Cuba

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

ONE year ago today Mrs. Katherine Tingley officially opened the Raja Yoga School in Cuba. At that time she was in Santiago on the fourth Cuban crusade. With the announcement of the opening of a Raja Yoga Free School came hundreds of applications. Many were received and on the morning of the 13th of April, 1903, several hundred children were enrolled, and immediately two large buildings known as Raja Yoga Free School, Departments I and II were filled. Mrs. Tingley personally conducted the installation of the essential principles of Raja Yoga, and the children and their parents cheered the initial results with loud applause. Far too soon for the pleasure of the children came the summer vacation, and all regular work was suspended until the opening of the September term.

The first day of the term saw all the familiar faces in line, and in due time the classes were graded and the school work well organized and in full operation. The months have passed very quickly and the anniversary day was celebrated with a fiesta suggested by the children.

Besides regular class work, violin and piano solos were given by the pupils, wand drills by the girls' classes and military drills by the boys. Calisthenics and setting up exercises were also given; and the different classes interspersed the program with two, three and four part songs. Mayor Bacardi and Sr. Daniel Fajardo Ortiz of the *Cubano Libre* were present, and both expressed their appreciation of the children's exhibition,

especially in the mental arithmetic classes and spelling competition. The problems were given to the children in both English and Spanish, and without confusion or hesitancy the answers were given and with amazing rapidity. In the spelling competition each child spelled the word in English and then giving the translation spelled the Spanish word also. The competition ended in a draw and neither side was spelled down. Perhaps the most interesting part of the program was the reading of the school paper, edited by the children, *El Siglo de Raja Yoga* (The Raja Yoga Century). It is a semi-monthly paper, and besides the editorial and literary departments there is a girls' department, school department and department of foreign news. The programs were artistically gotten up, having covers of various original designs done in water colors and executed entirely by the children. At the conclusion of the program Mayor Bacardi responded to a request for a speech by the Drill Company, and in part said:

It is true, as has been read from your school paper, that this is the first anniversary of the founding of this school by Katherine Tingley. It is a year ago today that she gathered you together. Remember the condition of ignorance that you were in a year ago — your lack of everything that you have now. It is like planting seeds, which even now are putting forth shoots, soon to grow and blossom and bear fruit. And you are the ones who will gather this fruit.

There are not many persons who would leave all their friends, their work and their pleasure, to come down here to teach such a disorderly rabble as we are, for it is useless to deny it, we have no education, no culture here.

You are the fortunate ones, for this is as yet the only Raja Yoga School in Cuba. Santiago will always have the glory of saying, 'We had the first Raja Yoga School in this country.' The gratitude you owe to your teachers, and most of all to Mrs. Tingley, for it is only her love for Cuba that has made possible the Raja Yoga School, can only be expressed by unceasingly working and studying, that you may add to the influence and the glory of the school. So I advise you all to apply yourselves diligently, have a good deportment and be very, very grateful to Mrs. Tingley who has and is giving you so much.

Sr. Fajardo Ortiz made some friendly remarks and concluded by saying that he was always determined to help the school.

The fiesta closed with singing and a grand march by the school, during which the children received pretty boxes of candies, and then were gone—to commence a second year of Raja Yoga. SECRETARY

Santiago de Cuba, April 13, 1904

FIRST MUSICAL RECITAL

CONSTANT reports from Cuba speak of the gratifying progress which is being made by the Raja Yoga Schools which are now the educational feature of the Island. Everything which is inspired and organized by Katherine Tingley, everything which officially emanates from Point Loma, carries with it the stamp of its origin, and the Raja Yoga Schools at Santiago are worthy of their source. Certainly no higher praise than this could be given. The teachers are of exceptional ability and energy, the pupils respond to their efforts as was to be expected from Cuban children, while the parents and all the best elements of Cuban society give their moral support to an educational activity which they have seen in such successful operation, and which they know to be animated by motives which command their respect.

The latest evidence of the remarkable progress which has been made is afforded by a most tastefully executed program, bearing upon its front page the following announcement:

We have the pleasure of inviting you to attend the first recital given by the students of the Isis Conservatory of Music, the Santiago Branch of the Conservatory of the same name established at Point Loma, California, on Wednesday, April 20, at 8. P. M. The recital will be given in the Raja Yoga Academy, Heredia Alta, 3, Santiago de Cuba.

The program itself is of so admirable a nature, and so eloquent of the substantial work which has been done, that we reproduce it in full:

PROGRAMA

Etude	TERESA KINDELAN	Kohler's Method
Etude	JOSEFA GARCIA	Kohler's Method
Two Etudes	MARIA HECHAVARRIA	Gurlitt
At the Fair	ENRIQUE RIVAS	Hollaender
Slumber Song	ISABEL GONZALEZ	Gurlitt
(a) Home, Sweet Home	EMILIA DE MOYA	} Dana
(b) Waltz	ADELAIDA BACARDI	
Hand in Hand March	ENRIQUE PEROZO	Rummel
German Air	LUISA PERALTA	Lichner
Tulip	MERCEDES DE MOYA	} Th. Kullak
(a) The Pixies Waltzing	LUCIA BACARDI	
(b) The Brave Tin Soldier	MANUEL ARTIGAS	Hollaender
Gavotte	(a) Tarantelle	} Arthur Brown
	(b) The Pixies Sliding Down Hill	
Sonata Op. 62 No. 1	ROSA BUSTILLOS	Kuhlau
(a) La Fontaine	MARINA BACARDI	C. Bohn
(b) On the Meadow	ISABEL D'ESPAIGNE	Lichner
Le Secret	ISABEL SIERRA	Gautier
Butterfly	FRANCISCA SIERRA	Merkel
Fifth Nocturne	MARIA SIERRA	Leybach

That an effort of such magnitude was warmly appreciated by those who heard it, goes, of course, without saying. If, however, any evidence upon the point is needed, it is afforded by the following translation from

the columns of *El Cubano Libre*:

The Isis Conservatory of Music of this city gave a brilliantly successful recital last evening at the Raja Yoga Academy, Heredia Alta, 3. The distinguished and numerous audience which gathered at the Academy gave evidence of their appreciation of the progress made by the students of the beautiful selections on the program, which were severely classical.

The piano and violin numbers were interpreted by the Misses Teresa Kindelan, Josefa Garcia, Maria Hechavarría, Isabel Gonzalez, Emilia de Moya, Adelaida, Lucia and Marina Bacardi, Luisa Peralta, Mercedes de Moya, Rosa Bustillos, Isabel d'Espagne, Isabel, Francisca and Maria Sierra, and by the lads Enrique Rivas, Enrique Perozo and Manuel Artigas. It may be said that each and every one merited the hearty applause which each number evoked, for the correct execution shown by them.

The excellent musical ability demonstrated by Miss Bolting, teacher of piano, and by Mr. Reinemann, violin master, both of the Conservatory, was much admired. It will be remembered that this Conservatory is a branch of the magnificent institution existing at Point Loma, California. As a tribute to justice, and an expression of the pleasure and satisfaction afforded the audience, the loud and continued applause of the latter was noteworthy.

"Vivisection" at Claremont

POMONA COLLEGE, CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA, March 19, 1904

Editor of the NEW CENTURY PATH, San Diego, California:

My Dear Sir—First of all, let me express my appreciation of the high tone and beautiful sentiment of your publication. Somebody has done me the courtesy to send it to me recently, but making the natural mistake of sending it to Pomona, where Pomona College is not, instead of Claremont, where the college is.

Because of my general pleasure in the exceptionally high tone of the paper, I am the more troubled by the paragraph, a copy of which I enclose:

FROM NEW CENTURY PATH

A REPORT from Claremont notifies us that the vivisection season has begun and that a large number of live cats are about to be dissected for the benefit of the junior class in biology. We are told that this process, which is an annual function, is looked forward to with great interest, and the laboratory was crowded with members of the class and visitors during the opening ceremony. The newspapers have, of course, no space to record the sermons of protest which must have been preached by the ministers of the neighborhood at these disgusting proceedings. STUDENT

A paragraph could hardly be more misleading than this one. Let me point out your errors. There is no "vivisection," as that term is usually understood, at Pomona College. It is not true that "a large number of live cats are about to be dissected." There are no "disgusting proceedings." We here at Claremont have heard of no "sermons of protest which must have been preached by the ministers of the neighborhood." The ministers of the neighborhood know that there is no occasion for such sermons, and we only wish that that knowledge reached a little further.

Now, what are the facts? In the first place, Professor Cook, who is at the head of our department of biology, is one of the gentlest and sweetest spirits in the world; I know no man in the range of my acquaintance less capable of doing a cruel act.

Second, once a year, for about a week, he does have dissections in the line of teaching his biology class. In this case they use fresh bodies instead of pickled ones, and they use the bodies of cats freshly killed instead of the bodies of human beings some time dead, as the medical colleges do.

He gathers in from the neighborhood perhaps a dozen or fifteen supernumerary cats, in no case taking any except those which are contributed by families who have cats to dispose of. The chances are that they would be disposed of far less humanely in some other way if Professor Cook did not take them. But this is not the main point.

There is no "vivisection." All these cats are absolutely killed by chloroform, so that they are as dead as they ever could be before they are touched—with one exception each year, and that is practically no exception. To illustrate the action of the heart, one cat is chloroformed until his breath absolutely stops; that is, he is subjectively absolutely dead. It is a well-known fact that the heart continues to beat some seconds, or possibly a minute or two beyond that. The heart is quickly exposed and a tube inserted to indicate clearly the action of the heart in throwing blood; but in *this* one case the knife does not touch the cat until he is as unconscious as one of the cats that lived in the time of the Pharaohs is today, and forever beyond the possibility of awaking to any feeling.

Now, that is all there is to this horrible story. It seems, therefore, a little unkind that so sweet-spirited a paper as yours should use the uncompromising language of the enclosed paragraph. Will you not agree with me that if anything whatever was to be said in your pages about the matter it would have been wise and fair and infinitely more in accordance with the general spirit of your excellent paper (and particularly with the clear intelligence and especially high spirit of the one who signs himself "Student") to have found out the facts before reports were sent out, which are not facts at all, but the exact opposite of facts?

Please do not understand that I am writing discourteously, for, if I understand the spirit of your paper, I am writing in that spirit as I should be glad to have you do in case I had in any wise misunderstood you. Cordially yours,

GEORGE A. GATES

The Transformation of Japan---Glimpses of the

From the NEW CENTURY PATH Special Correspondent



THE Inland Sea of Japan, who can adequately describe its manifold scenic wonders; what pen is capable of transcribing in mere black and white the marvelous and enchanting aspect of its thousand isles and islets? Picture to yourself an expanse of water, of varying width, some times half a mile, sometimes three times that, mottled with shifting and changing coloring, from the deepest ultra-marine blue, to the daintiest pearl-gray, dancing and frothing softly, in crispy white caps, as the wind strikes it. Picture to yourself this expanse of water, begemmed with an abundance of little islands, some rugged and harsh as if millenniums of storms had tortured it; others mantled with greens, grays and browns, telling of Nature's most lovely dreams and of her gentlest caprices. Imagine an artist's dream of dainty loveliness; marry it to the noble vision of harmony conceived by a seer; then take this and realize it, translate it into actuality upon earth; thus only, perhaps, will you obtain an idea of what this remarkable and superbly fascinating portion of the surface of our dear old earth is like.

Your correspondent has seen a new thing in nature, he has seen wherefrom the Japanese artists have drawn the exquisite tints, and the beautiful, oddly quaint imagery, which has rendered them so justly famous wherever their productions have gone; that is, the world over. I am aware that I am laying myself well open to the accusation of being an enthusiast, and that it will be asked: "If all this be so, why is it that the world in general has heard so little about this Inland Sea, and why is it that writers have not more chosen Japanese life and Japanese scenery as the object of their praise?" The answer to that is simple enough, and is contained indirectly in this question itself. Excepting the intuitive and brilliant mind of Sir Edwin Arnold, so few novelists, poets and writers of note, know anything worth considering, about Japan, that their silence, and the lack of a literature doing justice to this country, are by no means remarkable. It is only a couple of years since, that, according to modifications in the treaties of the Empire with other powers, the cumbrous and annoying system of passports, before so vexing to the occasional traveler in Japan, has been done away with, and the interior thrown open to all who wish to journey inland. So, those who did come to Japan, rarely saw more than the wonderland of the coasts, the Inland Sea, and from the time of passing through the straits of Akashi, until leaving the country at Moji, contented themselves with marveling at the gorgeous panorama slowly spreading and changing before their eyes.

Besides, the little Japs have aroused no end of what seems a carping criticism, on the part of those with whom they are thrown but little into contact, and these folk seem to take no end of pleasure in detailing and rehearsing the petty bothers they have been subjected to; as if, forsooth, the foreigner, ignorant of the language and ways of any people whatsoever, could expect to find things running as smoothly as they would in his own native village at home. So might a Martian, or a Mercurian feel, were he to suddenly appear on earth, and sojourn for a time among any one of our most progressive and law-abiding peoples.

On the other hand, not a few are those who know Japan, who have lived among the Japanese, who know something of their customs and traditions, and these, I may say, are almost invariably just and open in their views; often they wax enthusiastic too. It is refreshing, to say the least, to meet with an absence of that specious "chauvinism," which so mars the judgment of many balanced minds in discussing things and folk foreign to their own blood.

The fact of the matter is, that the Japanese know very well what they are about, and have not the slightest intention of being interfered with in what they have set out to do. They recognize fully what they may make of themselves and of their civilization, backed by the temper of the race, and by the great natural resources of their country; and this is just what the White Man either does not, or will not, recognize. How common it is to carelessly class the Chinese as they are today with what the Japanese are today, and to dismiss the whole question with a semi-contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, and a mild wonder as to what the dickens does it matter anyway; Great Britain, or France, or Germany,

or Russia, or somebody will see to all that; besides (they say), the Japs are only imitators; they have produced nothing of themselves besides curios and domestic servants and a few pretty cloth goods and some green tea!

Now, just exactly there, is the proof of the coming greatness of this little mighty Island Empire. All progressive civilization is only a process of adaptation, and adaptation is cousin germain to imitation; and just in proportion as a people are capable of assimilation of the new, the novel and the extraneous, may that people be classed as progressive and enlightened. One may trust without fear to the natural protective instinct in the human breast to prevent this faculty of assimilation from overreaching itself. Indeed, I do not hesitate to assert, to challenge contradiction, in saying that what is colloquially termed the "American genius," is but a wonderfully keen and balanced faculty, innate in them, of utilization through adaptation. Indeed, all lessons in life possible to be learned by humans are grasped and digested solely in this way. I tell you that the destiny of Japan is a greater one than our tardy men of State yet seem to understand, and than we Westerners conceive of; and if one were not a believer in a Spiritual Power making for Right and Justice in, and through, the works of men, I should say that there has come into the breast of the Japanese a propelling force, which might, and probably will, one day, be a terrible menace to the White Man's arrogant conceit in his own special racial invulnerability, and to the lands on which he lives and builds. For Japan will awake the terrible power sleeping in the Chinese Empire. But, thank the Law, I think that that gloomy picture will never be realized, for history seems to forewarn us that the dawn of even a higher and nobler universal civilization is whitening the East, in which day men of every race and of every clime shall hold out the gospel of international peace and good-will to each other.

Kobe, or Hiogo, is the first stop of the transoceanic steamers, after the coaling stations of Moji-Shimonoseki, a distance of about 240 miles through the islands of the Inland Sea. Seen from the deck of a steamer anchored in the bay, it looks a more pretentious place than Moji or Shimonoseki, as, indeed, it is, being four or five times as populous, and ranking as the second city of commercial importance after Yokohama, possibly even preceding Yokohama, if purely commercial interests be taken into account. Backed by high hills, which might easily reach to the dignity of the name of mountain, it runs along the water-front for some little distance, but is less straggling than other towns along the coast. Many are the houses of European construction, of brick and kindred building materials, and they stand out very quaintly from among the surrounding native dwellings, shops and offices of different kinds. The hills pale away into the horizon on right and left in delicate shadings of color, while to the back shines the sparkling water of the bay. Here, too, is seen the snow of the recent fall, clinging to the hilltops like a white fur mantle; but in patches, for snow at this season of the year is by no means the rule, and is accounted as rather a joke on Nature's part, by the people, than as usual end-of-March weather. The sampans, small native boats, surrounding the vessel, are many, and all are spotlessly clean, the wood of which they are made being in every instance most carefully scraped; the yellow color of the wood, and the odd curves of the boat, making them look like big toys run into the water.

As far as I can make out, the costume of the lower-class Japanese is invariably the same. He wears a sort of short "kimono" over the upper part of the body, sometimes two, or even three, in cold weather; from the waist down, clothing the legs, clinging, dark-blue nether garments, reminding one irresistibly of similar clothing worn in Europe during the Elizabethan age. These tights come down as far as the ankle, where they are covered by a pair of soft, closely-fitting cloth footwear, like moccasins worn up to the ankle, and of the same dark-blue color and cloth as the "trousers." Occasionally the footwear is white, always clean, by the way; and in the case of the women, white is the usual color. These latter wear garments which seem to be but the kimono of the man, except that it, or they (for they sometimes wear more than one), reach as far down the leg as the ankle, which is covered by the footwear aforesaid. This clothing, varied by a cape worn over the shoulders in

Island Empire That May Rule Eastern World

cold weather, is worn by all Japanese, apparently, out of doors, except the better classes. It does seem that the European clothing adopted by many Japs is by no means an advance upon their own native costume, nor is it by any means becoming to them; quite the contrary. Fortunately, the women are evidently more conservative than their brothers of the "sterner" sex, for they abstain from the sartorial misdeeds of European ladies.

What a bright, cheery little people they are, anyway! Laughter, jokes and fun seem as natural to them as their peculiarly "yellow" skin. Their work is accompanied and lightened by a constant good humor, which seems never to fail them. One little fellow, who scrambled aboard our vessel, whose sampan had been damaged by a collision with the steamer's rudder, while he was demanding compensation therefor, did it with so much amiability, and with such profuse bowings, that it was an object lesson in brotherhood in itself to me.

Kobe is blessed with several good hotels for Europeans, which is probably an unmixed blessing to the latter, for I am told that native cooking is very unpalatable to the Western palate. Salted cherry blossoms may be very nice, and very dainty, but the dried fish that accompanies it would prove poor fare to most.

Motomachi street, the main thoroughfare of the place, is very picturesque; a ride through it in a jinrikisha enables one to study Japanese life at its doors. The shops are not pretentious, in the Western sense of the

word, but a short time spent in the interior of a good representative of them is like a short time spent in fairy-land. The bowing, smiling, polite little proprietor, his equally deferential little wife, and as often as not a red-cheeked maid servant, welcome an intending purchaser with all possible courtesy. Chairs are produced, an oddity to Japanese eyes, but understood to be a necessity to us; and then begins the inspection of what the shop holds. Prices are so absurdly low, in most instances, that one feels like purchasing the entire stock of the place, and before one knows what he has done, presents for everybody he knows of, and many for his own use, are laid aside. Boxes with mysterious springs, that open in one way and shut in another; little "banks," which seem to produce more than was put into them; marvelously and beautifully worked and polished articles of wood, that both charm the eye and are of positive practical use; other articles in wood that have been so treated that they both look and feel like satin to the touch; the curio shops, are certainly very attractive.

But there are no horses, no cabs, no street tram cars; everywhere the running 'ricksha man, with his high-wheeled little vehicle, threading the crowd here and there and everywhere; never the slightest sign of impatience, though more than once did my man run right into a group of chatters and gossipers. Nor are the policemen numerous; indeed, in a ride of three hours, I saw but two, and they looked half ashamed of themselves at being on "duty." I am given to understand that crime is rare, while the necessities of the Japs seem to be so very little that probably cases of thieving are scarcely considered worth while to prosecute.

Kobe has fine wide streets, often bordered with trees, and they are as clean as one could wish to find. Whatever the faults of the Jap, he is not a dirty fellow, and he bathes as frequently as the proverbial "tubbing" Englishman.

One would scarcely realize that the country were at war. There is not the slightest excitement or commotion in the streets, and it is only when approaching the governmental departments that the fact becomes again uppermost in the mind as a real thing. It is in the post offices, in the railway service, that the fact is remembered, for here both departments are to some extent disorganized, which is not a thing to marvel at.

Kobe is the foreign settlement, adjacent to Hiogo, one of the ancient cities of the island. The commercial center of the Empire is Osaka,

about twenty-five miles inland. At this place there is one of the old feudal castles of the country, one of the largest at that.

It sounds odd enough to speak of feudal castles in Japan, yet that just describes what it was.

The Samurai of the days gone by were mighty men of renown! Kioto, the capital of the ancient régime, has an abundance of temples and shrines, which cannot be equaled elsewhere. But even in this land of the cherry blossom and the chrysanthemum time waits for no man, and your correspondent feels his impelling finger very strongly just at present. "Sayonara," as the Japanese say.

G. DE PURUCKER



IKUTA (SHINTO) TEMPLE AT KOBE, JAPAN

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY, the eminent English scien-

tist has written an interesting letter to Professor Baskerville of the University of North Carolina. Professor Baskerville was successful in discovering two new luminous elements and this is the ground of Sir William Ramsay's congratulation. He writes:

I certainly regard the discovery as a most important one, but I cannot say that I was very much surprised over the news. I have always admired Professor Baskerville and as I knew that he was experimenting in this line I was rather expecting that he would sooner or later discover new elements. I have myself conducted experiments of the same nature and had hoped to discover just what Professor Baskerville has. But I do not feel jealous in the least. I shall continue my experiments, and now that the new instrument, the electroscope, has been perfected, it is more than likely that still more new elements may be found.

THERE seems to be some tendency in medicine to go back to nature, after all, for remedies and preventives. We have already noted the use of watercress as preventive of the disease known as beri-beri, and the use of apples in the alcohol and tobacco habits. Now comes Professor Celli with an observation that in portions of Italy where the tomato is largely cultivated and used, the people are practically free from malarial infection, even though such regions be very malarious. Years ago it was found that the acid of lemon juice (citric acid) was, even in very minute proportions, destructive to the cholera germ. The majority of people do not regard fruits as food, and superadd them to a meal already sufficient or excessive. When this is no longer the case, and wide selections of fruits are used as foods, very much will have been gained physically and even morally.

STUDENT

"NO sugar, please—the lemon will be sufficient," said Mrs.

Verlaine, as the maid handed her the fragrant cup. From the little bonnet to the dainty Russian boots; from the cameo-clasped sables of her carriage cloak to the hem of her tailor gown, everything declared Mrs. Verlaine to be one on whom the luxuries of life rested lightly from long and easy habit. "I wonder that people in general can be so apathetic."

"I know, my dear," was Miss Delavan's quiet reply. "I agree with you fully. The bill reads well, but—well, you know, it is a theory of mine that we have no business to tear down unless we can build up, and"——

"My dear, you have been too long out of the world. You must come to the club meeting this afternoon and post yourself."

When her caller had gone and the maid had carried out the cups, Miss Delavan took up half mechanically the bill in question—"For the Abolition of Child Labor in Factories"—and began once more to read it. Miss Delavan was one of those rare types of whom heaven is not lavish—perhaps because the world needs them so much. Hers was a character for the perfecting and chastening of which, time and sorrow had clasped hands. In her girlhood, the perfidy of one to whom she had poured out her all—her heart—with that utter trust of which only the deep, rich nature is capable, was the first shadow that fell upon her life. Then came others in quick succession. And on the day of Mrs. Verlaine's call, we find her alone, in the great Fifth Avenue house; alone, save for Leo, her brother's Scotch hound; alone, save for Rags, her little fox terrier, and Mimi, an Angora kitten, which appeared to have slight need of any owner at all. Miss Delavan, as she gradually faced her loneliness, determined that her life should not be useless. But what should she do?

In these days, women gravitate toward clubs as stars slip into their orbits. Miss Delavan had belonged to Sorosis in the old days, and the membership dues, kept up during many years of absence from club life, had served as a link. What more natural than that she should turn to the club again? She went, at first half-heartedly, for futile, indeed, seemed literature and "classes" in the face of the world's needs. She began to think and soon all her old theories were at risk. It was at this time that Mrs. Verlaine called to discuss with her the club's latest project—that of securing the passage of a radical child-labor bill.

"You wish to secure my promise then?" It was Senator Stewart who spoke, and his guests were Miss Delavan and Mrs. Verlaine.

"But you will admit, Senator, surely, that this matter of child-labor in our factories is an outrage?"

The Senator was courtesy itself, a born gentleman of the old school; but beneath the courtesy there was a keen grasp of situations. He had a large way of looking at things.

"Ladies, if you will permit me, your bill is too sweeping. Even if I should be able to secure its passage, which I know is extremely doubtful, you would be building upon sand. It has always been a theory of mine that we have no right to tear down, unless we can build something better in the place of the old."

Miss Delavan's face flushed; those were almost her very words.

"Yet, Senator, you will agree with me that the matter of child-labor in our factories is one of the most terrible wrongs of the age?" continued Mrs. Verlaine, reassured by his kindness.

"I admit all that, Mrs. Verlaine," replied the Senator, "but permit me to ask a question. After the children are dismissed from the factories, what do you intend to do with them?"

"Do with them?" repeated Mrs. Verlaine. "Why, we have nothing to do with them."

"Who is to take care of them?" continued the Senator.

"Their parents, of course."

"But," rejoined Senator Stewart, "has it not occurred to you that if their parents had been able to care for them, probably very few of these children would be sent out to work?"

"But they ought to go to school."

"They ought to, certainly," said the Senator. "But can they? Will

Miss Delavan's Reform

they? Have they proper clothing? We know that in the cases of thousands of families they have not. We know

that already, in cases where the parents are employed in factories, the only alternative to having the children in the factory with them, is the slum playground, that is to say, some reeking alley or other. Bear in mind, ladies, that I disapprove of the employment of children perhaps more strenuously than you do. Many improvements can be made and will be, at the next session, but your bill is impractical. You cannot annihilate a stream and if you turn it abruptly in another direction, how much better is likely to be the outcome?"

"Of course, Mr. Pierce, I must know before deciding upon the sale of the farm, just what use is to be made of the property."

"I thought you knew, Miss Delavan," said her lawyer, "the state intends to utilize it as an industrial training-school for homeless children."

The flush left Miss Delavan's face. What passed through her mind was less like an idea than a feeling.

"Mr. Pierce," she said, rising, "I have changed my mind. I have concluded to keep the farm."

That afternoon Miss Delavan was unusually preoccupied. All that evening she sat before her desk, pencil in hand and before her paper, on which a half-finished drawing might have developed something like a building plan, had she followed its lines to their completion.

The next morning found her in the office of her favorite cousin, an architect. "There will be one little home only to start with, all windows, Frank, and not far from the brook, you know, in that bend beyond the maples, room for perhaps a dozen children or so."

"Well, I suppose you have struck something new in education. It is a pretty idea."

"The only way to really help humanity, I am convinced," was Miss Delavan's reply, "is to take homeless children—and there are so many of them, Frank—out of their terrible environment and—" "Just lift them bodily, I suppose, and drench them with love. But seriously, Sue, Sweet Briar Farm is an ideal place. Do you remember the old days when we used to go berrying—and the old rail fence with the great sweetbrier bushes in every angle?"

"And the old rail fence will never be pulled down for the bushes' sake," Miss Delavan replied, "and the clematis and Virginia creeper. It is all just as it used to be, Frank, and I shall never change it now—it is ideal."

Two years passed away, and one winter's day the Academy of Design gave a great reception to its patrons. Among the guests were Senator Stewart and Miss Delavan herself. They had not met since that memorable day in the Senator's office. "I beg your pardon," said the Senator, when at last they were face to face over the teacups, "but rumors have reached me of your home for little children on Sweet Briar Farm. You have something more than a hundred there now, I believe."

Miss Delavan smiled and her face lighted up with a rare sweetness.

"But will you not tell me something of your work?" replied the Senator. "I am more interested than I can tell you."

"Will you not come to Sweet Briar Farm some day as my guest?"

"With pleasure," said the Senator. "When is your day with the children?"

"My day?" replied Miss Delavan. "I live there with them all the time."

The Senator looked as astonished as courtesy would permit. "But your home on Fifth Avenue?"

"Well, if confessions are in order, I sold it something like six months ago. For a long time I have felt that that gloomy old house was nothing more than an encumbrance."

There was a moment's pause. Senator Stewart placed his teacup on the table and looked at the big Rembrandt over Miss Delavan's shoulder. Then he said, "Miss Delavan," and there was something between a twinkle and deep sympathy in his eyes, "of course you are too busy now-a-days to care about legislation or—or—bills. But if you ever should present a bill, suggesting that the state should adopt some such system as that of Sweet Briar Farm, for the care of its homeless children, I can promise you my support!"

STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

With the Children in Loma-land

DEAR BUDS AND BLOSSOMS: The Lotus Mother has at last returned to Loma-land after her wonderful Crusade around the world. O, the many lands she visited, the many thousands of little children that she has seen! Her journey has brought her great sadness as well as joy, Buds and Blossoms, for few, indeed, are the children in any land who are not in some way neglected or misunderstood! Have you ever stopped to think of that, of how many little ones whose bodies are so well cared for are yet starved—that is, deprived of all the things that go to nourish and build into beauty the real heart-life?

How I wish that you might have seen the Lotus Mother this morning when she spoke to the children in the Temple! I flew in at the great door—for my nest is built just outside against the Temple walls—and high above the heads of all the people I flew, away up into the great purple dome, and there I listened to every word that the Lotus Mother said.

I have lived in Loma-land a long, long time, and I have seen the Lotus Mother more times than there are leaves and roses together on the great vine that climbs up over her office window. But I have never seen her face so filled with real happiness, so shining with deep, deep heart-joy, as it was this morning. When she rose to speak, after the singing of such a song as only birds and Raja Yoga children know how to sing, her whole sweet face was aglow as with some rare pure light.

She told the children that she never thought of them but she thought of the stars, each a glowing, living sun, each doing its own work, living out its own duty, fulfilling its own life; each one giving light to those who needed it. She told the children—and how true her words were, for I live in Loma-land and I know—that something new had come into their faces since she had seen them last, and that every face told the story of greater effort and purer trust, of a deeper love for each other and for all humanity, of a greater unselfishness. Then she spoke to the children—and underneath the love-note in her voice was the Warrior-note, too—she spoke to the Raja Yoga boys and girls about the thousands and thousands of children in the world who were neglected and forgotten and misunderstood; of how these little children were waiting for the love and help that only Raja Yoga could bring them. And she spoke of how the grown-ups, too, were waiting for the lessons and the help that only little children could give—lessons in purity, in justice, in Brotherhood, in love and in joy. For grown-ups need Raja Yoga as well as children. And as the children listened I could feel the earnestness and the joy and the deep resolve glowing and singing and leaping up in their hearts until all the Temple was filled with fairy, silent music—and I was part of it.

ALICE climbed a tree near her home every day to look at a bird's nest containing three speckled eggs. One morning after her usual visit she rushed into the house and called out to her mother excitedly, "Oh, mama, the eggs have all blossomed into little birds!"—*Exchange*

Harmony and the Heart Life

Essay by a Young Lotus Group Member

HARMONY is like a sweet sound that comes directly from the heart. We know that if our thoughts do not come from the heart they are not really good and beautiful. When they come from our ugly feelings and our temper they never do anybody any good. A great many people have thoughts that do not come from their hearts, and that is why we have so much discord in the world. That is why we have war. Yet when countries are at war they are always anxious

for peace, but they do not want to get it the right way. The right way is brotherhood. We cannot possibly have harmony if we do not earnestly try to be good and kind, and help other people.

I was once in a garden where the flowers had not been taken good care of. There was one place that was all weeds, except for one flower. I think that the flower came there to help the weeds to grow beautiful and to teach them about harmony. Harmony is the food of the soul. Many people do not care whether the soul is starved or not, if they are only able to feed the body. Raja Yoga tells us how important it is to feed the soul, for the soul grows by love and kindness and gentle, harmonious thoughts.

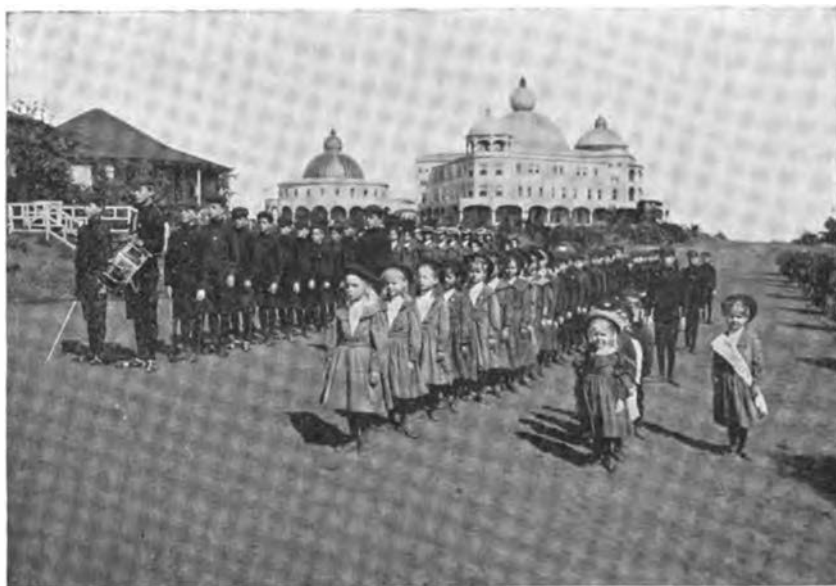
We mean by harmony the blending together of good and beautiful things so that they give us pleasure. For instance, in music, if different tones are sung together and make a pleasant sound, that is harmony. Harmony probably means love, and when people really believe this in their hearts they will begin to practise it. That is Raja Yoga, and then we will not have wars, but the world will be a beautiful place to live in.

DEAR CHILDREN: I have recently been visiting in Ocean Park, and I want to tell you about a little mocking-bird who came into the window of the hotel one day, attracted by the sweet notes of a singer who was rendering Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." The little woodland mocking-bird was attracted by the trills. First, he flew about the open window; then he hopped up on the windowsill, and then—will you believe it—he took up the song himself and answered trill for trill. It was like a duet. As the singer sang on, the little brown wood-bird imitated her almost exactly, and did not seem to know that a dozen or more people were close by watching him.

But at last, when the song was over, they began to clap their hands and the noise frightened the little songster back into the woods. A LOTUS GROUP TEACHER

DEAR CHILDREN: A few days ago a fire broke out in the house of my neighbors. It was night and all the people were sleeping, when suddenly the daughter was awakened by the big Saint Bernard dog. She tried to drive him away but he would not go and finally when she became thoroughly awakened she smelled smoke. By the time she had succeeded in arousing her two sisters and their mother the house was a mass of flames and they barely escaped with their lives. If it had not been for the dog they would have perished.

H. H.



SOME OF THE CHILDREN OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL IN LOMA-LAND

ONE SONG

by CHARLES KINGLEY

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you.
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray.

Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death and that vast forever
One grand sweet song.

A BIRD OF LOMA-LAND

Students'



Path

THOUGHTS IN VERSE

If you your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care—
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

And we all have known
Good critics who have stamped out poet's hopes;
Good statesmen who pulled ruin on the state;
Good patriots who, for a theory, risked a cause;
Good kings who disemboweled for a tax;
Good popes who brought all good to jeopardy;
Good Christians who sat still in easy chairs
And damned the general world for standing up.
Now may the good God pardon all good men!

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Have ye seen when spring's arrowy summons goes right to the aim,
And some mountain, the last to withstand her, that held (he alone,
While the vale laughed in freedom and flowers) on a broad bust of stone
A year's snow bound about for a breastplate—leaves grasp of the sheet?
Fold on fold all at once it crowds thunderously down to his feet,
And there fronts you, stark, black, but alive yet, your mountain of old,
With his rents, the successive bequeathings of ages untold.—Browning

What do you think has become of the young and old men?
And what do you think has become of the women and children?
They are alive and well somewhere,
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it,
And ceas'd the moment life appeared.
All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what anyone supposed, and luckier.—Walt Whitman

Modern Uses for Plato

THE President of Bowdoin College is to be congratulated upon his course of lectures explanatory of ancient philosophical systems.

So far as somewhat meagre reports have testified, they seem to have been delivered from a broad and tolerant mental base, and without those intolerable genuflections to modernity, science and religion alike, which all too often mar such work. We wish these lectures were more frequent, and that our young men were encouraged to study Stoicism and Platonism not in the light of ancient moral curios or mental athletics, but as containing the broad principles of ethics which will never be out of date, or out of tune with modern life.

Perhaps the President's most important discourse was that upon Plato's distinction between vice and virtue. He asks why man should do right and avoid the wrong, or, in other words, what is Right and what is Wrong? These are questions of considerable magnitude and questions which have not yet been answered by any of the codes and creeds ingeniously but futilely invented for the purpose. We like to consider Right and Wrong as principles indissolubly connected with certain specified acts. To regard Right and Wrong as abstract principles which may or may not apply to a given act, or which may apply to the act today and not tomorrow, or which may apply to the act of one person and not at all to the same act when performed by another, implies an extension of mental liberty and a right of conscience which, since Platonic days, we have been slow to admit. Hence our need of the basic considerations which Plato gives to us. The question of Right and Wrong may conveniently be approached from the point of view of the State as well as from that of the individual. The immoral State is one which is largely made up of individuals whose actions are governed by self-interest rather than the

interest of all. The immoral man is one who gratifies certain aspects or facets of his nature at the expense of others, who fails to subordinate every part of his nature to the welfare of all. Unity of interest is therefore Right whether in the community or the individual. Disunity is Wrong.

Now, we shall learn nothing from Plato, or from anyone else, unless we apply it by introspection, and thereby lift it into the realm of knowledge and away from the arena of mere discussion. Not until we know our own nature can we care for its cultivation and government in every part. Not until we recognize the unifying principle within ourselves, the moral nature, or the Soul, can we give to it its rightful dominance over passion and desire. And so we are speedily carried past the point where we can be helped by books or by teachers; we reach the place where conscience alone becomes philosopher and friend. Then for the first time we gain the realization that we are in very truth disorderly persons, and that our interior citadel is rent by feuds and dissensions as the various parts of our being clamor for selfish gratification. Every mental and bodily disease is caused by this misgovernment or absence of government, is caused by the unchecked encroachments of parts of the nature upon the domain of other parts. It may be that the wild beast of mere physical appetite is seated upon the very throne itself, it may be that a specious and subtle intellect has chained the wild beast upon one side and the Soul itself upon the other. Wherever any other hand than that of the Soul is laid upon the rudder of life, wherever intellect or passion are aught else than servants, there also is disease, calamity and misery, insidious perhaps, but none the less sure and implacable. This is the house divided against itself, and there is no middle course between reform and ruin. Here is religion without creed, religion which is self-evident, religion which is so lofty that the saint can still aspire toward its height, and the sinner, however ignorant he may be, can still understand it and be comforted. Plato will not be outworn until the Soul in man is also lord and master in man.

STUDENT

Kind Actions

KIND actions seem so small that sometimes they appear to us hardly worth doing and perhaps inconsistent with what we suppose to be our strength. Our minds are often so filled with the intention to do great deeds that the little ones appear to be unimportant and even to necessitate a deviation from the path. But let us remember that the cooperation of the eternal Law is a factor which we cannot afford to overlook. With that cooperation the smallest action becomes momentous. Without that cooperation our supreme efforts flutter helpless to the ground. The small act of kindness is the planting of a seed in the ground, and there is all the difference between a seed which is planted and a seed which is unplanted. The former receives the cooperation of the vast forces of nature, and even though we have forgotten that we have ever placed it in the ground, its flowers may one day cover a continent.

We cannot afford to neglect a duty, a heart impulse, and in matters of duty there is no such thing as great and small, there is at any rate no criterion by which we can judge it. If we had the power to trace the links of the magic chain of cause and effect, we should find that there was never yet a human calamity which had any other root than forgetfulness of duty, never yet a pure human joy which was not born by the performance of a duty. And these duties may well have seemed so very small, and yet the results have shown that they were actually great beyond our computation. Our attitude toward duty is the hand which we lay upon the levers of fate. In the unbreakable chain of cause and effect, the first link is duty and the last link is destiny. There is nothing inscrutable in nature, fate least of all.

STUDENT

Science of Souls

THERE are signs in the land that the great science of human souls is being restored to its right position at the head of all the sciences. It is a monstrous thing to comprehend the stomach of a dead fish and misjudge, through ignorance, your brother's soul. I take the liveliest interest in the anatomy of the dead fish, but it cannot be compared for a second with the everlasting importance of a passing mood in a neglected beggar.—John Oliver Hobbes in the Academy

THE BEAUTY QUEST

by CHARLES JACK

BEAUTIFUL faces never wear
The look of hate or selfish care.

Beautiful eyes should ever show
The kindly thoughts that dwell below.

Beautiful lips have words of love,
For all below and all above.

Beautiful hands no work will do
That is not earnest, good and true.

Beautiful feet with gladness go
On helpful errands to and fro.

Beautiful shoulders ever bear
Of some one's daily cross a share.

Beautiful souls are those that shine,
Filled with the love we call divine.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

There is no doubt, as you say, that we are affected by cycles, of the day, month, year, the cycles of the seasons, etc., but it is not so clear how man's life and evolution are governed by cycles. Please give a little more light on the subject.—*Extract from a letter*

Answer

In answer to the above request, the following extracts are given from the writings of William Q. Judge:

A cycle is a ring or turning. . . . The beginning of a cycle must be a moment, that, added to other moments, make a day, and those added together constitute months, years, decades, centuries. Beyond this the West hardly goes. It recognizes the moon cycle and the great sidereal one, but looks at both and upon the others merely as periods of time. If we are to consider them as but lengths of time, there is no profit except to the dry student or the astronomer. . . . The Theosophical theory is distinctly otherwise, as it must be if it carries out the doctrine of Reincarnation. . . . Not only are the cycles named actual physical facts in respect to time, but they and other periods have a very great effect on human life and the evolution of the globe with all the forms of life thereon. . . .

Reincarnation being the great law of life and progress, it is interwoven with that of the cycles and Karma. These three work together, and in practice it is almost impossible to disentangle Reincarnation from cyclic law. Individuals and nations in definite streams return in regularly recurring periods to the earth, and thus bring back to the globe the arts, the civilization, the very persons who were once on it at work. And as the units in nation and race are connected together by invisible strong threads, large bodies of such units moving slowly, but surely all together, reunite at different times and emerge again and again into new races and new civilizations as the cycles roll their appointed rounds. Therefore, the souls who made the most ancient civilizations will come back and bring the old civilization with them in idea and essence, which, being added to what others have done for the development of the human race in its character and knowledge, will produce a new and higher state of civilization. This newer and better development will not be due to books, to records, to arts or mechanics, because all those are periodically destroyed so far as physical evidence goes, but the soul ever retaining the knowledge it once gained, and always pushing to completer development the higher principles and powers of man, the essence of progress remains, and will as surely come out as the sun shines.

Further discussion of this subject and additional extracts will be given in a subsequent issue.

Life's Schoolmaster

IT is open to question how far one man is able to teach anything whatever to another. Experience is, after all, the supreme schoolmaster, the angel with whom every man must wrestle, refusing to let it go until it has blessed him. The wisdom which we gain we may bestow upon others as a benediction of good-will and of encouragement, but each one must stand for himself alone in the darkness of experience until he can draw away the veil of his own ignorances and so dispel the darkness by the light from within.

When we understand that experience is educative, we shall be masters of our fate. We are as children in a school who must either learn the lessons of the class in which they have been placed, or give up the hope of promotion. The Soul seeks constantly to draw us forward into wis-

dom, and what we call the conditions of our lives do but represent the facts of our own nature with which the Soul has confronted us. They are the milestones upon the road, the only possible road of progress. We can either walk past them manfully or we can stand still and revile them. The latter alternative, however, has its disadvantages which we are fortunate if we perceive in time.

Our mental attitude toward our life conditions either changes them or perpetuates them. Are we friends with our destiny or are we its enemies? If we recognize the golden heart of experience beneath even the most uncouth exterior, then have we learned its lesson. That experience has played its part and will be dismissed. But to revile our destiny, to mentally rebel against it, is of all actions the most stupid. Then our own forces of revolt, which we ourselves have emitted, take up arms against us and coalesce with the very destiny which we are trying to fight. Our protests against fate are recruits for the armies of fate. It is not possible to evade the lessons of the Soul. We may seem to do so for a time, but they will come back to us again and again, swollen and embittered by the very forces of our evasion and reluctance. But we may learn them; it may be in one flash of recognition, and so have done with them. It would seem that by thought and imagination we can forestall the teachings of material experience. Destiny, after all, is nothing but the condition into which the facts of our natures have brought us. These facts are subject to our own control, to destroy or to intensify. It is they who reach out hands into the future, selecting for us the conditions which are like unto themselves. They draw around us the forces to which they correspond, either legions of angels or the dark hosts of pain. The divine, artistic hand of imagination can fashion for us our characters so that they will have no longer an affinity with pain, no longer cry their summons to adversity. To the beautiful mind nothing unbeautiful can come. Unto love all lovely things draw near, and beauty searches out those things which are like unto itself.

By imagination we can open our minds to the consciousness of humanity, to the hopes and fears which agitate mankind. We can become one with our race and so learn compassion from the hands of love instead of from the hands of pain. By imagination we can destroy the fetters of self-love before they lengthen for us into a chain of misery, we can melt our prison walls before they crush us.

The imagination is not less real than the world which it portrays. In the mind of the artist the picture stands forth more true, and its colors are more brilliant than the pigments upon the canvas. The imagination is the birthplace of events, the home of all experience, the creator of what shall be.

STUDENT

A Wail of Despair

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, the English poet laureate, has sounded a note of warning, which it would perhaps be more correct to call a wail of despair, over the spirit of the times. It is as appropriate to many other countries as to the country in which it was delivered, and we therefore reproduce a few of its more trenchant lines. Mr. Austin says:

This is not the place nor this the occasion to inquire if trade be slipping from our grasp. But this is the place, and this peculiarly the occasion, to note that the entire thought, the whole anxiety, the raging controversy, of the hour is not if we are growing less intellectual, less spiritual, less wisely serious, but wholly and solely whether we are or are not growing less wealthy and less materially prosperous.

We should like Mr. Austin to tell us what he proposes to do in the matter, if indeed he has any proposition to make. There is sometimes a facility in diagnosis which is not extended to the prescription, and this is especially true when we are dealing with the passions and greeds of men. Civilization is given over almost entirely to material self-aggrandizement. It wishes to have it so, and while we are willing to pray continually that a clean heart be renewed within us, we have absolutely no general inclination to begin the process of renewal for ourselves. It is so much easier to pray. Inasmuch, however, as material self-aggrandizement is contrary to the law of nature it will not and cannot persist forever upon any wholesale or national scale. We can either ourselves apply the remedy or nature will apply it for us without any very deferential regard to our vested interests or what it pleases us to call our rights. Confucius said that he who knows the past knows also the future, and the history of the world is certainly rich in nature's methods of inserting new interests and new pursuits into the plan of human life.

STUDENT

An Object Lesson in Visions

SOME time ago, an employé of a large electrical company, at work in a gallery of the power-house, slipped from a plank on which he was standing, and, to save himself, unthinkingly placed one foot on a leash of live wires. Other wires were over his head at a distance of a few inches. The current, seeing a chance to short-circuit itself, roared across this gap in a blazing column at an intensity of 3300 volts, and as it went down his body from head to foot, stiffened every muscle to absolute rigidity. Some ironwork above was melted and many splashes of it on their way to the ground seared the back of his scalp to the bone. A fellow workman in the same gallery leaped from his feet, and to save his comrade, hurled both himself and the victim on to the ground.

The current was twice the strength used in electrocutions. Though there seemed no doubt that the man was dead, artificial respiration was used for 28 minutes. At the end of that time the heart began to move, and after a long subsequent illness recovery was perfect. The man was of course practically dead, and he sincerely believes that during the period of his physical unconsciousness he actually visited both hell and heaven. His description is very vivid:

I found myself in a vast volcanic plain of rocks and hills with tremendous buildings of massive construction towering on every side. They looked like fortresses almost as big as mountains. But they were full of fire and flames came out on all sides. Between the buildings and out in the open country, everywhere, were rivers of blood, tumbling and dashing over cliffs and breaking in whirlpools around those dreadful buildings. In every direction as far as I could see were millions of scaly green devils of all sizes. Most of them were dwarfs and hunchbacks, little and big Brownie looking creatures, but all monstrous and horrible. Every face was wrinkled.

Beyond the millions of monstrosities near me were others, and long processions stretching away in serpentine lines to the very clouds, and above them were others rising in multitudinous masses, in tiers and amphitheatres, and all were coming toward me. At every burning building they were tossing in their victims. The structures, vast and appalling, were at white heat, with flames roaring from them like volcanoes. What seemed millions of devils, crowded together as thick as ants, in the air, on the ground, swarmed around the furnaces. I saw them dancing and gibbering as they caught their victims crawling from bloody pools, and hurled them like ninepins into the furnaces.

Finally the monsters made a rush for me. It was a nightmare race to get away. Many a time I was far in advance, when a cloud of devils swooped out of space and cut off my retreat, dancing and making hideous grimaces. I managed to escape, until at last a squad of fiends, more crooked and greener than the others, caught me in their long slimy arms, on which the scales fairly rattled, and sticking their claws into me, dragged me to a big furnace, belching fire from roof and windows. They got me so near that I was scorched, my hair on fire, and I thought

the end had come. Just as they were tossing me into the flames, I must have prayed for help—at any rate help came. I saw the bloody landscape and the green monsters fading as in a dream, as the most beautiful music came to my ears.

The scene had changed to "heaven." There was music, there were glittering palaces with domes and pinnacles reaching to the very sky, dazzling golden pavements, crystal arches, all constantly changing.

What does it all mean? The first thing that strikes us is that we have here the materials for the making of a new prophet with a new vision of heaven and hell. If the victim had been a man of less modesty, and if the visions had been due to an attack of epilepsy instead of electricity, the conditions would have surely ripened. Other "revelations" would have been forthcoming, followers would have accumulated, and we should have witnessed the birth of one more cult.

We do not know if this young man had seen the play of Faust, the illustrations to *Paradise Lost* made by Doré, or if he had read Dante or Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. Some similar readings and pictures were evidently stored in his brain cells. And these cells were excited by the fearful current to the extreme limits of possibility, just as they are in epilepsy, and as they are to some extent in the pernicious psychism of our day. But we can dissect the visions more closely. The "tremendous buildings" were doubtless partly what we have said, partly his immensely stimulated space-sense applying itself to the great building he was in with its titanic machinery; the "flames" the actual flame roaring into his brain; the "scaly devils," the flashing omni-colored sparks; the seared and tortured victims, himself. He is "tossed into the flames," hurled by his comrade from the gallery. Then of course there was peace, reaction; the roars and shrieks change to "music"; the blazing buildings of "hell" become the equally tremendous but now merely luminous or crystalline palaces of "heaven." The red fire pales to the "gold" of the pavements. There are no cutting sparks, and therefore no "devils" to reappear as angels. There are no searing drops of molten iron. The throb of his brain cells is passing away.

There would be fewer religious fanatics and psychic cult founders if people would but examine the material of the visions and revelations. Some are sincere, but is that any reason why we should blindly take them at their own valuation, follow them as receivers of a true inspiration from the divine, or pay them our money? He who is truly inspired does not rant, does not make his visions his pedestal, and does not demand from those who look to him that they shall suspend or paralyze their judgment, their critical faculty, or their intellect.

STUDENT

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Average number of hours per day, 8.41

APR	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
2	29.728	63	50	57	52	.04	SW	9
3	29.724	63	48	59	54	.00	E	3
4	29.728	63	54	58	54	.00	W	gentle
5	29.766	63	55	58	54	.00	NE	light
6	29.782	63	55	56	55	.00	NW	2
7	29.656	63	54	56	55	.00	SW	4
8	29.652	61	56	57	56	.00	NW	2

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

A MEDICAL man, who can now afford to tell a story against himself, relates the following anecdote:

"I paid a morning visit to a patient who was being nursed by his sister. 'Well,' said I, 'and how is our patient this morning?'"

"'Oh, he is much worse, doctor, was the answer. 'He has been delirious for several hours. At two o'clock, or thereabouts, he said, 'What an old woman that doctor of mine is!' and he hasn't made a rational remark since.'"

A CORRESPONDENT sends to the *Watchman* of Madras the following letter from a Madraai Chokra:

"Master Esquire.

"Respecting Sir,

"Master's honors Chokra humbly making petition master's feet very poor boy plenty big family man consisting of fourteen souls including too old very no use female grandmother eating daily too much rice. Master giving very little pay Chokra now keeping all peoples."

A LIGHT green leaf flutters from the willow into the pond. You see it mirrored on the shining surface. But sometimes you see the real leaf between the image and yourself. And then you know that there is a real tree as well as the image.—*Suff Philosophy*

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New Century Path

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Pioneers in Humanity
National Characteristics
The Searchlight
Moon Temple—frontispiece
Imitation Theosophy
Indian Dances
Insanity in New York

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Apples as a Remedy
for Alcoholism
Parental Incompetence
Profits from Death
of Children
Prehistoric Creatures
Still Living
Perverted Energies
and Talents

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

The Modern Drama
Japanese Art
Sibilla Delfica of Michel-
Angelo (illustration)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

The Dramatic Work of
Katherine Tingley
in Cuba
An American Composer
—illustrated

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Prehistoric City in Mexico
Ancient Roman Warriors
Queen Hatshepu's Tomb
Recent Discoveries in
Roman Forum
Relics Made in Paris
American Ethnology
Exemplified

Page 9—NATURE

Killarney Lakes (illustration)
By Neptune's Favor
Friendship in the Fields

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

White Lotus Celebration
at Los Angeles
Songs of Children from
Lomaland
Students at Isis Theatre
in San Diego

Pages 12 & 13—JAPAN

Continuation of The
Transformation of
Japan—Glimpses
of the Island Empire
That May Rule
Eastern World—illustrated

Page 14—FICTION

O-I-ne, Samuria,
of Japan

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Letter from Fifi—
illustrated
Mabel Lockwood's
Lesson
How to Be Happy (verse)
A Street Car Cat

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Sunshine and Music (verse)
Life an Eternal Present
Dechristianizing Europe

Page 17—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

True Science and True Re-
ligion in Accord
Cancer and Its Lessons
The Vacated Beds of
the Moon
Radiations of Flowers

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

The Wheat (verse)
Forces of an Ideal
An American Composer—Concluded

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Pioneers in Humanitarian Movements

THE difficulties in the way of obtaining an unprejudiced consideration for the truths of Theosophy must be removed one by one. The word itself must not be regarded as sacred when it makes more difficult the task we have undertaken. New methods must be adopted as conditions change. We are called to be pioneers in one of the greatest humanitarian movements of the age. Personal limitations must not obscure the possibilities of the hour, and the criticism of the cynic should not be allowed to paralyze our efforts. To be in a position to do even the most insignificant thing to raise the veil which hides the divine from the vision of men should be regarded as an

inestimable privilege. We should not for one moment overlook the fact that only as we are true to ourselves can we be true to our trust.

A new energy is being liberated from the center of life. This stream of force, for such it is, is felt at first as a mighty Niagara, rushing forward with such rapidity that it threatens to engulf everything, but as it approaches a climax it spreads out in every direction; its currents circulate over the whole earth, and its influence pervades all things. Nothing can rest still; all things are pushed forward by the great solar energy now being set free. Care should be taken that it is not misdirected and all personal barriers should be removed before they are ground to powder. This force acts everywhere; the gods are its ministrants. There is no need to retire to the woods for the inspiration which it gives, for where the needs of humanity are greatest the presence of the Helpers can be felt most.

The hero of today must be a hero of heroes. The ideal must no longer be remote from life, but made divinely human, close and intimate as of old. Now is the day of resurrection; man looking up will see the old ideals raised, and seeing live. The son of God is the son of Man.

In the "heart touch" is the saving quality which will redeem humanity and bring about Universal Brotherhood. The word "charity" should be eliminated. In the name of charity, men and women have been treated like so much personal baggage and labeled accordingly. Out of the great heart of Nature all things proceed, and all things lead back there at last; all worlds and systems of worlds, from the great central sun to the smallest particle in space, must thrill responsive to the pulsations of that infinite heart of compassion. The great mother reaches forth to receive her own. All efforts to retard are less than insignificant.

All Nature Obeys the Command

In every act which partakes of that divine quality of infinite compassion lies concealed the potency of all the spheres, and all nature obeys the command of the one whose heart beats constantly for others.

A new hope is dawning on humanity as the new century goes on. This hope is the mainspring of progression and the evidence of it can be seen everywhere; the great heart of nature pulsates with joy, as it did in the days preceding the dawn of the dark age. Men and women who have so long borne the heavy burden of life, whose hearts have been well-nigh broken by the weight of many sorrows, feel the new joy awakened by the great symphonies of harmony which are now being sounded. It is felt in the heart of man and gives rise to a constant aspiration; it is the quality which makes him great. The golden light is shining; the herald of the morning proclaims the message of love anew; the ripples of the waves on the sea-shore lisp the glad song; the breeze bears it on its bosom; the tints of the flowers convey it; it shines forth from the stars in their sparkling brilliance; the great blue dome above suggests it; the birds warble it forth from every tree; the new born babe is a complete revelation of it; the eyes of the loved ones passing into the great beyond, impart the strength and courage of that great hope and point to a future day when they shall return again to carry on their work, for hope incarnates from age to age, and where hope dwells beauty and love abide for ever.

The law is immutable, and love is eternal. KATHERINE TINGLEY

Insanity in New York

THERE are nearly 36,000 insane persons in the State of New York. These persons are actually confined in institutions, and no estimate has been made of those other insane persons who are not in institutions but who ought to be there. The number of these must be very great.

This problem ought to commend itself to the commercial instincts of the nation inasmuch as the cost of taking care of these people for this one State was over four million dollars for the year. During that one year five thousand new cases developed themselves, whereas in the previous year only 434 new cases were registered. Is this what we mean when we boast of our national progress?

The State of New York is, of course, not in any way peculiar in this respect. Other States could show somewhat similar statistics, and in the presence of these frightful figures we seem to be absolutely helpless—or absolutely indifferent.

STUDENT

To Unite the Churches

CAN the creeds of conflicting sects be stripped of their non-essentials, thereby practically abolished, and preached only on the basis of their greatest common factor? The Rev. Dr. Hillis, of Brooklyn, contributes to a contemporary an eloquent plea for "a consolidation of churches." He is justly scandalized at the spectacle so common in small country towns of fifteen or twenty churches, at the best half empty, a few boarded up or used as storerooms, and all poor.

He wants one large church building, centrally situated, the focus of the religious, social, musical and literary life of the town. As to the religious doctrine expounded therein, he would have unity achieved by the lopping away of all non-essentials in creed. "The Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount and the teachings of Jesus Christ are no more denominational than the multiplication table. The principles of ethics are no more Presbyterian or Episcopalian or Congregational than are the laws of light and heat."

It is a pleasant dream, but Dr. Hillis must know that it is at present utterly impracticable. Hardly a sentence could be uttered from such a pulpit, beyond the barest ethics, that would not crack the surface of unity to fragments. People do not live in the essentials but in the non-essentials of religion. They are not content with that direct consciousness of the divine that is the only real religion, even those who have in some measure touched it. They must have words and much talk around that which is as essentially unwordable as a strain of music. They will deliver over to be tortured in the arena of mind that still intuition which beginning as feeling ends as highest knowledge. In a little while nothing remains of it. This has been the trouble, the crucifixion, of every great teacher the world has ever known. His words have been seized, argued over, and that to which they pointed, namely, a becoming, forgotten in the resulting war.

Suppose a great religious teacher—even Jesus Christ—arose today and declared, "Ye are children of God." The sentence would be the directest and shortest rendering into words of the greatest of facts. What would his followers make of it? The basis of fifty sects and centuries of wrangling! "Ye are children;" then it is only we favored ones, or all mankind? "Ye are children;" were we always so, or was there a moment of regeneration? "Ye are children;" then did we come into existence at some point in time, or were we always in existence? Were we created, or were we parts of God's essence? If created, in what state was God previously? And so on.

But if the living fact of experience pointed out by the words had been held and developed as feeling, and all the other sayings of the teacher thus treated, they would have led to the uttermost light. The true place of the intellect in relation to them would have been found, and the other danger—that of making idols and fetishes of them—would never have arisen.

What can be done? Perhaps nothing till there is a new race of preachers, men so penetrated with the presence of God that they will not permit their minds to extinguish the divine flame lit within them, will not permit the Christ born in their hearts to be nailed to any intellectual cross; men who will use words only to awake in their hearers the same consciousness, compelling them to relegate their reasoning machines to their proper place till that consciousness is won. STUDENT

The Multiplication Table

A CONTEMPORARY describes an interesting old arithmetic book now in existence in America. This book was printed in 1677, and contains a copy of the multiplication table. Our contemporary remarks:

The fact that the multiplication table appears in the book gives some force to the common expression, "As old as the multiplication table." Primary pupils of today who are inclined to believe that this combination of figures was especially prepared to rack their memory should find some satisfaction in the knowledge that children of at least two and a half centuries have drilled upon it.

We should like to point out that children were taught the multiplication table more than two and a half centuries ago. In ancient Babylon, over 5,000 years ago, children studied the multiplication table, which did not then finish at twelve times twelve, but was extended to sixty times sixty. STUDENT

Imitation Theosophy

THERE is, of course, no patent upon the word Theosophy, nor any restraint upon those who choose to use that word as a cover for their own speculations. There is, therefore, all the more need for discrimination on the part of those who sincerely desire to know what Theosophy really is and who may be perplexed by some who profess to teach in its name from a supposed platform of knowledge not shared by others. It matters not whether that teaching be of the mysteries of sleep, or whether it claim an easy but exclusive familiarity with the marvels of the human Soul.

To all of such would-be teachers and to those who hear them, we would commend the words given to the world by H. P. Blavatsky, surely not without some premonition that their lesson would be needed: "False learning is rejected by the Wise and scattered to the Winds by the Good Law. Its wheel revolves for all, the humble and the proud. The Doctrine of the Eye is for the crowd; the Doctrine of the Heart for the Elect. *The first repeat in pride, 'Behold, I know;'* the last, *they who in humbleness have garnered, low confess, 'Thus have I heard.'*"

If this test of the true from the false be not enough, it may be supplemented by a further one. Let us ask of all those who profess to teach in the name of Theosophy, whether or not their lives and their teachings are directed with a one-pointed and forceful sincerity toward lifting the burden from the weak and the oppressed, or whether they are merely ministering to a craving for the weird and the mysterious, a craving which the spiritual and the intellectual would alike disown. X.

Indian Dances

THE curator of Anthropology of the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago has championed the right of the Indians to perform their religious dances. He says:

I have taken this matter up with the United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and I believe I have convinced him nothing harmful would result in permitting the Indians to continue their old religious ceremonies. These dances constitute a religious ceremony in which the events in the creation of the world are dramatized. It illustrates the creation or the rejuvenation of the world. Most prominent of these dances is the sun dance of the plains. The Indians do not so call it, nor is there any evidence of the sun in the dance itself, which continues eight days.

In this ceremony they think they actually recreate the world and all life. They believe it necessary, for without it they imagine neither world nor themselves would continue in life.

So long as these dances are of a peaceful nature, we have no more right to interfere with them than with any other religious ceremony. The Indians are as much entitled to religiously dance as other people are to religiously sing hymns, and we do not remember any clause in the Constitution which precludes Indians from the enjoyment of religious liberty. It no doubt seems very dreadful to some people that the great astronomical movements and the majesty of natural law should provoke a religious sentiment, but they should keep their consternation within the limits of United States laws. Even an Indian has rights, startling as it may seem.

STUDENT

National Characteristics

IT would appear to take little time for national mental characteristics to reflect themselves in a facial type. In the April *Atlantic*, Mr. H. D. Sedgwick, basing his conclusions upon the recent exhibitions of portraits in the American Art galleries, considers the outward and visible effects of our devotion to material advancement. The mental poise and calm shown in the portraits of the age of Reynolds has given way to a shrewder, quicker and more nervous temperament. And correspondingly, the faces of today show power to deal quickly and vigorously with the present, but small traces of imagination, faith, or the kind of intellect required in the treatment of larger and remoter issues. X.

The Moon Temple---Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week gives a view of the celebrated Moon Temple of the Buddhists at Kobe, Japan. This is one of the great temples of Japan and is visited by all tourists. A continuation of the interesting articles on Japan will be found on pages 12 and 13 of this issue.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Apples as a Remedy for Alcoholism

MR. STENSON, director of pomology at the St. Louis World's Fair, is an enthusiast in his own department. He is of the opinion that the apple is a remedy for the alcohol and tobacco habits, and proposes to give away a million of that fruit in order that his view may be tested. "If a man feels a craving for a smoke or a drink of liquor," he says, "let him take an apple in its place. If he has a tendency to do something desperate, let him sit down and quietly reflect upon it, meantime munching an apple. It is a cure that never fails." This is a strong, blunt statement which has our good wishes for its substantiation. As a food, apples rank fairly well, containing about seven per cent of albuminous matter and nearly the same of sugar. The supporting framework is, however, very dense, and to some people not easily digestible uncooked. We wonder that by this time there is not an industry devoted to the crushing under powerful pressure of this and other fruits, and the evaporation to dryness at a low temperature, without added sugar, of the juices obtained. The great reduction in bulk thus effected would much facilitate experiments on the food and medicine values of fruits. Some of them, alone or blended, would yield natural sweetmeats infinitely preferable to any now obtainable—tinted, scented and flavored masses of cane-sugar.

We note that a Colorado fruit-grower has produced a seedless apple, but so far he keeps the stages of his production a secret. They are curious tricks on nature, these seedless fruits. She produces her fruits with a strict eye to the welfare of the contained seed. Then, by infinite coaxing, we induce her to forget all about her original object, the seed, and concentrate her whole luxurious attention on the incidental, the fruit. There is a beautiful cradle, but no infant. STUDENT

Parental Incompetence Responsible

A WRITER in a popular daily newspaper draws attention to the increase of child suicide. No statistics are given, but that there is an increase is unquestioned, and the extent of that increase constitutes a terrible indictment of our civilization. The writer in question believes that there are two main causes for the suicide of children and these causes are parental injustice and the competitive system of our schools. They might of course both be included under the heading of parental incompetence, because the perpetuation of educational follies is entirely due to the indifferent acquiescence of the parents.

Very few people realize the depth to which injustice strikes home into the child nature and all the deeper because the sense of injury finds no relief by reflection or by speech. Children have a keener sense of justice than adults, who very often have none whatever. Adults are themselves the victims of their own distorted childhood and they hasten to perpetuate the injuries which they themselves have received.

The competitive examination system is of course a part of the atmosphere of injustice which so often surrounds the child life. The child knows far better than we do that true knowledge and real progress cannot be ascertained by any examination system which has ever been devised, and a humiliating sense of injustice is therefore the direct result of the order of supposed merit which is so much a part of our school methods. This humiliation has culminated in suicide in very many instances and it must be remembered that when a child commits this frightful act it is very rarely under passion or sudden impulse, but is nearly always premeditated and calculated.

We are accustomed to say that men are taught by experience, but if this is true the process is at least a very slow one. Otherwise the competitive system would long ago have been found out and discarded. The great men of the world have not been stars in the school firmament or at any rate they have been dark stars. They have not been remarkable for that kind of precocity in which the teacher so often delights and which the parent erroneously supposes to be genius. So markedly is this the case that we are not unjustified in wondering how many potentially great men are prematurely crushed under the Juggernaut wheels of education.

Profits from the Death of Children

FROM the east comes one of those reports which are so peculiarly the product of civilization. Five children belonging to one family have suddenly died and apparently from the same cause, which seems to be poison. It is said that the lives of these children were assured, and the forthcoming inquiry may throw some light as to a possible connection between the assurance of the victims and their death. It may, of course, be shown that there was no connection whatever, but it is none the less an axiom in this "year of our Lord" that whenever crime is made pecuniarily profitable that particular crime will most certainly be committed. It may seem a little paradoxical, but it is none the less tragically true that in a very large number of cases to assure the life of a child is also to assure its death. Without doubt there are very many parents whose only object in assuring the lives of their children is to provide for possible funeral expenses, but there are other parents, the mothers and the fathers of the poor little unwanted children, to whom the prospect of accruing profit converts the assurance policy into a veritable death-warrant.

It is not our habit to clamor for the passing of laws, but a good many of the enactments which now cumber our statute books might profitably be exchanged for a law by which it would become impossible for parents to profit pecuniarily by the death of their children. STUDENT

Prehistoric Creatures Still Living

WERE one told that his grandfather's great-grandfather was still living somewhere, it would hardly cause him more surprise than to hear of the ichthyosaurus as alive. Yet it may be the case. Natives of New Zealand are declaring that a huge mammal is to be found in the inland waters of their country. They call it the *waitoreke*. It is clawed, swims, lays eggs on shore, and has mighty jaws armed with saw-like teeth. The description is certainly that of a link between reptile and beast, such as was the ichthyosaurus. A "link," in the sense of the zoologist, is not an animal which stands at the head of one natural order and at the foot of the next above. A "link," for example, between the animal and vegetable kingdoms would not be the highest plant just merging into the lowest animal. In this sense a link is a common ancestor from whence two diverging forms branched off, becoming more and more unlike at each step.

Investigations into the *waitoreke* will be undertaken to see if he is the ichthyosaurus under an alias. The okapi still exists; the great bird *æpyornis* probably exists; a prehistoric giant sloth probably exists; all, till recently, thought extinct. Why not then the shy ichthyosaurus? STUDENT

Perverted Energies and Talents

IT is said that a counterfeiter, who has recently been captured, could have commanded a salary of \$25,000 a year as an engraver, but he seems to have preferred a criminal occupation with its incessant dangers and doubtful profit. A contemporary points out that such instances are not isolated, and that they constitute a problem hitherto unsolved. Unsolved, perhaps, but not insoluble. A glance at this man's childhood might reveal much. We might see a nature persistently and stupidly misunderstood, dominant faculties steadily ignored, and a disposition twisted into a shape which it was never intended to assume. Under such treatment we might see a growing resentment, unvoiced and perhaps unconscious, but finding a calamitous expression as soon as the opportunity presented itself, but at a period too late to undo the mischief and to rectify a radical injustice.

Of this particular man we know nothing whatever, but we do know that the misdirected force of a child is often tortured into criminal directions by the sheer stupidity of parents and guardians, and often by their determination that the child shall walk in their paths rather than in his own. STUDENT

THE first of the Theosophical duties is to do one's duty by all men.—H.P.B.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Modern Drama—What Is the Prospect?

FREDERIC HARRISON, the distinguished essayist and philosopher, makes an appeal in one of our London magazines in behalf of the British stage. He agrees with Mr. John Hare, for example, who is convinced that "the stage is sinking into an abyss," and says: "The evil is an impatience of continuous attention, of serious thought, of any hitch in our ease, our luxuries, or our indulgences. We are all afflicted with a sort of tarantula of restlessness, which makes us skip from one pleasant spot to the next without quietly enjoying any one in peace. We hurry from one crush to the next, glance at one 'short story' after another, 'drop in' to see the new acrobat, a skirt dance, or a lovely *feerie*, smoke a cigarette, and arrange a party for tomorrow. The number of people who will sit steadily through three hours of an intellectual drama without 'stars,' gorgeous robes or nauseous sensations is very limited."

And another who is not our best dramatic critic, but perhaps our best known, has also delivered himself of a startling philippic against the modern stage. He says that our actors are mainly "veterans who totter and mumble," "supers of yesterday who are stars of today," and others "who rasp the welkin with the screeching of the peacock;" he speaks of the "slimy mush" of Ibsen and the "lunacy" of Maeterlinck, and pays his respects, finally, to the dramatists "who manifest the brain of the rabbit and the dignity of a wet hen."

As long as the motive of the majority of our actors is greed or ambition, there is and will continue to be some slight basis for remarks like these. That does not, however, indicate that our critic is painting the picture at all skilfully. He is, this time, looking at things from the wrong point of view, with the logical result. Those who look down will see centipedes and mud; but those who look up, these days, will see the sunrise. One need not turn faint over criticism such as this, notwithstanding that it has considerable basis. It is conditions themselves that should frighten us into examining our motives, not the mere fact of our being awakened to them. That the awakening has come proves that the time for regeneration is at hand. If, which we do not quite believe, the English stage were sinking into an abyss, even that would be no evidence that it intended to stay there.

Those who know human nature know that beneath all that is careless, unwise, selfish and frivolous, lies a strong moral sensitiveness, a steady determination to climb, and an innate love for the sunshine. To climb requires effort, of course, and the stage will not be regenerated without much effort, great sacrifices and a vast amount of "giving up"; but that all this will come to be is as certain as that the sun shines. A new philosophy is spreading over the world and touching the hearts of men even though their minds are turned away from it; and when the heart is touched, lo, the work is done.

STUDENT

Japanese Art—A Glimpse of Asiatic Ideals

A VALUABLE book has recently been written by Kakasu Okakura, a Japanese art critic, who, in common with most of his countrymen, is by no means provincial in his views. In his book, *The Ideals of the East*, Mr. Okakura gives us a fascinating picture of the genius of the Japanese race, a genius which is capable of assimilating the new without sacrificing that which is best in the old. It is this, he tells us, which keeps Japan true to the ancient and pure Oriental ideal while she still rises to the highest rank as a modern power, and the history of Japan art is the history of the march of an ideal. He says:

The Confucian ideal with its symmetry born of dualism, and its repose, the result of the instinctive subordination of the part to the whole, was necessarily restrictive of the freedom of art. Enchained to the service of ethics, art naturally became industrial. Indeed, the Chinese art consciousness must always have tended towards the decorative—as shown in its extraordinary development of textiles and ceramics—had the Taoist mind not imparted to it its playful individualism.

But even if it had remained at the decorative, it could never have sunk to the bourgeois level, since from the remotest danger of such a failure of sympathy, Asiatic art, by her vast life of the universal and impersonal, stands eternally redeemed.

The idea of line and line composition has always been the great strength of Chinese and Japanese art, though the Sung and Ashikaga artists have added the beauty of dark and light—without forgetting that the artistic and not the scientific was their goal—and the Toyotomi epoch has contributed the notion of composing in color.

The sacredness of calligraphy, which attains to great heights in this Laoist period, is the worship of the line, pure and simple. Each stroke of the brush contains in itself its principle of life and death, interrelated with the other lines to form the beauty of an ideograph. It must not be thought that the excellence of a great Chinese or Japanese painting lies only in its expression or accentuation of outlines and contours, nevertheless these do, as simple lines, possess an abstract beauty of their own.

CRITICISM and the critics assume a very high position in letters and in society, and so they are entitled to do if they are critics

in the sense of the word that Matthew Arnold and Sainte Beuve and Morley are ranked as critics of literature; Berlioz and Schumann and John S. Dwight, critics of music; Sarcey and Lemaitre, critics of the drama. They wrote as if they held it their mission and function ever to appreciate rather than to belittle, to build up rather than pull down, to impart the enthusiasm growing out of their fine perceptions, rather than to chill and destroy all enthusiasm by cynical insinuations and caviling unbelief in the genuineness and credit of any artistic effort except that attaining the highest degree of success.

There is such a thing as effort not quite successful that is yet to be encouraged for the earnestness and devotion of its endeavor and the promise therein revealed.—*Exchange*



THE SIBILLA DELFICA OF MICHELANGELO
on the Capella Sistina, Rome

OF a verity the poet's greatness is mostly to be measured by what he leaves unsaid, letting us breathe in silence to ourselves the things unspeakable; the musician it is who brings this untold mystery to clarion tongue, and the impeccable form of his sounding silence is cadless melody.—*Wagner*



Be not ashamed women, your privilege encloses the rest and is the exit of the rest,
You are the gates of the body, and you are the gates of the soul.

—Walt Whitman

The Dramatic Work of Katherine Tingley in Cuba

“THE Cubans have marvelous dramatic ability. There is a genius-touch about much of the work which they undertake. They have much yet to learn, and much to unlearn, for they are stepping into freedom but now, after centuries of worse than merely physical slavery. Never have I entered upon a work which has so touched my heart and given me, in the real sense, inspiration.”

Thus said Katherine Tingley about a class of Cuban young women whom she had been training in dramatic art. To see their eager faces, to understand the glow that she set alight in their hearts, is to understand Katherine Tingley. And who can hope to understand her? Like H. P. B., she is, verily, the Sphinx in one sense. Ever making new departures, ever winning victories where others would win naught but defeat, often disappointed but never discouraged, often heartsick when she sees some promise unfulfilled, some student just miss a great opportunity, yet never disheartened—on she goes from each step to the next higher, carrying this great movement with her. The Cuban training class is but one of her many new departures.

Those who know something of the practical workings of Katherine Tingley's philosophy, know that she considers that the drama should be one of the great educative factors of the present day. That it is not, is due to the fact that the dramatic life of today is out of touch with humanity's life as yet. The masses know little of even inferior drama. Of the best and the really pure—where is it, verily, either for the masses or for the few? Yet, that the drama will be the great educator of the future, Katherine Tingley promises; and she will yet, through her students, make it a factor of hitherto undreamed-of importance in the life of the race. When she builded the great Amphitheatre in Loma-land four years ago, she took the first step toward laying the foundation-stones of a something similar to the old Greek ideal, but yet greater. Nothing like it had been seen in the modern world, though, as in all other departments of her work, the idea was of course destined to have, and already has had, its imitators.

Already the great drama that is to be is ripe in its beginning, through the work of the Raja Yoga children. Who that has seen them in their dramatic representations has not felt the thrill of promise, which is greater than promise, for it is prophecy. Four years ago *The Travail of the Soul* was given in Loma-land, a drama written by Katherine Tingley, whose leading part was played by herself. Later came *Hypatia* and *The Conquest of Death*, exquisite dramas of the old Greek philosophy and life.

With these, too, something new came to be written in the hearts of her students, for it is alone of the message written upon the heart that the world may even rightly read. Her classes in dramatic art in Loma-land have brought out unexpected results, have brought to light undreamed-of gifts, particularly among the young women students. Now that similar work has been begun among the young women of Cuba, who may venture to predict results?

There is in the Cuban character, a sympathy and richness that responds quickly to the heart touch. Their sufferings have, to a great extent, purified them of the intellectualism that stands so in the way of the Teutonic races. They have been so united in service to their little land that the separateness, which is such a barrier to the receiving of any real help—the separateness which is universally existent among the nations which we count the most progressive—is not so apparent there.

There have been in the world, here and there, great dramatists, great dramatic interpreters. Rachel is a name to conjure with, Dusé is another. But why are they so few? Where are the masses? In the collective heart of the common people—the “average” people—there must be buried genius—great genius—which is only waiting for the Master Mind to call it by name, only waiting for the Master Hand to bring it forth. Some day that will be done, and not until then can we hope to have the drama become that universal moral leaven which it is destined to become.

The first step toward the doing of this is, of course, the bringing of great dramatic presentations to the masses. This was what, verily, in part, made Greece the rich nation that it was. And if the drama of Greece had been kept at the point to which Æschylus had lifted it, if it had been kept close to the heart of the common people, it might have tided over the reactionary period and Greece might not have gone down. However that may be, it was a factor of recognized importance in the life of the Greek people.

To make the drama, the pure, the higher drama, a living factor in the education of the masses, is one of Katherine Tingley's great aims. Toward that goal she is moving rapidly. It will not be, it cannot be long, before the people will be reached and touched in ways that they do not dream. The words of Eleanor Dusé are significant: “Since Shakespeare and the Greeks there have been no dramatists. I want Rome, Athens, the Coliseum, the Acropolis. I want beauty and fire.

“Some day, however, a woman will come—a young, beautiful woman, all fire and flame—and will do what I once dreamed to do but failed. I am too tired now.” And the time is near. E. M.

An American Composer

MRS. H. H. A. BEACH (Amy Marcy Cheney) was born in the town of Henniker, Merrimac County, New Hampshire, on September 5th, 1867. She is of American parentage, the descendant of some of the earliest colonial settlers. From the same ancestry came William Larned Marcy, who was successively Governor of New York, U. S. Senator, Secretary of War and Secretary of State; Randolph Barnes Marcy, Inspector General U. S. A., explorer of Red River; Charlotte Cushman, the eminent tragedienne, and Major General Dearborn of Revolutionary fame, who buckled on his sword at Exeter, N. H., marched with his company all night, and fought at Bunker Hill on the following day.

Mrs. Beach's musical inheritance appeared to be a natural sequence of the great love for and devotion to music by her mother and maternal ancestry, while her strong taste for the scholastic and mathematic side of her art seem like a reflex of her father's mental qualities.

Gifted with absolute pitch and an accurate memory, the child constantly surprised and excited her family and their friends with startling feats, from the time when she was a year old. At that period she had unmistakably memorized forty separate tunes which were always accurately sung by her. At times, she would insist upon their being sung to her, until her mother was exhausted. One of her favorite anthems was, "The moon shines full at His command and all the stars obey." Of the songs sung to her she always remembered the way in which they were first rendered, and never permitted any variation from the original version. All substitutions and cadenzas were met with the stern reproof, "Sing it clean."

Her extremely sensitive nature was much distressed at the sound of people laughing, or at the sight of rain-drops on the window, when she would beg her mother to "wipe the tears." Music in the minor keys made her sad and disconsolate. No other punishment was needed for the little hands that occasionally were mischievous than the playing of Gottschalk's "Last Hope." Violin music gave her great pleasure, and she would sit quietly for hours listening to it with keenest enjoyment.

At the age of three years she was accustomed to show her preference for certain pieces of music that her mother played, by designating it as the blue, pink or purple music. Little attention was at first paid to this manifestation of musical feeling, because it was supposed to be connected with the color of the outside paper, with which musical publications were covered. Afterwards, it was clearly demonstrated that the music played was not satisfactory to the child because it did not correspond with a scheme of color that she had in her mind, and had no correspondence with colored wrappers. When carefully questioned it was found that she associated certain colors with certain keys. For instance,

Key of C, white; F sharp (minor) G sharp (minor) black; E (major) yellow; G (major) red; A (major) green; A flat (major) blue; D flat (major) violet; E flat (major) pink.

This association of keys and colors continues to the present time. When four years old she was allowed, after much begging, and to her great joy, to stand on a hassock at the piano and play and improvise secondly to a primo played by her aunt. From that time she had daily access to the piano. Her mother was her teacher.

When seven years old she made a limited number of public appearances, playing works by Beethoven, Chopin and others, introducing a waltz of her own composition. At this time the writings of Bach attracted her warm interest which later developed into the greatest enthusiasm, especially for fugal compositions.

Her accurate ear and unfailing memory made it easy for her to grasp important and difficult compositions, and play them correctly after one or two hearings. In this way she has been known, when ten years old, to

reproduce a Beethoven Sonata after hearing it repeated by a pupil who was learning it, although she herself had never seen the notes. Later, she frequently played by ear, after only a few hearings, important parts of Liszt's concertos, as well as various choral, orchestral and operatic works, of the most elaborate contrapuntal construction, to the great surprise of her friends.

An interesting fact connected with her possession of absolute pitch was her contribution to ornithological science by her record of *California lark songs*. These were secured by the late Professor Sill, who took the child into the fields where she could hear and register on paper the songs as they were sung. These were afterwards embodied in a scientific paper by a colleague. Mrs. Beach has continued these observations where and when it is possible for her to hear the singing of birds, and now has a volume of bird melodies representing many of our native songsters.

When she was eight years old, her parents settled in Boston where her general education was added to her musical studies.

Her first public appearance in Boston as a pianist was October 24th, 1883, she being then sixteen. On that occasion she played Moscheles' G Minor Concerto Op. 60, with orchestra, and as a solo, Chopin's Rondo in E flat. During the ensuing winter she gave several recitals. At the age of seventeen she played Chopin's F Minor Concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Gericke, and the Mendelssohn D Minor Concerto with Mr. Theodore Thomas' Orchestra. Since then she has appeared at concerts and given recitals in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Brooklyn and various other places almost every season, the programs of some of her concerts and recitals being made wholly of her own works. With the Boston Symphony Orchestra she has played Concertos by Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Saint Saens and herself, under the direction of Messrs. Gericke, Nikisch and Paur.

In December, 1885, she was married to Dr. Beach, and has since resided in Boston.

Her first large work was a grand mass in E flat Major, brought out by the Handel and Haydn Society in February, 1892, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn. On the same evening Mrs. Beach afterwards appeared and played with the society and orchestra the piano part of Beethoven's *Choral Fantasy*; upon her appearance the audience rose and she received an ovation.

Following the Mass, she composed a scena and aria for contralto and orchestra, taking for her text the *Ellende Wolken* from Schiller's *Maria Stuart*. It was sung for the first time in the same year as the Mass, by Mrs. Carl Alves at a concert of the New York Symphony Society, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, and was the first work written by a woman produced at those concerts.

In the following year, Mrs. Beach was invited by the Executive Board to write a composition for the dedication of the Woman's Building of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. As the occasion celebrated in the Nineteenth century the enterprise of the Fourteenth in discovery, Mrs. Beach felt that her share of the music should in some way represent the union of the two centuries. She therefore selected themes characteristic of Gregorian writing, augmented, harmonized and orchestrated in the modern style, and produced the Festival Jubilee, for chorus and orchestra in exactly six weeks. It was successfully performed in Chicago under the direction of Theodore Thomas and later in New York City.

Soon after she began the Gaelic Symphony, so called from the use of a number of genuine Gaelic themes. It was finished in the spring of 1896, and first performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur, in October. A sonata in A minor for piano and violin, was written in the six weeks following the completion of the symphony. Mrs. Beach played the work with Mr. Franz Kneisel at one of his quartet concerts in the following January (1897). Mrs. Beach has performed it on numerous occasions with other violinists. It was given in Berlin by (Continued on page 18)



MRS. H. H. A. BEACH

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Another Great Prehistoric City Unearthed in Mexico

THE great city of Cantona, once more populous than San Francisco, covering an area of 12 miles by 8, is not yet upon the maps. Discovered only six months ago, it will be at least another six before it has been fully explored. It is in Mexico, but the Mexican government hardly yet knows of its existence. It is close to the town of Tepeyahualco, on the estate of Señor Bruno Osorio, but neither the town nor the planter nor any of his officials knew anything about it till the end of last year. It was discovered buried in a forest, by Dr. Leon, anthropologist of the National Museum of Mexico. Coming upon the remains of an old well, he followed it up and presently came upon a great pyramid surrounded by stone platforms. Further search revealed more pyramids, fragments of walls and temples, carved granite blocks, monuments, roads and the city's remains. Every square yard of the rugged district had been utilized, and a superb granite road, running from a mountain top down into a valley, passed through the city and out beyond.

From the sculptured stones something can be learned of the ways of the people. Their costume was like that of the ancient Egyptians, like that of the prehistoric Yucatanese, like that of the Atlanteans if legend speak truly. It was a sleeveless cotton tunic, worked and dyed, supplemented by a mantle thrown across the shoulders. On this were sometimes embroidered figures of animals and it was hung with shells. A sort of wire head-dress, also of a very Egyptian appearance, appears to have been used at ceremonies. These rites appear to have been very complicated and devoted to sun-worship. Their food was roots and grain, and they seem to have made a wine from maize.

So far, their hieroglyphics cannot be read, and the name Cantona was of course conferred by Dr. Leon.

Who were these people? When did they live? As yet there can be no answer. We do not know whether they migrated in a body, or by degrees; or died of some plague, or dwindled away gradually. And so we cannot even guess where, if anywhere, are their descendants. Sometime, of course, the mystery will be solved, and with it many another. Mexican antiquarians say the city was there in the days of Julius Cæsar. But it may have been there when Atlantis was sinking. STUDENT

Some Ancient Roman Warriors Unearthed in England

DURING the past few days an interesting discovery of supposed relics of Roman warriors has been made in a field off Morden-road, Mitcham. A group of seven skeletons, with spearheads near, was found, and after further exploration close at hand three more skeletons in a fairly good state of preservation were unearthed. These three were buried in their martial attire and with their weapons. At the left side of one, which had spurs at the heels, was found the blade of a two-edged broadsword, about eighteen inches in length, and on the chest were several three-inch lengths of brass or bronze rod with eyelets at the extremities, and fragments of a glazed vase about six inches high and four in diameter, finely scored from top to bottom. Another of the three had a spearhead at the left of the skull and a buckle and knife or dagger at the waist.—*London Daily News*

Tomb of Queen Hatshepsu Discovered by an American

THE *London Times* gives an account of the recent discovery of the tomb of the great Queen Hatshepsu, the builder of the Temple of Der-el-Bahari. This interesting find is due, so says the *Times*, "to the lavish expenditure and American tenacity of Theodore M. Davis," and Mr. Davis is certainly to be congratulated upon this important addition to our knowledge of early Egypt. The tomb consists of a passage which slopes into the heart of a limestone mountain. Three separate chambers were opened before the actual was found. Within it were two sarcophagi of hard sandstone, beautifully polished and covered with finely carved hieroglyphics. The mummy of Queen Hatshepsu was accompanied by that of her father, King Thotmes I.

"Some Recent Discoveries in the Roman Forum"

A PAPER by Dr. Russell Forbes was read at yesterday's meeting of the Royal Archeological Institute by Mr. R. E. Goolden, F. S. A. The subject was "Some Recent Discoveries in the Roman Forum." The paper gave an account of primitive tombs, containing cinerary and ex-votive vases, very early Italian pottery, and bronze articles, below the pavement of the Sacra Via. In one tomb was a skeleton, with three jars containing wheat and husks of beans—offerings to the Manes. In connection with this subject Dr. Forbes quoted Ovid:

Scatter fruit and a small grain of salt,
With corn soaked in wine, and loose violets;
A jar holding these leave in the middle of the way.

Other discoveries were the remains of buried children, animal and fish bones, a hut-shaped cinerary vase similar to those found under the lava in the Alban hills, the remnants of a burnt hut, such as shepherds in the Campagna still use, and the skeleton of a colt, the last-named covered by a tumulus. The Sabines sacrificed horses to Mars.

An interesting question as to the boundaries of the ancient city is raised by some of these discoveries, as bodies were rarely buried within the walls. Sir H. Howorth, F. R. S., who presided, said he could not but think that after the destruction of Rome by the Gauls a large re-arrangement of the city took place.—*London Daily News*

Many of the "Antiquarian Relics" Are Made in Paris

A PROPOS of the recent frauds practised on the experts of the Louvre, M. J. Oppert, the eminent Assyriologist of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, relates that when, some years ago, he was commissioned to prepare a map of Ancient Babylon he spent three years in Asia Minor collecting the material. On his return his friend Renan informed him that he could have found all he wanted at the shop of an antiquary in the Rue de Lille. M. Oppert went to the antiquary's and examined the plan, which he was assured was of the period. But when he came to look into the map he saw that it bore a Latin inscription and other evidences of its unmistakable origin. It had been made in Paris.

On another occasion a rich collector let it be known that he wanted an Assyrian obelisk, and an antiquary promised to procure one. He kept his word and received £240. Shortly afterward the collector gave a dinner to several of his friends, to whom he proudly exhibited his latest acquisition. But his mortification was profound when one of them proved to him that his Assyrian obelisk had come from Montmartre. The swindling antiquary was prosecuted and condemned to two years' imprisonment for obtaining money by false pretenses.—*Pall Mall Gazette*

American Ethnology Exemplified at California University

THE collection of Indian life casts now at the University of California will doubtless be studied with great interest when the aboriginal tribes of America have disappeared or been merged. This collection has taken three years to secure, and it includes over fifteen Indian tribes extending from Maine to California, in addition to Esquimaux and Siberians, whose masks were obtained for purposes of comparison with the typical American aborigine.

As may be supposed by those aware of the Indian character, very considerable difficulty was experienced in persuading the natives to undergo the necessary operation of taking the mask. Tact and kindness, however, eventually prevailed, as they always do, and the Indians finally consented to allow their faces to be greased and the wet clay to be spread. The busts were then rapidly modeled by an artist.

The Esquimaux masks were taken when Lieutenant Peary returned from his northern travels, bringing with him a number of Esquimaux guides. They display the same characteristics as the southern groups and appear to form part of the same general type. STUDENT

American archeologists are urging federal protection from vandals.



ONE OF THE FINEST VIEWS OF THE KILLARNEY LAKES, IRELAND, EVER REVEALED BY THE CAMERA

By Neptune's Favor, Under Perpetual Summer Skies

OF the many unique privileges enjoyed by the students on Point Loma perhaps none are so enjoyable, in their way, as the men's bath so kindly provided by the ocean by its action on a bed of semi-slate. Here the beating of the surf has carved the rock into a basin about a hundred and fifty feet wide and two hundred feet long, of polished slate throughout, without any barnacles or corals to offend the feet of bathers. On one side the basin slopes gently out of the water, so that the timid or inexperienced can adjust the depth to an inch. On the other side is a depth of five or six feet, and the wall rises with a graceful swell to three feet or so above the water, thus affording the more expert a fine diving and swimming pool. Indeed, this wall or cornice is so artistically curved, and so regular in its sweeping grace, that it is difficult to remember that it is not artificial. To complete the illusion a pair of bosses, which at first glance appear as ornaments to relieve the eye, prove to be also a most convenient flight of steps whereby to ascend from the basin to the wide, smooth platform above. That no one may be injured against the sides by the tumultuous waves, the rim of the basin curves round the sea-end at a depth of two or three feet below water-level, thus permitting only the echo, as it were, of the wild surges to invade the inner tranquillity. The stone itself has numbers of pieces of iron pyrites imbedded in it, and here and there the impress of a trilobite, or similar creature, reminds us of the long past period when the slow sedimentation of ages formed the oozy mud since hardened into slate.

That no attraction may be wanting, there is a nearly smoothly-sloping beach of fine sand whereon the surf thunders with unchecked fury, where the more venturesome dive through the incoming breakers, and all enjoy the luxurious sun-baths under shelter of the towering cliffs. N.

Friendship in the Fields Among the Children of Nature

STORIES of "happy family" groups of domestic animals are common, and we are apt to regard them as the exceptions which prove the rule of antagonism, but we are strongly inclined to believe that there is much more kindness of feeling and even personal friendship among animals than is usually supposed. We have more opportunity to observe such cases among those of which we have the care, but there is no reason to believe that friendly attachments are less common among the wild creatures of the field. Remarkable stories are told of wild animal attachments, by naturalists and others, and here in Lomaland observations go to prove that friendly instincts are not monopolized by man.

Two Point Loma students had recently the rare pleasure of witnessing an incident of such a nature. A rabbit and a squirrel were having a royally good game of tag taking turns at being "it," when the approach of the wagon frightened them away. Reports from investigators are to the effect that animals whose habits and needs do not bring them into conflict, are usually on good terms with one another. So then it appears that man, instead of being a teacher of peace and mutual good-will among his younger brothers has, in fact, been quite the reverse and these isolated cases of peaceful friendship are survivals, rather than predictions, of the natural relations among the animals. Indeed there appears to be seldom any anger or resentment even, between the hunter and his victim. Each considers the other simply as an abstract fact and there is no ill will so far as we can observe. It is the terrible habit of killing things for amusement which has earned us the hate and the fear of the brutes and taught them to dread us as their worst peril.

Each of us who wishes to do so can help to hasten that time of peaceful trust. S. E.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

White Lotus Celebration at Los Angeles

A GREAT MOVE FORWARD AND A NEW TRIUMPH ■ TWO SUCCESSFUL MEETINGS LAUNCH GREAT WORK IN NEW FIELD

THE activities of Point Loma have once more brimmed over and a further outpost has been planted at Los Angeles, where already so much sincere and devoted work has been done. White Lotus Day has never been more effectively celebrated than by the two immense meetings held at the Mason Opera House, Los Angeles, on Sunday, 15th of May. The magnitude of the work which has been done there it would be impossible to estimate, but it will become even more apparent than it is now when the seed which has been planted in the minds of thousands of people, comes to its inevitable fruition. Our own comrades in every quarter of the world will at least know what is implied when we say that every step of this forward movement has been planned with minute care by Katherine Tingley herself, and every detail arranged by her, in such a manner as to command the utmost possibility of success.

The Mason Opera House is the largest and best in Los Angeles with beautiful interior accommodations and admirable acoustic properties. The Point Loma children and, to a certain extent, the Point Loma students, are not however so dependent upon the acoustic advantages of a building as is many a trained actor and elocutionist. They have been taught to use the human voice as it should be used, and to give to every word the buoyant vitality which belongs to it, and many and varied were the resulting compliments from the audience. The writer himself was seated upon the back seat of the topmost balcony, veritably in the clouds, but every word from the stage, even from the two-and-a-half to four year old children, floated up like the note of a bell. If such elocution should become general, the front seats of the theatre would lose something of their usual value.

The party from Point Loma was large and representative. Over forty children were included, and many of them were very small. Let it not however be supposed that this implies the trouble which it would elsewhere. The Symposium of *The Little Philosophers* which these children were presently to perform was not all aeting. To see "the little philosophers" at their very best it would be necessary to accompany them during the trying conditions of a long railway journey. Many an old traveler would carry therefrom a lesson in life's philosophy which would be to his benefit. Help and protection all children require, although they do not all get it, but to what a wonderful minimum this labor of love can be reduced when no child is querulous, or fretful or selfish! If the great audiences of the afternoon or evening could have seen "the little philosophers" in the train and on the road they would understand Point Loma training even better than they do now, and that is saying a great deal.

We will not reproduce the printed program, both because it is too lengthy, and also because it was improved upon up to the very last moment. The afternoon meeting was at 3 o'clock and crowds were awaiting admission long before the doors were opened. Upon every seat was a little bouquet of flowers with a suitable motto attached, mainly from the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, and many a visitor must have wondered at the words of gentle wisdom from the woman whom they now know to have been maligned and persecuted. In addition to the flowers every visitor was presented with a copy of the special Los Angeles edition of the *NEW CENTURY PATH*, elaborately prepared under the supervision of Katherine Tingley herself, and profusely decorated with views of Point Loma and of its activities among the children, and otherwise.

The program, as has been said, was extensive and more than usually delightful. The immense audiences were charmed, captivated, from the very first moment, and throughout the whole of the meetings the applause would have been embarrassing had it not been so spontaneous, so sincere and so kindly. A detailed description would be as impossible as a criticism, where everything was perfect, where every feature was so faultlessly effective. The addresses were few in number, brief, and pointed, and each one seemed to give the audience some desired information about Theosophy; each one was listened to with appreciative attention.

Miss Wood's address covered the ground of Raja Yoga training, of course in briefest outline only, but it would be hard to imagine anything more effective than the crowded background of happy children and their Headmistress explaining the methods of such marvelous work and the plan of education devised by Katherine Tingley of which these particular children were but a few of the forefruits. Miss Wood is at all times a pleasing speaker, but with such a subject and with such a background she was more than pleasing.

No less interesting and charming was Mrs. Hanson's address, written from the standpoint of the Wife and the Mother. Raja Yoga training was not, after all, entirely for children, but for all who wished to live their lives truly and well. If

Theosophy were but more generally known and practiced, how many a record of failure would be unwritten and how many breaking hearts would be filled with the joy of life instead of its despair! Certainly a paper overflowing with the value of sincerity.

The other addresses were by the Rev. S. J. Neill who spoke admirably on "Theosophy and Christianity," by the present writer on "What Theosophy Is Not," and a thoughtful and valuable address on "Fatalism and Pantheism," by Dr. Herbert Coryn.

The children's performances were so varied that it would be impossible to follow them. Whatever they did, they did well. The two little people, Frances Hanson and Geoffrey Barborka, in their piano and violin duet, were irresistible. Little Alice Ewing's recitation was admirable. Thorley von Holst spoke as well as usual, which is meant as the warmest kind of praise, while the appeal which was made by the little Cuban girl, Octavia, on behalf of the Cuban Raja Yoga Schools, was received with sincere kindness and response. The chorus singing simply fascinated the audience, while the children's and the adults' orchestra evoked genuine and deserved applause. May it moreover be said, in passing, that at the very time that this imposing program with its scores of performers was being carried through in the Mason Opera House at Los Angeles, the Isis Theatre at San Diego was also served by Point Loma students with equal efficiency, with equally good addresses and equally good music. In order that this duty in Los Angeles might be performed, no other duty was left unperformed, and it would have been quite possible to simultaneously draw upon Point Loma resources for two or three other educational entertainments just as full and admirable, had there been the need for them. What a tribute to the memory of H. P. Blavatsky and of William Q. Judge! But all that will come, and we shall see many things.

The Symposium of *The Little Philosophers* was performed at both the afternoon and the evening meetings. It was intended to give it in the afternoon only, but the disappointment of the evening audience would have been too great had it been omitted. Only those who have witnessed this Symposium can form an idea of what it is to see the stage so beautifully crowded with children and to hear the vivacious conversation, which flashes from one to another, with a spontaneity which must certainly have more than a tinge of the impromptu. Certain it is that there was no training for this display in the sense in which that word is ordinarily used, but it is true, obviously and undeniably true, that these children are trained to think, even the youngest of them, and to express their thoughts in the right words, words that are so very right because they are so very childish. The one disappointment of the day was in Katherine Tingley's inability to be present, but she sent a telegram to say that there would be other lectures and entertainments in Los Angeles in the near future, and that then she would speak.

The Theatre decorations were beyond all praise, having been carried out by Miss Edith White, the well-known artist, now resident at Point Loma. Miss White and her devoted co-workers transformed the stage into a perfect garden of flowers.

And now, glancing back at this description with the fear of the inexorable printer before his eye, the writer is distressingly aware of so many other things which ought to be mentioned, but which must be overpassed, so many other points of excellence which must be inferred and left untold. Certain it is that it will be long before the visit to Los Angeles is forgotten, with its sight of great and generous and kindly audiences, of happy children, and of a good work so well and lovingly done by all. This successful work so unselfishly done, augurs well for a closer union between the cities of Los Angeles and San Diego, which must result in the general development of the great State of California. It is but the first scene of a new act. There will be many other scenes in many other acts, and the same benediction will bring the same triumphs.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN,
Special Reporter

From the *Los Angeles Herald*, Monday, May 16, 1904

SONGS OF CHILDREN FROM LOMALAND

Object Lesson Given in Stumbling Blocks—Wisdom of Aryan Sages Brought Down to Date—Theosophical Brotherhood Faith Explained

CHILDREN from Point Loma, or "Lomaland," as the members of the Theosophical Society love to call their seat of learning, entertained a large audience at the Mason Opera House last night. There were other features, including lectures by members of the Brotherhood, but it was the work of the children that held the attention most and won round after round of applause.

The teachings of Theosophy inculcate a love for the beautiful, and following out this idea, the stage setting was a bower of beauty and fragrance such as could scarcely be found outside of California. Scattered about on the stage were a number of square objects, the symbolism of which was revealed when the children took their places.

So thickly were these blocks scattered about that the children had to avoid them when coming on the stage. They seated themselves and began to repeat a symposium on "stumbling blocks," and at once the meaning of the squares was made clear.

The Symposium was a collection of sayings handed down from the sages of hoary antiquity. The language was simple, direct, classic, and as rendered by the clear childish voices, held the close attention of the audience.

Following the Symposium the children sang a number of songs, their voices showing excellent training, and in some cases giving promise of great development. The song "Abide With Me," was rendered in a very sympathetic manner. The children ranged in ages from little tots of three or four years to boys and girls of fourteen or fifteen years.

A unique feature of the entertainment was an address by Miss Octavia Franco, a Cuban girl. The young lady told in brief but graphic phrases the sufferings of her people, and the manner in which the American nation had come to the rescue in their hour of need. She paid a high compliment to the heroes of the American army and navy that made the big auditorium ring with cheers.

Then she told of the sorrow in the island when the people learned that the man they regarded as their best friend, President McKinley, had been stricken by the hand of an assassin. Miss Franco told of the efforts of the Theosophical Society to establish schools in Cuba, and closed with an appeal to the audience for financial aid for those schools. The response of the audience was prompt and generous.

Among the addresses by members of the society were "Theosophy and Christianity," by Rev. J. S. Neill; "What Theosophy Is Not," by S. G. P. Coryn; "Theosophy Unsectarian and Universal," by J. H. Fussell; "What Theosophy Has Done for Women," by Mrs. Walter Taylor Hanson, and "Fatalism and Pantheism," by Dr. H. A. W. Coryn.

One paragraph in Rev. S. J. Neill's address may be given as a key to the others. He said: "Modern Theosophy is the restoration of the teachings of Christ in their purity and simplicity, but it is more than that. It is fitted as well for a scientific age such as ours. There are many things in this philosophy that were not taught in the first century of the Christian era, because they were not needed then. The time has come now to teach these things. The early Christian church was a reflection of the life of Christ, but within two or three hundred years ecclesiasticism had taken full possession of the church. This change was the cause of the horror of the long age of religious wars."

A telegram was received from Mrs. Katherine Tingley expressing her regret at being unable to be present owing to a pressing engagement which she was unexpectedly called upon to attend. In her message she stated that she would hold other meetings in this city, at which time she hoped to be present.

One of the best features of the entertainment was the music. This included the prelude to *Parsifal*, from Wagner; *The Seasons*, from Hawley, and Sullivan's *Lost Chord*. The harp accompaniment to *Oberon in Fairy-land* won great and deserved applause.

The complete program included an entertainment in the afternoon. This consisted of a tableau representative of the work of the Society and an introduction by Thorley von Holst. Miss S. Ethelind Wood spoke on "The Resurrected Christ." The children sang several part songs, after which there was a violin obligato, a quartet for violins and a number of other musical selections.

The Isis Theatre Meeting, San Diego

Reprinted from the San Diego News

THERE were two strong addresses given by older students of Point Loma at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Isis Theatre last Sunday evening, and also a very interesting little paper on "Raja Yoga," by a very bright and pretty little lady of the Raja Yoga School—Miss Alice Westerland. The musical numbers by the students of the Isis Conservatory of Music were especially well selected and rendered. The youthful address on "Raja Yoga" was as follows:

"In the Raja Yoga School we are not taught as children in other schools. We do not do as we please always, but we do what we know to be right. The study is one of our pleasures, for we are very fond of our books and our music.

"In our school we do not often get sick, and then we get well very soon, for we have so many things to help us—the exercises every morning which give us such healthy bodies, and the play times and the duties, too, for they are our pleasures and keep us happy. We watch the flowers blossom, and we love the birds as they sing all day long at Point Loma.

"Raja Yoga teaches us to stand straight, to walk firmly and to hold our heads up so that we can see the right, and look people straight in the face.

"We have loving teachers who do not punish us, but show us what is right and help us to do it. When we think of our school, and remember that we have everything that we need to help us, good food and exercise to make our bodies strong, pleasant lessons to make our minds bright and kind love to guide us, it makes us very glad, for other little children have seen how well and happy we are, until now there are several large Raja Yoga Schools, and many, many children waiting to learn Raja Yoga.

"And we try and try every day to study harder and to do better, for we know in that way we are doing something to bring nearer the time when all the little children in the world can be as happy as we are—and have Raja Yoga."

Under the title of "Bogus Christianity and Bogus Theosophy," Mr. H. T. Patterson said, among other things:

"The lie which approximates most nearly to the truth is more deceptive than crass misrepresentation. A perverted teaching is harmful in proportion to the amount of truth which it contains.

"There are those who regard the Christian teachings as the most fundamental of truths. We are of those.

"There are those who regard the Theosophical teachings as the most fundamental of truths. We are of those also.

"There are those who say that the teachings of Theosophy and Christianity are antagonistic. This we deny; and, in lieu of it, assert that any Christianity which is not Theosophic is bogus, and that any Theosophy which is not Christian is likewise bogus.

"The history of the development of religions is instructive. They have all followed similar lines. First comes spirituality, truth, reform, self-abnegation, subjection to persecution. Then, increase in power and decrease in virtue; the original

truth, though obscured, being the basis on which the power is acquired and held. Then, new reformers, regarded as anti-religious by the now-established bodies, and in turn persecuted by them, as they themselves were originally persecuted. Though Jesus insisted that he came not to destroy, but to fulfill the law and the prophets, yet he was unorthodox in the eyes of ecclesiastical Judaism.

"Again, did not Jesus say 'blessed are the meek,' 'blessed are the persecuted,' and the like? Who tries to live up to these conceptions? O, who, in sincerity, endeavors to abide by the Golden Rule? Yet, surely, Jesus must have meant what he said. The trouble is that Christ's teachings have been so interwoven with dogmas and so mixed with incredible nonsense that we have become as incredulous in regard to them as to the pernicious stuff with which they have been overlaid. Suppose it were seriously claimed for some one, today, that he had the power of performing miracles—raising the dead, for instance? Yet, Jesus did these things, and told his followers that they would do greater things. Ah, yes! but that was over nineteen hundred years ago! Yet, miracles are facts, and those who disbelieve in their possibility are dupes misled by false teachers—teachers who, century after century, have been dealing out spurious coin until our faith has been destroyed. Miracles! Why, the last forty years has been a steady record of miracles. We are in the midst of them—wireless telegraphy, telephones, X and N-rays—an almost endless category. They would drive our forefathers mad with confusion if they were suddenly brought amongst them. 'But,' you say, 'these things cannot raise the dead.' Ah, no! for this is merely the beginning—the penumbra of the light of true knowledge. When we are in the effulgence of illumination this miracle, no longer a miracle, will come to pass.

"As to bogus Theosophy the story, so far as it goes, is much the same as to that of other distorted revelations. Being a revelation—one of the great, spiritual, practical, uplifting unveilings, perhaps the greatest of them—it has suffered as the others have. There has been on the one side of it the persecution by the established, ecclesiastical orders; on the other, subtle invasion by those who, in their diabolical greed and selfishness, would appropriate its truths, so far as their meagre natures are capable of appropriating them, and then pass out such counterfeits as would best suit their ends. And don't imagine they lack in cunning, for they have the devil as their chief adviser—the devil not being a bogus article, but a genuine and frightful entity, the head of a legion—selfishness, hypocrisy, egotism, lust, obsessing this earth. And they are the real enemies of truth—the persecutors.

"Ezekiel, in the record of one of his wonderful visions, speaks of the wheels within wheels. Do you not recognize this as applying to the heavenly bodies, moving in their rotary paths of vari-colored luminosity? Pythagoras spoke of the music of the spheres. Is it impossible that he had access to the same fount of knowledge as that known to Ezekiel? Katherine Tingley makes art, in color and in sound and in concrete form, a prominent feature in her work. Peradventure she, likewise, has access to the same fount. Are you familiar with the story of Joan of Arc? Have you in mind her wonderful career? May not the same spirit which led her on from victory to victory, which inspired Moses and Ezekiel and Pythagoras also overshadow Katherine Tingley and other spiritual leaders?"

The Transformation of Japan---Glimpses of the

From the NEW CENTURY PATH Special Correspondent

YOKOHAMA, March 29th, 1904



It is just fifty-one years since Commodore Perry of the American Navy sailed past the site of the present city of Yokohama, which was then little more than a bare stretch of sandy beach. What his four vessels signified to the Japanese of the past generation is most quaintly and graphically told in an article called "Japan," which I have clipped from a paper published in English, by a Japanese gentleman, and which I shall send you, with accompanying cuts; probably nothing could be more interesting to the readers of the NEW CENTURY PATH the world over, at this present juncture. If Yokohama was then nothing but a stretch of sandy waste, lapped by the waves of Tokyo (or Yedo) bay, the present city well demonstrates the spirit of development which has assumed a controlling power over the Japanese people. Were it not for the beautiful mountain of Fujiyama, the Sacred and Holy Mountain of Japan, which rises so majestically, far inland, that its snow-clad sweep seems to cast a protecting influence over the surrounding country, Yokohama would be decidedly disappointing from an artistic point of view. The shipping in the harbor, and the clusters of low brick houses along the shore, suggest Japan not at all; while the bluffs running to the left are but uninteresting compared with the unusual treat afforded one by the sights of the Inland Sea. Still, it would be injustice itself to say that Yokohama possesses nothing to interest or amuse the visitor from abroad; quite the contrary. Its wide streets of the more native quarter, lined with the little shops, eating houses and theatres, with their picturesque and striking advertisements, and cut and intersected by innumerable smaller thoroughfares, possibly hold out as many inducements to a stay in the city, and excursions here and there and elsewhere, as any other place. But travelers, after a stay here for a few days, leave usually for the capital city of the Empire, Tokyo, which is only about a score of miles inland, and which has so many and unique features of its own that it demands the greater part of the time of the tourist.

A SHINTO TEMPLE AND ITS WORSHIPERS—Today your correspondent paid a visit to the Shinto Temple of Tenshido. After entering a jinrikisha at the door of the hotel, he was whirled rapidly through a part of the town which offered subjects for study in human life at every turn, but which it is not in place to comment on here. A ride of some thirty minutes brought him to the bottom of a stairway of stone steps, at the top of which, some hundred feet up, could be seen the Egyptian-like gateways of the Temple. These gateways are remarkable, from an architectural standpoint, and I have often wondered why it is that our own builders have not grasped the artistic and impressive effect they produce, and why they have not incorporated it into western canons. The eye is caught and held for a time by them; while they also serve as a frame, through which perspective assumes really charming proportions. They bear the same relation to temple building here that the massive and gigantic temple pylons of the ancient Egyptians did to the Houses of the Eternal Spirit in that old land. There the pylons were huge and overpowering in their expression of strength and stability; here these square gateway entrances suggest grace, lightness, and the fleeting, transitory aspects of human things.

At the top of the stairway I have mentioned, which, by the way, was not continuous, but interrupted with irregular platforms, from which the next flight of a dozen or more steps arose, was the Temple itself, an unpretentious affair enough, but evidently a favorite religious resort, for the coming and going of the worshipers was practically unceasing. A squarely built, low structure, some thirty feet wide, by about as many in depth; with open rooms at the sides where sat the attendant priests, reading and smoking the little native pipe, holding scarcely half a dozen whiffs. In front of the shrine hung the usual big bell of the Temple, from which a long triple cord hung. Flush with the floor of the Temple, and outside the latticework, screening the interior from too curious a gaze, was a long box, half as long as the Temple itself, and standing some two and a half feet high. Boards covered this box for its whole length, leaving a long narrow slit only, between; this was the receptacle for offerings.

Now comes the worshiper. He approaches the Temple, until within two feet of the offertory box. There he stops, throws a copper coin into it; a second passes, the coin is heard sliding down the interior; another second, and it is heard to drop somewhere within the Temple itself, on the floor. The man seizes the bell rope, strikes the bell itself three times, claps the palms of his hands together three times, and while the soft deep tones of the bell echo in his ears, bows his head or kneels in prayer. Sometimes the prayer is silent; then, again, the suppliant, or giver of thanks, bursts forth into a litany, recited in a monotonous tone, which appears to have no ending. A woman follows him; then another, and another, while during the whole, the priests in the little rooms at the sides are reading, smoking, talking or laughing, in what strikes the European as the most indecorous way.

Little children toddle up to the shrine the while, and, imitating their elders, kneel, and with joined palms and bent head are a striking lesson in the power of psychology over the mind of youth.

In a short time the worshiper rises and leaves the place, while his face bears the same stamp of relieved anxiety, which is familiar to those of us who have seen the comfort derived, in moments of sorrow or trial, pictured on others' faces, by a few moments silent communion with the God within.

Within the Temple itself may be seen the sacred vessels in bronze and copper, many in number, and, apparently, carelessly enough strewn around the interior. Back of the first sanctum is another smaller one, the doors of which are locked and barred with wood; on religious festivals such are thrown open to the crowds who throng to the Temple. A practical-minded soul, from down East possibly, who was standing near me, was heard to remark that he wondered how much the coffers of the Temple were swollen by the unceasing stream of offerings which dropped so resonantly into the sounding wooden receptacle. Without in the least touching the tenets of pure Shintoism, there was too much of the "filthy lucre" atmosphere about it all; it degraded the whole affair. On both sides of the Temple, on the very grounds, were a number of booths, open, with couches covered with matting, where the devout might recline or sit, and drink the weak, straw-colored green tea and eat sweetmeats and gossip. To the right, was a handsome stone monument, some twenty feet high, erected to the memory of those who lost their lives in certain naval battles. On three sides, Japanese inscriptions, cast in copper, commemorate the event; on the other, three lines in English immortalized the story by a quotation taken from the *Psalter*, to wit, quoted in substance: "To the memory of our brave Sons, 'they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters.'"—*Psalms cvii, 23*

I wondered what good, church-going folk would think, were they to find on a similar monument, erected, let us say, to the memory of the sailors who perished during the Revolutionary War, a quotation from the precepts of Gautama Buddha, or an extract from some sacred Shinto work; and that in a sectarian church yard!

HOW DO THE JAPS ADVERTISE?—The answer to that is simple enough, for they seem to have realized the fact that advertising done well means business, and they are beginning to deface some of the most beautiful spots their country affords, with the gigantic lettering so well known with us. The following ad. I have taken from an enterprising paper, published by the same Japanese gentleman I mentioned above, from which I culled the article "Japan." It reads:

O Komai, Manufacturer & Dealer in Damascene Ware. Orders promptly executed at moderate price. No. 3 Furumonzen, Kyoto, Japan. This is the work which is used by O Komai on his damascene ware. The damascene work is only manufactured in Kyoto in Japan, and O Komai is the pioneer of the line in all Japan. When Japan was governed under feudal system O Komai worked on sword mostly, but by marvelous change which came over Japan within past generation, and he turned his attention to the Manufacture of those which useful article, thus cigarettes, cards, watch, match cases, stick handles, vases, pictures, boxes and other ornaments, and this is only the man who get prize at Osaka exhibition for the exhibits of the same class.

That ad. is a gem; nor, in spite of its English, will its value be the less from an advertising point of view.

Island Empire That May Rule Eastern World

JAPANESE JOURNALISM IN ENGLISH—The extract which follows, is taken from the *Excursion Journal*, published at Tokyo, by Mr. T. Minami and Sons, who have established in Japan a Tourists' Agency, which seems to be a leaf taken out of the note-book of the founder of Cook's. He speaks of Japan as follows:

It is our desire that our good friends of the world will come and see the country for our proverb says, "Seeing once is better than hundred hearings." We believe hearing often misleads and is forgotten. We have another proverb, "A pet child should be made to travel." It seems to us that seeing different things and mixing with other people is the greatest education to us. Being for people of progressive countries do travel and those who dislike them retrograde. To prove this fact we can show you with an account of Japan.

After the suppression of Christianity by the Shogun Ieyasu in 1614, the country was entirely closed to foreigners and the Japanese were prohibited from going abroad, so Japan lost the opportunity of mingling with the world, and allowed herself to remain in a stationary condition, until she was forced to recognize the existence of the outside world in 1853.

By way of explaining the struggle of the country and ignorance of foreign countries at that time, allow me to introduce my own account connected with it. In 1864, Japan refused to make a treaty ratification with foreign countries although she was running a great risk of war which was declared by the Imperial court. I,

In a short time now, the great annual cherry blossom festival will be held at the capital, Tokyo, which I am informed affords one an incomparable opportunity of studying the Japanese *en fete*, and of realizing the profundity of the artistic temperament of the people in general. This is almost a national affair, and crowds flock to Tokyo for the occasion.

JAPAN IN WAR TIME—Scarcely is it possible to realize the fact that this knightly little nation is at war with one of the greatest military powers of the western world. Conspicuously absent, are demonstrations of any kind, and the newspapers are treating the question with a reserve and a calmness which would do credit to the most enlightened western journalism. In the streets there are no flags, no streamers, no badge carrying of any kind. Outside the offices of the native papers, may be seen crowds and groups of the poorer classes, quietly perusing the latest news from the front; but it is greatly to be feared that the news they do read is not the most authentic, for the stand taken by the Government with regard to publishing war news, and about allowing newspaper correspondents to stay at the front has been unequivocal, firm, and as far as the latter are concerned, occasionally most provoking. Indeed, it reminds one irresistibly of the fact that but too often do the lurid writings of the men at the front, react even upon the conclusions of those at the

head of State. Japan seems determined to do her own carrying on of war, and in her own way, without the prick and spur, the lash and whip of newspaper comment upon the operations conducted at the "Theatre of War."

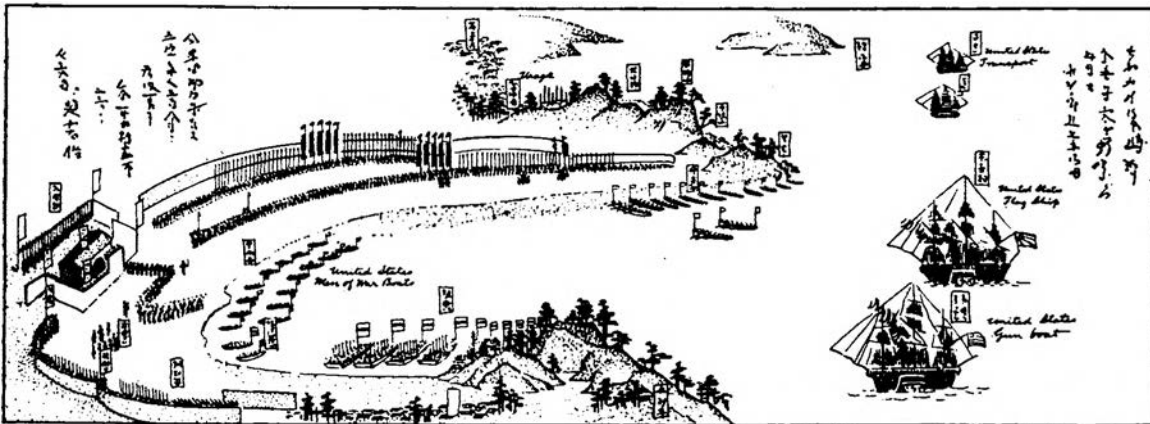
The Government is most alive to all the requirements for the public safety, which might be endangered by modern methods of making war upon the enemy. The harbors are laid with mines, and the vessel that tried to enter without the Government officer, told off for that purpose, would in all probability suffer the same dreadful fate which sent a shudder of horror throughout America, when the news of the destruction of the "Maine" was given to the world.

The theatres, with an enterprise which seems quite foreign to the Oriental character, as we understand it at least, are running in plays dealing with the war.

It is astonishing how accurately the pictures on the canvasses exposed to attract attention, have been painted. There is about them, too, that inimitable dash, that spirited representation of a thing, which to me is the life and soul of what we call Japanese art. Indeed, while it is scarcely probable that either Japanese or Russian officers ever assume the fiery and magnificent poses given them on canvas by these artists, the heat and struggle of the actual fighting is brought home to one's mind in a very positive way by these pictures. I have heard many people criticize Japanese art very sharply, and even go the length of refusing to call it "Art;" for myself, I cannot admit that such a criticism is a just one. Judged by western notions of what "Art" is, it is possible that if western art were the *ne plus ultra* of the appeal to that faculty which recognizes art as such, then indeed, Japanese art is barbarous; but is it? The true standard of art varies with different peoples, and so does technique; but a true technique again, depends upon a canon of proportion, and when this latter is followed consistently, without any reasonable departures from it, and when there is life, and spirit, and Nature, in a production, then I hold that that child of the artistic faculty is a child of true art. Japanese art has both the canon and the life, and as such, should, and does, deserve the name of art.

It is coldish, and rainy here; has been so for the last few days. But as fickle April has been known from time immemorial to play pranks with one's wishes, one can only bow in acquiescence, and wait for golden-haired May to teach us that disappointments may have a glorious recompense following them.

G. DE PURUCKER



AN OLD SKETCH OF KURIHAMA BEACH, SHOWING AMERICAN ENVOY'S LANDING AND SHOGUN'S GUARD AND RECEPTION ROOMS (KINDLY LOANED BY COUNT II NAOTADA)

Reprinted from the *Excursion Journal* of T. Minami & Sons' Tourist Agency

myself followed my father Kagesuke Minami, who was then Inspector of war under Lord Mori, at Shimonoseki in the province of Nagato, and took part in the defence of the fort and in the attack upon the foreign ships. After we had lost our ships and forts in September an armistice took place, I immediately returned home and one day happened to find a map of the Eastern Hemisphere in my father's bookshelf. Looking it over I was so much interested in it that I was determined to go abroad for personal investigation. I consulted upon my resolution with my brother-in-law and cousin Shinsaku Takasugi, who was then the Military Governor of Shimonoseki, and obtained his consent. In the spring of 1865 he gave me a little money, with which I escaped from Shimonoseki for England. Since then I have toured round the globe three times, and each journey has strengthened my conviction that traveling is a valuable education and that ignorance and misunderstanding are sad blights both upon the life of a man or of a country.

But the rapid growth of Japan since the Restoration of 1868 has been the wonder of the world; Japanese were sent to learn, and foreigners came to teach the Occidental civilization in all its spheres; and by their endeavor worked upon the people: everything has undergone a complete change. In a word, the Occidental civilization has been transplanted in the Far East, and seems to have taken firm root. Now we are very glad to say that foreigners who come to this country are welcomed and are received with all courtesy throughout the land and that we, our family and our members together with the assistance of our influential friends will do the best within our power for the tourists' convenience and comfort.

CHERRY BLOSSOMS—The plum-trees have begun to bloom, and now the cherry blossoms, those cherry blossoms which have made Japanese art and Japanese real scenery so famous and so well-known to us, have begun to break from the bud into the bloom in their turn. In a very short time the country sides will be a mass of color, or so, at least, is the promise, for the cherry is ubiquitous, and as one speaks of the oaks of England, so does one associate the cherry with the land of the Mikado.

O-Iné, Samurai, of Japan

O-INÉ lifted the cover of the little lacquered bowl and looked at its lower surface. Her cheeks paled and her hand trembled as she replaced it, but she gave no other sign—for she was Shinto, born and bred. Quietly she carried away the little feast which she had been daily placing before the east window. It was a pretty custom, the daily placing of a miniature meal, like the “shadow feast,” which the Japanese place in memory of their dead. O-Iné never doubted the legend must be true, which said that if no vapor collected on the under surface of the bowl’s cover, it was a sign that the absent one—her husband—was dead. Close beside the tiny tray and above the kneeling cushions was the shrine that is seen in every Shinto household, the *Miya*. Before it were tablets written over with curious ideographs, so graceful that they seemed to have been limned upon it by the sweep of a bird’s wing. Above it hung another of the sacred symbols, the rope of rice straw.

O-Iné—the name itself meant “ear of young rice”—was one of the old Samurai clan. She was born of a race of warriors. In her girlhood she had been not like other girls; she had dreamed dreams. Her ideals had been greater than even the greatest of the ideals her brothers held—“to die for His Majesty, the Emperor”—yet differed not, save as the greater differs from the lesser. She had dreamed of helping her nation, of helping those less fortunate than herself, less wealthy and even less proud—of helping all humanity. But before her ideal had time to blossom into anything like expression, she married. It was all very simple—arranged by her parents—and she went away from her own home to live in the home of her husband, an old Samurai residence from whose windows she could see in the distance *Fujiyama*.

O-Iné was happy. Kunusoki was handsome, young and strong. How proud she was of him and the two swords which he always wore, for he was a warrior. And as for O-Iné, she became as the very light in his parents’ home, beautiful as a cherry tree in full bloom. The dream of her girlhood came to be soon forgotten, for new cares clasped hands with new joys, and her days were full.

It was true, then. O-Iné looked again at the vaporless under surface of the tiny cover. Kunusoki was dead. It must be so. Slowly she turned from the window and carried out of the room the little tray. The matting was soft as a cushion under her feet. A faint odor of incense filled the room and all about her was silence as of a temple. She went into the garden, one of those typical, grand old places so often seen about the homes of Samurais of high rank. In the center was a lotus pond, from its depths arising little green islets covered with dwarf oaks. There were rocks, moss-covered, here and there; miniature hills, a wonderful fairy-like grotto with a swirl as of clouds and dragons graven upon its curving inner walls.

O-Iné sank upon the sand at the edge of the pool. A feeling of sudden weakness had come over her. The big laurel shaded her figure but partly as she looked down into the pond. Upon the sand and upon the pond’s still waters quivered the tremulous shadows of the laurel leaves. They beckoned like fingers and she thought they were mocking her.

O-Iné looked across at the nearest little islet where stood a dwarf pine. It was three hundred years old, they told her, and not more than a foot high. Would she grow old too? It was impossible. Water lilies floated upon the surface of the quiet waters; the pink and white lotus buds lifted their heads above it. She looked again down into its depths; a dozen golden fish were swimming about, water beetles and snails were clinging to the sand along the edge and even a tortoise paddled slowly past. She wondered if it, too, would grow old, like the dwarf pine and if sea-moss would cling to its back and stream behind, as on the old tortoise in the Temple. O-Iné sat very still. It seemed to her as if the breath had already left her body and that there was now no future, just as there seemed to be, for the moment, no past. Kunusoki was dead—that was all. The news—the bare, full truth—would come by messenger in a day or two. There was nothing else in life to wait for. A little lizard crawled over her foot and tiny green frogs hopped up on the lotus leaves and eyed her.



The water-snakes, who knew O-Iné well, slowly floated up and then back. She was faintly conscious of hearing the *cicadae* in the trees and the call of the wild dove, distant and clear, as if it came over miles and miles of rice field. Still she sat silent and brooding. Why should she live? Why need she ever move again, even?

O-Iné heard a laugh at her side and felt a light touch upon her arm. She started—it was her baby son. The mother had forgotten him. His wee, right hand held a stick, at the top of which streamed one of those wonderful kites, like a big Japanese carp, the immense distended form undulating and flapping in the wind like a great streamer.

O-Iné roused herself and smiled. Her training had made this easy, for she was Samurai and Shinto, too—that religion which makes proselytizing such a difficult matter for our missionaries—for Shinto is the religion of character and courtesy itself. It had been part of her training to conceal pain from others lest they be also affected; but with the smile that she forced to come, she was conscious of something like the opening of a door within her heart. Perhaps, after all, the sign upon the tiny lacquered cover might not speak true. Yet, even if it were true, her child had the warrior blood of a thousand generations of old Samurai in his veins. It was glorious—she would live for him; she would bring to him ideals even greater than the one great ideal of the Samurai, “to die for His Majesty, the Emperor.” The child pulled at his mother’s silken sleeve.

She rose, not wearily and with unwonted dignity. His Majesty, the Emperor! What was this new hope that had come into being within her heart? It was really the old dream returned but she did not know it; the old dream which had not been lost but had merely been curtained away by the love that came into her life. But the curtain had fallen at last, torn away as by a terrible hand. And the future? O-Iné only knew that she must live for the child’s sake. She found, then, that she wished to live, even as she thought again of Kunusoki. Three days later the news came. It was as she had feared. O-Iné’s face had already grown less rosy and less plump. She had suffered as women suffer when some deep and awful conviction does battle with the feeling “perhaps after all it may not be true.” The news came almost as a relief—as the placing of a period when the thought has been expressed. O-Iné was dimly conscious of the opening of another door. In that sense alone it was a relief, as the opening of a door always relieves one who suffers, even though the air be chill and the night without thick and lightless.

That afternoon she unbound her glorious hair, the hair of a true Samurai. Carefully, lovingly and almost hesitatingly she cut it off and carried it to the Temple on the hill. It was the sign of her love for Kunusoki, it was her vow of perpetual widowhood. Then she returned to her home and took up the duties of life again. Every morning thereafter she carried the little “shadow feast” to his favorite window—and often she lingered over it lovingly—but there was a new light in her eye, a new dignity in her step, a new reserve in her manner.

“Strange that she doesn’t grieve—that is, as other women grieve,” said Kunusoki’s mother.

“It is because of the child,” said Kunusoki’s brother, himself a Samurai.

O-Iné heard them, for only the *shoji*, with its thinnest of thin Japanese paper, stood between them and the little window where she was placing the consecrated “shadow feast.” She started. Then for the first time she understood; it was the dream of her girlhood, her dream of a higher ideal, of a greater Japan, of a path to be trodden by herself in humanity’s service, of a great work to be done, not alone for His Majesty, the Emperor, but for the thousand, thousand women of his land, for all humanity—and to be done by her. It was the dream of her girlhood and she looked upon it again and took it back into her heart, forever thenceforth to become part and substance of her very life.

O-Iné looked up and out through the window. Before her, in the vapory, azureless morning light rose *Fujiyama*, silver-pink in the sunrise, like the bud of an opening lotus.

STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Letter From Fifi

DEAR CHILDREN: I am Fifi, and I live at Loma Homestead in Lomaland. I have wanted to write you a letter for a long time.

You will remember, perhaps, the letter my brother Lucifer wrote, or, rather, the letter that Madame wrote for him. But Madame is not writing this letter. One of the Raja Yoga children is writing it for me as a surprise to Madame! I am gray and white, as you see in the picture, and Lucifer is coal black. The other day Madame came into the butler's pantry. We had just been singing again. When she saw us she looked so surprised, and then she laughed and said, "C'est magnifique! C'est précisément le tableau que je désire avoir!" And that is how I am able to send you our picture.

Lucifer has told you, I believe, how we often sing together. Well, sometimes he sings alone to me, and he has one song that goes something like this (at least, this is the best translation I can make out of our own cat language):

Happy little kittens,
Sunshine all the day,
How we play together!
Brotherhood's the way.

Jolly little kittens,
Here's a song for you,
Brotherhood's the happy way,
Won't you try it, too?

Sometimes Lucifer takes a long nap in the sunshine that comes into the kitchen afternoons. I am nervous, as perhaps Lucifer has told you, and easily frightened, but I am never afraid of Lucifer, and when he is asleep I always pull his tail to tease him. At first he wakes up just a little and waves his long black tail over my head. Then I pull it harder, and you should see him jump up quick and give me a big hug before I can get away. He pretends to be very cross—but then I understand *that*.

One day, when we were playing this way, Madame came into the dining-room. She had an armful of flowers, beautiful roses and lilies and heliotrope, and a big bunch of violets, and a *whole lot* of trailing vines.

When she saw us playing this way, a real Brotherhood way, she laughed and said, "O Fifi, Fifi!" Then she turned to the lady who was with her and said: "Ne-c'est-pas drôle? Je ne crois pas que Lucifer sache ce que c'est d'être fâché."

I understand Madame when she speaks French just as well as when she speaks English. That is Raja Yoga—to be able to understand everything. Good-bye. Yours for Brotherhood,
FIFI

DEAR CHILDREN: Most of you have read *Black Beauty*, and now that this terrible war is being fought out in far-away Asia,

I have found myself thinking many times of the following sentence from that little book: "*I, with my noble master, went through many actions without a wound, though I saw horses shot down with bullets, pierced through with lances and gashed with saber cuts, left dead on the field or dying in agony of wounds.*" You know the story of *Black Beauty* is told by Black Beauty himself, a noble horse. Most people, when they think of war, feel sad at the terrible suffering that comes to the soldiers and to the families that are left behind, but how many think of the noble horses who suffer on the battlefield, and who are oftentimes more patient and sometimes more heroic than their masters? Yet they are our comrades, are they not?

UNCLE FRED

Mabel Lockwood's Lesson

(Written by a young Lotus Group student)

ONE cold winter's day in New York a bright-faced young girl walked briskly through one of the side streets leading to the slums. She picked her way through the gathering crowds until she came to a cheerful building with a big sign over the door, "The Brotherhood School." It was a place where the little children of the tenement houses

went to learn about life being joy, and to have marching and singing and love and sunshine and happiness brought into their hearts. As the young girl, Mabel Lockwood, entered the room with her bright smile, a sunbeam seemed to come straight from the hearts of those children like an answer. All the children were her pupils and she was looked up to and loved by them all. It was the day of the children's Christmas merry-making, and they were all enjoying the few little sweets that had been carefully prepared for them by their devoted teacher, when Charley, a little lad of ten years, came up to her and said: "Miss Lockwood, you have been teaching us that helping and sharing was what Brotherhood meant."

"I would like to act that out, so I am going to give my bag of candy to Jimmy, the little sick boy."

Mabel smiled and said, "I am so glad that you want to do this, dear. I would not have asked you, and I was wondering if you would think of it."

Now, what was the secret of Mabel Lockwood's influence over the children? It was simply this, I think?

She had given up many enjoyments every week in order to come down to the Brotherhood school and teach the poor little children, and so unselfishness had become a part of her character and had shone out through all her actions just like a light, so that she did not need to tell the children in words to be unselfish.

She could tell them through her silent influence.



TWO CATS OF LOMALAND

HOW TO BE HAPPY

ARE you almost disgusted with life, little man?
I'll tell you a wonderful trick,
That will bring you contentment, if anything can ---
Do something for somebody quick.

Are you awfully tired with play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world ---
Do something for somebody quick.—Selected

A Street Car Cat

THE street cars in a western city have small stoves in the center of each car for the additional comfort of passengers in cold weather. The driver on one of these cars had reached the end of his route one cold day last November, and was changing his horses from one end of the car to the other, when a half-grown, half-starved and bedraggled looking kitten came mewing across the road and ran into the car. It curled up under the stove in

great contentment, and the kind-hearted driver, who was also the conductor, allowed it to lie under the stove during the down-town trip.

He begged a saucer of milk for the little waif at the other end of the route, and after lunch, for which she was manifestly grateful, kitty went back to her snug place under the little stove, and during the next day she and the conductor became such good friends that he left her in the car when he went off duty that night.

He did not put her out the next day nor at any other time, but fed her every day. She was a pretty, playful little gray and white kitty, and made friends with all the passengers. When the weather is fine she often rides out on the platform with the driver who has been such a true friend to her, and whose conduct is proof of the fact that there is a kindly, generous heart beneath his rough garments.—*Harper's Young People*. And I fancy that the little kitten, in just giving these busy care-worn men a chance to be tender and kind, brought to them even more real happiness than they were able to bring to her.

E. H.

Students'



Path

SUNSHINE AND MUSIC

A LAUGH is just like sunshine,
 It freshens all the day,
 It tips the peaks of life with light,
 And drives the clouds away;
 The soul grows glad that hears it,
 And feels its courage strong---
 A laugh is just like sunshine
 For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music,
 It lingers in the heart,
 And where its melody is heard
 The ills of life depart;
 And happy thoughts come crowding
 It's joyful note to greet---
 A laugh is just like music
 For making living sweet.—*Our Dumb Animals*

Life an Eternal Present

DUTY is always simple. The complexity is in the artifices we invent to avoid the simple duty. For want of a little courage, energy and faith at the outset, we shirk the obvious first step and try to achieve the result by an easier means.

An arithmetic pupil will spend hours of time, give himself a headache, and use up sheets of paper, in trying to do the problem in a shorter and easier way than the one he is shown. By neglecting nothing and making quite sure of each step before proceeding to the next, the problem may be solved quickly and easily. But to attempt a short cut is almost invariably fatal; and a mistake in the early stages means that *all* subsequent work is useless toil, time and labor wasted in multiplying up the small error. How true is this of our life in general! We complain of the dimness of our vision, the complexity of our duties, the difficulty of our work; and it all comes from our refusal to do the thing in the obvious and simple way. And this refusal, in its turn, springs from a lack of faith and courage at the outset.

Then again, our fears often prevent us from beginning until we think we can see the whole way clear before us; when, if we would only start by boldly doing the little we already see and know, the subsequent steps would become clear. Here again the arithmetical analogy is instructive; for the pupil who, face to face with a problem, bravely sets down the data, usually sees the next step, and then the next, and so on to a successful ending; whereas the timorous one who will not make a figure until he thinks he sees the end, never starts at all. Thus one might enunciate the aphorism, "The way to solve a problem is to write your name on the top of the sheet."

We all have to learn to walk in the dark, as well as in the light; and the only way to do that is to take the first step and trust that each successive step will be equally easy when it comes.

Great men do the simple and obvious things which other people balk at, and the record of their deeds is a story of simple actions which excites wonder as to why nobody else thought of doing them before. Nobody else had the faith, the courage, the dash.

The first thing I ought to do in the morning is to get up. But instead of that I lie there thinking what I shall do *when* I get up. And when I do get up, I do not do as I decided after all, because then I am engaged in planning what I ought to do after that.

We all long to conquer the great illusion which deludes the eye of the soul and keeps us fettered in a dull and painful life when there are broad realms of joy and peace waiting for those who can solve the enigma of life. Yet how we neglect our chances! Here, for instance, is one phase of this illusion. It diverts our gaze from the now which is the point of

action, to the imaginary future which is a dreamland that never comes true; and thus we drift helpless in the current of events.

A mighty secret lies exposed here; it enfolds us around, it towers above us; but we search the dirt at our feet with a microscope. It resounds through the æther, but we strain our ears. Who shall have strength, steadiness, courage, restraint, to concentrate all his energies on the NOW and take that first step?

And oh! the excuses people make for themselves. Perhaps there is some person whose lot in life is so difficult, character so complex, karma so mixed and peculiar, and so forth; and all the while he is just an ordinary person who has spent all his life edging away from a goose in the road, and is still using his extraordinary gifts in trying to devise a way of getting to the other side of that goose without passing it. Lucky it is that necessity often mercifully drags us out of bed by the hair, or we should be in bed yet.

Then let me always keep trying to shut my eyes to those wearisome but alluring mirages, the Past and the Future, and to realize that life is an eternal Present; and I shall discover the secret of happiness, success and freedom.

STUDENT

Dechristianizing Europe

THE *New York Independent* contains an interesting article by Mr. Vandervelde, of Belgium, upon the present religious situation in Europe. Mr. Vandervelde's immense knowledge of the trend of popular thought entitles his opinion to some consideration, especially when it is supported and confirmed by the visible signs of the times. With the main trend of the author's contention we have at the moment nothing to do, but his general verdict upon the condition of European religion is striking and suggestive. He says, in fact, that Europe is dechristianizing herself:

Slowly, but surely, with the irresistible movement of a geological subsidence, faith is waning among the industrial workers, and even among the peasants. In Belgium, in France, in Germany, the workmen who follow no particular creed number hundreds of thousands—yes, millions—and as their hopes of any heavenly kingdom dissolve, other hopes assert themselves with a growing intensity.

What a spectacle, and how fraught with all tremendous issues! Upon one side the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth, and upon the other side the Kingdom of Hell upon earth, and the people in their "hundreds of thousands—yes, millions"—waiting for some voice of indubitable meaning that they may choose quickly before it be too late, and, above all, that they may choose wisely.

Who would suppose from the religious literature of today that issues so tremendous were on foot, that, indeed, anything were on foot except revisions of creeds and the like? Yet here is a whole continent, teeming with lives innumerable, with community neither of language, nor affairs, nor religion, taught from their very cradles to hate one another, nurtured upon suspicion and revenge; here, we say, is a whole continent of men, "hundreds of thousands—yes, millions"—of them, turning their backs upon a heavenly kingdom which no more interests them and seeking a kingdom of heaven upon earth. This, surely, is a portent not without its significance, proving at least that there must be some kind of community of souls amongst men, above and beyond their miserable politics and creeds. Human brotherhood is then a fact in nature, as real as subterranean fire, and this, as we know, has a way of showing itself, a way disastrous to human speculation and contemptuous even of the rights of property.

But why does Mr. Vandervelde say that Europe is dechristianizing herself? Have not these people been taught to pray "thy kingdom come," and yet as soon as they begin to ask themselves with a terrifying unanimity when this thing is to be they are told that they are dechristianizing themselves? We should have supposed the contrary to be the case, and that the phenomenon of millions of people turning themselves with one accord toward such a quest as this contained possibilities of very many kinds not without interest and importance even to organized religion. It depends, of course, upon the point of view, and we are aware of many employments which have good reason to dread the sunrise. In the meantime, we shall watch with some interest the quickening of new hopes among these "hundreds of thousands—yes, millions"—whom hope of any kind has not thus far been a dominant life factor.

STUDENT

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

True Science and True Religion Are Always in Concord

THE assumed antagonism between Science and Religion has still an attraction for brilliant writers upon both sides of the controversy.

The field of dispute is however growing narrower day by day with the slow dawn of recognition that both Science and Religion are but other names for truth, and that neither of them can by any possibility be in hostility to any ascertained fact whether it be about God or about material nature. Religionists of the best type have willingly admitted that a proved fact, of whatever nature it may be, must necessarily take its place as a part of the law of God and therefore of religion.

Scientists upon the other hand must and do admit—those among them at least who recognize their lofty calling—that there are realms of possible knowledge to which the laboratory can never admit them, and that there are secrets which the scalpel and the test tube can never disclose. It would now be quite easy to find religionists and scientists of the highest order who would search in vain for points of antagonism between their respective beliefs. It is only in the lower ranks that hostility can be found, among religionists who have no clear conception whatever of the meaning and purpose of science, and among scientists who are seeking for popularity and for sensationalism rather than for truth, and who are overinclined to assert that what they have not found does not and cannot exist.

It is indeed possible to find many men who in themselves worthily represent the worlds both of religion and of science. Such an one is Professor William North Rice whose book upon *Christian Faith in an Age of Science*, contains so many good things that it tempts to an unduly lengthy consideration. The author seems to infer that had the assaults upon science been less precipitate there would have been an opportunity to discover, what is now generally admitted, that the essentials of Christianity were entirely unaffected and that science had indeed done no small service to religion by displaying the wonders and the orderliness of the universe.

Upon the subject of prayer, Professor Rice has some peculiarly pungent remarks to make. He refers to the old-fashioned prayer which was "merely teasing," a form of prayer which we fear is perhaps not quite so out of date as the author supposes. He says:

If we believe in a God at all, we can believe in a God who is competent to manage the universe in gross and in detail.

And yet how numerous are those who profess a belief in an omnipotent and omniscient God, and who nevertheless assail that God with their selfish importunities and with their demands that the laws of the universe be set aside in order that they may personally profit thereby. Professor Rice well says:

If I could fancy that God was willing to abdicate the throne of the universe in my behalf, I would not accept the tremendous responsibility.

A very small amount of positive testimony has a value in excess of a very much larger amount of negative testimony. It is no small thing that a scientist of eminence should declare that he is unaware of any scientific fact whatever which militates against a belief in the God in man. No such fact will of course ever be known or can be known, and if all religion were but to base itself upon this unassailable truth it might with confidence stand ready to receive from the laboratories of science every ascertained fact and every proven theory.

STUDENT

Cancer and Its Lessons—Unregulated Desire the Cause

LITTLE by little, the essential nature of cancer is clearing up. It is now generally agreed that it does not owe its being to any special germs, though various germs may take up their abode there. In the building of a house, each brick takes the position that belongs to it in the architect's plan of the house. If one brick, after being duly laid, took to multiplying itself without regard to the plan, produced an increasing bulge on the wall inside and out, so that at last part of the excrescence fell outward leaving a hole that rendered a part of the roof

without support, and the rest fell inward on to the floor, crashing through that and the lower stones on to the ground, so that the house was ruined and even the unruly brick and its progeny smashed to bits—we should have a type of architectural cancer.

For such is the behavior of the cells that make up cancer. They riot and multiply and spread and steal food, altogether without regard to the rest of the body. And their mode of cell-multiplication is of a peculiar type, a type only followed among the mass of cells of the body, by that small group from one of which the whole body arises. They possess the same cell-energy in self-reproduction as that, but they are not of course subjected to the method by which in that case the lines of a fixed plan are presently stamped in to regulate the activities.

Cancer is in fact the physiological analogue—perhaps the result—of unregulated desire, desire which has no relation to real need. And to this we are of course all subject. If cancer be the result of this, as well as its mere parallel, then it will not disappear from humanity till we have learned self-control—or, still more important, till we have learned to rear our children in habits of self-control of appetite, temper and mood, till it is absolutely instinctive.

M. D.

The Vacated Beds of the Moon—A Narrow Theory

PROFESSOR DARWIN, of Cambridge, is of opinion that the mighty pits which now contain the Atlantic and Pacific oceans once contained the moon. The "White Lady of the Sky" arose out of one or both of those beds not less than 50,000,000 years ago.

The maneuver was effected in this way. It was when the surface of the earth was molten lava, and the future oceans floated in her atmosphere as uncondensed gas. As she rotated, she flung off from opposite sides of her mass two great pieces, of which one or both became the moon. When she cooled yet further, water condensed in the pits, and thus came the two great oceans.

This theory can only have been reached by neglecting some results of the sciences of geology and zoology. For both point to the probability or certainty that at some time past both these ocean pits contained a continent and islands, sometimes referred to as Atlantis and Lemuria.

As to the moon herself, Professor Darwin thinks she has never been the scene of life, because of her lack of water and free oxygen. Here we have the usual assumption that there can be no other life than that which our earth-conditions permit. We require water and oxygen, but it does not follow that on other planets there may not be lives as highly organized as our own which can only flourish in carbonic acid or nitrogen or even incandescent metallic vapor. Even on this planet we know of certain bacterial lives which do not use free oxygen, or need light.

Notwithstanding her behavior, it may one day be surmised that the moon is older than the earth. Her condition certainly suggests it, and it may not always be considered a sufficient explanation that a small body cools more quickly than a larger one.

STUDENT

The Radiations of Flowers and Their Scientific Value

IT would seem that the universal instinct of civilized man to surround himself with flowers, has a scientific basis. In other words, flowers have a measurable electric effect on the body. A French scientist has found that the petals of several odoriferous flowers give off certain rays having the property of rendering non-conductors of electricity conductive. Ultra-violet light, X-rays, and the radiations of radium do the same thing, and their effects in causing and curing diseases of the skin is explained by their power of breaking down lines of electrical resistance. One naturally wonders whether skin diseases could not be equally effectively and far more poetically treated by the application of scented blossoms. It seems also possible that a part of the refreshment one experiences from the presence of flowers may be due to some infinitely subtle physiological harmony which the irradiations produce. May they not in this way harmonize us to Nature's harmony?

STUDENT

THE WHEAT

INFUSED with The Spark, my shell ---
 Pained with the mighty swell
 Of being, and life that woke ---
 Travailed: fibres broke.
 Green shoots slender,
 Powerful, though most tender,
 Pushed upward --- a crust gave way ---
 Earth opened --- and I saw day!

On the bare, brown land,
 In level, close-bound sheaves we stand;
 And this is the end,
 Till the fine, dry film from the blade's unfurled
 And we go forth,
 From East to West, from South to North,
 Bread --- for the world.

— From the "Song of the Wheat," by Marie Van Vorst

The Force of An Ideal

HOW little we appreciate the extent to which the whole nature, the physical as well as the mental, may be purified and perfected by persistently following a spiritual ideal! How little we understand what it means for us to saturate ourselves with a divine impulse! As the blood pulsates through the physical body, carrying health and vigor and capability to its confines, so also the spiritual forces should vibrate throughout the being, impressing upon each part of it, even upon the lowest, the stamp of an appropriate perfection. We say of some ailments that they are caused by imperfect circulation of the blood. Of these, and of all other human incapacities, we might well say that they are produced by an imperfect penetration of spiritual force. Somewhere a channel is atrophied or inefficient; perhaps all channels are inefficient.

The time will come when we shall recognize that every action will lack its possible perfection unless it be preceded by an invocation of a spiritual ideal, unless it be touched by the fire of an aspiration. The orator will not neglect to invite the force which only comes to him when he realizes that the glory of divinity rests upon the heads of those who hear him, and the musician will remember that all true music is a prayer, and that there can indeed be no other music than the reflection of spiritual harmony. The mechanic will know that he is denying to his hands their rightful and exquisite skill unless by a reverent thought he unites

them with some ideal which he has made the pole star of his life, and the writer will recognize that he labors in vain, unless by his side there stands the vision of humanity with its hopes and with its needs all too often unuttered and unheard.

All work is divine if it be at all worth the doing, whether it be the work of orator, or musician or mechanic. But we have ceased to do it divinely because we no longer offer it as a sacrifice to the inner ideal. Our usual sacrifice is to quite other and baser things, which have infected it with their nature and so destroyed the perfection of its beauty. When at last by pure motive and by pure thought we have opened the inner channels of our nature, when we have seen the vision of the Soul, then its divine force will strengthen and uplift the mind and every fiber and every nerve will vibrate to an even more splendid service. Then at last music will be reborn upon earth and art and oratory. Then at last the labor of our hands will express divine things.

STUDENT

An American Composer

Continued from page 7

Carreno and HALIR, in Paris by Pugno and Ysaye, and in London by Henry Bird and Sigmund Beel. At all these performances the work was well received by the public and won cordial words of approval from various European journals. These favorable mentions from foreign lands have also fallen to the piano pieces, the "Violin Romance," and many of the songs over which Italian audiences have been especially enthusiastic.

In 1898, Mrs. Beach was invited to compose the music for the Song of Welcome, written for the dedicatory exercises at the opening of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, Omaha, Nebraska. It was successfully performed by a large chorus supported by a military band.

Two years after, she completed her piano-concerto and played it for the first time with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Wilhelm Gericke in April 1900. In 1902 Mrs. Beach was elected an honorary member of the Browning Society of Boston, in recognition of the musical setting which she had given to some of the master's poems. In the course of her musical life, she has had occasion to correspond with many poets whose words she has chosen for setting, and now she has an interesting collection of autograph letters bearing famous signatures. Among the poets who have shown especial interest in her musical work at various times, have been Mr. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

E. C. S.

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May the 15th, 1904

Total number of hours of sunshine recorded during APRIL, 252.45
Average number of hours per day, 8.41

APR	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
9	29.644	63	56	57	57	.00	SW	3
10	29.670	62	57	59	57	.00	SW	3
11	29.700	65	56	59	56	.00	NE	light
12	29.774	67	57	61	58	.00	NW	gentle
13	29.784	68	59	61	58	.00	W	gentle
14	29.718	66	56	60	56	.00	SE	9
15	29.638	65	57	56	57	.00	SW	5

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

Life's Battle

Know you not that our business here is a warfare? And one must watch, and one go out as a spy, and one must fight. All cannot be the same thing, nor would it be better if they were. But you neglect to do the bidding of the Commander, and complain when He hath laid somewhat rougher than common upon you; and you mark not what, so far as in you lies, you are making the army to become; so that, if all copy you, none will dig a trench, none will cast up a rampart, none will watch, none will run any risk, but each will appear worthless for warfare.—*Epictetus*

Had Him Fast

It was only recently, according to an exchange, that in St. Paul's Cathedral a London guide held forth thus to an American gentleman:

"That, sir, is the tomb of the greatest naval 'ero Europe or the 'ole world hever knew."

"Yes?"

"It is, sir, the tomb of Lord Nelson. The marble sarcophiggus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that is a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and hinside that is a leaden casket, 'ermetically sealed, weighing two tons. Hinside that is a ma'ogany coffin 'olding the ashes of the great 'ero."

"Well," said the Yankee, after reflecting a moment, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of that, telegraph me at my expense."

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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

California's Possibilities
Religion of Unselfishness
A Chattering World
Never Plead "No Time"
Two Hundred Years of Progress
Insanity Statistics
Temple at Kobe—frontispiece

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Evidences of the Antiquity
of Civilization
Discoveries in Honduras
To Protect American
Cliff Dwellings
Altar Dedicated to Mar-
cus Curtius
Temple and Chambers Un-
der Egyptian Sphinx
Mastodon Found in
Yukon District

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Richard Strauss, Monarch
of Music—illustrated
Wagner's Vision Concerning
the Future of Art

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

A Woman's Heroism
The New China
Selma Lagerlof—illustrated
Delarna, Sweden
About Mothers
Woman's Great Work

Page 8—GENERAL

An Address on France
and the Rights of Man

Page 9—NATURE

Defence Adopted by Plants
Fine Spun Spider-web
Habits of Alflerilla
Healing Virtues of Watercress

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students & Raja Yoga
Children at Isis Theatre
Katherine Tingley's Ad-
dress at Isis Theatre
Spencer and Carlyle
Neglected Child Life

Pages 12 & 13—JAPAN

Continuation of The
Transformation of
Japan—Glimpses
of the Island Empire
That May Rule
Eastern World—illustrated

Page 14—FICTION

The Heart Light

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Letter from Japan—
illustrated
What Is the Path?
A Nest in a Broom

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

There Is No Death
(verse)
Philosophy of Kant
A Relic of Perse-
cution
The Heritage from
the Past
Thought in Verse
Students' Column
Curse of Cant

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

A Tribute from a
Point Loma
Student
Perjured Affidavits

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

California's Splendid Possibilities

THE State of California, in its political and commercial life, already is coming to the front in connection with the Orient. To realize this, one must either have been in the Orient, or closely in touch with its real life. Bancroft, in his *New Pacific*, lately published, has to a degree grasped the forward life of this Golden State. The collection of ideas embodied in this volume are prophetic, verily an inspiration for those who believe that California has a great future. Mr. Bancroft has given strong proof of the State's possibilities, but there is a field here unexplored, undreamed of, which is destined to astonish the world. Mineral wealth alone forms the basis for the State's coming greatness. Southern California will be first recognized in this connection;

for in the bowels of Mother Earth lie untold treasures. Discoverers are at hand, and these will come as though led by the hand of Destiny.

Think what this will mean for the prosperity of America; for the millions of peoples who are now struggling for existence in crowded districts of our great cities! Industries are the building forces of the nations. Where there is industry, there is prosperity; where there is prosperity, there is happiness; where there is happiness, there is a hope for the realization of a more perfect life.

San Diego Lies Nearest the Orient

The commercial life of China and Japan are linked with America in a unique way. Their relationship in commerce with other nations does not prevent them from looking eastward to this Pacific Coast, with a hope born of the intuitive grasp they have of their countries' commercial future.

San Diego, so close to the Far East, has its place: the first and most accessible port on the Pacific Coast to the countries of the Yellow Man. And he, the Yellow Man, as the world now knows, has eyes to see and ears to hear, while other nations slumber in the egotism of security, doing his best and pushing on to create a larger life for himself, and a closer connection with America.

Those who have the welfare of California's permanent life at heart, must feel the impetus of this new energy coming toward us, and will naturally see the necessity of grasping opportunities and now meeting it. How easy it would be to make San Diego the most beautiful city in America! Its picturesque location and commanding view of sea and mountain; its magnificent land-locked bay; its climate, the most perfect in the world; America's nearest point to the Orient; and the approaching time when the sandy wastes of the back country shall be covered with flourishing towns and cities, and acres of forest and floral life in full. Behold the picture of what it is, and a glimpse of what it shall become!

International Center of the Young Life

Southern California holds no small position in educational life. On the heights of San Diego stands the State Normal School, while the public schools in this city rank with any in the country. One of the greatest features in stability and promise for the best interests of the State is the Point Loma Raja Yoga School, an international center of young life. In this Institution are being trained young folk by a new system; new to us, but old as the ages. This system affords most unique ways for the upbuilding of noble manhood and womanhood; and is prophetic of newer and more just politics; of kinder and more humane laws; and of a more honest and promising commercial life. To build for the prosperity and commercial supremacy of our State, the intellectual and spiritual life must be accentuated. These are the refining and uplifting factors in human life. Without these the moral vitality would be lacking; right principles would be perverted.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

Religion of Unselfishness

THE Rev. R. S. Campbell has united his testimony to that of others in declaring that there is a waning of interest in a future life, and an increase of interest in the present life. He says that conventional religious sanctions are disappearing, and that in their place is appearing an unselfish communal enthusiasm. We should like to hear Mr. Campbell use plainer language and better understood by the multitude. We should like to hear him say that creeds are dying and that fraternity is very much alive, for this is actually the meaning of his words. We should also like to hear him say, as a minister of Christ, that this is as it should be, and that the Kingdom of Heaven can come in no other way, nor can men in any other way go to the Kingdom of Heaven. Certain it is that there can be no Kingdom of Heaven hereafter except for those who have helped to bring it to pass upon earth.

Mr. Campbell says also that human life is becoming increasingly secular. The word is an unfortunate one and ought to disappear. If by secular we mean something unreligious, then we assert that an "unselfish communal enthusiasm," that is to say fraternity, is eminently religious, and is indeed the only kind of religion for practical men. Wherever there is unselfishness, there is also divinity. We have had too much of the pernicious assumption that ethics may or may not accompany religion. We even hear it said that children should be taught a "definite religion" and not "mere morality."

STUDENT

A Chattering World

VERILY is ours a civilization of babble. We talk and talk forever upon everything, and then complain that we have no nerve energy. Building, whether of continents or brain cells, is done in silence, and there is no silence anywhere in town or country. We cannot even have silence with ourselves; the chatter of mind is then even more insistent than that of tongue. A newspaper is a picture of our minds, a welter of shrieking nothings. We are the very incompetents of the ages.

It is an age of doubt. Why should it not be? We cannot hold our minds still long enough to know anything, cannot hold any thought steady enough to sink it down on to truth. When shall we learn that truth does not arise from the mind, does not originate there, but enters like rays of light in the momentary pauses of chatter? Only in mental silence can the soul speak.

Our bodies are prematurely worn out by the ceaseless rattle of mind. Brain cells give way; we have no memories. We are universally victims of neurasthenia, insomnia, headache, and in front of us is always the abyss of drug taking.

All our ways and behavior show our servitude to our incompetent but dominant minds. We walk hurriedly, uncertainly. We surround ourselves with an ever increasing perplexity and profuseness of possessions, the suggestions of ceaselessly acting minds over which we have utterly lost control. Our food must have a hundred flavors, and we need ten dishes where one would suffice. Dress becomes more complex, and its fashion changes weekly. We read in our magazines and newspapers of all things on earth, understand nothing thoroughly and remember nothing. We found clubs and join associations with absurd objects. We patronize and invent a thousand time-saving devices, and do nothing with the time saved. We rush upon schemes to make money, and do not know what to do with it when it is made.

In a word, it is an insane civilization. It is a civilization that has lost control of mind; and mind uncontrolled, mind dominating, is mind insane. Judgment and will are not of the mind; they have a higher source.

We must teach our children silence—if we are too far gone to learn it ourselves. They at least can be led to understand that real truth comes into mind listening to its own central voice, not into mind chattering with itself, making plans, throwing up the debris of memories, or racing forward along the blind paths of anticipation. They can learn from the silence the forgotten art of holding the mind upon what they will, holding it till it sees, till it unfolds all the implications and connections of that on which it is placed; of making it an instrument of understanding, a lens, a mirror, instead of a screen with a thousand changeful and delusive iridescences of its own. Thus they can know where we fitfully hope, be assured where we doubt, and drink spiritual life in the waters of the silence that to us is nothing.

STUDENT

Never Plead "No Time"

EXPANSION means life and growth; contraction means decay and death. We are constantly being urged to expand and enlarge, to avoid rigid plans which limit and circumscribe our possibilities, and to strike boldly forward on new lines.

Let no one shrink from a call to new work on the plea of having "no time." Time is elastic; the more you put into it, the more it will hold. There is always room for one more occupation, one more interest. The world's great workers have always found it so.

The more you put into your life, the more it will expand. But alas for the fearsome one who refuses claims and calls because "he has not time." His life will be elastic too, but of the shrinking kind. He will have to keep dropping out occupation after occupation, until he is able to do scarcely anything.

A new occupation may merely fill up time that before was wasted in idleness or sleep. It may quicken the general energies and thus enable the other work to be accomplished in less time. Another point is that an active man breeds activity in all around him, so that others, before idle, will bestir themselves and take on any work that he may have been obliged to drop. In all ways it works out so that he who boldly undertakes *makes* time for his undertakings, while he who refrains finds himself with scarcely time enough to eat, drink and sleep.

X.

Two Hundred Years of Progress

A CONTEMPORARY draws attention to the fact that two centuries have now elapsed since the establishment of the first American newspaper. We are, of course, invited to hold our breath in speechless awe at the progress which has been made in these two hundred years. We are reminded that when the *Boston News Letter* was first issued, "popular education, freedom of speech, religious toleration and government by the people were unknown;" that only members of the established churches could hold office; that "it was a criminal act for any person to ride, or children to play, on Sunday; men and women were obliged to confess before congregations, and any one who did not attend church could be fined, according to law."

We are, moreover, asked to remember that half a century before this "ears had been cut off, noses slit, tongues bored, faces branded, Quaker women whipped, and men banished for words spoken or opinions held. Moreover, twelve years had elapsed since the last of the witches died at Salem."

It is, of course, easy to draw comparisons between one period and another in such a manner as to procure any desired verdict. Special pleading is not confined to the law courts and self-admiration is an eloquent and persuasive advocate. It is, however, sufficient to note that certain abuses which once existed no longer exist, without using such facts as a yard-stick with which to measure our progress. Flattery has no reputation for accuracy and self-flattery least of all. If we must form estimates of our progress we should aim at net results, and to obtain these we must estimate retrogression as well as advance. We can well imagine that if the first editor of the *Boston News Letter* were now to visit the scene of his labors, he might be a little reluctant to join in the Twentieth-century chorus of self-congratulation. He would doubtless rejoice that the crude and brutal forms of persecution of his own day had disappeared, but he would not fail to note that a more insidious intolerance had taken their place, and that a vast machine of extra legal persecution was doing the work of the Salem torturers as remorselessly and as effectually as of old. He would find vivisection established and approved, and he would find a large section of the press inciting and ministering to an ingenious depravity to which he would now be introduced for the first time. He would no doubt draw our attention to the increase of insanity which is turning our great cities into lunatic asylums, and he would pay a horrified visit to our slums in search of the progress of which he had heard so much. What would be his verdict? Would he imitate the fervor with which we fall down and worship the Twentieth century, would his praise of our present civilization be quite so ecstatic as is our own? Or would he be filled with consternation at the evils which had been born since he edited the *Boston News Letter* two hundred years ago, at the magnitude to which those evils had grown, and at the almost unanimous indifference with which we view them?

STUDENT

Insanity Statistics

THE statistics of insanity in this country afford a striking indictment of city life. They can be found in the official report of the Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington. Throughout the States, the proportion of insanity "is highest where there is greatest congestion of population." From which the deduction is drawn that a quiet country life is a specific against some forms of insanity. For this reason the proportion of mental disease among North American Indians is very low, even after they take on our civilized vices. Among Negroes, so long as they remain in the country, there is 1 insane to every 1764. In New York the figures rise to 1 in 330, which is the same as among the city-dwelling whites. Think of it, 1 person in 330 definitely and registrably insane! Around these stand about five times as many who are moving on towards insanity; and, say, an equal number again who have marked mental twists that do not amount to insanity.

X.

The Temple at Kobe---Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week represents the famous Shinkoji Temple at Kobe, Japan, which is one of the oldest and most substantial of the ancient temples in the Island Kingdom.

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Indisputable Evidences of the Antiquity of Civilization

SO far as the question of time is concerned, it deserves notice that not merely geology, but almost every form of inquiry into the past, throws further back the limits usually assigned. Egypt, for instance, is continually furnishing fresh proofs of the antiquity of civilization. Professor Flinders Petrie expounded at Owens College, Manchester, England, a few days ago, the results of recent explorations at Abydos, in Upper Egypt, from which it appears that the ruins at that one spot tell a continuous story that carries us back to 5000 B. C.

Abydos was the first capital of Egypt, and remained for forty-five centuries the religious center, the Canterbury of the land, and there the Egyptian Exploration Fund has unearthed the remains of "ten successive temples one over the other." From the age of the first temple a group of about two hundred objects has been found, which throw surprising light on the civilization of the First Dynasty. A part of a large glazed pottery vase of Mena, the first king of the First Dynasty, about 4700 B. C., showed "that even then they were making glaze on a considerable scale, and also inlaying it with a second color. The ivory carving was astonishingly fine, a figure of a king showing a subtlety and power of expression as good as any work of later ages." At about 4000 B. C., an ivory statuette of Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid, was found, the only portrait known of him. Making every possible allowance for the marvelous rapidity of art development, must not many thousands of years have rolled over between the pristine dwellers in the Nile valley and the men who carved ivory statuettes and manufactured glazed work inlaid with second colors? It is a long, long march from flint implements to the solemn temple, ivory statuettes and human portraits.—*Daily Telegraph*

Discoveries in Honduras—Is There a Buried City?

AT a meeting of the Royal Archeological Institute a paper by Dr. T. Gann on "Prehistoric Ruins in British Honduras" was read.

The ruins described were discovered in the bush. Two platforms supported mounds on which temples previously stood. A terraced platform, 300 yards in length by 70 yards in breadth, and varying from 6 to 20 feet in height, supported a second platform 100 yards long and running the length of the main platform. Both were faced with stone.

Upon the top platform stood six mounds, the largest being 37 yards square and 33 feet high. All were covered with exquisitely squared blocks of hard crystallized limestone. Excavations revealed quantities of bricks, made for the purpose of filling up the centers of the mounds.

The structure showed that an enormous population once dwelt in the now desolate bush. Hundreds of men, working years, must have been required to square and lay the stones, to say nothing of the labor of quarrying them. When it was remembered that the stones were quarried and exquisitely chipped with flint instruments, the immense labor involved was evident. Judging by what was known of similar structures, Dr. Gann thought these buildings must have been used for religious purposes. Probably the terraces were used for processions. He thought it possible a ruined city would be found near by.

To Protect the Cliff Dwellings of America

THE proceedings of the Senate have been adorned by the passage of a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to take steps for the preservation of the cliff dwellings and other prehistoric ruins in Colorado and other States. Judging from the tardiness of this measure, one would suppose it to have been among the most fiercely contested of bills. It seems, however, to have passed without particular comment or opposition, and it is perhaps but another illustration of the things which are left undone because no one was sufficiently interested to do them. We have, of course, yet to see of what the "steps" will consist. Let us hope that they will be prompt and efficacious. The cliff dwellings of Colorado have already been sufficiently despoiled and desecrated by those who would cheerfully carry away the State of Colorado itself if there were any effective way to do it.

STUDENT

An Altar Dedicated to Marcus Curtius at Rome

THE modern historian who tries to be above all things accurate and succeeds in being dull, is particularly fond of scoring out the most picturesque incidents related by ancient narrators and declaring them legendary. Once—says a "legend"—a chasm suddenly opened in the Roman forum. The affrighted citizens consulted the oracle, and the soothsayers declared that the gulf could only be filled by the pouring into it of the chief possession of the people. There was much discussion. Was it money that was meant by the god? Jewels? Arms? Suddenly a noble youth, Marcus Curtius, fully armed, appeared in the forum on horseback, rode to the edge of the chasm and leaped in. It was the youth and bravery of Rome that made her chief possession, and the pit closed.

This would never do. It was far too picturesque and interesting to be true, and it was accordingly relegated to the foot-notes as a legend. For all we know, it may be a solar myth by this time. It is some years since we bought a Roman history.

But it turns out to be true. That untiring archeologist, Giacomo Boni, excavating in the forum, has not only found the chasm, but an altar dedicated to Marcus Curtius. The mouth marking the place of the chasm is formed by twelve large sculptured stones; and near the altar is a hole which held the sacrifices made by the grateful people to their deliverer. After this perhaps Romulus and Remus may be permitted to have existed.

STUDENT

The Temple and Chambers Under the Sphinx of Egypt

THE American archeologist, Colonel Ram, has been carrying out some important excavations in the neighborhood of the Sphinx, and the discoveries which have been announced have certainly a very great interest. The temples and chambers surrounding the base have been uncovered together with many tombs of the priests engaged therein. A stone cap bearing the sacred asp upon the forehead, has also been brought to light, and it is plausibly suggested that this cap once covered the head of the sphinx.

A minute examination of the statue itself shows that while the body and head are cut from the solid rock, a good deal of masonry has been employed in the composition in order to give a more perfect finish to the outline and to make good certain defects in the rock material. These additions were, of course, originally invisible as there is very good reason to believe that the whole surface was once enameled and the cap probably gilded. Faint traces of enamel are still to be found adhering to the stone, and if these suppositions are correct the Sphinx must have had an even more impressive and tremendous appearance than it has today, after the vicissitudes of so many thousand years.

STUDENT

Fine Specimen of Mastodon Found in the Yukon District

A DISPATCH to the *Post-Intelligencer* of Seattle says the complete form of a mastodon has been discovered at Hillside, on Quartz Creek, Dawson, Y. T. It was imbedded thirty feet in the earth when found, and the use of a steam thawing plant was necessary to unearth the immense animal. The hair and the skin of the beast are in a perfect state of preservation, although the flesh is somewhat decomposed, and the big tusks which remain fastened to the skull are in good condition. The mastodon was discovered buried in an old channel, well in the zone of almost perpetual frost, which accounts for its excellent preservation.

"SVEN HEDIN has furnished additional evidence of the Chinese invention of paper," says the *Scientific American*. "On his recent journeys he found Chinese paper that dates back to the second half of the Third century after Christ. This lay buried in the sand of the Gobi desert near the former northern shore of the Lop Nor sea, where, in the ruins of a city and in the remnants of one of the oldest houses, he discovered a goodly lot of manuscripts, many of paper, covered with Chinese script, preserved for some 1,650 years.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Richard Strauss, the Monarch of Modern Music

RICHARD STRAUSS, the most noted modern composer, has just brought his three-months' visit to the United States to a close. He appeared as conductor in thirty-two concerts in twenty cities, where he was honored and fêted as have been no other of our contemporary musical geniuses. He was the guest of Senator Elkins in Washington, and made the acquaintance of many of our most important public men. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt and Baron von Sternberg were among those who had the pleasure of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Strauss. The great composer said many complimentary things about America before sailing, and from his manner it was evident that he was sincere in his utterances. Richard Strauss is too reserved and too honest, both with himself and with others, to flatter obligingly where the truth would be better or silence more considerate.

As conductor, this genius of the new century is recognized as possessing great magnetic powers; of few but telling gestures, he exercises spontaneous influence over his orchestra when passion and enthusiasm break through the barriers of usual reserve. He so controls his players that he achieves untried effects on the spur of the moment and communicates his individuality to a hushed and almost breathless audience. As an interpreter of the music of Richard Wagner, he has come among his contemporaries as one with a new and rare message, while his creative versatility as composer is so enormous that, though but forty years of age, his *opus* register has passed the mark of four hundred, mostly large works.

It is much to the credit and speaks resonantly for the intelligence and progressiveness of the musical contingent in America that we have so readily acknowledged an advance messenger of the art of music while yet he is among the living.

E. A. N.

A NEW departure which borders very close to the realm of the romantic is being made in the transformation of a Cambridge, Massachusetts, theatre, into a typical Elizabethan playhouse. The word "Elizabethan" brings to our mind a few "strips of scenery," the roughest of wooden benches, the bare floor of the "groundlings" and no roof at all. But this theatre is to be more than historically probable; it is to be historically accurate, one of the Harvard professors having discovered, in the unearthing of old theatre contracts of the Elizabethan age, one which contained a drawing in detail of the Old Swan Theatre of Elizabethan England. Rising over the stage will be a small hut-like structure, from which, as in the old days, the trumpeter will announce the beginning of the play. Flanking the stage are the "roomes" or boxes on one side for the orchestra and on the other for "gentlemen to sitt in." The "hut" over the stage will be a real affair and not a mere painted reproduction, and the whole is to bring back as nearly as may be the spirit as well as the letter of the old Elizabethan days. The first drama to be presented is *Hamlet*.

STUDENT

WHEN Thorwaldsen, the great sculptor, was asked in his old age which he considered his best work, he replied, "My next." Methinks there is a lesson in his attitude of mind.

Wagner's Prophetic Vision Concerning the Future of Art

RICHARD WAGNER maintains that the destiny of art is to become a means for the portrayal, through the drama, of the soul-life of humanity—that it is for this high purpose, and for this alone, that art exists. This master also holds that the different branches of art (under the same law which governs mankind) only find their true path when united in comradeship; thus the arts of music, painting, dancing, etc., each first attains freedom and scope for the fullest expression of its own intrinsic strength and beauty, when unitedly dedicated to the sublime purpose of the drama.

After speaking of the glorious art of ancient Greece, the "great united utterance of the religion of a free and lovely common life," and which "reached its zenith in the tragedy," Wagner continues: "We have to turn Hellenic art to human art; to loose it from the stipulations by which it was but an Hellenic and not a universal art. The garment of religion . . . we have to stretch out until its folds embrace the religion of the future, the religion of *universal manhood*. (*Prose Works, Vol. 1, p. 90*)

"Only the great revolution of mankind can win for us this art-work. Only on the shoulders of this great social movement (known by us today as the Universal Brotherhood Movement) can true art lift itself from its present state of civilized barbarism and take its post of honor." (*Prose Works, Vol. 1, p. 56*)

"Art is not an artificial product, but the inbred craving of the natural, genuine and uncorrupted man" (*Ibid p. 89*); neither is art born of the "lonely spirit," but rather is it the song of a people whose heart is a wellspring of joy, the fruit of loving deeds; for "the art work of the future is an associate work," (*Ibid p. 196*) and "fellowship its foundation and first condition."

And the artist of the future, Wagner describes as one who wills the universal, true and unconditional, who yields himself not to this or that particular object, but to wide love itself. "Thus does the unit become all, the man God, the art verily art." (*Ibid p. 94*)

"Heart to heart ye mortal millions! This one kiss to all the world! And this word will be the language of the art work of the future." (*Ibid p. 126*)

M. V. H.



RICHARD STRAUSS

WAS ever work like mine created for no purpose? Am I a miserable egotist, possessed of stupid vanity? It matters not, but of this I feel positive: yes, as positive as that I live, and that is, my "Tristan and Isolde," with which I am now consumed, does not find its equal in the world's library of music. Oh, how I yearn to hear it; I am feverish; I am worn. Perhaps that causes me to be agitated and anxious, but my "Tristan" has been finished now these three years and has not been heard. When I think of this I wonder whether it will be with this as with "Lohengrin," which now is thirteen years old, and is still dead to me. But the clouds seem breaking, they are breaking—I am going to Vienna soon. There they are going to give me a surprise. It is supposed to be kept a secret from me, but a friend has informed me that they are going to bring out "Lohengrin."—Richard Wagner, in a letter to Praeger

IN an article recently contributed by Adelina Patti to the *Independent*, the diva said:

The most familiar question I hear today from women who are interested in my singing, or who have daughters of whose voices they are proud, is, "Madame Patti, how high do you sing?" As if the altitude of the note that could be reached were the be all and end all in the art of music; as if the human voice, which comes from the living throat, were the product of some machine, whose limit need only be the infinite number of vibrations at which sound becomes inaudible to the human ear. I never sing higher than D; throughout this tour, the highest note I have habitually sung is C. Because of my moderation—because of my moderation alone—I have been able to preserve in all its fulness and its roundness the middle register, which is the bone and sinew, the heart and the very soul, of the singer's artistic power. So many wrecks I have seen, so many promises of grandeur unfulfilled, so many realizations of grandeur miserably abandoned. And all because the singers were eager to be misled by the popular cry for something over which the public shall wonder instead of the true things of the singer's art, through which it shall feel and thrill and live.

WOMAN'S WORK

WE WILL NOT ADMIT THAT THE PEOPLE OF TODAY ARE INCAPABLE OF COMPREHENDING WOMEN,
WHEN WOMEN ALONE CAN REGENERATE THEM

—Hindu Scriptures

A Woman's Heroism

DAILY are recorded heroic deeds of men and women which show such utter forgetfulness of self, in times of danger to others, that one feels a steady faith in the real virtue of humanity. Forgetfulness of self to the extent of risking one's life to save that of another surely springs from the higher womanhood or manhood in us.

Woman frequently astonishes us by her bravery and unselfishness in critical moments, especially when danger threatens those whom she loves; but when that effort is directed towards rescuing the life of an entire stranger, heroism is revealed. Such an act of heroism recently occurred in New York city, when one woman saved the life of another at great personal risk, and then quietly disappeared in the crowd before her name or whereabouts could be ascertained.

The sister of the one rescued said, "There can be no doubt that my sister would have been killed or very seriously injured if it had not been for this brave woman's act. We can never thank her enough for what she has done."

The woman's daring act was to spring from a vehicle and catch the bridle of a runaway horse from which the rider hung head downwards, her skirt having caught on the pommel of her side-saddle. The rescue was remarkable from the fact that the terrified horse, galloping rapidly in his fright, had passed a number of men, none of whom had collected sufficient nerve to catch the horse.

This one woman, never thinking of her own danger, realizing the imminent peril of the other woman, rushed fearlessly to the rescue, and—a life was saved. Think what might have been the consequences had this woman allowed fear to enter her heart at the critical moment.

Just one such brave deed gives all women inspiration to do more, dare more and suffer more, if need be, for the benefit of others.

Quite similar in character was the noble act of a New York policeman recently, who seized the bridle of a big runaway horse as he was dashing through a crowded street filled with children who were just dismissed from school. The brave man was dragged for a block and a half and was injured, though not seriously, but he saved the lives of all those children, though his own life was in momentary danger.

Is it not the divine unity which links together all the members of the human race, that compels men and women to do deeds such as they had not dreamed they could ever do? At trying moments of peril the soul realizes more keenly than ordinarily, that the suffering of one is the suffering of all, that the happiness of one is the happiness of all. Then the soul which knows no fear takes command, and the body becomes what it really should be, a plastic instrument governed by the higher power for good which is in each and all.

E. C. S.

THAT the Queen of Holland's visit to Italy may revive much her impaired health and spirits is the sincere wish of all who remember her, but a few years back, as the youngest and most vivacious of European royalties. But the cares that hedge a throne have already left their mark on Queen Wilhelmina's once bright face, and though she has gained much in regal dignity and grace, she looks prematurely aged.—*Selected*

A WELL-KNOWN New York clergyman is now telling us that "the woman of today smokes, swears, gambles and drinks." Cannot some one introduce this clergyman into reputable society?

The New China

H. P. BLAVATSKY wrote in 1889, "Japan is taking its place in the new order of things. China will soon do so." In New York there has recently been founded a society for the advancement of Chinese women. They have founded it themselves and are carrying on its various departments of work without help. What will be accomplished in the matter of revolutionizing the customs of centuries it is difficult to predict.

It is well known that Madame Wu Ting Fang, the wife of the famous minister, has carried back ideas to her own land that have made a strong impress upon the minds of her countrywomen. It is significant just now that the wife of the vice-imperial commissioner to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is Mrs. Wong Ku Kah, the first woman from the Kiang Su province to visit our shores. She is intensely interested in all that pertains to the advancement of women, particularly the women of China. She is a member of one of the aristocratic families of China, and that means, of course, bound feet; but she says, with considerable firmness, "Not one of my daughters' feet shall be bound. There is no reason in a woman being so helpless. My own were made small when I had nothing to say about the matter. But the custom is worse than absurd, it is harmful." She is studying the subject of education with the keenest interest, and is particularly interested in the way our young women are taking up different professions and different lines of business.

"How I wish all the women of my province," she said, "could come here and see for themselves." Her husband is a Yale graduate, and his views on the woman question are very far advanced. In all matters concerning the education of children and the advancement of women he supports his wife's views very strongly.

Dr. Yamei Kin is another woman who has broken the bounds that hedge in members of the aristocracy of her native land. She has received in this country a thorough education, both in belles-lettres and medicine. "When I can afford to," she says, "I shall return to my native country and help the women of China. They have much more power than is generally believed, but now it must all be exerted through their husbands. The time is near, however, when they will become aware of their own possibilities, and will exert the power they have more directly and I prophesy that the world will be surprised at the new China."

STUDENT

MRS. FANNY BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER, who is undoubtedly one of the greatest living women pianists, recently expressed herself upon a subject quite other than musical, the old, old subject of "woman's sphere." Among other things she said: "The business or professional woman can minister to the needs of her children with that rare and wiser love that a woman feels after she has rubbed shoulders with the outer world. The woman who has learned to appreciate the blessings of the family hearth is vastly more competent to raise children to be useful to the state than is the woman who comes home from a dance early in the morning, sleeps until noon, goes to the theatre in the evening, and the next morning, may be, asks her maid if the children are still in school."

MISS GIBSON, a young woman who has graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has entered into partnership with her father in Indianapolis. Both are architects.

Selma Lagertop

SELMA LAGERTOP is one of the most celebrated authors in Sweden, her fame, because of her writings, which are translated into five or six foreign languages, extending throughout Europe. Her style is original and forceful, her tales being told with that simplicity which is the highest art and ever the hall-mark of genius.

The story of Selma Lagertop's own life is very simple, in fact, pathetically so. Her father was a retired army man, and the young girl grew up in a simple rural home surrounded by much that was imposing and beautiful in nature. Both friends and environment conspired to give her mind a serious turn.

One characteristic of the province in which she lived was its wealth of weird fantastic legends. These the young girl breathed in, so to speak, with her native air, and they fed the glowing imagination which later forced her to write. Adverse circumstances, however, placed apparently insurmountable obstacles in the way of a literary life. As she herself has said, "The tale which desired to be told had almost given up knocking at my mind, importuning me with its whispers." At last the opportunity came when a friend procured for her a year's vacation from the school work which was wearing out her life, and during that year, "The happiest in my life," she says, her first book was written. It is a series of legends, tales and stories, and when published, it proved to be the greatest literary success. Since then she has written many books, though still the same quiet unassuming woman as in the days when she was teaching school, and longing for the time and the opportunity to put her thoughts upon paper. Disliking the society life of the great cities, she lives with her widowed mother in Delarna, a secluded and interesting place where she can write undisturbed. The only relaxation she allows herself is travel.



SELMA LAGERTOP
Sweden's Famous Authoress

Delarna, Sweden

NORTH from Stockholm, some five or six hours ride by train, is Delarna, literally "The Valleys," one of the most picturesque and interesting provinces in Sweden, inhabited by sturdy, honest, laborious land-owners and peasants who dwell in little, low-roofed cottages, living contentedly and quietly the same simple and natural life that their ancestors have lived for always and always. They are quite *sui generis*, having nothing in common with the other peasant communities of Sweden, their language, customs, manner of life all being quite unique. The province contains about fifty parishes, each with its own church and rectory, and the parishioners of one never mingle with those of another, and almost never intermarry. Curious as it may seem, they even speak and dress differently, understanding each other, however, although their own dialects are not understood by any other community in Sweden. They are probably offshoots from the old Scandinavian or Icelandic tongue. The clothing of both men and women is for the most part home-made, Sunday or holiday garments generally lasting a whole generation, often being passed as an inheritance from father to son or from mother to daughter. In some of the remoter parishes the women's dresses are particularly beautiful, being elaborately embroidered, the white linen chemise with its long sleeves being adorned with fine home-made lace of an ancient pattern.

Delarna has magnificent scenery, high mountain ranges, deep, wide forests, clear navigable streams, thrifty valleys and prosperous villages clustered here and there. One of the provinces boasts of a large beautiful lake of unusual clearness, called poetically "Delarna's Eye." E. H.

A WRITER who has spent many years in Japan tells us that the idea of the inferiority of women in that land is not nearly so marked as in England. Many of the industries of the country are carried on by women.

About Mothers

AND now Marie Corelli has told the mothers of England that they do not—some of them, at least—know how to bring up their babies! The newspapers are wildly criticizing her, and the mothers (so they say) are up in arms,—but as I read her account of the way in which a certain defenceless little baby, who was perfectly happy before its parents began to pull it about, at last expressed its opinion of this management by screaming, and as I recall the number of similar instances I myself have seen, I find it a little difficult to join in the general hue and cry that Miss Corelli is all wrong and that every mother is just exactly right! "When we think of the physical mistreatment that babies go through in the way of dress, and the mental torture they must endure when they observe how hopelessly they are misunderstood, can we wonder at the look of age and care that settles so early on their infant brows?"

Marie Corelli may have gone to extremes. Not having read her book, it is impossible for us to say that she has not. But the only reason that we, as a nation, are not alive to the fact that the average child is so often misunderstood by its parents, is because the condition is so common that our senses are dulled to its significance. It goes without argument that a child's character is made for good or for ill during the first seven years of its life. These years are spent under the care—almost without exception—of its mother or foster-mother.

If this care is what it should be, and if children, as a rule, are *neither neglected nor misunderstood*, then how is it possible to account for the conditions existing in the world, the immorality, the wickedness, mental and moral, the insanity, the criminality, the fanaticism and the selfishness? Katherine Tingley sounded a very warlike call when she said once to her students, "We need not look for other worlds to conquer when this world is full of neglected and misunderstood children." Mothers need not to love more, but to love more wisely. They need to learn to discriminate between the higher and lower tendencies in their children's nature, and, in fact, *to learn what child-nature is*. They need more compassion and less mistaken over-consciousness. To hold that there is no need of criticism is absurd, for every condition that we meet proves that position false.

STUDENT

Woman's Great Work

THEY say women have one great and noble work left them, and they do it ill. That is true; they do it execrably. It is the work that demands the broadest culture and they have not even the narrowest. The lawyer may see no deeper than his law books, and the chemist see no further than the windows of his laboratory, and they may do their work well. But the woman who does woman's work needs a many-sided, multiform culture; the heights and depths of human life must not be beyond the reach of her vision; she must have knowledge of men and things in many states, a wide catholicity of sympathy, the strength that springs from knowledge, and the magnanimity that springs from strength. *We* bear the world, and *we* make it. The souls of little children are marvelously delicate and tender things, and keep forever the shadow that first falls on them, and that is the mothers' or at best a woman's. There was never a great man who had not a great mother—it is hardly an exaggeration. The first six years of our life make us; all that is added later is veneer; and yet some say, if a woman can cook a dinner or dress herself she has culture enough. The mightiest and noblest of human work is given to us, and we do it ill. And yet, thank God, we have this work. It is the one window through which we see into the great world of earnest labor. The meanest girl who dances and dresses becomes something higher when her children look up into her face and ask her questions. It is the only education we have and which they cannot take from us.—*Olive Shreiner*

France and the Rights of Man

From an Address Delivered in Aryan Memorial Temple by the International Representative of The Universal Brotherhood

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals or forts.

THE old fires of the Revolution are still smoldering in France. Pools of human blood, and scores of human victims, offered to that modern Moloch of human Justice (!) the legal taking of life, have not yet obliterated, and never will, the memory of how these fires flamed up so fiercely; so fiercely, indeed, that men lost their heads under the stress and travail of the time, and worshiped not Freedom but Tyranny. The fires died down a little; leapt heavenward again, and again died down for a time; again and again in the years following did they scorch and sear the national conscience, but in spite of it all, the saving power of common sense outlined a way for their passage, even unto this day. It has been a struggle between the eternal and inalienable Rights of Man with the Unrights of Human Egotism and Human Bigotry. History offers us no grander demonstration, nor ever one on so magnificent a scale of the working of a Law in Nature towards the enfranchisement of the Human Mind from (un)natural bonds, than that of a country aflame with a new spiritual conception of life, and of the Destiny of Man, as France was in those days. This spiritual idea was the declaration of the UNIVERSAL RIGHT OF CONSCIENCE, unshackled by dogma or law; by prejudice or misconception; by misconduct or by righteousness. Loyalty or disloyalty in act, to this positive and perfect right of Man, was considered as an indifferent thing, for it was the *principle of mental freedom*, which held the soul of the people. According to one of the most illumined minds of the epoch, it was construed that neither tolerance nor intolerance were justifiable attitudes to take in regard to this superior Natural Law of Right, for, says this same brilliant mind:

The French Constitution hath abolished or renounced Toleration and Intolerance also, and hath established Universal Right of Conscience.

Toleration is not the opposite of Intolerance, but is the counterfeit of it. Both are despotisms. The one assumes the right to itself of withholding Liberty of Conscience, and the other of granting it. The one is the Pope armed with fire and fagot, and the other is the Pope selling or granting indulgences. The former is church and state, and the latter is church and traffic. (*Thomas Paine*)

Has a fiercer challenge ever been recorded in known time, than this, cast by the Soul of Man at the feet of his lower self? It was no child of an invirile and flabby brain, dazed with over-much of other men's thoughts; it was no offspring of the demons of selfishness and sensuality, borne from the womb of the nether place.

The fires flaming so, then, that their roar and blast shook Thrones, Empires and Principalities, was, is, and will be forever known and recognized as Revolt; Revolt of the indwelling God in man, which, rising in fire from a trance of ages, shook itself with a shout that startled the earth, and clad in vesture of light, took its seat among the Councillors of Life as a Son of the Morning-tide.

The Rights of Man, covered at the time, a reserve ecclesiastical. It meted out justice to all with unfailing hand, and with unerring knowledge. Such was the conception of it as a collection of principles to guide and direct human relations; but, unfortunately, Destiny had it otherwise. Spite the rare quality in the men who gathered together so strangely at this critical time in the world's history; spite the blood shed for an idea; spite the first quaffing at the chalice of Divine Human Right; Nature, in her inscrutable decrees, willed it otherwise, and the pendulum of change swung back again, nearly as far back as the place whence it had issued.

The fires of the Revolution are still smoldering in France.

Here is the latest proof to that effect. It is a telegram from Paris, stating that the Minister of Justice has ordered the Declaration of the Rights of Man to be posted in the Courts and schoolrooms throughout the Republic. No explanation of the Ministerial order is given; it is interesting, very, in that this glorious defiance of narrow ecclesiasticism, takes the place formerly consecrated to religious emblems and texts. The Assemblée Nationale of France, in 1790, passed this instrument, containing seventeen clauses, of which a few, the principal ones, are here enumerated:

I. Men are born, and always continue, free and equal in respect of their

rights. Civil distinctions, therefore, can be founded only on public utility.

II. The end of all political associations is the preservation of the natural and imprescriptible rights of man; and these rights are liberty, property, security, and resistance of oppression.

III. The nation is essentially the source of all sovereignty; nor can any INDIVIDUAL, or any BODY OF MEN, be entitled to any authority which is not expressly derived from it.

IV. Political Liberty consists in the power of doing whatever does not injure another. The exercise of the natural rights of every man, has no other limit than those which are necessary to secure to every *other* man the free exercise of the same rights; and these limits are determinable only by the law.

V. The law should prohibit only actions hurtful to society. What is not prohibited by the law should not be hindered; nor should any one be compelled to that which the law does not require.

VI. (This states that the law must be equal for all.)

IX. (Every one is to be considered innocent until he has been convicted; and that undue severity, during indispensable detention, is to be provided against by law.)

XV. (The State, or Society, has the right to exact from every public servant an account of his conduct in civil matters.)

XVII. (To the effect that no one can be deprived of property except when public necessity requires it.)

Such are the principal matters embodied in this Declaration. Now, whatever may be said about the abstract truth of these tenets of liberty, they, at any rate, struck a chord in the human breast which had been lying stilled for ages. The deification of civic, or political liberty, nevertheless, had its own results, in the making of fair France a battleground, whereupon were fought out the pros and cons of this absorbing question; I say fought out, and I err, for these perennial battles are by no means ended, nor do they bid fair to cease.

Perhaps no other word has so illusive a sound as "Liberty." What the word means, is still the debate of the most brilliant minds of this, and has been of other ages. The fact is, that it is a thing, like other things, having many aspects; not one gives the whole vista of Truth. While it may be succinctly defined as the inalienable right of man to possess, and use all power and every faculty Nature endows him with, freely and fearlessly, providing such action do not harm another, yet this definition, to the eye of the mystic and spiritual seer, gives place to another, so untranslatable that only he who conceives it may explain his view. Liberty, in its essence, may only be conceived of as TRUTH. Who has uplifted the veil of Isis? Who has stood in the blinding radiance of absolute REALITY? What man hath seen God? Such questions deal with infinities, and the mind of man stands affrighted at it. We live in finity, are finite, and our mind deals but with finite things. So, therefore, the nearest approach to conceiving Liberty that has been made, stands incorporated in such human instruments as this Declaration of the Rights of Man.

Nevertheless, in this very declaration, lies another: the Declaration of Human Wrongs; the one counterbalances the other, as Nature seeks always her antidote. If, therefore, this declaration be but a rebuttal, a rebuke, a denouncement, an arraignment of human wrongs, it is a child too soon delivered; incomplete and imperfect. A new Gospel of Peace is needed, a Creed of International Good-will, under the ægis of which not only national, but likewise racial barriers shall fall to the ground, to be no more raised again on earth. Is there no nearer approach to civic liberty than that embodied in these Rights of Man? Yea, verily, there must be, or that cry in the heart is something born of nothingness; a longing sprung into existence from *nil*; a burning to attain, sprung from and fathered by its opposite, which is an impossibility. Nature abhors a void; she makes no leaps ahead in her cyclic course; the effect is of the same stock as its parent cause. Why not admit, once for all, that Nature never would have implanted in the heart of man these thoughts, contrary to his apparent constitution, were they not the premonition of things to come? Truly, there is in life a better, sweeter, stronger creed, than that of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, great as that surely is in parts. And this is neither the creed of Man's Rights, nor that of his Wrongs. It is the Creed of the laws of his spiritual Being, which take not into consideration his Rights, for that implies conflict, which is

antagonistic to Truth; nor his Wrongs, for that implies spiritual servitude. In the great doctrines given to the world by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, originally, may be found the seed of a civilization to come, before the glory of which all past shall fade into nothingness; and in the bosom of which, Man, a regenerated Being, will recognize, understand, and consciously demonstrate in his life the laws of his existence.

The posting of the Rights of Man in the Courts and schools of France, in place of the religious emblems, shows, as I have tried to say above, that the fires are still smoldering at the core of the life national of France. No people, possibly, of our own day, can accept a glorious idea, and adopt it into the national life, as France has done, and does still. And she does this out of sheer love for the ideal; from the feeling that the best and noblest in man's nature has not yet been attained by any means, and that efforts, great national efforts, are needed to help along the general welfare of human kind.

France today stands, as before, a battle-ground between the forces tending towards light and freedom, and those grouping themselves under the standard of ecclesiasticism and dogmatic theological dicta. So that

this last action, emanating from the Ministry of Justice, is a sign; it is like a trumpet blast, blown in the very face of wrong, and spiritual littlenesses. What is France about, may it well be asked?

She has disbanded the religious Congregations; she has taken, practically, public control of the national educational system; she is abolishing religious symbolism throughout the land, and has substituted therefor a formal declaration of certain inalienable civic rights of man. What is working in her so subtly, so strongly, so seemingly sure of an end in view? What spiritual force is this, which, not affecting one man, or a body of men, but a whole nation, causes social phenomena to be, of such a character, that a few years ago, only, they would have aroused all the antagonism and latent evil in the people?

The recent Crusade of the Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood, which included France, may, possibly, not be innocent of these happenings, in the sense that any pressure brought to bear at the center, is felt throughout the mass. The work of Katherine Tingley will be better and more fairly known as the years fly by, taking with them the scales from men's eyes.

G. DE PURUCKER



Different Systems of Race Defence Adopted by Plant Life

EVERY one who has anything to do with the cultivation of plants, and possibly also some students of text-book botany, have been forced to observe the characteristic methods adopted by different species for their own defence. There are some plant forms which, like the cactus and the pineapple, depend upon the vital tenacity of the upper portion, which readily form new roots if opportunity permits. Yet the cactus roots are unable to send up a new plant to replace the one removed. Others rely upon the living power of the roots which will send up new plants to take the place of the old. Oaks, apples, lemons, etc., etc., thistles, dahlias, and, in fact, all tuberous or bulbous-rooted species, do so. Yet the tops have no power to put forth new roots, except under most favorable conditions.

There are other species which place their trust in the number of their seeds, as, for example, the Canadian thistle, the ragweed, the iceplant, etc.; and many of such plants are not able to either renew their tops from the root nor put forth a new root from the top. Still others, such as wild hoarhound, California sumac, pigweed and many more, use two methods, while such species as the conifers, junipers and melons appear unable to use more than one of these expedients, and even that imperfectly.

When we find such radical divergences in human characters, or in mental processes, we consider such comparisons as legitimate objects of metaphysical and psychological research to determine why and how they were adopted to accomplish the same purpose of race-perpetuation. If we revert to the old "nature-ideas" of the Greeks, Indians, negroes and our own Teutonic forefathers, and consider each genus and species as being produced and governed by some definite intelligence, the problem again becomes one of mental rather than physical study. Possibly we may be driven at last to believe that differences of character are not confined to the human scale of life. Meanwhile, we recommend such features of plant-life to the consideration of those who would have us think that all is said when the component parts of the blossom have been counted and classified.

A Wonderfully Fine Spun Spider-web That Will Hold Water

SPIDER'S-WEB is usually considered to be the very frailest and flimsiest thing possible, yet we have at Point Loma, a species which weaves a web so fine and close that it will hold water. The separate strands are so fine as to be barely visible in good light, but of them the spider weaves a cloth of such perfect texture that it appears almost like a sheet of metal, so smooth and even are the tiny meshes. The webs are composed of two or three thicknesses of such cloth laid together. The web is, by preference, placed almost horizontally in some corner or cleft and after a rain is sometimes found sustaining a tiny pool

of water. In one case we noticed the quantity must have been at least two tablespoonsful, which remained in the web for several days and seemed to disappear entirely by evaporation without any leakage whatever. This phenomenon may be due to the fact that the silk is a trifle oily which keeps the water from wetting the threads and thus prevents it from passing through the meshes.

N. L.

Trying to Pull Itself Up—Curious Habit of the Alfilerilla

AMONG its many peculiarities the alfilerilla has one curious habit which we have never found in any other plant. Its fern-like leaves always, if possible, lie close to the ground, but when it begins to feel thirsty the tips of the leaves press so hard upon the earth that they will lift more than the weight of the plant, which is then actually pulling at its own root. So great does the tension sometimes become that if the root be cut quickly with a sharp knife the plant appears to leap from its place, and the leaves, bent almost straight down, support the plant an inch or more above the soil. What advantage it gains thereby we cannot surmise; possibly it is merely an incidental effect of some arrangement, which is, in some other way, a distinct benefit to the plant.

In fact, we strongly incline to the opinion that many of the characteristics of species are such incidental results which should, in reality, no more be counted as being purposely produced than a man's footprints. For it must naturally follow that the association of so many living factors of structure as a plant includes will produce some such useless results, the same as a man makes footprints, without any intention to do so; certainly it could not hope to transplant itself.

N. L.

Healing Virtues Accredited to Watercress in New Caledonia

ALL the New Caledonia mining companies are now cultivating large crops of watercress. A short time ago this little herb was suddenly lauded as a remedy for the disease known as beri-beri, common in New Zealand and some other places. It now appears that it is not actually curative, but that its steady use does a good deal to render its consumers immune to the disease. Modern medicine has for years been making such a headlong rush after serums, lymphs, vaccines and synthetic coal-tar products, that it is getting more and more out of touch with the vast resources of living nature. Even when herbs are used, the pharmacist's product is as far away from the basis as he can manage. A few drops of an extract of an extract, or a grain of a crystal alkaloid, is regarded as containing the healing virtue of the pounds of leaf, flower or root that yielded it. And even when the preparation is simpler and nearer home, the infusion or tincture is from some specimen dried, mummied, packaged and shelved months before.

STUDENT

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE announcement that Mrs.

Katherine Tingley would speak at the Isis Theatre on Sunday evening, had its unfailing result in crowding that capacious building from floor to ceiling. Mrs. Tingley has just completed her second tour of the world in the cause of human brotherhood, and the greeting of the immense audience was as much a tribute to her successful labors as to the beauty and persuasiveness of her speaking.

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Two Notable Meetings---Crowded House---Raja Yoga Children & an Address by Katherine Tingley

Reprinted from the San Diego News

Last Sunday's meeting was, however, unusually attractive, not only from this cause, but also from the participation of a large number of Raja Yoga School children, who were announced to repeat the educational entertainment which they had given on the previous Sunday afternoon and evening in Los Angeles. One meeting being entirely inadequate for so extensive a program, it was divided into two parts, and this arrangement was repeated at the Isis Theatre on Sunday. The afternoon meeting was more particularly devoted to the children of the city, who were not slow to take advantage of the invitation extended to them.

Altogether delightful and valuable as was the afternoon meeting, the evening session was still more so. Something more than a threat of rain seemed in no way to diminish the immense crowds which filled the Theatre to its utmost capacity, and which loudly applauded the rise of the curtain disclosing the beautiful grouping of the little ones upon the stage. The people of San Diego take a kind of proprietary interest in these children, whom they thus see growing up before their eyes and so manifestly increasing in knowledge and wisdom day by day. The applause has an affectionate tone, showing a heart interest in addition to the natural appreciation of a clever performance.

To describe the program in extenso would be impossible, but that the people of Los Angeles were captivated is in no way surprising. The singing was exquisite, while the performance of *The Little Philosophers* was surprisingly impressive. A new feature was the appearance of a considerable number of the very smallest children, some of them not three years old, who recited scraps of simple religious and philosophic wisdom with an earnest gravity which showed purpose and comprehension. No less effective was the appeal for help made by the little Cuban girl, Octavia, for the enlargement of the Free Raja Yoga Schools in her country. No

one could question that she had the recollection of intense suffering and an equally strong and heartfelt determination to some day carry to her Cuban home the advantages which she has gathered at Point Loma. Her little speech was pathetic in the extreme, and it certainly struck a resounding chord in the hearts of those who heard her. All other

parts of the program were carried out with equal perfection, all other little performers doing their share with the same tranquil ease and entire absence of self-consciousness.

The paper read by the Rev. Mr. Neill was, as usual, sincere and scholarly, and we regret that we are without the means to make it known as widely as it deserves. Mr. Neill's papers are always appreciated by a San Diego audience.

Mrs. Tingley's long absence from home has certainly not lessened her power to charm her hearers. Her address was all too short, but it was couched in her best style, and it certainly carried with it a conviction of the changed conditions which must at once result in the world if the true and simple philosophy of life were substituted for the clinging to creeds upon the one hand and the feverish search for new things upon the other.

Basing her remarks upon the children whom she has taken under her care, she carried her audience completely with her in asserting that if only a very small proportion of the children of the world could receive the pure teaching which these little ones were getting, the whole condition of things would be changed, there would be peace instead of discord and the age-long sounds of pain would become songs of joy. Throughout all her travels she had studied child life and she knew that there was everywhere something missing, something which could not be supplied by a religious teaching confined to certain specified hours. It could only be done, as it was done at Point Loma, by imparting a knowledge of the soul every day and every hour in such a manner that even the smallest child could understand it.

In her summary of the world's progress Mrs. Tingley is optimistic in spite of the war clouds in the east. She declared that the soul of humanity was asserting itself more today than ever before, that the divine rights of all men have been successfully struggling for the light and that all outward appearances notwithstanding there was a surging, impelling power of love and justice in the hearts of men and that it would surely be manifested because men were divine.

Full Text of Katherine Tingley's Address at Isis Theatre

I FIND myself excessively embarrassed at having to say anything tonight after such an entertainment as these little children in the charm of their innocence have given to us. They have preached a sermon far more eloquent than could have come from the lips of our greatest orators. There can be but one thought that we must have of these souls thus launched out into life, that they are beginning that life under remarkable circumstances. I can assure you that if but a small portion of humanity could have had their surroundings in the past, if only they could have had the touch of what these little ones have had, the nations would have been bound together by a tie of brotherhood such as no power on earth could break. If you will think at all about it I am sure you will feel that all this would be possible, or would have been possible in the past, and it will be possible now, because these children have started out understandingly, tiny as they are, hardly able to raise their tiny hands, yet teaching love in their infant language. Young as they are, they know that they are a part of the great divine scheme of life. We have taught them that they are souls and, like the stars in the heavens, they have come to guide humanity into a better way.

Now in saying this it does not mean that there is no other education in the world for children, but it does mean that they are taught the soul life every hour and every moment. These little ones are such precious treasures in the eyes of the teachers at Point Loma, such sacred charges, that they lose not a moment in touching their hearts with that compassionate love which imprints the truth upon the minds of little children. And thus it follows that day by day, and week by week, and year by year, these children are growing up in soul wisdom to preach a real salvation to the world, a common-sense salvation. They are taught to care

for their bodies because they are the temples of the living Christ, the Christos, they are taught to care for their minds as treasures, and to keep them free from blemishes, or from anything that can lead them astray; they are taught that they themselves are souls, and that soul life is the real, lasting life, the peaceful life.

And so when they come before you, it is not only to entertain, but to help. Each one of these children feels a great responsibility. They are serious, as you see, but they are also very joyful. They are the happiest children I have ever seen. Possibly I realize this from the fact that I have just returned from a trip around the world, and I have made a close study of children of all nations so far as the short time would permit. I have been in some of the world's greatest cities, in Paris and in Rome. I have been under the shadow of the great churches. I have been where in almost every square of ground was a church with great spires reaching towards heaven. I know the devoted efforts of the people who work in the churches, but in spite of all that has been done with money, energy, and love, for the little children, yet there are thousands upon thousands of them overlooked. There are thousands upon thousands of children throughout the world on the downward path, and surely if we were to think but for a moment we must necessarily come to the conclusion that there is something lacking, something missing, in our Twentieth century work for the little ones. We are part of the great human family, we do desire to uplift our fellows, and we must see to it that there is something more done, the lost word must be recovered, for the knowledge was possessed by the ancients. That knowledge must come back to humanity before it can find its place, before the shadows of heavy suffering and death can pass away. It is so simple.

We wonder why the world is running after new teachers, and new light, and new truths, and well we may. This we do while the Sermon on the Mount, so simple and so beautiful, is ignored. Christ's simple wisdom has been misunderstood, for are we united as brothers? Do we love one another? If in the ages since Jesus was born humanity had been drinking in the spirit of his words and that of other great teachers, if these compassionate teachings had been applied, the nations of the world today would be at peace, the whole world would be one united family, we should stand and declare that verily we are our brothers' keepers. You have thought all this, I know. How easy it is to see that humanity as a whole is going out of the way, away from the simple truths, so far away from the path of righteousness that the great law has made possible for us. We depend so much upon the mind, and so little upon the higher knowledge which is a part of the soul life. Look at the teachings, then look around at the many creeds, at the "isms" of the Twentieth century, each one declaring itself to be right and the others wrong. We could change the whole aspect of things if we would; we could give the secret through Theosophy; we could give the simple knowledge that would change the whole aspect of the world. Theosophy has interpreted the *essential teachings of these different religions and has bound them into a Universal Brotherhood* for all peoples and for all times. If we as a people here in America could for one hour or for one day unite in the thought of Brotherhood, and bend our efforts to its aid, then a mighty swaying, surging force, a spiritual light would go out to the world from our land of liberty.

Although our country is one of the greatest of the world, it possesses more "isms" today than any other I have visited. A real sifting process is needed, a compassionate work to weed out the "isms."

The world is going mad, for while it proclaims freedom and liberty, all too often these words are used for license only, and this is one of the

saddest facts for those who try to help. The duty of a true teacher is to try to attract humanity to its divinity, its heritage, to the knowledge that it is a part of the great divine law, and that if it will but work with this law it will find its way to the paths of peace. When this knowledge is understood, when it is applied to human life, it will be impossible for us to live in discord one with another, it will be impossible for us to forget our duty to ourselves and our brothers, for as the knowledge comes forth, as the soul stands out in all its spiritual dignity, and declares its possibilities, then the mind becomes illuminated, and intuition and a higher discrimination follow. The soul life is accentuated; intuition works hand in hand with mind, and the man is changed, the world is changed, all shadows are changed into sunshine, and the sounds of pain become the songs of joy.

Behind all the shadows yet about us which we have to meet today, and in spite of the great struggles which we know are going on, the warfare and the bloodshed and death, there are signs. Souls are more awake, they are nearer to real life than they have been for ages. This mighty divine law which guides human life is manifesting in a new way. It is striking a new note, and while the warfare is in the east, and death follows in its wake, behind the dark clouds there follows a new manifestation of the divine law. It is like a re-sounding of the cries of the ages, the sorrows and the heart-aches of the millions in the past, a cry of agony from other times for justice, and that justice shall be manifest.

Yes, a new manifestation of the Law in the Twentieth century, and you shall see it and be amazed! Then shall come forth the divine soul of man on its onward march from the beginning. This we shall have in spite of all the shadows, all the clouds, and all the darknesses. In spite of all the outward aspects of error, a manifestation of the surging, impelling power of love and justice in the hearts of men shall come to pass because man is divine.

THE next issue of the NEW CENTURY PATH will contain a special illustrated description of the educational work in Cuba, and it will therefore be of unusual interest. A detailed account will be given of the Cuban Raja Yoga School Exercises in the largest theatre in Santiago, together with a general review of the extraordinary results of the last year's efforts.

Spencer and Carlyle

HERBERT SPENCER'S *Autobiography* has disclosed a very severe criticism of Thomas Carlyle, which is undoubtedly very interesting, but which will certainly not diminish the almost despotic power which the writings of Carlyle exercise on so many. Spencer says:

Considering that he either could not or would not think coherently—never set out from premises and reasoned his way to conclusions, but habitually dealt in intuitions and dogmatic assertions, he lacked the trait which, perhaps more than any other, distinguishes the philosopher properly so-called. He lacked also a further trait. Instead of thinking calmly, as the philosopher above all others does, he thought in passion.

With all possible respect for Mr. Spencer, it seems to us that he is attaching a greater importance to the means than to the end. Carlyle wrote for a definite purpose, and in that purpose he succeeded to an almost unprecedented degree. Whether he reached that success by setting out from premises and reasoning his way to conclusions, or whether he habitually dealt with intuitions matters not in the least. These things are of importance to those who write for the sake of writing, and also to those who write for the very limited number of minds which cannot be approached in any other manner. A logical garb is in no way necessary for the writings which are intended to promulgate great ethical truths which will be recognized as truths by those who hear them. Indeed, under such circumstances a display of logic is likely to dull both point and edge. Carlyle, it is true, "thought in passion," and wrote in passion, but it was the passion of a great and strong soul, aroused by the bitter and cruel wrongs of the age which clamored for redress. Carlyle was above and beyond the machinery of logic. He spoke from the heart and not from the head, and therefore he was heard gladly by the great democracy of the heart and not alone by the aristocracy of the head. For Mr. Spencer's learning and for his character we have the most profound respect, but it may be that Mr. Carlyle will leave a far deeper mark upon a far greater audience.

STUDENT

Neglected Child Life

IF the present epidemic of juvenile crime does but draw attention to the neglected child life of our cities we shall recognize it as one of the stern reminders which nature gives to us of our neglected duties. Attention, however, is not sufficient. It must be intelligent attention, and not merely an extension of reformation and prisons. It must in other words be a recognition of individual responsibility which prompts to something more effective than the appointment of an official or the casting of a vote. Of all the social machinery which we have created the reformatory system is perhaps most in need of a critical examination. Its worst condemnation is the fact that it is a machine, ill calculated to do anything else than crush the life of its victim into some regulation pattern. Order and system are of course necessary, indispensable, but they will fail unless they are devised and governed by individual compassion, and by that variety of it which gives wisdom. We live in an age of machinery. We boast that we have harnessed and controlled the great forces of nature, but the forces of human life are still *terra incognita* to us. Our reformatories are of no value unless they can take a bad boy and turn him into a good boy, but there is no lack of those well qualified to judge who say that they take bad boys and turn them into worse ones, that they take stupid criminals and translate them into educated and clever criminals. If we knew half as much about training boys as we do about training dogs and horses we should improve the breed as effectively in one case as in the other. There are many men who would shrink from the responsibility of training a valuable puppy who yet undertake the duties of parenthood without even being aware that any responsibility whatever is attached to them. The problem of juvenile criminality will of course never be solved by city ordinances, by police regulations, nor by reformatories until all these things have been shaped and controlled by a sense of individual responsibility so strong that it would impel to action even though it stood entirely alone. Our present institutions are the faithful expression of the public mind which called them forth. When the public mind recognizes that the criminal is a part of itself, and therefore something to be heartily ashamed of, we shall see an improvement, but not until then.

STUDENT

SHORT STORIES FOR CHILDREN, NOT OVER 700 WORDS. These contributions are solicited from members of The Universal Brotherhood Organization. MSS. not accepted for publication will not be returned, nor will any remuneration be given for stories.

The Transformation of Japan---Glimpses of the

The following text and illustrations are reprinted from the *Excursion Journal* of T. Minami and Sons' Tourist Agency, Japan



On the 8th of June 1853 a long sleep of 300 years was awakened by the whistle of steamers which appeared on the sea off the coast of Uraga, then the most important port on the peninsular of Sagami province, the entrance of Yeddo or Tokyo bay. The black ships which as we commonly called them consisted of 2 steam gun boats and two sailing transports for the first time seen by our people. The governor of Uraga ordered many junks to hasten to the black ships and to make a regular blockade of the passage in the bay and ordered the steamers to stop and anchor. The Japanese officials made inquiries on board the black ship concerning the name and nationality of the men on board, and their intention through a Chinese interpreter who came with them. It was then found that they had come from the United States of America with a letter from the president under the command of the envoy Commodor Perry with the intention to make a friendly treaty with Japan and the Commodor envoy wished to hand the letter to the ruling regime. He also told them the state of the outside world and concerning the recent Opium war between England and China, but it was said that owing to insufficient interpretation both parties could not clearly understand all the conversation but however the message from governor that the vessels should not go in further in the bay until an answer came from the government at Yeddo, was clearly understood.

The governor Mizuno sent a special message to the Shogun's government at Yeddo with an account of this extraordinary event.

At Yeddo the Shogun's Government was much struck by this sudden emergency and called together Council of Roju or elder statesmen and sat day after day but no decision was arrived at upon the matter, as they feared that if they accept the offer of the treaty more difficulties would follow besides the present one, but if we refused it would mean war; for which Japan was not then prepared for any immediate danger like the present. Mean time the 2 million of inhabitant of Yeddo had collected in consequence of the uncommon emergency and all sorts of rumors had spread that immediate war with the foreign country was indispensable. Old and young moved to the country and everything was deserted; but high and low were active in preparation for war, and the confusion was quite indescribable. A comic poem of Yeddo at the time conveys how the state of the disturbance was as it said "America ga tatete (prepared) motekita (brought) Jokisen (name of Tea or steamer) tatta (only) nihaide (by two cups) yorumo (even night) nerarenu (can not sleep)—Meaning by only two cups of Jokisen tea that was prepared and brought by Americans allow us no sleep even at night (of strong flavour). The Shogun government ordered all the daimioes to defend the parts assigned to them and retainers of Daimioes had marched under their respective commanders and the daimioes attend the castle of Shogun. Special representative of the government was sent to the Imperial court at Kyoto and all daimioes despatched their messages to their own dominions ordering the defence of coast &c.

The United States envoy, Commodore Perry at Uraga waiting the government's answer every day in his baking cabin under a strong sun of the summer months, as they were not allowed to land nor did the Commodore permit any access of Japanese except the government officers, but the reply did not come until the 10th of July. At last it was communicated to him that the letter would be received by the representatives of the government at Uraga, but the Commodore perceived danger in landing at Uraga as it was much inhabited and also the inconvenience being out of range of his Guns from his squadron in case of bombardment so he preferred a spot next to the port where it was quite open and safe which was the beach of Kurihama about 1 Ri South from Uraga.

On the 14th inst then envoy with about 300 men landed at the place where temporary reception rooms were erected for the occasion and the governor of Uraga assisted by two other representatives of government to receive them with a guard of about 4,000 men from Fudai daimioes.

The envoy handed them the letter in a box with the request that it should be opened before the presence of the Shogun and a friendly treaty should at once be

made. The envoy made many presents to the Shogun and officers among which a model of a railway engine was numbered and the government representatives presented him and his officers in return old lacquer wares, silks and boxes of eggs &c. for the men on board. It is said that at the meeting the representatives requested the envoy not to come to this part of the country any more but to come to Nagasaki in case of further negotiations, but the envoy expressed his determination that he must have direct communication with the Shogun's government and requested an audience with the Shogun. For the request the representatives gave many excuses and the envoy thinking it better to give them time for consideration and said he would come to receive the reply at the beginning of next year. On heaving anchor on 21st inst. the envoy made his passage into Kanagawa then an opposite town and now the next railway station from Yokohama which was then a sandy beach. The governor of Uraga was greatly surprised, sent out a swift boat to catch the squadron and reached them near Kanagawa. The officers sent asked the envoy why he had broken the order of the governor the envoy answered that by the international custom when a credential received from one country to the other, it means that the two countries are on friendly terms with each other.

The Shogun government translated the contents of the American letter and sent it to all daimioes with the request to receive their free and impartial opinion on the best way to deal with the matter for the country's sake. This act of the Shogun, of course, gave a peculiar sensation to the Imperial court and daimioes as to the duty of Shogun and opinion he requested to hear would of course be divided for entire rejection of the American's proposal or make a treaty. The government also commanded daimioes to prepare for defence of their provinces and allowed them to build any large vessels—which were prohibited since the extirpation of Christianity in 1614. Thus the tight reign of Tokugawa's regime was loosed; all daimioes especially not Fudai Daimioes (retainers of Tokugawa Iyeyasu the founder of the dynasty) were very active preparing for war without any fear of superstition of Shogun's government which hitherto prevented a proper organization of the daimioes forces.

Much reenforced Squadron of U. S. A. came to the port of Shimoda in the province of Izu, in February 1854 and demanded the government to make a treaty of commerce as promised last year and after some long negotiation a temporary treaty was signed which was to be revised at request of either party.

English, Russian, Dutch and French all followed the example of the Americans and the difficulties on the Tokugawa government was daily increasing. This was, we may venture to say the topic of Japanese ignorance of foreign affairs and this was the time for a great man to stand out and save the country from this immediate danger. And this man, who signed the treaty, was Ii Kamonno Kami Naosuké whose descendant is count Naokata whom we know. One day we called on him and

told him our intention of writing the history he gave us the books called Kaikoku shimatsu in Japanese or an account of the opening of the country by Mr. Saburo Shimada and the other was named agitated Japan or life of Ii Kamonno Kami based on Kaikoku Shimatsu by Mr. H. Satoh and revised by Mr. Melliot Griffes. And also he kindly lent us a sketch drawing of the landing of Commodore Perry at Kurihama with permission for publication.

Therefore we herein put extracts of the Life as his life is much connected with the event or agitated Japan as Mr. Griffes says.

The Great man Ii Kamon no Kami Naosuké was, says the Life, the fourteenth son of Baron Ii Kamo-no-Kami Naonaka, Fudai Daimio and the Lord of Omi province. He was born on November 30, 1815 at Hikone near Biwa lake. On the Christmas day, 1850, Naosuké was publicly authorized by the Shogunate to succeed to the Baronetcy of Hikone and to assume the title of Kamon-no-Kami.

Extract of the Life "Here it is worth while to notice that, at a time when so much importance was attached to the traditional usage, Naosuké's sudden departure against the remonstrances of aged followers and also against common custom, was no slight presage of that strength of will and keenness of foresight which afterward showed themselves in his political and diplomatic career. In an age of dangerous conservatism, these two qualities placed him beyond the clutch of the so called cus-



BARON II NAOSUKE

This portrait was painted by order of the Baron himself, in his imperial court costume, and he wrote a poem on the top. The portrait and poem are now preserved in the temple of his family at Hikone.

Island Empire That May Rule Eastern World

toms and traditions. He rose superior to these and at the sacrifice of his life, opened for his country a way of progress and development hitherto unattained.

Because of the firm stand he made against his political opponents, Naosuké has been represented as too obstinate and proud to receive advice. On the contrary, a letter which he personally wrote, in response to a representation made by one of his retainers, fully shows that he not only kept the gate wide open to any sincere advisers but also encouraged them to tender suggestions freely. The amount of confidence he placed in his two secretaries also fully indicates his capacity to avail himself of the views of others. He encouraged his retainers, irrespective of their class, office, or condition, to be ready to open their mind on anything of political or social importance. "Nothing," he said, "is worse than a barrier against the communication of thought. Let any and all of you be free and outspoken on matters of importance."

When in 1853 the question of foreign intercourse was referred to the Barons of the land, most of them were in favor of exclusion, while some of them expressed the inadvisability of seclusion at the expense of peace. But none of them proposed a scheme whereby the interest of the nation could be upheld. Naosuké's answer to this query of the Shogunate distinctly stated among other things the tendency of the times which made it difficult to adhere to the traditions of the land; and he also proposed to rescind the law issued early in the Seventeenth century, prohibiting the building of large vessels suitable for foreign trade. He again advised the Shogunate to build navies for the protection of the coasts. "Thus prepared," he writes, "the country will be free from the menaces and threatenings of foreign powers, and will be able to uphold the national principle and policy at any time."

The reigning Shogun, Iyesada, had no male issue. It therefore became necessary to appoint the Heir Apparent from one of the three Princely families related to the Tokugawa, Mito, Kii and Owari.

There were two candidates. One was the Prince of Kii or Kishiu, and the other was one of the sons of the Senior Prince of Mito.

Those who supported the candidacy of Prince Hitotsubashi were actuated by different motives. Some thought that his cleverness and ability being admitted on every side, he would be able to keep Japan insulated from foreign contact and thus uphold the dignity and sacredness of the land.

Others wanted to strengthen the power of the Shogunate by putting the man of universal popularity into the Shogunal office. They hoped in this way to open the country to intercourse with foreign nations. Others again knew the power and influence of the Senior Prince of Mito with the Imperial Cabinet and the Barons.

They also knew that in Kioto and among the Fudai Daimio, the Shogunate had strong opponents.

Meanwhile the coming of the Mikado's sanction was awaited with anxious suspense at Yedo, but as it did not come, Naosuké dispatched a special message to Kioto.

Just at this unfortunate juncture, an express message reached Yedo, that two American men-of-war had come to Shimoda and that one of them proceeded up the Bay of Yedo as far as Koshiba. On the 16th day (July 27,) another message came reporting an arrival of Russian war-ships, and saying also that they were soon to be followed by English and French squadrons which had been victorious in their war with China.

Shall Naosuké, by virtue of the power vested in him, decide the question before obtaining a formal sanction of the Imperial Cabinet? The unsuccessful mission of Baron Hotta to the Imperial City was too recent an event to be forgotten by anybody. The renewed presentation of the same question would not only involve delays, but would surely meet with the same fate as on the former occasion. Naosuké believed that the investment with the power of government carried with it the right to meet emergencies according to the judgment of the person so invested. He also knew that the national safety and dignity were involved in this question. He therefore decided to assume the entire responsibility. No sooner was the decision made than he immediately dispatched Inouyé and Iwasé to Kanagawa, authorizing them to sign the provisional treaty which has since been called the Temporary Kanagawa Treaty.

The moment the conclusion of the Temporary Treaty was made public, the exclusion party began to show an increased vehemence in their opposition.

Prince Rekkō blamed Naosuké for concluding the American treaty before the Imperial sanction had been received. But when the Tairo explained the irrepresible tendencies of the times and professed his confidence of meeting with Imperial approval under the circumstances, this subject could not be pressed any further.

The three Princes then began to show the need of the times for a full-grown able prince for the Shogun's heir. They said that none would be better qualified than Prince Hitotsubashi.

To this, Naosuké simply replied that the right of appointing the Heir Apparent rested solely with the Shogun, and this rule left no room for any of his relations or of subjects to say aught against what he had appointed. He also stated that the matter of heirship having been already settled, and being ready for formal announcement on the following day (25th), it would be improper now to further discuss that affair.

On the 25th day (6th month) the appointment of the Prince of Kishiu, aged thirteen years, to be Heir Apparent to the Shogun was publicly announced.

On the 2nd day of the 7th month, (August 11), the formal congratulations of the Barons were presented in person, and were received at the Castle in Yedo by the Shogun, and his Heir, whose name was Iyemochi. On the night of this auspicious day, (of congratulation) the Shogun was suddenly taken ill, and on the following day, his illness became serious.

On the 6th day, (August 15), an order was received from Kioto, requiring either the Tairo or one of the Princes of the Three Houses of Tokugawa to appear at the Imperial Court in reference to the question of foreign intercourse.

On the night of the same day the Shogun breathed his last.

Two days before this (on 4th) three English ships arrived at Shinagawa, a suburb of Yedo, while the Russians come in to the city itself and took up their temporary abode in one of the Buddhist temples.

Placed in the midst of these complications, Naosuké dispatched Senator Baron

Ota to hold a conference with the British representative, with whom the business was facilitated by the previous treaty with the United States. A messenger was sent to Kioto at the same time, stating the circumstances which made it impossible to comply with the Imperial order.

A copy of paper sent to the Imperial court from Shogun Government:

"The question of foreign intercourse is pregnant with serious consequences. The reason why the treaty was concluded with the United States was because of the case requiring an immediate answer. The English and French squadrons after their victory over China were very soon expected to our coasts, and the necessity of holding conferences with different nations at the same time might cause confusion from which little else than war could be expected. These foreigners are no longer to be despised. The art of navigation, their steam-vessels, and their military and naval preparations have found full development in their hands. A war with them might result in temporary victories

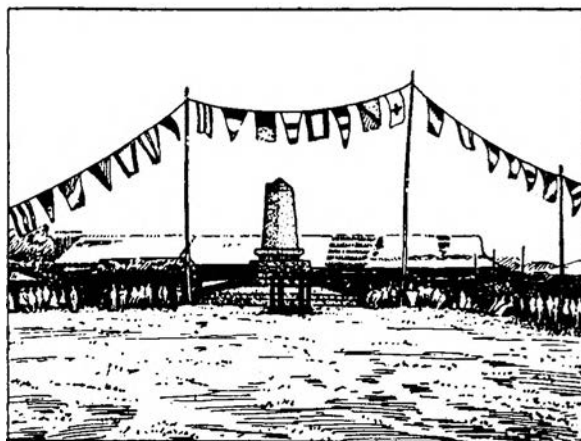
on our part, but when our country should come to be surrounded by their combined navies, the whole land would be involved in consequence which are clearly visible in China's experience. This question of foreign intercourse had been referred to the Barons, and most of them knew the disadvantages of war with foreigners. Under these circumstances no other recourse was found than to conclude a treaty and open some of the ports to them for trade. Trying this policy for ten or twelve years, and making full preparation for protection of the country during that period, we can then determine whether to close up or open the country to foreign trade and residence. To commit the nation to the policy of exclusion before any experiment, appears to be highly inadvisable.

"If it were only one nation with which we had to deal, it would be much easier, but several nations, coming at the same time with their advanced arts, it is entirely impossible to refuse their requests to open intercourse with our country. The tendency of the times makes exclusion an entire impossibility.

"Compliance with their requests will tend to bring safety to the whole land, and thus we shall be able to keep His Majesty free from cares and anxieties for his subjects."

The relation between the Shogunate and the party of Exclusion may well be likened unto that of fire and water. The antagonistic feeling had almost reached its acme.

On the last day of the same month, (February 3, 1859) an Imperial answer in reference to foreign affairs was received by Baron Manabe in which it was stated that the said question had been a constant source of anxiety to His Majesty, inasmuch as it concerned a departure from a long tradition, and also the dignity of the Empire, but the unavoidable circumstance of the time having been fully recognized by His Majesty, and the intention of the Shogunate to resume the policy of ex-



WHERE PERRY FIRST LANDED

From a photograph of the unveiling ceremony of the monument erected at Kurihama on the entrance to Tokyo Bay, in memory of the first landing of the Envoy Commodore Perry in 1853.

clusion having been assured, time is granted for that purpose, and the Shogun is authorized to take temporary measures to suit the requirements of the present time.

Time went on in this state, and in the 3rd month (March, 1860) the paper could not be received back, for on the 3d day of that month, the Tairo Naosuké on his way to the Shogun's Court, was suddenly attacked by a band of assassins and met a cruel death at their hands.

Naosuké was forty-six years old when sad event cut him off, but according to the orders of the Shogunate, his death was not announced until the last day of the following month.

The 3rd day of the 3rd month (March 25) was one of the five annual festivals, when the Princes and Barons of the land had to present themselves at the Shogun's Castle to offer congratulations of the occasion. Being the last month of Spring, it is usually not cold, but on this special day nature seemed to portend by an unusual phenomenon the dark event which was to make it a black day in the annals of Japan. She seemed to show her sympathy for the heavy loss about to fall upon the whole empire; for instead of a bright clear day, the sky was overcast with gloomy clouds, the temperature was exceptionally low, and snow began to fall thick and heavy.

The whole tragedy was the work of only a few minutes, and when other retainers of Naosuké prepared to march to the place of attack, it was all over, and they met the return of their master's kago.

Baron Matsudaira of Yada, who was an intimate friend of Naosuké, personally came to persuade him to resign and thus get him out of the impending danger. The Tairo while thanking him for his kind advice said that his sense of duty would

not allow him to evade his personal danger in times of great difficulty. "My own safety is nothing," said he, "when I see a great danger threatening the future of my country." When he was advised to resign his office by his retainers he always said.

"Resignation is easy, but the times are difficult. I will not, and must not avoid both danger and difficulty on the simple ground of seeking personal ease."

From the above paragraphs the reader may understand how the Shogun government was standing between the Imperial court which was generally opposing, relative princes who were disagreeable to the chief council arousing jealousy or ambitions and multitude of ignorance and jealous people and that through such numberless difficulties the government had to steer on the high tide of the world. Without such a great man like the Baron of firm decision, high education and sufficient experience of ruling people, Japan might have been the prey to foreign nations and perhaps it has had no opportunity of development by its own integrity and wisdom.

In 1900 late Rear Admiral B. C. Beardslee U. S. Navy came and visited this country for the second time and we give him a grand reception at Ueyeno park in his honour for he was the only survivor who came with that Commodore Perry as midshipman; and through his pointing out the spot where the American first landed we find out many old traditions concerning that event.

Through particular effort of the Beiyu Kai (the American Association of Japan) have erected a stone monument at Kurihama and unveiling ceremony took place on July 14th 1901, when two U. S. and two Japanese men of war were present to salute the occasion.

ONCE upon a time there was a Sage, and it came to pass that as he sat down by the wayside to rest under the shadow of an old, old olive tree, there came before him a man, and a woman who was his wife. After they had made salutation, the man hastened to speak, as if fearful the woman should speak before him.

"Master," he said, "is it not written that woman is the weaker vessel and should therefore be obedient unto man?"

The Sage did answer him question-wise, saying, "Are then all things that have been written by man, true?"

"No," said the man, "but this must be true."

"And wherefore must this be true?" said the Sage.

"Because man is a creature of reason and woman—or else I mistake—is one of impulse and impulse—is not it true, Master—woman is blind, and born of instinct merely? Surely blind impulse must be ruled by reason, or it bringeth harm."

"Knowest thou not how, in the beginning, all forms came into being from the formless? Master, guided by spirit, from its own life fashioned all, mineral, vegetable and animal, and still we see this work going on about us, from the olives above thy head to the pebbles under thy feet. And is all this due to reason or what thou callest instinct?"

"By instinct, of a truth," said the man.

"Then knowest thou, that this principle is the soul's own cupbearer—call it by whatsoever name thou chooseth."

The man bowed his head, and asked, "This principle which I have erred in calling instinct—what is it? From what great universal principle doth it come?"

"It cometh from the soul of the Infinite," said the sage. "Knowest thou not that the very basis and core of things, the divine source, is the eternal Woman-Soul, the great deep, the abode of the World's Mother, primeval, Infinite Chaos, the mystic Mother Principle, which, overshadowed by Spirit and Fire, gives birth to worlds? It is the matrix wherein abides the essence, the potentiality of all forms, out of which floweth the world of ideal beauty."

"From whence, then, cometh the reason that moveth the brain of man?"

"It comes from Universal Mind," replied the Sage. "It can work only through the brain."

"Surely, of a truth. But instinct, which in the human being we call intuition, useth not the brain mind alone."

✻ The Heart Light ✻

"No," answered the man reluctantly, "it's instrument is the heart."

Which, then, is highest, which is the most godlike, intuition or reason?"

said the Sage. But the man was silent, and the Master turned to the woman.

"Intuition—is it highest, O Master?" the woman questioned, lifting her shining eyes to his face, "and yet it cometh from the heart and the heart is greater than the brain-mind. I know not if it be higher. Mightest one say, O Sage, that the right hand is nobler than the left?"

"Thou sayest well," said the Sage. Then turning to the man he continued, "Which hath more of the divine, the Heart Doctrine or the Doctrine of the Eye?"

"Surely, the Heart Doctrine, Master."

"Then why should man rule woman?"

The Sage grew very silent. Over the hillside swept the gentle breeze, laden with fragrance. It caressed the gnarled branches of the olive trees as if it loved them and longed to bring them beauty.

The soft and shining folds of hair that escaped the white head-dress of the woman it kissed in passing, as a mother might kiss swiftly a waiting child and hasten on. The olives bent low their branches as if to hear and the grass was green and glad. There were tears in the eyes of the woman, but fear had left her heart and dignity dwelt within her. The man waited.

"Know ye, my children, that intuition is the soul's own voice which man seeketh ever and ever to find. Always without, do men search, knowing not that it lives within their own hearts. Reason governeth the brain-mind life, intuition is of the heart. Without it, believe me my child, we would but plunge into the abyss. It is more

than beauty, more than reason, more than mere intellect. How then, is there room to question which is superior? Think—reason and intuition, the mind and the heart, man and woman, they are truly one. When separate, but as warring, shapeless arcs—unfit, unfitted—fragments. United in selfless service to all humanity, then, and then only, findeth each completion. Then, and then only, findeth each arc its place in the mystic circle. Then, and then only, may be born Unity, Compassion, Service and Peace."

The Sage bent his head and the final words dropped from his lips, as after a shower, the last reluctant raindrops fall from the sky. The man took the woman's hand hesitatingly, as if he would speak. Then he looked at the woman and he spoke not. In her eyes shone something he had not seen there before. It was heart light.

STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Letter From Japan

MY DEAR LITTLE READERS: I am sending you pictures from beautiful Japan. It is April Fool's Day, a real festive day here, for old and young; for dear Mother Nature puts on her springtime dress, and comes forth with a cheery smile, in a glory of color and beauty.

Delicate and winsome seem these rosy cherry blossoms, as they look out with glad eyes into the bright sunny day—silent they are, but their loving message is felt by all the Japanese hearts in the land; and in return they send back to these dear tiny blossoms their tribute: "Yes, Life is joy, dear Cherry Blossoms; this we know, and you have the secret to hold the Joy and make it grow in your Hearts, so that you gladden all the land with your rosy smile. You come to us, dear little friends, every year, over and over again. Like the great tall Fuji Mountain that kisses the blue sky of our fair land, you are singing to us all the while, 'Dear Children, Mother Nature is your Teacher. If you would be like us, you must look skyward and blossom in love for the whole world.'"

Jap children, here in Yokohama, seem to be doing this. Their little bright faces tell the story of their heart-life. They are so simple and gentle. Looking into their tiny houses, where they live with the grown-ups, one can see that they do not have many wants. They live out of doors nearly all the time. Their rosy cheeks, bright eyes and pretty little Jap costumes seem to take on the dainty colors that blend in the sky, and are in the flowers that they so love. These they wear in their hair instead of ribbons.

I fancy I see them at night, looking out from their little homes, talking to the stars, and dreaming sweet childhood dreams, that will some day make them real helpers in the world. I couldn't imagine that they ever whimper for candy, or lose their tempers with their little brothers or sisters; they live too close to Nature to do that.

Bless their little hearts! I know you would love them, if you could see them; and I am certain that some of you might learn some real Raja Yoga lessons from them, too.

In my next letter I will tell you more about them, for I am very fond of the dear little hearts.

LOTUS

MR. KIPLING, the father of the man who writes so many books, has often closely observed monkeys in their own forest homes, and he relates that, at one time, a showman gave a performance not far from some trees in which the wild monkeys had their homes. Among the performers were a number of trained monkeys. At first the wild monkeys went away, frightened, but by and by they crept up, one by one, and saw their kinsfolk dressed up in curious garments and dancing about the ring. They were not only disgusted, but pained, and soon went sadly away, as if unwilling to see what they evidently thought to be such degradation.

E. H. H.

What Is the Path?

Essay by a young Lotus Group member

THE Path is the way to happiness, but some people think it is full of thorns and rocks. That is because some of us suffer in getting rid of our faults, but all of us can see the beautiful sun shining overhead, and all of us can feel the joy that comes into the heart when some ugly habit is conquered. We know it is a great mistake to

talk about the path being hard and unpleasant. The Path is the heart-life and it is Raja Yoga, and no other way of living could possibly be so pleasant and so full of joy. Raja Yoga children, who walk on the Path, find the true meaning of life and they can teach this to others who are living selfishly.

We cannot walk on the true Path if our lives are selfish and shiftless and careless. We must keep happy and continually battle within our own hearts against our faults. Then we can be purer every day, because every day will bring us more chances to do kind things to others. In reading of the lives of great men and women, such as Franklin, Garfield, William Q. Judge, Madame Blavatsky, and Joan of Arc, we find that they gave up a great many pleasures to help humanity. And yet they were happier than the people who just wanted to have a good time. That proves that the Path is joyful. The faults in our own character are like stumbling-blocks in the Path, and we cannot go forward in helpfulness until we lift them out of the way. We have to do this *some*time and we might as well do it now.

Some people find that the stumbling-blocks before them are selfishness and vanity and jealousy, and others find other faults which stand in their way, but even while we struggle with these things and may not seem to be helping others at all, our example is before them and they feel the influence of our courage and they see how much better it is for people to be honest with themselves. If we would follow the example of Jesus we would understand better how great our influence is for good or for ill, and we would understand better what he meant when he said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

A Nest in a Broom

SOME time ago, says a writer in the *London Daily News*, a coachman at Woking left a broom in the coach house. Soon after he found some leaves on it, which he shook off. He then saw a robin fly in with some more in his mouth, so he left the broom as it was, and in a short time it was completely covered with leaves and twigs, and the robin chose the snug-gest corner for its nest. The coachman put a nail at the foot of the broom to prevent it slipping, and also nailed up a piece of wash leather to protect the nest. The robin flew in and out through a little window in the coach house door, which was left open for it.

CALENDARS are probably the oldest form of literature in the world. The Aztecs had the most wonderful and accurate calendars. They were carefully graven on stone, and many of them are preserved to this day.



CHILDREN OF JAPAN



JAPANESE CHERRY BLOSSOMS

Students'



Path

THERE IS NO DEATH

by LORD LYTTON

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth in silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song,
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same---
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life---there are no dead.

Philosophy of Kant

THE celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the death of Immanuel Kant has served to draw renewed attention to the writings of this great philosopher and to place at an enhanced value his contributions to the thought of the day. It may be that Kant will never be more widely read than he is now. His books are perhaps only for those who have the leisure to master a most abstruse terminology, but this will not prevent his teachings from saturating current thought based as they are upon far older speculations and supported as they are by the experiences common to all thinking minds.

The main principles of the Kantian philosophy are by no means difficult to understand, nor are they far removed from the ordinary conduct of life. Every truth in nature has a bearing upon every other truth, and not one of them is too sublime to be applied to the routines and to the drudgeries of the day. It would, indeed, be well for us to cultivate the habit of bringing divine philosophy into daily life, for such is its mission and its purpose.

The philosophy of Kant shows us that the world as it actually exists is unknown to us. We know our experience of the world, we know the interior changes of our own consciousness, and from them we may

speculate as to what has caused those changes. The mind can look at the pictures which have been cast upon its surface, but it cannot look upon the actual causes of those pictures. Human experience, with its burden of pleasure and of pain, is the meaning which we ourselves have placed upon our sensations, upon our changes of consciousness. Nature has no power to inflict pain upon us, but we ourselves have the power to extract pain from the sensations which nature gives to us, a power which we certainly exercise to its full. Two men may receive identically the same set of sensations, and while one will extract pleasure from them the other will extract pain. Nature presents us, as it were, with the raw material of sensation. It is we ourselves who mould it into pleasure or pain. That set of beautiful mental sensations which we call a landscape may for one observer be a pure joy, while for another it may be but a reminder of past regrets. So true it is that we suffer from ourselves, and only from ourselves, by the interpretation which we give to our experiences. This is, after all, the philosophy of every-day life which Kant has presented to us with extraordinary insight and profundity. So far as he has succeeded in giving it to the world, and that part of the world which needs it most, he has rendered a service of which the anniversary of his death is a reminder.

STUDENT

A Relic of Persecution

THE following relic of persecution is worthy of preservation and remembrance. It is a copy of the warrant upon which John Bunyan was arrested and confined in Bedford Gaol. The signatures are those of the Justices of the Peace whose names are thus unenviably preserved, as will be the names of some of those now living, the inheritors of their ignorant bigotry, the heresy hunters of today:

To the Constables of Bedford and to every one of them Whereas information and complaint is made unto us that (notwithstanding the Kings Majties late act of most gracious gen^lall and free pardon to all his Subjects for past misdemeanors that by his said clemencie and indulgent grace and favor they might bee moved and induced for the time to come more carefully to observe his Highnes lawes and Statutes and to continue in their loyall and due obedience to his Majtie) yett one John Bunnyon of yor said Towne Tynker hath divers times within one Month last past in contempt of his Majties good Lawes preached or taught at a Conventicle Meeteing or assembly under color or p^tence of exercise of Religion in other manner than according to the Liturgie or practise of the Church of England. These are therefore in his Majties name to comand you forthwith to apprehend and bring the Body of the said John Bunnyon bee fore us or any of us or other his Majties Justice of peace within the said County to answer the premisses and further to doe and receive as to Lawe and Justice shall appertaine and hereof you are not to faile Given under our handes and seales this ffloweth day of March in the seaven and twentieth year of the Raigne of our most gracious Sovereigne Lord King Charles the Second A^o Dni juxta &c 1674.

Will Spencer

Will Gery St Jo: Chernocke Wm Daniel

T Browne W: Foster

Gaius Squier

The Heritage From the Past

THE great deeds, the love, the heroism of the past, come down to us as a river with a thousand branches. The knowledge of uncounted ages and the self-sacrifice which called it forth are the heritage of every man who will but open his heart and receive it. But are there no obligations also, and does not duty walk side by side with acquisition? We have freely received, must we not also freely give? There are two doors to the human heart, the door of entrance and the door of exit. Will not our condemnation be great if we merely store the gifts of the past, if we make of our hearts a barrier to the waters of life and knowledge, if we allow the river bed which runs on into the future to be dry and profitless?

From out of the past has come to us nothing which is worth receiving except the means of service. It is not worth our while to receive anything which it is not also worth our while to give to another. Whatever we have retained we have stolen. The human heart grows rich only upon what it has given away, it is nourished only by the waters which pass through it and away to other fields which still await the quickening touch.

STUDENT

THOUGHT IN VERSE

The pale, grey Priests of Morn and Eve
 Pace corridors of peace.
 And reverential songsters weave
 Bright thoughts that never cease;
 The censers of the blossoms burn
 On altars swept with dew---
 I have a church to worship in
 A sermon ever new.—F. G. Bowles

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
 Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;
 For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
 And who suffers most has most to gain.—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Follow you the star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine,
 Forward till you see the highest Human Nature is divine.
 Follow Light, and do the Right—for man can half control his doom---
 Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb.—Tennyson

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

(Continued from issue of May 15th, 1904)

Question How are man's life and evolution governed by cycles?
 How can there be progress if we continually come back
 to the same point?

Answer We quote again from the writings of William Q. Judge:

What is a cycle? It is a circle, a ring. But not properly a ring like a wedding ring, which runs into itself, but more properly like a screw thread, which takes the form of a spiral, and thus beginning at the bottom, turns on itself, and goes up. It is something like the great Horseshoe Curve in the Pennsylvania Railroad. There you go around the curve at the lower end; you go down into the horseshoe, and as you turn the grade rises, so that when you arrive at the opposite side you have gotten no further than the beginning, but you have risen just the distance between the two ends of the grade.

But what do we mean by a cycle in Theosophy, in our own investigations of nature, or man, or civilization, or our own development, our own origin, our own destiny? We mean by cycles, just what the Egyptians, Hindoos and the philosophers of the Middle Ages meant by it; that is, that there is a periodical return or cycling back, circling back of something from some place once more. That is why it is called cycle, inasmuch as it returns upon itself, seemingly; but in the Theosophical doctrine, and in the ancient doctrines, it is always a little higher in the sense of perfection or progress. That is to say, as the Egyptians held, cycles prevail everywhere, things come back again, events return, history comes back, and so in this century we have the saying: "History repeats itself."

But where do Theosophists say that cyclic law prevails? We say that it prevails everywhere. It prevails in every kingdom of nature, in the animal kingdom, the mineral world, the human world; in history, in the sky, on earth. We say that not only do cycles pertain, and appertain, and obtain in and to the earth and its inhabitants, but also in what the Hindoos call the three kingdoms of the universe, the three worlds; that is, that below us, ourselves, and that above.

Now, if you will turn to Buckle, a great writer of the English school, you will find him saying in one of his standard books, a great book often quoted, that there is no doubt cyclic law prevails in regard to nations, that they have come back apparently the same, only slightly improved or degraded, for there is also a downward cycle included within those that rise; but Buckle did not discover a law. He simply once more stated what the ancients had said over and over again. And it has always seemed to me that if Buckle and other people of that kind would pay a little more attention to the ancients, they would save themselves a great deal of trouble, for he obtained his law by much delving, much painstaking labor, whereas he might have gotten the law if he had consulted the ancients, who always taught that there were cycles, and that there always will be cycles.

As a further illustration of the meaning of a cycle, that it includes the idea of progression and that we do not come back to the same point, we may turn again to one of the great cycles of nature, that of the Zodiacal year, or of the precession of the equinoxes. The cycle of 25,000 years was known to the Egyptians and the Hindoos by observation, and they have left the records of their observations. According to this cycle the sun returns to the same relative position in respect to the zodiacal

constellations after a period of some 25,000 and odd years. But do we come back to the same point in space, or return to the same conditions?

Now, the sun is the center of our solar system and the earth revolves around it, and as the earth revolves she turns upon her axis. The sun, it is known now by astronomers, as it was known by the ancients (who were ourselves in fact), revolves around a center. That is, while we are going around the sun, he is going around some other center, so that we describe in the sky not a circle around the sun, but a spiral, as we move with the sun around his enormous orbit. Now do you grasp that idea exactly? It is a very important one, for it opens up the subject to a very large extent. There is a star somewhere in the sky, we do not know where—some think it is Alcyone, or some other star, some think it may be a star in the Pleiades, and some others think it is a star somewhere else—but they know by deduction from the known and the unknown, that the sun is attracted himself by some unknown center, and that he turns around it in an enormous circle, and as he turns, of course he draws the earth with him. In the course of 25,000 years in going around the signs of the Zodiac, he must take the earth into spaces where it has never yet been, for when he reaches this point in Aries, after 25,000 years, it is only apparently the same point, just as when I came around the curve of the Horseshoe, I started around the first point and went around the curve, came back to the same point, but I was higher up; I was in another position. And so, when the sun gets back again to the point in Aries, where he was on the first of April this year, he will not be in the exact position in the universe of space, but he will be somewhere else, and in his journey of 25,000 years through billions upon billions of miles, he draws the earth into spaces where she never was before, and never will be as that earth again. He must draw her into cosmic spaces where things are different, and thus cause changes in the earth itself, for changes in cosmic matter in the atmosphere, in the space where the sun draws the earth, must affect the earth and all its inhabitants. The ancients investigated this subject, and declared long ago this 25,000 years cycle, but it is only just lately, so to speak, that we are beginning to say we have discovered this. We know, as Nineteenth century astronomers, that it is a fact, or that it must be a fact, from deduction, but they knew it was a fact because they had observed it themselves and recorded the observations.

If our solar system, with our earth, and therefore ourselves, are continually coming within the influence of new cosmic conditions, the whole system and therefore our earth and ourselves must be affected. And we can find through observation that what occurs on this vast scale in Nature, occurs on a small scale in our own lives, and that though we return to similar conditions, they are *similar*, not identical. In reality we ourselves are different through the added experience of the past and therefore, however slight the change may be in ourselves, or in the *similar* conditions, the change is there and our experience is correspondingly modified.

The subject of personal cycles will be discussed later.

The Curse of Cant

IN Sir Archibald Geikie's *Scottish Reminiscences* we find regrets over the blighting influence which the infusion of a hard, stern creed has exercised over the natural character of his countrymen; especially that rigid Sunday discipline, which has turned the first day of the week into one on which all joy and sweetness are driven from the heart and a funeral gloom settles down on everybody. Penetrating to the Western Highlands, this influence has destroyed all the old singing, dancing, love of music, and old customs which had survived from time immemorial.

The ruinous effect of such an influence is shown in its inevitable concomitant—dissipation and coarse vice; for is it not matter of common experience that cant and vice go together, and that in places where there is this kind of heartless austerity there is secret vice and drunkenness, near by? The effect of such a blight upon a fine buoyant character has been to produce that addiction to strong drink which, sadly enough, forms a fruitful topic for jest at the expense of that country. And the drunkenness of Glasgow has been described, in comparison with that of other places, as being, not hilarious or boisterous, but bestial, sodden and morose.

Religious bigotry, and austerity, and cant, are hideous in their vices as in their so-called virtues; and this curse is surely one of those which used to be rooted out from the life of man. For it is no more representative of true Christianity than the wolf in sheep's clothing, and it has degraded into the very depths the sacred names of Christ and religion.

We recognize in this so-called "religious" spirit, which turns a happy, healthy, moral human being into a churl, a villain, a debauchee and a jaundiced pessimist, a part of that conspiracy against Brotherhood which can be traced in various forms all through history, and which has been responsible for so much cruelty and misery.

STUDENT

A Tribute From Point Loma Students

Nay, but as one who layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And taking new ones, sayeth,
"These will I wear today,"
So putteth by the spirit
Lightly it's garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
Its residence afresh.

THERE is no death, there is naught but life, life glorious, infinite and eternal, which changeth, but which does not pass nor cease, which floweth on and on, transmuting but the substance of its garb.

Those who know the meaning of the future and who feel within their own hearts the thrill that proclaims life changeless and eternal, look upon death as the warrior messenger from the king of life, and yet, in spite of philosophy, in spite of the greater hope that deep convictions bring, in spite of the knowledge that death is a blessed relief, the opening of a new doorway and the entrance into that life which is complete—the news that Mrs. Katherine Dille had passed away, was to her comrades a sorrow and a shock. Yet deep beneath the grief that this news brought to each heart from the sense of personal loss, there sounded a joy-note for the sweet release that death has meant for this comrade.

Mrs. Dille was one of earth's true souls. It was in the nature of things that she should be beloved by those among whom she lived and worked. The very lines of her face told the story of one who had passed through the fire and whose soul had been well-nigh burned pure. The foundation-stone of her character was loyalty, loyalty to the principles in which she believed, loyalty to those who battled for those principles by her side, loyalty above all to her friends and to those whom she loved. Yet she had not that lack of discrimination which allowed her to close her eyes to the faults which were destroying all that was best in the hearts of those who looked to her for help. Deep beneath the kindness of her nature lay the warrior's courage and the warrior's strength. Small wonder that she gravitated, during her life here in Lomaland, towards the children's work, and that all the sweet motherliness of her nature found its expression in her joyful caring for some of the motherless little ones on the Hill.

To the husband and son, the hearts of all the comrades go out in deepest sympathy. To both, the memory of her life and of her pure service will be, must be, a sustaining force, a very shield armor. To the students themselves Mrs. Dille's life was an inspiration.

It is difficult for us, in the first heart-ache that the news of her death has brought to all her comrades, to believe that her place here can be easily filled. We miss her, and yet how much more she was to husband and son, how much more than even to the little children. Yet her influence we know remains. Death has been far kinder to her than to us, for, released from a suffering body, she has stepped through an open doorway into the life that is real, a life whose inspiration and whose influence presses more closely upon our own than we are aware. There is no death, there is naught but life.

Those who are wise in spiritual things, grieve neither for the dead nor for the living. Never did I not exist, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth, nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be.

HAIL to the coming singers!
Hail to the bright light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.
I feel the earth move onward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My frehold of thanksgiving.

Perjured Affidavits

A DECISION very important to the child-labor problem has just been made by a judge of the New York Municipal Court. A certain company was prosecuted for employing a child under the statute age. In defence it was shown that the girl's parent had made an affidavit that the child was over the necessary age. The court, however, ruled against the company, holding that it was responsible for the accuracy of the affidavit. A contemporary remarks:

If this decision is sustained these perjured affidavits, which have in years past afforded so common a means to unscrupulous employers for evading the child labor laws, will lose their value.

It should of course be impossible to render a statute entirely nugatory by the mere expedient of a false affidavit, but is there no way in which the parent can be reached? A learned judge once remarked that truth will sometimes come out *even in an affidavit*. STUDENT

WHEN some one asked Socrates if he could tell him how to go to Mt. Olympus where the gods lived, he answered, "Certainly I can tell you: do all your walking in that direction." The same truth still holds good.

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May the 22d 1904

Total number of hours of sunshine recorded during APRIL, 252.45
 Average number of hours per day, 8.41

APR	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
16	29.674	64	58	58	56	.00	SW	5
17	29.732	64	57	60	58	.00	SW	2
18	29.672	65	57	59	56	.00	S	gentle
19	29.640	66	54	60	56	.00	SW	3
20	29.698	69	54	60	57	.00	SW	5
21	29.756	65	56	61	58	.00	W	3
22	29.720	65	57	59	57	.00	SW	6

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

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Vol. VII

JUNE 5, 1904

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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

The Rich & Cultured
Need Help
Mourning for the Dead
Capetown, Africa—frontispiece
Making of Laws
Duty Day by Day
Herbert Spencer and
His Opinions
A Warning

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Vivisection & Cruelty Are
Not Science
Capital Punishment Is
No Remedy
Queer Medical Science
Children the Victims
of Ignorance
Labor Has No Degrading
Effect
Evils of the Daily
Newspaper

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Music of the Kaffirs
Glimpse of an Artist's Life
Mozart (illustration)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Weaving of Indian Women
Aleutian Basket Weavers
(illustration)
Recrudescence of Red-
Indian Art
Woman Astronomer
Indian Baskets—illustrated

Page 8 & 9—CUBA

The Work and the
Achievements of
the Free Raja Yoga
Schools at San-
tiago de Cuba—
illustrated

Pages 10—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Raja Yoga in Cuba
Cuban Piano Class (illustration)
Brotherhood the Law

Page 11—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

New Light on Cancer
Preservation of Food
The Wheel of Life
Audible Light

Pages 12 & 13—JAPAN

Continuation of The
Transformation of
Japan—Glimpse
of the Island Empire
That May Rule
Eastern World
Reciprocity With Cuba

Pages 14 & 15—FICTION

The Story of Tiernyon

Page 16—THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

English Minister's Views
Children in Paris
Passing of Australian Natives
Parisian Labor Journal
Dreyfus Literary Matter
German Book in English
Indian Ideals for India
Maitre Labori a Journalist
Edward Hopes for Good-will

Page 17—CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Letter from Japan—illustrated
Story of the Silkworm

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Genius (verse)
Loeb's Life Problem
Wedding Bells

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

The Cultured & the Rich in Need of Help

AMONG a multiplicity of schemes for the conversion, for the education, and for the upliftment of the masses, how is it we so seldom hear of any plan for improving the condition of the cultured and the rich? Who can question that we have here a field of labor ready for the plow-point, a field which might produce a more bountiful harvest than we should perhaps suppose?

In estimating the fundamental evil of the day we have exaggerated the value of economics and underestimated the importance of morality. We have, moreover, forgotten, or we have never yet learned, that every social malady is a disease of the whole community and not of one part of it alone. The slum is as much a part of the social system as is the palace

of luxury, and the blood-poisoning of the body politic shows itself as the slum upon one hand and as wealthy selfishness upon the other. Nor need we even ask which is the greater evil, seeing that they are both symptoms of the same ailment of selfishness. If the reform movements of the day were to devote themselves to causes instead of only to results, we should have less occasion to lament their inefficacy, and the sum total, and the average, of human happiness would increase.

It is fortunate for the race that there is today a very widespread desire to help, and a very genuine intention to dissipate some of the shadows which now lie darkling upon the waters of life. Wherever there is a hearty good-will, wisdom will surely follow in its train, and we have therefore every certainty that those who seem to have been favored by fate and fortune will presently recognize that it is largely within their power to lay their hands upon many of the mainsprings of sorrow rather than upon their results, and to permanently purify the river of life at its source.

Surely, the very beginning of such wisdom is the recognition of our own faults. Very few of us realize that he who has removed a weakness from his own nature has thereby sent a forceful thrill throughout the whole community, and that by purifying our own hearts we render the best of all services to humanity. Purification of the heart does not necessarily mean only the eradication of the grosser forms of impurity. There are very many who are comparatively free from such stains as these and who yet add to the collective calamities of the day by a systematic and contagious error of thought, by a persistent obliquity of mental sight. There are those who, to their honor, have never remained insensitive to the cry of human pain and who yet perpetuate such pain

Blood of the Nations Is Poisoned

by their caste distinctions and by their support of religious and social insincerities. There are those who are prominent in charity and in good deeds who yet educate their children along those very lines of selfishness which make that charity necessary. There are those who give of their substance readily and cheerfully to the poor, and who yet allow their children to inherit the belief that labor is ignoble, and that money carries with it only rights and no responsibilities nor obligations. These are the sources from which poison enters into the blood of the nation, and they are sources which are to be found within ourselves. However vivid may be our consciousness of the poisonous growths of civilization, let us see to it that we do not sustain and nourish them by our mental habits and by the thoughts which have perhaps become automatic. It may be that as we look more and more steadily and more and more regretfully and more and more intelligently upon the evils around us, so will come gradually and painfully the recognition that we ourselves have fed these evils, that we are still creating the calamities which we would destroy.

STUDENT

Mourning for the Dead

A DIGNITARY of the Episcopal church finds occasion for lament in the shortening of the period during which mourning is now worn for the death of relatives.

We should have thought that there were other things more worthy of lament than this. That mourning should be tolerated at all by the representatives of a religion which speaks of the "sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection," is sufficiently remarkable, but that it should be recommended and insisted upon is one of those perplexing inconsistencies which tend to discredit the reality of the "sure and certain hope." The wearing of mourning is either a denial of religion or it is a frank confession of selfishness, and that the habit is now being curtailed or abandoned is satisfactory evidence that death is being robbed of the terrors which have never been anything else than the creation of a self-interested superstition.

The ordinary changes by which nature renews her glorious life, among which death is preeminently to be numbered, are never fit subjects for mourning, at least by those who have any true religious conceptions. Our tears may indeed be shed for the living, but never for the dead.

Capetown, South Africa—Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week gives an excellent bird's-eye view of Capetown, South Africa.

The Making of Laws

OF the making of laws, like the making of books, there is no end. Our legislatures have now become so prolific that their activity would be ludicrous if we only knew what to laugh at and what to weep at. During the last session of the United States Congress, which practically ended on April 23d, nearly 16,000 bills were under consideration, while the Senate contributed its little quota of over 15,000 bills. This is, of course, Federal business alone and exclusive of the State legislatures, which were equally active in telling us what we must do and what we must not do.

We may safely assume that a very large amount of this legislation is benevolently intended to make us better people. That is to say, it is promoted by those whose one idea of reform is to forbid other persons to do things which those persons wish to do, but for which the promoters themselves do not happen to have any inclination. We can only say that this reformatory legislation seems to be as ineffective as the anathemas which were launched against the Jackdaw of Rheims. The world goes on upon its selfish and painful way, undeterred by legislation and unaffrighted by Congress.

All the laws that we have ever passed, or are ever likely to pass, will not take the place of, nor can they judicially enforce, that ancient ordinance, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Civilization has learned with an extraordinary thoroughness how *not* to do things. Let us imagine what would happen if one-thousandth part of the energy now expended in making laws to which no one pays any attention, or is expected to pay any attention, were diverted to teaching unselfishness, not as a mere moral axiom, but as a part of the law of life. Let us imagine how immediately penal machinery would drop to pieces, stained and corroded as it is with injustice and with cruelty. Let us imagine how our legal codes would be swept away into museums before that other simple law of fraternity written upon hearts instead of parchments.

Is this so very impracticable? Would that it were possible to persuade those who sit in high places to try the effect of setting a key-note of altruism for the ear and for the heart of a nation! Men are willing to be led and are waiting to be led. At the bidding of a ruler, of a legislature, whole peoples will go to war for a cause in which very few of them can have any real interest whatever. How much the more willingly would they respond to a call which would be an echo of the voice of God?

The intense desire for place and power would today lose something of its force did we but know the dread and inexorable responsibility which goes hand in hand with them. From those to whom much has been given, much shall surely be required, and it will not be well for those who have mishandled the opportunities for which they have clamored.

Duty Day by Day

WE are too much in the habit of looking upon duty as a force which intrudes itself only upon occasion, only when some great choice must be made. It would be better for us if we so cultivated the sense of duty that it never for a moment left us alone, intruding ceaselessly upon the small things of life as well as upon the great. It is after all in the small things of life that character becomes the most legible, because it is these that show the bent and the inclination of the mind, the shape that the mind naturally assumes when left to itself.

The call of duty is incessant and not spasmodic. No thought, no action, can be so small that it is neither an ally nor an enemy of the soul; every deed must range itself either upon the right hand or upon the left hand. Duty is the sign post which is always to be read and the pure character never looks away from it.

An overwhelming amount is today being written and said about self-culture and self-development. It usually takes the form of recommending certain specific exercises which are to be done at certain specific times with a view to straining and twisting the mental muscles into some desired shape. The desired shape usually proves to be a deformity, as must inevitably be the case where ignorance is the physician. How much better would it be to cultivate a sense of duty, for which no engagement need be postponed and which does not wait upon the clock nor the almanac.

The greatest things are always the nearest to us, and the angel forms for which we seek to pierce the highest clouds are grouped around us all the time. The marvels of architecture were not built by a spasm, but stone by stone. Every structure whether of character or whatever else

it may be, is made up of an infinite number of infinitely small objects, but each one is placed with care where it ought to be and not anywhere else. The small acts of daily life are the stones of the building of which duty is the architect's plan. Every stone, however small, will remain where it has been placed, either a part of the plan or as a deformity. What should we say of the builder who followed the architect's plan only during certain specified hours or at certain points which appeared to be crucial? Duty is a good master to work for and quick to reward. By consistent and unquestioned obedience we throw open all doors of knowledge, we become charged with the most gracious of all wisdom. This is the true solvent of all perplexity, a solvent which fails us at great moments only because we have neglected it at other times. This was perhaps partly the meaning of Christ when he said, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

STUDENT

Herbert Spencer and His Opinions

HERBERT SPENCER'S autobiography is likely to attract a good deal of attention if we may judge of its substance by the brief extracts which have been communicated in advance to the press.

We have already commented upon his estimate of Carlyle, and his opinion of Ruskin is no less condemnatory and for very much the same reasons. Spencer does not seem to have clearly understood the motives which animated other men, or that the work of a heart hot with the desire to help is no less effective because its words are not tricked out in the garb of a precise logic. Ruskin exercised a profound and wholesome influence upon the thought of the day, but that influence would have been neither so profound nor so wholesome had he forced his writings through the mould of the precisian. He spoke to men as they are and in the language which they best understood and the number of those who are the better for his work must be very great. That is the success which he wanted.

Spencer's comments upon classical studies are no less illustrative of what we may call his benevolent mental intolerance. He finds it hard to understand why so much importance should still be placed upon the languages of two extinct peoples and upon familiarity "with their legends, battles and superstitions, as well as the achievements . . . of their men and the crimes of their gods."

Our methods of classical study are certainly open to criticism, but not upon this ground. We should, for instance, like to see our students learn Greek in order that they may study Homer, instead of studying Homer in order that they may learn Greek, but so far as a knowledge of Homer is the ultimate result, very much has indeed been gained. Spencer finds it hard to understand why the study of the classics maintains its hold. Is it not because the classics convey a subtle message of the divine truths which underlie their seeming frivolities and their ferocities, is it not because they call forth a response from some not understood part of our nature, some welcoming assent from a part of ourselves which is above and beyond the intellect? The wanderings of Ulysses, the story of Troy and of Argive Helen seem to the mind but little more than a poetic foolishness, and yet they stir within us something of a fugitive and a phantom approval, something of tender, regretful reminiscence, and something too of prediction. We have lost our hold of the living drama of the soul which underlies them. The curtain has fallen upon the inner stage and the lights are flickering almost to extinction. We have gone out into the glaring unrealities of the world but old memories haunt us still, refusing to be banished and laying upon us a spell by which we know that some day we must return, even as Ulysses returned, and that all darknesses and all dangers, all follies and betrayals, all perils by sea and by land will be the laurels of wisdom and the crown of victory.

STUDENT

A Warning!

TO the young woman promised employment at good wages in St. Louis during the fair: Don't go. Procurers are plying their nefarious calling throughout Iowa and adjoining States, and are selling their victims into the worst form of slavery. The allurements of good positions and high wages is the bait offered by those who claim to represent respectable employment agencies, but are, in fact, emissaries of the Devil. No girl should go to St. Louis unless accompanied by a friend or met by friends on her arrival there. Otherwise the gates of hell yawn for her.—*Keokuk Gate City*

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Vivisection & Cruelty Not Science

THE New York *Journal*, to its credit, prints a forcible and pathetic protest against the vivisection of dogs. It very truly says that the spectacle of a great University, "purchasing and stealing dogs for such purposes is revolting to every man who loves the animal most closely associated with the human race."

Protests such as these are not ineffective. Cruelty detests publicity, and there is no evil in the world which can resist an aroused moral sentiment. With the inner motives of vivisection we have nothing to do. We can well believe that there are some few operators whose perverted interests supply them with some kind of self-justification. Knowing what we do of the human heart, or rather the want of heart, we can also believe that there are very many others who are animated only by a cruel sensationalism, a morbid delight in the infliction of agony, and we are compelled to this belief by their own words.

There are eminent authorities who maintain that no benefit to humanity has ever accrued from vivisection. That, however, is not the question. The end does *not* justify the means, when the means imply the disregard of an elementary and basic moral law. If such a pernicious axiom is truly to be the basis of our social life, where is the end? If vivisection of animals is of benefit to medicine, why not also, and to a much greater extent, the vivisection of men? The children of darkness are wiser than the children of light, or at least more logical, and already we have an increasing demand for the vivisection of criminals. But if of criminals, why not also of others? Why not vivisection children whom no one wants? A depraved science could easily excuse and defend it. Why not vivisection the poor and dwellers in slums? They are far more plentiful than dogs and of no value except to God. All these things can be defended with the same hypocritical favor of humanitarianism to which we are so nauseatingly accustomed. The fact of the matter, of course, is that human beings, poor human beings, are already vivisected, and the operators hardly condescend to conceal their crimes. This is due to the impunity which we have accorded to them in the matter of animals. Vivisectioners are nearly always materialists and they know of no dividing line between men and animals. The man who would vivisection a dog would probably vivisection a child under the undiscoverable pretense of medical or surgical treatment. It would therefore become us, and especially the poor among us, to be increasingly careful as to the hands and as to the hearts of the men to whom we entrust our lives. The medical profession is perhaps the noblest of all others. Let us discourage whatever may debase it.

STUDENT

Capital Punishment No Remedy

A CONTEMPORARY comments upon the recent execution of the three young Chicago bandits. This execution should, we are told, have a deterrent effect on this class of desperado. We are also informed that the more frequent are these instances of exemplary punishment the fewer will be the outrages in question.

We would suggest to the writer of this complacent paragraph that he make himself familiar with the history of penology, a point of education which, in his case, has evidently been neglected. The almost unanimous testimony of civilization is to the effect that the death penalty does not decrease crime, and very many countries have abandoned capital punishment, not alone on the ground of humanity, but because it is inefficacious. It is, of course, based upon the principle of revenge, which is very similar to the crimes which it professes to punish. The community which hangs a murderer has itself committed the crime of murder, and it has committed that crime deliberately, and through that section of itself which is the most highly educated and which ought therefore to be the most incapable of its commission. So far from capital punishment being based upon the principle of self-preservation, it is opposed to that principle, inasmuch as it sets to the whole community an example of bloodthirsty violence which the morally irresponsible are quick to admire and to imitate. Of all our institutions, that of capital punishment is perhaps the most stupid.

STUDENT

Queer Medical Science Practised

HAD we either the time or the inclination to think, we should stand aghast at the spectacle of medical science doing its utmost to preserve the life of a would-be suicide in Chicago, in order that the law might in a few hours' time ceremoniously take that same life for the crime of murder. We are quite aware of all the logical nonsense which is said in excuse, and we are also quite aware that the medical authorities of the prison are the only ones concerned who can afford to remember the whole sickening story without shame. Their duty was to save life under all circumstances, a duty dictated by more merciful laws than those of men, and they did their duty.

We should have thought that this abominable piece of social history would have produced a spasm of wholesome reflection throughout the community. It may have done so, but it has not yet become articulate. The account of the crimes of these wretched boys, and of their judicial murder, with all its revolting concomitants of suicide, "repentance" and bravado, has been received either with the silence of apathy or with pharasaical purrings of satisfaction that the "law has been vindicated." We have yet to learn that the Law, the Law of Mercy, and Justice and Compassion, has been vindicated, but it surely will be—to our abiding cost.

STUDENT

Children the Victims of Ignorance

THE following letter appears in a contemporary, and we give to it all the further publicity in our power:

I read in your issue of today the account of the inquest on a child fifteen months old, whose death was caused by improper feeding, the foolish and ignorant mother having given it meat, cheese, bread and tea, but no milk. I am sorry to tell your readers this kind of thing is going on all over the country, and yet nothing is being done that I can hear of to put a stop to this cruel slaughter. I am constantly traveling, and am always amongst the working classes, and in every home I visit I see children being poisoned and ruined by improper food, tea drinking, etc., etc. It is high time that the government insisted on lessons on the laws of health, the chemistry of food, pure and natural diet, and frugal vegetarian cookery, etc., being given in every school.

To many of our readers the opportunity must often present itself to tactfully instruct some mother or father in the right way to feed a baby. Health lectures in schools would no doubt be very valuable, but the individual feeling of helpfulness toward those directly within our sight would be more valuable still and not only to those who are helped but also to those who help.

STUDENT

Labor Has No Degrading Effect

A HIGH educational authority has just advocated an increase in the number of our manual training schools. He says that by these means we shall counteract some prevailing notions about the *degrading effect of labor*.

Are there such notions in America, except among those whose inanity disqualifies them from consideration? If this is really so we would suggest to those who hold such opinions that whoever by his labor does not add to the wealth of the community is living at the expense of that community and is therefore a pauper and a parasite. He who does not labor, morally, mentally or manually, and so give something in return for the food which he eats, the clothing which he wears and the house which covers him, is stealing all these things from those who do labor, and is therefore a criminal. There is no man of understanding or of intelligence who will dispute the judgment of Ruskin when he said that "life without industry is guilt."

STUDENT

The Evils of the Modern Daily Paper

THE Episcopal Bishop Coadjutor of New York is keenly alive to the evils of some aspects of modern day journalism. He recently said:

It preaches every day, and many times a day. It is the only church that some people know. Does it do good? Does it make for righteousness? On the contrary, we find the most successful to be low, vicious, scurrilous, scandalous, or personal and frivolous, with flashing headline type, catering to indecency, audacity, and hunting vice, bringing it before the people morning, noon and night, with extra meals between times. Why is all this? To make the paper sell.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Music of the Kaffirs

THERE is a general impression that the Kaffir has no music of his own, and it is certainly true that European civilization, in teaching him the vices rather than the virtues, is having a somewhat destructive effect upon the musical life of the native African. His own unique musical instruments are already disappearing from view before the invasion of the modern jew's-harp and concertina. It is unfortunate that, instead of displacing the harmless music of the Kaffirs, we do not discover in it a foundation upon which to build.

The Kaffir sings almost constantly while at work, a curious intonation or chant, which he sometimes keeps up for hours. His instruments are primitive, one being a sort of elaborate jew's-harp, another a quaint instrument with strings. A third, the *vali*, is a stringed instrument, in which the strings are actually made out of the fiber of the instrument itself. If a fiber breaks all the player has to do is to make a couple of incisions in the body of the instrument and pry up a fresh string. The *kinanda-kinubi* resembles in form the ancient Greek lyre. Then too, there are reed and percussion instruments, a horn and the *malooch*, or double flute. Of drums there are varieties without end, of course. It is a practically unexplored field, and one wonders why missionaries have been so oblivious of its possibilities.

STUDENT

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, the art critic, used to say, "The English have invented the house, but the French have invented the street." He was right. We have few American cities whose inhabitants might not study with profit the marvelous plans which converted Paris from an unwholesome, narrow-streeted, unpleasant city, with a death rate four or five times as great as that of which it boasts today, into what is undoubtedly the most beautiful city in the world. The work of reconstruction in Paris was inaugurated by Napoleon, following very quick upon the overwhelming changes wrought by the French Revolution. To quote Frederic Harrison:

This transformation, the most astounding that Europe can show, fills us ever anew with a profound sense of the power which for a century has animated the municipal government of Paris; of the energy, wealth, industrial skill, artistic imagination and scientific accomplishments that have gone to the making of it. To plow miles and miles of new boulevards through the most crowded lines of an ancient, populous and busy city; to transform a network of Ghettoes into a splendid series of avenues, squares and gardens; to eviscerate the heart of a great capital and to create symmetry, sunniness and convenience, gayety and variety out of inveterate confusion, gloom, discomfort and squalor—this impresses the mind with the visible signs of imperial might in the ruler and of inexhaustible versatility and adaptability in the governed.

MENDELSSOHN once wrote in a letter to his father, "I have lately expressed myself roundly in a little company to one of the musicians here. He wanted to pass judgment upon Mozart; and, because Bunsen and his sister loved *Palestrina*, he tried to ingratiate himself in their favor by asking me what I thought of the good Mozart and his sins. I replied, 'I would gladly exchange my virtues for Mozart's sins.' How shocking that people have no respect for a great name!"

A Glimpse of an Artist's Life

WILLIAM M. HUNT, the great American artist who was for some years a pupil of the painter of *The Angelus*, gives the following interesting account of Millet's methods: "You ask if he painted much out of doors. He used to take walks, and look at things, and study them in that way. We would start out together, and perhaps come to a cart by the roadside. We would sit down, and he would make me notice how it sagged, and how the light fell on the wheels, and all sorts of things about it, anything was interesting to him. We would be out all the afternoon, and perhaps walk no more than half a dozen rods.

"Sometimes we would go up to Paris to the Louvre, and he would lead me up to a Mantegna or an Albert Dürer, and show me what were the great things. After Mantegna he would say, 'Now, where is your Titian?' He always said he did not care to go to Rome. He could see great pictures enough in the Louvre.

"The country people about him did not understand him very well, and he was high and dignified with them. One day we hurried up to the railroad station at Fontainebleau, after a long walk, in blouses and sabots, like workmen; for he was a workman, and I was proud to call myself one. We were hungry, and the train was going off in fifteen minutes. I gave an order to the waiter, who was uncivil and laughed at us. Millet looked up, saying deliberately and paternally, 'Mon garçon, vous êtes d'une gaieté extraordinaire!' The waiter was entirely subdued and served us as well as he could.

"Millet would say that any artist could go to the East and paint a palm-tree, but very few could paint an apple-tree."



WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

SAY on, sayers! sing on singers!
Delve! mold! pile the words of the earth!
Work on, age after age, nothing is to be lost,
It may have to wait long, but it will certainly come
in use,
When the materials are all prepared and ready, the
architects shall appear.—Walt Whitman

are the prose poems. While some of these have been published, it is probable that between three and four hundred legends still remain untranslated. Of the bardic poetry of Ireland—the poetry of the hereditary bards who were attached to the houses of kings and chieftains in the old days—next to nothing has yet been published. The future holds for us many surprises.

STUDENT

ACCORDING to a recent circular sent out by the Minister of Public Education, France, singing is henceforth to be a compulsory accomplishment among French school boys. The new order is to make its start with a composition by Saint-Saens.

IF YOU look around in modern music you will find that we have a terrible deal of mind and astonishingly few ideas.—Ambros

RICHARD STRAUSS said recently: "I believe in the old masters; for Mozart especially I have a great love."

WOMAN'S WORK

WHAT the poem is to those whose hearts go out to the sorrows of the world and

who long to give voice to their compassion, what the temple is to the builder, what the song is to the singer, all this is the Indian basket to some of the women of our little Indian villages. And yet, just as temples may be builded for money on one hand, and for humanity's sake on the other, just as songs may be sung for love or for gold, so it is with the marvelous basketry of our Indian tribes. In the collections of our *connoisseurs* may be found here and there baskets never meant nor woven for the market, but much of the basketry that is found in our stores speaks of sordidness rather than of the loving artist touch.

Indian basketry, the one link that is being kept unbroken, and which today serves to bind the higher industries of a prehistoric past with those of that greater future when much that is now dying shall be revived, is almost entirely the work of Indian women. To be the best weaver in the village means to the Indian girl to have plenty of suitors and this has been one factor in preserving the simplicity and the exquisite beauty of some of the weaves, although many of the most beautiful are now obsolete. Not only are the baskets an absolute necessity in every Indian household (they are often used for carrying and storing water, and some of the Pacific Coast Indians even boil their food in baskets by means of hot stones) but they play a unique part in all of the religious ceremonies. The finest basket weavers in the world are the women of the Aleutian Islands. There, during the short summer, the workers gather and dry the grass which grows luxuriantly, and carefully gather and store away the roots of spruce; and in the winter, which is long and damp and dreary, they weave their marvelous baskets, a single one sometimes requiring months of work. The finest are of circular shape and are very flexible. In some the weave is so fine as to resemble *grograin* silk. Bits of silk, soft tiny feathers from ducks' heads or from the woodpecker are interwoven, and occasionally they weave in, pendant, beads or polished bits of shell. It is small wonder that some of the Aleutian baskets possess a kind of fascination and seem to carry a message and a meaning of their own.

When one considers the shut-in, dreary lives of those who make them, women who have the same sorrows, the same despairs and the same aspirations, perchance, that belong to women the world over, what wonder that occasional Indian baskets are verily woven poems, freighted with meaning and with almost spiritual beauty?

A book might be written on the simple materials used, by some tribes stems of willow, ozier, vine-maple, the swamp-ash and even the fiber of yucca which is used before it is hardened, while it is still green with the sap. Even the roots of young spruce and cedar are pressed into service, corn husks, hazel and wild hemp. The very simplicity of the material appeals to the *connoisseur*.

But from the birch bark and quill-sewed baskets of the Lake Superior

The Weaving of Indian Women

Indians to Hopi baskets of Yucca and fine grass; from the willow-woven articles of the Havasupais,

from those of tule root and squawweed made by the Southern California Indians, to the finest and most delicate baskets made by the Aleuts themselves, all possess unique and, so to speak, sympathetic beauty.

A lady missionary to the Indians was once asked if she encouraged her "converts" in the art of basket weaving.

"By no means," she replied, "I do not believe in encouraging any but the Christian arts!"

But how many of the Christian arts, that is, in textile work, are fashioned by those who have the same perception of textile beauty and of the pure and simple in design as have the women of our Indian tribes?

Basket weaving is an art, not a craft merely. And the Indian woman declares her fellowship in an artist-guild when she strives for beauty of form and symmetry of outline, when, in the ornamentation, she uses the pure beauty-forms of the old Greeks.

The very perfectness of the stitch, the delicacy of the fiber often used, the gentle sense of fitness with which the Indian woman assigns, by her very attitude of mind, to its own caste and rank and its own sphere of usefulness, the basket she is weaving, all these reveal a certain moral quality, a certain sensitiveness to pure beauty, which humanity can ill afford to lose. There have been Indian baskets which are better than philosophy, for they enable one to know philosophy.

STUDENT



BASKET WEAVERS OF THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS

A CERTAIN Miss Craige has returned to her home in New York after having spent some eight years among the Indians of Canada. As a child she was much interested by the Hiawatha legend and became impressed with the idea that the whole story had not been told. Believing that the entire legend was known to certain tribes of red men and that the knowledge of it contained a key to the origin of the Indian race, she first went among the Micmacs in Canada, then to the Montagnais tribe in Quebec—but without success. Then she went among the Hurons and later entered the camp of the Ojibways. Here she found the old, old, story that survives in traditions of all peoples and all tribes, the story of the Great Teacher who came to men from the "Land of Light."

The Ojibways sent her on a five-hundred-mile trip to the land of Tamagami, north of the Great Lakes, where they told her had once dwelt *Mitchiewauben*, their God, the great Light of the World. They also told her of their origin, their belief that the world was once all good and that it fell into wickedness through the folly of men, and that *Mitchiewauben* came to teach men *what they had forgotten*. It was he who taught them the legend of the "light of the world."

It is the same old story, and known to all people, savage or civilized; the faults of man, the darkness, the despair and the sin, and the coming of the Great Teacher, with his message of light and of peace. E.

Recrudescence of Red-Indian Art

MISS McDOUGAL (in *The House Beautiful*) calls attention to the more and more marked tendency of certain American arts—basket work, pottery and metal work—to hark back to aboriginal (red Indian) models.

She suggests various reasons, each possessing doubtless some force. One is the tendency of each individual, group, or nation, to recapitulate briefly, in the earlier stages of its development, stages formerly traversed by humanity at immensely low rates. Thus these American arts above named are to be supposed to be now recapitulating the primitive stages of the red man.

Another reason is that they require less "plant," fewer tools, small money outlay. But perhaps a more weighty reason is *infection from the past*. That may sound very mystical and yet be valid. Our ancestors far, far back (perchance ourselves?) may have dwelt on this land before history knows. And so we, returning, take up the race memory.

There was once a connection, as Katherine Tingley has asserted and as is becoming slowly obvious, between the civilizations of old Egypt and old America. Speaking of the basket work, Miss Mc-

Dougall says: "These simple shapes, with their black, brown, red or orange patterns, *that suggest Egyptian hieroglyphics*, and symbolic ornaments of zigzags, bars, lozenges, etc. . . ."

They do indeed suggest that, some of them. Indeed we have seen markings and patterns on genuine Indian basket work that might have bordered the sarcophagus of an Egyptian mummy. K.

A Woman Astronomer

CLOSELY linked with the name of her husband, Sir William Huggins, President of the Royal Astronomical Society of England, is the name of his wife. As a young woman she had considerable knowledge and skill along astronomical lines, and since her marriage she has worked shoulder to shoulder with her husband, and has been sharer with him in his most important discoveries. Sir William Huggins himself is best known as the founder of the science of "Astro-physics." It is the custom of husband and wife to make observations every night in a private observatory next to their home.

"To be frank, I scarcely feel that there is a career for women in astronomy in England," said Lady Huggins recently. "There are few observatories, for one thing, and that means limited opportunities. Greenwich, the only observatory that did employ women, no longer does so. Then, too, the English climate is most unfavorable. Between the northern and northeastern winds, which bring fog and general cloudiness, observers have a difficult time. Indeed, it seems to me the first requisite for an astronomer in this country is a broken heart."

For many years Lady Huggins has been joint author with her husband of all his contributions to learned societies, as well as of a large atlas. "It seems to me," she has said, "more difficult to be a thoroughly good assistant than to work alone, because an assistant who is determined to be all that a good helper should be not only has to do his own duty, but try to lead the other to do his best." During the last year Sir William and Lady Huggins have been engaged on experiments with radium, and they have succeeded in bringing another of its mysteries to light, viz: that radium, at quite ordinary temperatures, is capable of making nitrogen give a bright line spectrum.

STUDENT

Indian Basketry

OTIS T. MASON, of the Smithsonian Institution, says: "There are no savages on earth so rude that they have no form of basketry. The birds and beasts are basket-makers, and some fishes construct for themselves little retreats where they may hide. Long before the fire-maker, the potter, or even the cook, came the mothers of the fates, spinning threads, drawing them out and cutting them off. Coarse basketry or matting is found charred in very ancient sepulchers. With few exceptions women, the wide world over, are the basket-makers, netters and weavers."

Also he says: "A careful study of the homely occupations of savage women is the best guide to their share in creating the esthetic arts. Whether in the two Americas, or in the heart of Africa, or among the peoples of Oceanica, the perpetual astonishment is not the lack of art, but the superabundance of it.

"Call to mind the exquisite sewing of the Eskimo woman with sinew thread and needle of bone, or the wonderful basketry of all the American tribes, the bark-work of Polynesia, the loom-work of Africa, the pottery of the pueblos of Central America and Peru. Compare these with the artistic productions of our present generation of girls



THE WORK OF INDIAN WOMEN

and women at their homes. I assure you the comparison is not in favor of the laborer's daughters, but of the daughters and wives of the degraded savage. In painting, dyeing, moulding, modeling, weaving and embroidery, in the origination first of geometric patterns and then of free-hand drawing, savage women, primitive women, have won their title to our highest admiration."

MAC MURRAY relates the following as having been told him by one of the Yakima chiefs—a tribal legend: "The world was all water and Saghalee Tyee was above it. He threw up out of the water into shallow places large quantities of mud, and that made the land. He made trees to grow and he made a man out of a ball of mud and instructed him in what he should do. When the man grew lonesome he made a woman as his companion and taught her to dress skins and to gather berries and to make baskets of the bark of roots, which he taught her how to find. She was asleep and dreaming of her ignorance of how to please man, and she prayed to Saghalee Tyee to help her. He breathed on her and gave her something that she could not see or hear or smell or touch, and it was preserved in a little basket, and by it all the arts of design and skilled handiwork were imparted to her descendants."

THERE is an ancient Indian legend about the coming of Montezuma, the Indian Christ. At one time when the Indians were about to perish from a drought—for they lived in a rainless land, where the water of three great springs supplied their needs—they prayed for rain. Two of the springs had become exhausted and the third was failing, and yet no rain had ever been known to fall. In that time of extremity one of their maidens went out and, tradition says, turned her face toward the east and plead with the Great Spirit that the Deliverer might come, the rain. While she waited, expectant and tense, a cloud appeared upon the horizon, ascended the zenith, and drops began to fall. It was this maiden who became the mystic mother of Montezuma; such is the Indian legend.

ONE of the students at the University of California is Miss Laura M. Cornelius, an Oneida Indian. It is her intention to devote her life to preserving the language and literature of her people.



Pen and Camera Pictures Showing Some of RAJA YOGA SCHOOLS



COMPANY I, NEW CENTURY GUARD—HEAD, PARRY!



JUNIOR PIANO CLASS IN FREE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL



GIRLS AT WAND DRILL, FREE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL



A RAJA YOGA PRIMARY CLASS IN WAND EXERCISES

THE International Brotherhood League's humanitarian work has accentuated most forcefully some of its principal objects in Cuba. Following the great work done at Montauk, in hospital service to the hundreds of soldiers, of the Hispano-American war, began the work in Cuba for the benefit of the suffering people there. In the great palace of the Plaza Dolores thousands of suffering people—the homeless, and the hungry, and the sick—flocked to receive help from the kindly hearts working there.

Encouraged by President McKinley in this work, and with the generous assistance of the United States Government, this League, as the records show, lavished care and food and encouragement on thousands of these poor hearts. Later, began the educational work, under the auspices of this League. In the year of 1902, the first Raja Yoga free school was established in Santiago for boys and girls. Preceding this effort, a very large number of Cuban children had been placed by the League for a free home and education at the Raja Yoga School, Point Loma, California, the World's great International Center of Theosophic life. Many of these children were orphans, their fathers having died in the service for Cuba, their mothers of sickness and starvation. Some were half-orphans, the fathers having died in the war, or the mothers being unable to care for them and give them the proper education. A very small number were sent by the League whose parents contributed in part to their support and education.

Today, the League's work has grown in Santiago alone to two large schools—one, the free day school, the other, the Raja Yoga Academy. This is, to a degree, the second edition of the Point Loma Raja Yoga School. The children live at the Academy. Most of these children are placed there by parents who are able to pay for their full tuition, but a number are admitted for free support and education under the heads of "Orphans" or "Half-Orphans." In September another school will be opened at Las Cuabas, Cuba. This will be similar in character to the Raja Yoga Academy in Santiago.

The influence of the work of the International Brotherhood League, in Cuba, is already incalculable. It has moved into the home life, imparting that quality of help that the suffering Cubans need, sympathy and encouragement, and knowledge of Raja Yoga that binds in closer harmony child to parent, and parent to child.

The work of Walter T. Hanson, acting President in Cuba, for this League, his wife Estelle Hanson; Mr. Turner; Miss Bolting; Miss Lester; Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt; Miss Ethel Wood; Mr. Frank Knoche; Miss Nan Herbert; Miss Pidge; Mrs. Anderson; Mr. Reinemann; Mr. and Mrs. Sederholm; Mr. C. Woodhead; Sta. Antonia Fabra and the little crusaders of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma—these workers stand out as having accomplished noble things for the good of Cuba and its people, in this educational work for the real life that serves for the making of men and nations. The public entertainment of the Cuban Raja Yoga children, in the great theatre at Santiago on May 12th, and the grand reception of the Raja Yoga children at their Academy, have struck a new note for Cuba; a convincing one, to many, who have heretofore been influenced by a certain class of unchristian-like workers in Santiago, who profess not only to be followers of Christ the Just, but to be workers in his Cause. It might be well to mention that it was in Cuba that the enemies of the Theosophical Movement from America first focused their hidden



DOMESTIC ECONOMY CLASS, RAJA YOGA ACADEMY

the Work and the Achievements of the Free

at SANTIAGO DE CUBA

efforts, to destroy its beneficent work. Some day, a very interesting book will be published, which will introduce some of the prime features of this unrelenting persecution. Sr. Emilio Bacardi, Mayor of Santiago, one of Cuba's oldest patriots, has always stood boldly in defence of the International Brotherhood League's Humanitarian work. His love for Cuba and for its permanent liberty, ever has held him in right reason and right action. The newspapers, *El Cubano Libre* and *La Independencia*, have also most courageously helped in this great and good work. Katherine Tingley's pioneer work in Cuba was most nobly sustained there by Mrs. Richmond Green, Dr. Herbert Coryn, F. M. Pierce, Ralph Leslie, K. M. Lundberg, Miss Isabelle C. Morris. These Brotherhood workers, from all parts of the world, helped to impress the International spirit of this new nation. Sta. Antonia Fabra of Santiago de Cuba, has been a most helpful factor in advancing the interests of her country in connection with the League. In the year 1899, as a Cuban Representative of the International Brotherhood League, she accompanied Katherine Tingley to Europe, and was introduced by Mrs. Tingley to Oscar, King of Sweden.

The perfect knowledge that King Oscar had of the Spanish language, enabled Sta. Antonia Fabra to bring to His Majesty's attention the real condition of Cuba, and the hopes of its people for a glorious future. Sta. Fabra is now a student at Point Loma, California.

OBSERVER

THE artistic entertainment announced to take place last evening, given by the children of the Raja Yoga Academy on the occasion of the termination of the scholastic year, lasted from 8 to 11 P. M., and was simply beautiful from beginning to end.

Without exception, every one of the pupils of the Academy, children for the most part, extorted thunders of applause and involuntary expressions of admiration from the audience present, who sensed a real soul-touch in the magnificent *salon* of the Heredia-street building. This latter was decorated with such simplicity and refinement that it seemed worthy of being compared with the best taste of old Hellas—an almost unknown quality to certain vulgar minds.

The fifteen numbers on the program were executed without exception, and the children therein gave startling proof of their great progress in calisthenics, English, song, and Spanish readings, etc. The different living pictures appeared like actual pages torn from one of Perrault's tales.

Sr. Emilio Bacardi, Mayor of Santiago, in the telling but brief address he gave the pupils of the Academy at their own request, pointed out with emphasis that such attractive and wise ways of instructing youth enabled these latter to far more easily grasp the meaning and benefit of true education. He ended his address with his hands full of flowers, a tribute from the pupils.

Most cordial congratulations are due both the professors and pupils of the Academy; and especially so to Miss Bolting, Mr. Turner and K. E. Reinemann.

The cause of true education and culture, and of true humanitarian feeling, will always command our heart, our pen, and whatever else we possess of value to it. —From *El Cubano Libre* of May 13, 1904, Santiago de Cuba

To FEEL the inspiration of the Divine Law in every act is to have spiritual knowledge.—Katherine Tingley



CLASS IN CALLISTHENICS, FREE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL



BOYS AT CALLISTHENICS, FREE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL



COMPANY I, NEW CENTURY GUARD—PORT, ARMS!



PRIMARY CLASS IN THE FREE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL



PREPARATORY ORCHESTRA IN RAJA YOGA SCHOOL

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE meeting of The Universal Brotherhood Organization at Isis Theatre on Sunday night

was well attended, and the program was unusually full. The music provided by the Point Loma students was of the customary excellence, and the large audience appreciated it thoroughly. The first address was by Mr. Robert Crosbie on "Theosophy Is Unsectarian and Universal." It drew attention to the identity between Theosophy and Christianity, when the artificial and man-made creeds which surround the latter have been cleared away. "Theosophy," the speaker said, "knows no higher mission than to destroy the sectarian spirit by insisting upon the pure and simple teachings of Christ. Are the sects in disagreement as to the meaning of 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself'? Is there any difference of opinion between the sects as to His meaning when He said, 'The pure in heart shall see God,' or 'Blessed are the peacemakers'? Do any knotty theological problems center around such words as these? These are the words of Christ and they embody Christianity."

Mr. Crosbie's valuable paper was followed by a quartette of boys from the Raja Yoga School, whose appearance and whose performance were loudly applauded.

Miss Bergmann's paper on "Theosophy in Sweden" was peculiarly interesting, as affording a glimpse of Mrs. Katherine Tingley's activities in the other countries of the world, which appear to be as energetic and, relatively speaking, as successful as they are here. Miss Bergmann is celebrated as a professor of singing, and she has been a prominent supporter of Theosophy since she first met H. P. Blavatsky in London many years ago, being now the Point Loma Representative of the Stockholm Lodge of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, traveling back and forth on her mission. Referring specially to her intercourse with Mrs. Tingley, Miss Bergmann said:

"In 1896 some of our Swedish delegates met our present Leader, Katherine Tingley, while she was in Europe on her first crusade around the world, first in Dublin and then in Berlin. This meeting was a profitable one for our future Theosophic work. They returned to our country, filled with reverent love for her and fired with a devotion to help her carry out her work for humanity. In 1899 she came to Sweden and there lighted spiritual fires which can never be extinguished. Many people not before interested in Theosophy were attracted to it then. It was at this time that Katherine Tingley met King Oscar of Sweden, re-

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

'Our Dead Heroes,' By a Raja Yoga Lad---'Theosophy in Sweden'---A Delightful Program

Reprinted from the San Diego News

ceiving from him the most courteous consideration. His great efforts as a Master Mason have marked his life for good."

Miss Bergmann's address was followed by a few words on "Our Dead Heroes," by a little Raja Yoga boy, Iverson Harris, who was thus appropriately chosen to touch upon the forthcoming assembly of

the G. A. R. in the Isis Theatre. His concluding words were as follows:

"They, our heroes, speak to us today a new speech; they shall, in the memory of their noble deeds, challenge us to GREATER ONES. They call upon us to *arise* to our *Nation's need*, and give unto it that part of ourselves which shall work FOR SWEET LIBERTY ALL OVER THE WORLD; they plead for justice and mercy and tolerance and love. They say, if justice were in the hearts of all men, liberty would rule the nations; they say, if mercy guided the doings of the Nations, light would come to make clear the path; if tolerance held sway, all differences would disappear; if love ruled, hate would die, and the Angel of Peace would become the guiding star to all Humanity.

"In the upper air can be heard the song of Peace—Peace—Peace. Let us chant it again and again, until it resounds throughout the world.

"WE SALUTE OUR HEROES IN LOVING TRIBUTE."

We understand that Mrs. Tingley has found a special pleasure in arranging that the stage decorations which attracted so much attention on Sunday, shall remain in position for the G. A. R. Assembly. Certainly no more beautiful tribute could be devised.

The next item on the program was by a little Cuban boy who made a very pathetic appeal for aid in enlarging the Cuban Raja Yoga Free Schools. Describing the immense work which Mrs. Tingley has already accomplished in the Island, he said:

"The Cubans are very grateful for all this. But they need more buildings; more books; more food and clothing for some of the little ones, and much money must be used to take the teachers from America there.

"I am a Cuban. I love my country. I want education in Cuba to make people better and happier. I mean to help them when I grow older and to take back to them something of what I have learned in America."

The concluding item on the program was a short address on "What Theosophy Is Not," a subject which is becoming increasingly unnecessary, at least in San Diego.

Raja Yoga in Cuba

From *La Independencia*, May 13, 1904
Santiago de Cuba

THE entertainment organized by the Raja Yoga Academy, of this city, was given last evening, as had been announced, and proved to be both full of charm and animation. The program, as varied as it was interesting, was faithfully interpreted by the following, who received hearty and merited applause for their efforts: Emilia de Moya, Juan del Valle, Josefina Ros, Luisa Escanaverino and Lucia Bacardi. The entertainment consisted of exercises, marches and living pictures of charming diversity. Lucia Bacardi, daughter of our respected Mayor, gave an interesting talk on "What Is Raja Yoga," while Sr. Emilio Bacardi, on the request of those present, delivered an address which evoked vigorous applause.

Rarely has a more agreeable evening been spent than that celebrated yesterday by the children of the Raja Yoga Academy, with their festival.

The large audience present applauded with real enthusiasm, every one of the numbers on the program.

The professors and pupils of the Raja Yoga Academy deserve the sincerest congratulation for their exquisite entertainment.

AMBITION is but avarice on stilts and masked. God sometimes sends a famine, sometimes a pestilence, and sometimes a hero, for the chastisement of mankind; none of them surely for our admiration.—*Walter Savage Landor*



SENIOR PIANO CLASS IN FREE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL, CUBA

Brotherhood the Law

Read at a Lodge meeting of The Universal Brotherhood

BROTHERHOOD means to me that the whole of humanity is a unity, and is subject to the same law of growth. I believe that the unity of mankind will one day be accomplished. Since this is our great aim, is it not our duty to aid it by all means in our power? When each of us, loving all men as brothers, shall act to each other like brothers; when each of us, seeking our own well-being in the well-being of all, shall identify our life with the life of all, and our interest with the interest of all; when each shall be ever ready to sacrifice himself for all the members of

the common family, who are equally ready to sacrifice themselves for us—most of the evils which now weigh upon the human race will disappear, as the gathering mists of the horizon flee at sunrise, and the will of God will be fulfilled.

"Neither shall any say, Lo here! or, Lo there! for behold the kingdom or brotherhood of God will be within ourselves." F. F.

SHOULD we be less merciful to our fellow-creatures than to our domestic animals? Before we deliver them to be killed, we weigh their services against their inconveniences. On the foundation of policy, when we have no better, let us erect the trophies of humanity.—*Walter Savage Landor*

TO CONDEMN is to glorify oneself over the man one condemns.

A TRUE Theosophist must be a cosmopolitan in his heart.

✿ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✿

New Light on Cancer—Caused by Misuse of the Body

THE investigations made possible by the English *Cancer Research Fund* are beginning to yield good fruit. We know now that cancer is not a germ disease, and is not infectious nor contagious. It is not confined to man, though man alone has succeeded in making a most menacing specialty of it. Besides having some small prevalence among a good many of the vertebrates, an equivalent of it has even been found in certain plants.

Its nature is a local rebellion, whether of the surface (epithelial) or the deeper cells of the body. These rebelling cells cease to belong to the organism or submit to any rules, cease to live with and as part of it, or to work for themselves through work done for it. They make a separate community, living a parasite life on the organism and contributing nothing. They multiply very rapidly without regard to the general convenience, and in their mode of reproducing themselves by cell division present a peculiarity otherwise found only in the reproductive cell proper, connected with the number of pieces into which the nucleus divides.

Having lost their reason, they go on multiplying themselves beyond the point at which the available blood supply can feed them. And, moreover, they multiply so rapidly at the edge that their dense crowds obliterate the blood vessels that would otherwise reach their center. The center consequently keeps dying whilst the edge keeps extending. At last, by pain and loss, the patient dies, and with him the parasites.

These investigations are, of course, very valuable as far as they go. But two important points remain. What causes lead to this anarchy? and how are we going to treat it? In the way of treatment a line seems to have opened with the discovery of the powers of X-rays and ultra-violet light, both of which act as caustics and depend for their success on the fact that cancer cells are much more easily killed than healthy ones.

The cause is obviously misuse of the body. If man did not misuse his body, no part of it would become unruly. The nervous system cannot control and rule the whole of its territory. One cannot help seeing an analogy in the sphere of mind. Part of it is out of control and is the seat of anarchic desires which tend to destroy the whole. Certain sensual desires become arrogantly parasitic, just as in the case of lunatics certain ideas become overgrown and unregulated, finally wrecking the intellect.

STUDENT

The Artificial Preservation of Food Has Its Advantages

TWO analytical chemists write to the *London Lancet* to protest against the idea that salicylic acid, as used in food as a preservative, is injurious; and they challenge anyone to produce evidence in proof of injury. They maintain that the use of this antiseptic enables manufacturers to place on the market, and within the reach of slender purses, many wholesome, pleasant and inexpensive articles of food otherwise difficult to procure; and to produce beverages that may take the place of alcoholic drinks.

We think there is a good deal to be said for this. Salicylic acid is perhaps the least injurious of all the chemical antiseptics used in food, and it may be true, as these gentlemen assert, that there is so far no evidence that in such quantities it is injurious at all. It is probably less objectionable in the preservation of fruit and fruit-juices than the large quantities of sugar otherwise used.

In the matter of tinned (canned) goods, the objections to this acid, of course, become considerable; but no more so than in the case of any other. The acids of fruits that are canned instead of dried or bottled must always dissolve more or less of the metal. And inasmuch as meats are acid in reaction, the same objection applies to their preservation in cans. At any rate, and awaiting the results of experiments on the matter which are now in progress, criticisms would come better from persons whose blood is not poisoned with alcohol two or three times a day, with carbonic acid for eight hours every night, with a daily consumption of cigarettes running far into two figures, or with the products of three daily concessions to the spirit of gluttony.

M. D.

The Wheel of Life—Transmutation of Metals Not So Absurd

ONE of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings which provoked a frown from the orthodox scientists of her day, was that all nature lived in a ceaseless process "ever-becoming," of evolution in cycles, of alternations of growth, maturity and decay or repose. With a masterly touch she traced the process in everything from mineral to man, from the simplest form of matter to the highest consciousness of spirit. She never claimed the discovery of the law of cycles, but she restated in clearer form its working. The law was known to most of the great thinkers of antiquity, and its grand sweep has been widely recognized in long past ages.

Today, as an evidence of the rapid march of new thought—which is the Old—we find Sir Oliver Lodge declaring in his latest utterances about radio-activity that the medieval alchemists were not so crazy after all, for the transmutation of metals "is not an absurd dream," and he even says that the latest views of matter "when brought into line with the theory of evolution," are in perfect harmony with those of Heraclitus, who taught that the universe is not a "being," but an "ever-becoming." Heraclitus and Spencer, the ancients and the latest evolutionists taught that after breaking down came a building up—in endless series. Professor Lodge answered in the affirmative his question, "Shall we build up radium out of simpler things, and so produce the opposite process to that we see in it at present?"

That great Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, who founded The Theosophical Society, in some of her priceless essays upon science and philosophy, takes great pains to demonstrate that present day thinkers, such as Spencer, are merely restating the ancient thoughts, though in modern form and with more materialistic bias. She gave the world the fundamental tones in philosophy, which will harmonize the uncertain notes of our thinkers. She brought in the soul as the evolving entity, and showed that the eternal cyclic progress of things is made comprehensible and rational when we realize that through all the ups and downs of existence there is something which is gaining experience all the time and is rising to higher states of more intense activity. Endless, boundless fields of service are before the soul, ever-increasing power of serving bringing ever-increasing joy.

In geometry we find a perfect correspondence with the idea of the eternal progress of the universe towards Perfection—God; this is the "asymptote" to a curve, a straight line which is continually approaching the curve formed by a conic section, but which, however far extended, never meets it.

R.

Audible Light—We May Hear the Music of the Spheres

THOUGH we have at present only newspaper reports to guide us, it does seem that a New York electrical engineer has succeeded in making the light of individual planets and stars audible. It was, of course, a problem "on the books" for solution in any case during the next few years. The invention claims to rest on the fact that a beam of light, falling upon a polished metal surface, excites a vibration which can be made audible. The report speaks of success having been obtained with a star as remote as Arcturus. When the invention is established and perfected, a most important addition to spectroscopy (our present sole means of ascertaining from their light the constitution of stars) will have been made. The analysis of light by the ear may give fuller and subtler results than by the eye. New groups of qualities may be discovered. Modern science has gone back to the past along so many lines that it is not surprising to find her vindicating Pythagoras as having dealt in fact as well as in poetry when he spoke of the music of the spheres.

STUDENT

PHILOSOPHY has room for no other faith than an absolute faith in the omnipotence of man's own immortal self.—H. P. Blavatsky

THEOSOPHY claims to be both Religion and Science, for Theosophy is the essence of both.—W. Q. Judge

The Transformation of Japan---Glimpses of the

Special Correspondent NEW CENTURY PATH

TOKYO, JAPAN, April 6th, 1904



TOKYO, the Imperial capital of New Japan, is, in this 36th year of Enlightened Peace, or of Meiji, as the Japanese present year-period is called, fast growing to be a distinctly modern city, in our European sense. Its wide streets, most spotlessly clean; its handsome, big brick buildings, its fine railway stations, its electric street railways, its libraries, museums and Chamber of Commerce, give to it a stamp of Japanese progressiveness not to be found elsewhere. But the little, low-roofed dwellings of wood and paper, so characteristic of Japanese life, which seem so very diminutive and doll-like, have by no means disappeared, and probably will not do so for a long time yet, if they ever do so in entirety. The Jap, in spite of his progressive nature, is a most conservative fellow in many ways; having made himself daintily comfortable for so many scores of decades in the past at a nominal cost, comparatively speaking, it is scarcely likely that he will abandon what has proved itself sufficient unto him, for something in architecture which is expensive, in constant need of repair, and against the spirit of the nation's genius.

The jinrickisha is even there, holding its own against the electric tram-car, and anyone who has once enjoyed a ride in a really good 'rickshaw will quite appreciate the desire of the late Sir Edwin Arnold to see it adapted to European city use. Sir Edwin, however, quite failed to specify who were to be the 'rickshaw men; whether they were to be imported from China or Japan, or whether, perhaps, the very poor of our great cities might be induced into trotting around the town, with a 200-pound man in the vehicle behind, at ten cents per hour! Seriously, though, the idea does not seem to some minds to be so very impracticable, as might at first sight appear. This Oriental "pull-man-car," as some resident foreigner has wittily termed the 'rickshaw, it is said, would be of solid and real use to numberless thousands in our cities, who rightly detest the odors and crush of the street car, and to whom cab fare is no light item of expense. Should this ever occur, however, it would indeed be the most noticeable step towards the progressive "Japanization" of the Occident, to which so many Japanese newspaper writers aspire, and of which they so quaintly talk.

The railway trip from Yokohama to Tokyo, which, by the way, was the first railway laid in Japan, gives one many a glimpse into the agricultural methods and village life of the people. The rice-fields, the thatched houses peeping out of surrounding green, and the laborer at work in his patch of ground, flit swiftly by, and all is quite Japanese, and as it should be, until the fair landscape is broken and spoiled by those abominable inventions of the European advertising demon, which announce that "Blank's whisky is the best," or that "no whisky is equal to Clank's." Just off Shinagawa, a suburb station of Tokyo, may be seen from the car window a line of forts built at the time of the coming of Perry's four ships, in anticipation that they would have to serve to repel the impudent and unholy "barbarian" from the domains of the Son of Heaven, the Mikado. Ye gods! what changes have come since that date. And what changes and *bouleversements* even more momentous still must take place before the destinies of this newest of the World-Powers have slipped with the sands of Time, into the past Eternity.

This is a country blessed with three capitals, to wit: Tokyo, the capital of the east; Kyoto, the ancient court city, now often called Saikyo, or the capital of the west; and thirdly, Osaka. But the capital city for all practical intents and purposes is Tokyo, the Mistress of the East, the city of 1,500,000 souls. This is where the administrative buildings are, and where the functions of government are carried on, and where the Emperor usually resides. The Imperial palace at Tokyo, with its spacious grounds, is curiously unlike what one's ideas are of what it might be; that is, what one can see of it, for it, or they (for I believe the palace consists of a number of buildings), are out of sight on the other side of a moat, on a hill walled up like a gigantic fortress. Bridges cross this moat in different parts, and the visiting foreigner gazes over the intervening space at the white and yellow buildings there, constructed *à la japon-*

aise, with uptilted corners and turreted angles, and wonders at the possibilities that closer vision might reveal.

The respect carried in the heart of the Japanese, both high and low, learned and illiterate, for their Emperor, is demonstrative of how truly conservative and yet how protean the character of the Japanese is. To him, the Mikado, even as it was centuries ago, is the Son of Heaven, and a ruler by divine right. While the representative nature of most European governments is duly admired (and criticized), and while their own is constitutional, and in a degree representative, yet the Emperor is secretly regarded as the fountainhead of all power and wisdom, infallible, absolute.

As illustrative of the profound devotion borne to the Emperor by the people of the Empire, considered as a unit, and to show that it always has been so, the following excerpts, taken from the better works on Japanese history, are very interesting. It will be remembered that, anciently, the Mikado was the direct ruler of his people, and that all power issued from his person. Later, he became gradually but the spiritual head of the State, the real power of government passing into the hands of the Shoguns, or Tycoons, as Europeans have called them, who swayed the scepter of power temporal. Yet they received their commission, so to say, from the Imperial court. Under this system sprang up the later feudal character of the government, the feudal lords, or daimyos, holding power under the Shogun and indirectly from the Mikado. By the Imperial decree of August 7, 1869, abolishing the daimiates, and restoring the revenues of these latter to the Imperial treasury, the whole institution of feudalism which had flourished since the day of Yoritomo was swept away in an hour. Now this social revolution, this tremendous upsetting of old and established custom, was accomplished upon the action and desire of the daimyos themselves! It began with a memorial presented to the Mikado, and which appeared in the official gazette of March 5, 1869, signed by the most powerful and greatest of the daimyos of the Empire. The following passage bears upon my subject:

The place where we live is the Emperor's land, and the food which we eat is grown by the Emperor's men. How can we make it our own? We now reverently offer up the lists of our possessions and men, with the prayer that the Emperor will take good measures for rewarding those to whom reward is due and taking from those to whom punishment is due. Let the Imperial orders be issued for altering and remodeling the territories of the various classes. . . . This is now the most urgent duty of the Emperor, as it is that of his servants and children.

Two hundred and forty-one of the remaining noblemen hereupon followed the lead set by the above, and but a few remained who did not join in the movement. The following memorial of Prince Azuki is likewise to the point:

1. Let them (the daimyos) restore the territories which they have received from the Emperor and return to a constitutional and undivided country. 2. Let them abandon their titles and under the name of *kwazoku* (persons of honor) receive such properties as may serve for their wants. 3. Let the officers of the clans abandoning that title call themselves officers of the Emperor, receiving property equal to that which they have hitherto held.

Of course, the surrender by the daimyos of their feudal rights was a natural outcome of the resumption by the Emperor of the executive power formerly held by his ancestors and following upon the opening of the country, but it was not the less remarkable for that reason. Indeed, in this intense reverence for the throne is to be seen the balance to what has so often and so foolishly been called by critics of the country a lack of stability in the Japanese character. The devotion to the throne, and to its Imperial occupant, insures continuity, and promises well for the future of the land so beloved by its sons.

Although it is now late, indeed, to mention events which happened at the very beginning of the present war, and while desiring to avoid that subject, the appended Proclamation of War, issued by the Emperor on February 10th last, may probably interest many who have not seen a translation of that document. It is the official translation of the same:

DECLARATION OF WAR

by HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR

We, by the Grace of Heaven, Emperor of Japan, seated on the Throne, occupied by the same Dynasty from time immemorial, do hereby make Proclamation to all our loyal and brave subjects as follows:

Island Empire That May Rule Eastern World

We hereby declare war against Russia and We command Our Army and Navy to carry on hostilities against that Empire with all their strength, and We also command all Our competent authorities to make every effort, in pursuance of their duties, and in accordance with their powers, to attain the national aim with all the means within the limits of the law of nations.

We have always deemed it essential to international relations and made it Our constant aim to promote the pacific progress of Our Empire in civilization, to strengthen our friendly ties with other States, and to establish a state of things which would maintain enduring peace in the Extreme East and assure the future security of Our Dominion without injury to the rights and interests of other Powers. Our Competent Authorities have also performed their duties in Obedience to Our will, so that Our relations with the Powers have been steadily growing in cordiality. It was thus entirely against Our expectation that We have unhappily come to open hostilities against Russia.

The integrity of Korea is a matter of constant concern to this Empire, not only because of Our traditional relations with that country, but because the separate existence of Korea is essential to the safety of Our Realm. Nevertheless Russia, in disregard of her solemn treaty pledges to China and her repeated assurances to other Powers, is still in occupation of Manchuria and has consolidated and strengthened her hold upon these provinces and is bent upon their final annexation. And since the absorption of Manchuria by Russia would render it impossible to maintain the integrity of Korea and would in addition compel the abandonment of all hope for peace in the Extreme East, We determined in those circumstances to settle the question by negotiation and to secure thereby permanent peace. With that object in view, Our Competent Authorities, by Our order, made proposal to Russia, and frequent conferences were held during the course of six months. Russia, however, never met such proposals in a spirit of conciliation, but by her wanton delays put off the settlement of the question, and by ostensibly advocating peace on the one hand while she was on the other extending her naval and military preparations, sought to accomplish her own selfish designs.

We cannot in the least admit that Russia had from the first any serious or genuine desire for peace. She has rejected the proposals of Our Government; the safety of Korea is in danger; the vital interests of Our Empire are menaced. The guarantees for the future which We have failed to secure by peaceful negotiations, We can now only seek by an appeal to arms.

It is Our earnest wish that by the loyalty and valor of our faithful subjects, peace may soon be permanently restored and the glory of Our Empire preserved.

It is a curious, but not an anomalous fact, that a very large part of the Christian sectarian newspaper world is not averse to supporting Japanese action in this war, as against that of a Christian power. Japan is a "Pagan" Power, yet she has the sympathy of Christian newspapers!!! Any one cognizant of the desire of the Christian denominations to "missionize" Japan, will see the matter as truth would compel it to appear, were it laid bare. The missions in the land of the Mikado are distinctly stationary, not by any means what they were in the days of St. Francis Xavier, when converts were baptized by the thousands. Might not to-day an unsympathetic and chilly government prove the bane of what now is of missionary work in the country? Add to this, the fact that the better classes in Japan are almost universally "freethinking," and bear little love to a Church which has so lamentably failed to Christianize the Occident, as a Japanese gentleman bitterly told me, that Occidental international methods, and domestic laws and customs need most sweeping rectification and a change for the better; in view of this, I say, he who does not stand by Japan now, even against his brother in the faith, may expect little help and sympathy later from her.

Ah! this "Pagan" Power! Why should the word "pagan" excite such vindictiveness in the churchman's heart? Its etymology means a "countryman," one living not at Rome, but a provincial. What is there about Buddhistic or Shinto Japan which is in such sad need of evangelization? Is not Buddhistic religious teaching so nearly akin to that of Jesus the Christ, that many critics have sought, and yet seek, and not unsuccessfully, for a common origin? Is not the moral code of the religion of Gautama Buddha, and the ethics of Confucius, are they not practically identical in spirit with those of the Christian Church? Indeed, as regards the former, Buddhism, its list of Commandments is in several instances word for word the same as those of the Jewish Law-giver. While believing that both Buddhism and Christianity have a common spiritual origin, the writer, as a sincere Theosophist, has no desire to endorse the modern and outward form of either. Gautama, the

Buddha, was born [presumably] 2600 years ago; Jesus the Christ [presumably] 1904 years ago. Truth is one and indivisible; and those who hesitate not to rack and quarter her fair body, are guilty of the most heinous of spiritual crimes. If a tree is known by its fruits, then how account for the fact that during the march of the foreign forces to the rescue of the legations at Peking, that body of military which showed the best discipline, the most endurance, the most mobility, and above all, the most kindness and forbearance, as well as respect to non-combatants, were the troops of this "Pagan" Power, Japan? The history of Japan from the time of the introduction of Buddhism into the country up to the present, how does it compare with the history of Europe from the fall of Rome, to the present time? One thing, Buddhism never had a Holy Inquisition, with all its attendant and diabolical horrors; while the massacre of the Christians at Nagasaki, following upon Ieyasu's edict prohibiting Christianity in 1614, was positively and absolutely less hellish than St. Bartholomew's day in Paris, or the hunting of the Protestants elsewhere.

The following is the substance of the "Charter Oath," taken by the Emperor on April 17th, 1869, before his court and an assembly of the daimyos. I quote here from *Japan*, by David Murray, Ph. D., LL.D. It is an excellent demonstration of the moral principles this "Pagan" Power has laid down for its government:

1. A deliberative assembly shall be formed, and all measures decided by public opinion.
2. The principles of social and political economics should be diligently studied by both the superior and inferior classes of our people.
3. Everyone in the community shall be assisted to persevere in carrying out his will for all good purposes.
4. All the absurd usages of former times should be disregarded, and the impartiality and justice displayed in the workings of nature be adopted as the basis of action.
5. Wisdom and ability should be sought after in all quarters of the world for the purpose of firmly establishing the foundations of the empire.

The above is an inspiration. It is a document, which in its way is worthy of taking rank side by side with the American Declaration of Independence, for both were framed and mothered at times of national stress and difficulty, when the hearts of men were rendered transparent to their spiritual natures. The two last clauses especially, are vocal with the spirit of a true and real Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, caste or color, and predicate a moral advancement which many white men admit but ungraciously. And Japan has lived up to this, as her history shows on its face.

As a last comment on this "Pagan" people, St. Francis Xavier has recorded his sympathy with them by saying that "in virtue and probity they surpassed all the nations he had ever seen." Such a tribute extorted from this great apostle of the Church of Rome is most worthy of remembrance.

Well, 'tis a fair country, and its people show that in them lie the seeds for a national greatness outside present conceptions of the future. So be it; let it come. As a Japanese would say, let Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, she of the thousand eyes and of the hundred arms, keep this people under her protection and care, and lead them through the devious ways of destiny to a stable and true national peace. We salute thee, Land of the Rising Sun!

G. DE PURUCKER

Reciprocity With Cuba

THREE months of trade reciprocity with Cuba have had a most stimulating effect upon the commerce of the Republic. During these three months her exports to America have increased over 94 per cent, while her imports from America have gone up over 24 per cent. The reciprocity has therefore been markedly to the advantage of both countries. The nature of Cuban imports shows conclusively that the process of reconstruction is going on apace. Machinery of all kinds figures largely in the list, as well as furniture, foodstuffs and dress material. We believe that the general statistics of Cuba are equally satisfactory, and that the Republic is becoming a valuable partner in the world's production and exchange.

STUDENT

The Story of Tiernyon & the Son of Pwyll---

I THE MARE AND THE FOAL OF TEIRNYON TWRF FLIANT*



IN the old time there was a King in the land of Gwent of the Woodlands, and he reigned in his chief city—of Cærleon on the Usk—which was afterwards the capital of the whole Island. His name was Teirnyon Twrf Fliant, and he was the best King that lived, in those days. He was just and brave and wise and gentle, and it is not known whether it was the birds and the beasts, or whether it was the human folk that loved him most. Teirnyon had no son of his own, but he was such a man that it was an honor and a privilege for the Kings of Britain to send their sons to Cærleon to be his foster-sons, and to learn from him all the great nobility and dignity he could teach them.

Now, this King Twrf Fliant had a most precious and peerless thing, and that was a mare; the most beautiful mare in the vast world. She was so swift that the winds of heaven could not catch her if she had a mind to leave them behind. She was so strong that there were not ten men that could hold her back, if she desired to be going forward. And so gentle was she that never in her life had her lord needed to speak to her, for she obeyed the thought in his heart always before he could put a word to it with his lips.

They called her Melyngan, Golden Song; and if her master was the best of Kings, so was she the best of horses.

And whenever the Eve of May came round, the fairy night of all the nights in the year, she had a foal as beautiful as herself. The bards sang that if any foal of hers were kept in the land till it was a full-grown horse, some great good would come to the whole Island, and the Prince that rode it would ride to the ending of sorrows. Besides, there was not a King in all these lands that would not have given half his kingdom for a foal of the mare Melyngan. But the worst of it was, that when the morning of May-day came there had never been a foal to be found in the stable.

For two years the foal had been missing, and the stable-folk not knowing what had become of it; and the third year Teirnyon set a guard in the stable to watch till morning. The next day the warriors knew nothing of it, and the foal was gone. The fourth year a strong guard of warriors was set within the stable, and a strong guard without, and not one of them but could easily go nine nights and nine days without sleeping, and be none the worse for it; but every one of them fell asleep that night, and there was no foal there at dawn. The fifth year it was the same, and it seemed to those that watched that an enchantment fell upon them and a wandering music they could not withstand; and the foal was gone before they awoke in the morning. As to the sixth year, Twrf Fliant set the best friends he had, and the noblest warriors in Gwent, to watch in the stable. The music came to them, and a half of them slept, and a half would not sleep for the music. Then came a host of the most glamorous and beautiful beings in the world, who offered the least of them empires glowing like rubies and opals between the earth and the sky and enchanted marvelous islands in the west if they would leave the mare and the foal and come. And those that went with the Children of Beauty awoke in the morning, dew-wet, on a lonely mountain. And then came what seemed to be the sound of a great army, and the rest of the watchers hurried out to seek fighting. And they followed the battle sounds awhile, but found nothing. But as for the peerless foal that had been with them before they went out, there was not trace nor sign nor sound of it when they came back, and how it had gone, or who took it, none could say.

When the seventh year came King Teirnyon was thinking to himself, and said he, "Evil fall on the beard of me, if any but I shall watch with Melyngan this May-eve."

"Lord," said his men, "let us watch in the stable; it is not right that a sovereign Prince should undertake such work as this."

And others said, "Let us come, too, King; it would be unsafe for any one man to go against an enchantment."

But they said nothing that could move him; and he would go alone, and without so much as one man near enough to hear a call.

There he was on May-eve in the stable, and the mare looked at him as he came in, and she laughed in her heart, and "there'll be an end of the enchantment now," thought she. As for the foal, it was perfectly formed, most beautiful, and white all over, without one hair that was black or grey or brown or ruddy, or less white than the mountain snow, or the foam on the wave, or the swan's wing, or the whitest cloud of heaven.

The night wore on and Teirnyon watched and talked to the mare, and she answered him with the deep thoughts of her heart. And soon the music came, and it seemed as if the dreaming moon and the stars had forgotten their thrones in the sky, and were leaning down over Gwentland, and stroking from their silver harps slow, low melodious notes of indolent sweet song that fell over the woods and pal-

aces as softly as snowflakes fall when no wind may be blowing. And presently singing could be heard, and it seemed to the King that this was the song:

Rest, King of Gwentland, rest
Under the lovely moon.
Deeds are a wandering tune,
Dreams are the best.

Dream, King of Gwentland, dream!
What are men's ways and wars,
Horses, and battle-cars?
Foam on a noisy stream---
Let them alone, and dream
Under the stars.

And it seemed to the King that the place was full of a million fairy and invisible spiders for weaving around him delicate silvery webs of sleep. But his eyes did not close:

Ah, let your strivings cease!
Beauty alone hath blooms
Here in our moon-white peace,
Where are no deaths nor dooms,
Nor any warfare looms,
But only peace.
For Beauty hath her blooms,
Her white mysterious blooms
In our white peace.

And as the music rose and waved and swooned in the air, strange flowers did indeed bloom out about him, great white wax-like flowers that sent out such deep honey breathing that the whole place became so slumber-laden that a warlike army at the moment of victory would have been lulled and lured away into dreams and silence. But not the King Twrf Fliant:

Dream, King of Gwentland, dream!
Dream while dream hours flow.
Kings and their deeds and all,
They are but leaves that fall
And wither, and whither they go
Who but the four winds know?
You, King of Gwentland, dream
While the dream hours flow.

And Melyngan looked into Teirnyon's eyes, and he into hers, and there never was a man that seemed less for sleep and dreaming than he did. And "yes, indeed," thought she, "here will be the end of this enchantment."

And the stable grew fuller and heavier with blooms and scent and music, and the blooms began to wave and glimmer and move to the music, and they began to grow and change as they moved, and they were beings that seemed to be fairies, the most beautiful in the world. And now the air above Teirnyon's head was growing marvelous with hosts of these jewel-luminous fairies, waving in their slow and slumber-weaving dance, drawing always downward and nearer, and with their magic setting as it were mountains of heaviness on the two eyelids of the King. And he stood beside the foal and waited. And they came nearer and nearer till he could feel the breath of them on his face, and they sung as they came. And he threw out his hand suddenly and caught the prince of them by the arm and dragged him to the ground. And with that there was a sigh passed through all the clouds of them, and they were gone, and the air was cool and clear once more.

"Now," said Teirnyon, "I will be having the life of you."

And the fairy begged him to spare his life, and he would do whatever the King willed, he and his people.

"Can you sing other songs beside that one?" said Teirnyon.

"We can sing no songs but the one we are willed to sing," said the fairy.

"Who willed you to come here and sing that one?"

"Your enemy and the mare's King," said the other.

"And now be singing the song I will you to sing."

And the fairy began to sing, and there was wakefulness in every note he sang. He sang of hope, and of power and of brotherhood; he sang a song against hatred; a great immortal song against sloth and slumberous heartedness, and a song burning and gleaming with the promises for the four quarters of the world. And those songs were born in the heart of Teirnyon Twrf Fliant himself.

"Now by the Wood, the Field and the Mountain, and by my Will, go forth and sing songs like that forever wherever there is sadness in the world!" said the King.

And the fate was laid on that fairy host so that they could never break it. And the King heard their glorious choruses as they flew away, and he himself was stronger and more full of joy than ever he had been in his life. And as to the foal, it was quite safe.

The song died away in the distance, and there was silence, silence, silence. And

*Pronounced Tîr-nîon Tworf Vlee-ant.

a Tale of Enchantment in the Olden Times



you would hardly have heard the silence stealing into tiny sounds, but presently there were strange whisperings without, and starts and hushes, and creepings and stealthy creakings, and it seemed in a little time as if there were infinite quiet armies gathering from everywhere.

And then oh how suddenly all the roar and clamor and tumult of wild battle, the clanging of steel, the rolling of chariot wheels, thunder of hoofs, sharp cries and battle-shouts, spears flying, groans and shrieks, and the sky blazing as if the world were on fire.

The stable walls were gone and the king and the foal and the mare seemed to be standing in the midst of a wide plain, and the mad battle roaring around them like a great wind in the forest branches, like a storm on the waves of the raging sea. And as he looked he saw that one of the two hosts was in the guise of the men of Ireland and the King of Ireland leading them; and the other seemed to be his own men led by Gwron Gwent his champion. And the one would be crying out:

"Where is the King Twrf Fliant? Is he afraid of the men of Ireland on the field of conflict?"

And then the others:

"Teirnyon! Where is the King, Twrf Fliant? Why will he not come against the breakers of his land?"

And long swords swept through the air and spears whizzed close by their heads, and scythed chariots rolled by. And the mare looked at Teirnyon and saw that he was moved and troubled by all that great battle-breaking as much as if it had been a fly buzzing in the stable rafters or a wisp of hay falling from the stall. And "indeed and indeed now sorrow upon me," thought she, "if here is not coming at last the end of this weary old enchantment."

The battle raged and the clamor grew, and presently it seemed that the men of Gwent were overborne by the multitude against them. Then with a shout were the others upon him and their leader ordering him to yield.

"Oh! no," said Teirnyon, "I yield to no vain enchantment."

"Then fight for your life!" said the other.

And the sword of him was ready to strike, and Teirnyon's own sword was sheathed and sleeping at his side. And yet you would have known that it was no other than the King Twrf Fliant who was the conqueror there, so majestic he was.

"Nor that either," he said. "*I will for Peace.*"

And a sigh passed through those hosts and they fell away like the ninth wave after its breaking. And the sword fell with a clang on the stone floor of the stable. And the mare and the foal and the King were in their old place by the stall. And there were the two who had the forms of Gwron Gwent and the King of Ireland, swordless, bound-in-chains and fallen.

"Now," said Teirnyon, "it's you two that will be in chains like that, forever, in chains and in peace."

"We are the fairies of war," said they, "and we should all fade and die unless we had war and strife and violence. But where and how we fight, and against what, it is not we that can choose."

"Who sent you here?"

"Your enemy and the mare's. And it was he that gave us these forms."

"The guise you have is good enough," said Teirnyon, "and you shall keep it, if you will do my will instead of his."

"What we are willed strongly to do, do we must," said they.

"Then by the Wood, the Field and the Mountain, and by my will, go forth now and make war upon every evil thing in the world. And be at peace with the light and at war with the darkness forever."

And they went as he bade them, they and their hosts in quiet ranks, and turned their power and strength and anger and valor against evil in all the four quarters of the world.

And so there was peace again in the stable, and by that time it was nearly midnight. And at the moment of midnight the mare whinnied, and there was a crash at the window above the stall, and what should it be but a talon, the least of whose claws was as long as the body of a man.

The King leaped upon the stall and was at the talon before it could clutch the foal; and in the fighting he saw that it dropped something into the stall. And the King made whoever owned that talon draw it back through the window, and then the enchantment was over and the foal safe.

But what should he find in the stall but a baby boy. He was dressed in fine white silk, and his hair was flaming and golden, and his eyes as blue as the blue sky. No one would not have known him for a king's son, and as soon as Teirnyon saw him he loved him.

He took the child to the Queen, and said, "Let us have him for our own son."

"Yes," said she, "and it can be seen that he will bring us no sorrow."

And as to naming him, until he should gain his own name the Queen gave him the name of Gwri Gwallt Eurnyn,† Gwri with the Golden Hair. And he had for a naming-gift from Teirnyon the foal that was born the night he was found, because the bards said that whoever rode it would ride to some great thing.

II

THE COMING OF PRYDERI

Gwri grew up, and at thirteen he was equal to a youth of twenty, and when he was fifteen the full rank of a warrior was given him. He was the best with sword or bow or song or story of the foster-sons of Teirnyon; and the King and Queen loved him as if he had really been their own son, and every one else loved him, too, and another that loved him was his horse, the foal of Melyngan's that had been saved from the claw and the enchantment. If that horse were within an hour's gallop of Gwri, nothing could prevent his coming at Gwri's call.

One day he was out on the forest's edge shooting at a target, and the last of his arrows turned in its course and flew over the target and away into the wood. And running forward he saw it fall at the foot of a great oak-tree, a good way off. And he ran on and picked the arrow up. And then it came into his mind that he would shoot the arrow back at the target. And he did so, and again the arrow turned in his course and flew on and away. He went on and picked it up, and found himself in a part of the wood that was strange to him.

"Well," said he to the arrow, "it is you that have led me here, and it is you that must lead me back, or take me on to where you will be going."

And with that he shot once, and he shot twice, and he shot thirteen times; and in whatever direction he shot, the arrow chose its own course and went its own way. And he came to a wide field full of king-cups and cuckoo-flowers and rushes, and all kinds of wild and beautiful flowers for the bees, and in the field was a stream, and the fair and purple hills were around on either side. And the arrow brought him to a spring by the streamside, a deep pool in which you could see where the cold, clear water set the sand and pebbles a-dance, as it came up out of the earth at the bottom. And he shot the arrow again, and it fell in the spring at his feet. And at that he thought that small waste would it be of his time to lie down and listen awhile to the music of the waters.

And he quenched his thirst at the spring and waited. And the stream sung to him till he went to sleep, and the stream sung to him till he awoke again. And when he awoke his eyes fell on an apple-tree near by in which there was a strange glow and a glamour of song. The light he saw came from a bird in the tree that had wings of rainbow color and sparkling and burning like living jewels. And with this bird was another, that had the aspect of a prince or chief bard among the blackbird races; and they were talking to each other, those two, in their song. And whether it was the water he had drunk from the well had a magic in it, or some bright enchantment laid by wise ones on the place; or, indeed, whether he had learnt it as we might learn Spanish or English in school, I can't say; but the fact was that Gwri Gwallt Eurnyn could clearly understand what those two birds were saying.

And this is the translation of the blackbird's song:

Bright bird fairy, on what quest
Have you flown now from the west
To these waters, and my nest?

And this of the rainbow-winged one's answer:

I come, oh Forest Chief of Song,
To find the ending of a wrong
That is most deep and dark and long.
These fifteen years in Dyfed green
The long grey wings of grief have been;
And unearned sorrow for my queen.
For, day by mournful day must wait
In Arberth by the palace gate
Rhianon the Compassionate.
About her, sorrowful, come and go
We three bird fairies to and fro;
For on her is the wide world's woe.
Far away her lord has gone,
And none can save her, save her son,
Nor none else win what shall be won.
She that came to bring men peace,
Men have made her bright gifts cease
And slain her peace, and their own peace.

"Bright Bird of Rhianon!" cried Gwri, leaping to his feet, and never in his heart such thoughts had stirred as were with him then, "let me go with you to your queen! Indeed, I am a warrior, and until her son comes it will be well for her to have one at her hand that will protect her as well as he can."

"Call your horse then, and come with me," sung the bird.

Gwri did so, and in a little time the horse had broken from his stable and was

† Pronounced Goory Gwallt Ireen.

at his lord's side. He mounted and rode on after the bird, and left the east wind behind him. And so they started, and Gwri rode on and on through the forest, and the bird flew ever overhead and sang to him of the Queen Rhianon and of the evil chieftains who had enthralled and accused her in the palace of Annwn, her absent lord. And from the song of the bird, Gwri knew that he indeed was no other than Pryderi, the son of the Queen of Gwent and of Annwn, and that only by his might could the evil chieftains be overthrown and their power removed forever.

And so Gwri, led by the bird, came at last unto the palace, and he entered into the hall and saw Queen Rhianon the Compassionate, and the evil chieftains who were her accusers, and the Queen looked upon him and rejoiced because she knew him for her son. And Gwri looked upon the Queen, his Mother, and stood forth that he might succor her against the evil that was plotted.

Then the chief of the evil chieftains spoke:

"The Princess is under punishment for her crime, and the law allows her no place in this hall. We demand that the law shall be kept."

"Pryderi, my son, shall answer you," said she.

Then there was confusion on them all, and some saw that it was Pryderi, and could be no other than Pwyll Pen, Annwn's son, and some would have mocked but for a fear that came on them, and one or two of the worst of them did, indeed, burst out laughing, and cried out:

"Where is he? Are you Pryderi ab Pwyll?"

"I am Pryderi, and my answer is: leave my palace now and my land tomorrow, you that have persecuted the Queen."

"The King is here," cried one of the loyal ones. "The blind would know him for Pwyll's son. Obey him and leave the hall."

"It is time we had a King," said the chief of the evil ones, "to protect us from these plots. To your arms, you that will have me for King, and we will make this upstart grieve that he came here!"

And then there was a rushing to the walls where the swords and the shields were hanging. And the loyal warriors ranged themselves by Pryderi, and the others stood against the wall opposite.

And Rhianon stood aside, and waited without fear. And the selfish and ambitious ones rushed against Pryderi. And he and his men raised the warcries of Dyfed and of the Island of the Mighty, and drew swords and went forward.

And though he was the youngest in the hall that night, no one there fought as he did. Swords could not injure nor shields withstand him. And many of the enemy were destroyed, and in a little time the hall was cleared of them. And afterwards he freed Dyfed of them entirely, and was crowned King in Arberth. And, of course, the chief guests at that crowning were Teirnyon Twrf Fliant and the Queen of Gwent.

KENNETH MORRIS

✻ Here and There Throughout the World ✻

English Minister on The Voice of God SOME very good stories are being told of the Rev. Dr. Clifford, whose magnificent fight against clericalism in the English schools has attracted the attention of the world. Upon one occasion his deacon was sure that he would not accept a call to another church *because* it would mean a large increase in his salary. Dr. Clifford's views upon such questions are sufficiently shown by the following quotation from his sermon on "How to Be Sure of the Voice of God": "Of two voices, one summoning to a private personal advantage, and ending therein, and the other inviting to a larger and more far-reaching good for men, it is easy to be sure that the latter is the sign of His chastening nearness and His redeeming leadership."

Idiotic & Epileptic Children in Paris DR. BOURNEVILLE of the Bicetre Hospital in Paris has made some extensive inquiries as to the causes of congenital idiocy. He finds that out of 2,987 idiotic or epileptic children no less than 1,069 had drunken fathers and 91 had drunken mothers. A large number of other maladies were also traceable to the same cause. Idiocy, inebriety and disease are of course links in a very long chain, perhaps much longer than we suppose. If inebriety produces idiocy, what produces inebriety? And so we are being forced back and back to first causes, and the sooner we get there the better it will be for humanity.

Australian Natives Practically Extinct THE aborigines of Australia are now practically extinct, and the story of their disappearance is one of the blackest ever registered against civilization. These people have been literally butchered out of existence. Mr. Finch Hatton, a former member of Parliament and a man well conversant with the facts, says in a recent letter:

I merely wish to deal with facts, and I unhesitatingly declare that the blacks of Queensland have been almost entirely exterminated by a system carefully planned and deliberately carried out by the Government of the country.

A New Journal for Parisian Laborers A NEW journal is about to be started in Paris which will have for its object the welfare of the working classes and the maintenance of good-will. The chief promoters intend to hold a conference in Paris at an early date, and also to arrange for a series of demonstrations in the great provincial centers. One of the leaders of the movement has declared that it is time for the great European public to awake, which is certainly a salutary sentiment. If this consummation can be attained through the agency of France, it will be well in accord with her history and traditions.

Literary Matter on the Dreyfus Affair A PARISIAN collector has brought together a mass of literary matter upon the Dreyfus affair which is so complete as to amount to a practical history of the case. This collection comprises not only newspapers, but a marvelous assortment of books, cards, drawings, posters and endless unconsidered trifles which will one day be invaluable to the historian. This collection shows very clearly that the friends of Dreyfus were far more numerous than is usually supposed and also that the whole case possessed a significance which is even yet far from being appreciated.

Bilse's Book to Be Printed in English AN English translation of Lieutenant Bilse's book on *Life in a Garrison Town* is about to appear, and thanks to the persecution of the author, it will certainly have an immense sale. Lieutenant Bilse was sentenced to six months imprisonment by the German authorities for writing this book. Had it not been for this the book would never have been heard of outside of a very small circle. It has been read by the whole German speaking world, and it will now be read by the whole English speaking world. Such are the uses of stupidity.

Indian Ideals to Govern India LORD CURZON is deserving well of the people of India. He now announces that there will be no more competitive examinations for the public service. Hereafter officials are to be appointed for obvious fitness and not merely because their memories have proved retentive enough to absorb a sufficient number of unimportant facts. The governor-general has determined that India shall be governed according to Indian ideals and that the experiment of forcing old wine into new bottles has been so far a failure as to justify its discontinuance.

Maitre Labori, Defender of Dreyfus MAITRE LABORI, the heroic defender of Dreyfus, is just forty-four years of age and is thus unusually young for the forensic heights to which he has attained. His journalistic success is nearly as great as his legal. He is the founder of the *Revue du Palais* and also of *La Grande Revue* and is also the editor of an encyclopedia of law in twelve volumes.

Good-will King Edward Hopes For THE King of England has expressed the hope that the press of all countries should unite at the present time in promoting good-will among the nations. There are evidently various newspapers which have either not yet received this expression of hope or who else regretfully feel themselves unable to comply with it.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Letter from Japan

TOKYO, JAPAN, April 6th, 1904

MY DEAR YOUNG READERS: Today I took a long ride in a 'rickshaw through the streets of this Japanese city, which is the Imperial capital of Japan. I saw many things to interest me, such as only can be found here; but the children, and there are many of them, look just as happy and sweet as did the children in Yokohama, whom I told you about in my last letter. Do you know, it is said that the children of Japan make it a real paradise, by the examples they give to the older people. You see these young brotherhood workers, tiny as they are, have taken "Time by the forelock," as our grandfathers used to say. They are, indeed, beginning early to sow in the garden of the human family seeds of Sweet Will. They love to be polite; and this means so much to a Japanese. These children have heart-politeness, and I think it is this heart-light that gives such beautiful color and brightness to their smallest acts. Possibly this, too, makes their lives so glad, and their dimpled smiles so tender and loving.

All the Japanese children I have seen, and they have been many, have a charming dignity of manner; really it would put to shame some of our European and American grown-ups. It is easy to see that this childish dignity comes from the continuous practice of gentleness and obedience; from the ever-doing of unselfish acts for others.

They do not have, as the Yankees say, "Go-to-Meeting" dress and manners. For every day they are dressed in a most dainty and simple way, so neat and clean. As they wear their dresses, so they do their manners. If you will think a moment, these Japanese boys and girls are beginning very early to make true the motto we love so well: "Helping and Sharing is What Brotherhood Means." We can be sure that if they keep this motto in their hearts, and try day by day to really be what it means, they will, when they grow up, understand how to do the right thing at the right time, and in the right place. Is it not lovely to think of the sweet spirit of harmony growing in the hearts of the children, while the older folk are doing the best they can to bring about peace in their war with Russia?

Now these Japanese Lotus Buds and Blossoms are very jolly, and they love fun too; as all happy children should. As I saw them playing about they seemed very merry indeed. One of the happiest days of the year for them is their great Festival Day, which comes on the 3rd of March. Big girls and little girls turn out on that day in beautiful attire, in their bright and pretty dresses. In Tokyo, Yokohama, and in all the cities and villages of Japan, the toy-shops, and indeed many others, have their windows and shelves filled with little models of dolls and pretty playthings. This holiday is for the girls; the boys have their jolly time on May the 5th. On this day, all the cities and villages are decorated with cotton carp, tied to poles; these float in the air like flags. The boys say, that just as the carp fish "swims up the river against the current, so will a strong, clean-minded boy overcome all evil in his life, and in that way become great and good."

Truly these young Jap boys are trying to show the way to live rightly, even in their holiday fun, just as the Jap girls on their holiday, bring out their dollies and playthings to show what good mothers they will make some day, as well as good little housekeepers. We must never forget this: that the beginning of a true and beautiful life begins in the home. Dear children, from the Land of the Cherry Blossoms and the Wisteria, I send you my loving thoughts.

LOTUS



TWO CHILDREN OF JAPAN

THE earth, which feels the flowering of a thorn,
Was glad, O, little child, when you were born;
The earth, which thrills when skylarks scale the blue,
Soared up itself to God's own heaven in you;
And heaven, which loves to lean down and to glass
Its beauty in each dewdrop on the grass---
Heaven laughed to find your face so pure and fair,
And left, O, little child, its reflex there.—*Selected*

The Story of the Silkworm

DEAR BUDS AND BLOSSOMS: How many of you know that silk is the work of the most patient little creature in the world? If you could see how the silkworm grows and works you would find it more fascinating than any fairy tale. He lives first in a wee speck of an egg—smaller than a pin-head—and when he first comes forth into this big world he is a tiny worm, so small that you can hardly see him. He is dark at first, but soon turns light gray, and such a queer thing happens to him! Four times during his worm life he goes to sleep for a day or two and looks as though he were dead. When he awakens he creeps out of his old skin, and is all dressed in the freshest and cleanest of new ones.

Little Mr. Silkworm appears to have a large head with two bright black eyes, which look very saucy, but these are simply markings and his head is really just where you would expect to find his nose.

He keeps on eating and growing quietly upon his leafy bed, until he finishes that part of his work, when he becomes restless, and crawls about in search of a safe corner. Then the wonderful fairy story begins. Mr. Silkworm weaves a delicate filmy veil out of the finest strands, making a little hammock, which he hangs up with the finest silken ropes.

Soon he is all wrapped about with his gauzy covering, to which he adds continually, until it is no longer transparent but opaque, and the busy little inmate has made himself a prisoner.

All that you can see now is a delicately tinted cocoon, which you would never believe was made of silken threads if you had not seen it woven, and the greatest mystery of all is going on inside, in silence; for the little worm has no intention of spending his lifetime in this prison.

After a certain number of days he commences to be active again, and with a sort of acid which he secretes he moistens with his mouth one end of his prison wall, and begins to move and struggle. There is soon

made a little opening and something begins to work its way out, very slowly and with great difficulty.

Soon a little head appears, twisting and turning to free itself from the network of threads. Then you see a little leg, and then another reaching out for something to catch hold of. If you give him your finger he will cling to it, and help himself out the sooner. In this struggle he gains strength.

If you cut open the cocoon and free him without this labor he will be very weak. It is nature's way, and it makes of Mr. Silkworm quite a warrior, too.

At last he is free, and you know his secret. Behold! he is no longer a worm. In the silence of his prison he was growing a pair of soft velvety wings, and now he is a creature of the air.

Do you not think he teaches us a lesson of silence, of patience, of industry and of loving giving of self? For he leaves his beautiful woven home for us to use, and it is of that that silk is made.

As you must know, one of the most interesting places in Lomaland is the building devoted to the Silk Industries. Near the Bungalows the mulberry orchard is now blossoming out all new, and where we saw bare twigs several months ago, we now see dense green that at a little distance makes you believe you are looking upon a real forest like those in fairy tales, you know. Your devoted friend,

E. W.

GENIUS

by FLORENCE WILKINSON

WHAT seest thou on yonder desert plain,
 Large, vague, and void?
 I see a city full of flickering streets;
 I hear the hum of myriad engine beats.
 What seest thou?
 I see a desert plain,
 Large, vague, and void.

What seest thou in yonder human face,
 Pale, frail, and small?
 I see a soul by tragedy worn thin;
 I read a page of poetry and sin.
 What seest thou?
 I see a human face,
 Pale, frail, and small.

What seest thou at yonder dim cross-roads
 Beside that shuttered inn?
 Untraveled Possibility,
 The Inn of splendid Mystery.
 What seest thou?
 I see the dim cross-roads
 Beside a shuttered inn.

Prof. Loeb and the Life Problem

THE following, with treatise attached, appears in the morning papers of May 27:

BERKELEY, May 26 — Prof. Jacques Loeb, the world's greatest biologist, has just completed in his physiological laboratories at Berkeley, a series in that cycle of experiments from which he is endeavoring to discover the origin of life.

Experiments just finished have given a final solution to the problem so much studied of the growth in the lower animals of fresh organs from points of the body that may be cut. His conclusions on this important subject, which has a direct bearing on the solution of the life problem, are embodied in a bulletin entitled "Dynamic Conditions Which Contribute toward the Determination of the Morphological Polarity of Organisms," issued at the university today.

The new phase of the subject, which Prof. Loeb advances, lies in the phenomenon "heteromorphosis" (Prof. Loeb's new term) which in brief is defined as morphological polarity of the organism, and is "opposed to the idea that such polarity is dependent upon the morphological polarity of the individual cells."

The treatise is interesting in that it emphasizes once more the absolute futility of depending upon scientific experimentation, along material lines, for a solution as to life source and the selective action of cells.

Prof. Loeb exhibits phenomena heretofore unnoted; but *why morpho-*

logical polarity of the organism should preclude that of the individual cell and its inherent selective and active energy he does not make clear. The fact that he has been able, by ligatures, to divert the special cell currents does not, it would seem, subtract from the fact that the brand and character of the tissue former lies within the nucleolus of the individual cell, whether or not it be the motive energy of the "morphological polarity of the organism" that carries the cell to the point of regeneration.

Not to minify Prof. Loeb's contributions to the fund of scientific knowledge, it strikes one that the term "final solution" illy fits conclusions from such a source, no matter what qualifications are made.

The physiologic action of cells in dissolving and building up organic bodies, under lesion or normal growth, must ever remain the great mystery until the facts of the relation of spirit to matter are known and taken into account.

A. C. MCALPIN,
 Fellow Universal Brotherhood

A Marriage

ON May 6th, Grace G. Bohn and J. Frank Knoche were united in marriage in the Aryan Memorial Temple in the presence of Lomaland comrades. The ceremony, in its simplicity, became a binding of new hopes with ancient ideals, a linking together of all that is best in the heart-life, with all that is purest in that vision which we call the Future.

The Mendelssohn wedding march was impressively played by one of the student orchestras. Beside Mrs. Bohn and Mr. Knoche stood Mr. and Mrs. Walter Taylor Hanson, whose guest Mrs. Bohn was before she became a part of the regular student life at Point Loma.

From the Aryan Temple they were conducted to the home of Katherine Tingley, where she received them in simple recognition of the tender relationship that exists between herself and her students. At Mrs. Tingley's home, the children of the Raja Yoga School greeted Mr. and Mrs. Knoche with songs. The following day a reception was given in their honor by the children of the Raja Yoga School in Point Loma, in the Central Group Home.

Mr. and Mrs. Knoche are old students of Theosophy, and on this account their marriage must become an added power for service on right lines. Those who know both comrades feel that this new step is the open doorway to the joy and true comradeship which the law bestows upon those who work unselfishly and live purely.

Mr. and Mrs. Knoche are located at present in their new and beautiful home, "Hasu," just west of the Point Loma Homestead. As students throughout the world know, a true home-life is one of Katherine Tingley's highest ideals, an ideal which, at last, in Lomaland is being transmuted into a practical realization.

Mr. Knoche gave up a brilliant business career, and is connected with one of the oldest and wealthiest families in Kansas City. He came here for the sake of the greater opportunities and the larger life afforded by the student life at Point Loma and the work in connection with the Universal Brotherhood.

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Average number of hours per day, 8.41

MAY	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
23	29.650	65	58	62	60	Trace	SW	4
24	29.676	66	58	61	58	.00	S	8
25	29.696	65	58	61	58	.00	SW	6
26	29.732	66	55	59	56	.11	NW	2
27	29.772	66	55	63	59	.00	W	2
28	29.784	68	57	61	59	.00	NW	4
29	29.770	69	58	60	56	.00	NW	9

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

True Liberty Rests
on Discipline
English Education Act
What Is Patience?
Revised Versions—of
Bible and Mind
Muckross Abbey—frontispiece

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Tyranny and Liberty
Deceitful Disguise
Virtue the Strength
Solving Problems
Education Awakens Genius

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Raja Yoga Children in
Greek Symposium
(illustration)
The Drama That Is to Be

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

The Coming Woman
Cuban Student of Isis
Conservatory (illustration)
Roses of Lomaland
Woman Violinist
Mother's Work
Christianity as a Faith
Student of Isis Conserva-
tory of Music (illustration)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Philhellene (verse)
International Co-operation
in Archeological Research
Greater Antiquity for Rome
Excavation of Herculaneum
to Be Commenced

Page 9—NATURE

Lomaland Cliffs (illustration)
Dominion Over the Earth
Unique Century Plant

Pages 10—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Lomaland Observer Notes

Page 11—GENERAL

Church of the Future
Longed for Love (verse)
Religious Congresses
What Is a Homestead?

Page 12—GENERAL

Interests of a Country
Ireland's Splendid Future
Cruelty to Animals

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

South Polar Expedition
& Map of Route
Use and Abuse of Medicine

Pages 14—FICTION

An Incident from Life
in Southern Italy

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

House That Jack Built
Play Hour (illustration)
Nobility (verse)
A Letter from Baloo

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Yousouf (verse)
Our Mental Strength
Limits of Human Life
My Task (verse)
The Spoken Word (verse)
Students' Column
Occult Nonsense

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Thanks (verse)
Martyr's Field
Missionaries in Japan

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

True Liberty Rests on Discipline

WE have a wondrous facility for the perversion of great ideals, and for sustaining our enthusiasm even when its original object has been set entirely upside down. Nowhere is this more noticeable than in the confusion which prevails on the subject of discipline, which we are gradually learning to believe is something opposed to the principles of freedom upon which our systems were originally based. This is peculiarly noticeable among the children of the nation who do not recognize, nor, unfortunately, are they taught, that wherever there has been a combination of men in defense of liberty that combination has only been rendered possible by discipline, and at the cost of those personal and selfish elements of human nature for which we are now

beginning to demand the fullest license. Collective liberty is entirely impossible without personal discipline. There can be no unity, that is to say, no freedom, amongst men except upon the common platform of their higher natures, and by the discipline and subjection of the personal desires whose supreme function it is to make union impossible. The ideals upon which the nation was founded were ideals of discipline, of the subjection of all personal desires for the common good, and because of that a measure of freedom was obtained which is now becoming en-

The Regula- tion of Our Natures

dangered by their unsuspected and stealthy perversion. Discipline is, after all, nothing more than the due and proper regulation of our own natures, and it is therefore inevitable at some time or another. All nature bends her energies to the attainment of order, that is to say, of discipline. All evolution is the putting of things into their proper places so that the higher shall not be retarded by the lower, so that the lower shall not fail of a model and a guide and an inspiration. In the physical nature absolute health is the synonym of freedom, and we know that this freedom depends entirely on the service of one organ to another, on the rightful discipline of every organ, and its subjection to the central authority of consciousness. We know, too, that if any part of the body should claim for itself that same false liberty of which we now hear so much, immediate and possibly fatal calamity would be the result.

If discipline is then the law of nature, it is evident that we must either discipline ourselves or be disciplined by some external force. There is a mysterious and tremendous connection between our inner selves and the powers which we call fate and fortune. It may be that many a yoke which is placed by fate upon our necks is but the determination of na-

In Discipline the Greatest Strength

ture to do for us what we have failed to do for ourselves. All fates are governed by him who rules himself, all external environment becomes pleasant and orderly when there is order within. The external turbulences against which we fight, the petty tyrannies of which we complain, are usually but the reflection of the turbulences and the tyrannies within. The insurrections within ourselves invite and make common cause with the hostility of events, so true it is that a man has no enemies like those of his own household.

Whatever may be our policies toward ourselves, let us at least see to it that by the loving discipline of our children, by doing for them what they are not yet strong enough to do for themselves, we place the means of freedom within their hands, so that they may go forth with an internal orderliness and with the power to stamp that orderliness upon the chaos of events.

Let us show them that there is no other freedom and no other strength than that which comes from obedience to legitimate law, and that resistance to law is the very fountain of weakness and of servility.

Glorious and great and free is he who can rule over himself, who has stretched the scepter of his own royal obedience over all nature and over all fates.

STUDENT

English Education Act

EVEN its own promoters now recognize that the English Education Act is a failure. Anglicans who desire schools where their own form of creed is inculcated must themselves finance them, and no longer levy a tax on the adherents of all other and less fashionable creeds. Doubtless it seems hard to be denied the right to take money from another man to have your child taught something that he disapproves of, but the world does move. Even *The Church Times*, one of the leading Anglican organs, says:

The act is a failure. It is best to be candid. . . . If a law produce an effect exactly reversing the intention of the legislature, no quibble of speech can make it anything else but a failure.

The "passive resisters" to an unjust tax, who consented to lose their goods rather than pay it voluntarily, have won the day. The law has ruined large numbers of the very schools it was designed to support. It stirred the sense of justice even of the people in whose interests it was passed. And its only permanent effect is the broadening conviction that the religious teaching of children is a parental and not a national responsibility.

STUDENT

What Is Patience?

PATIENCE is a homely virtue, often preached but never preached too much. It is one of those cardinal qualities of the Truth that we need to keep externally before our eyes, for we cannot dispense with it for a single instant. We cannot take up any book of great thoughts without finding a discourse on patience; yet it will be easy to find new points of view and new lights on the subject if we speak from the standpoint of a student of Theosophy in Lomaland. For here our understanding is made fuller by the fact that our philosophy and our daily life go hand in hand, and are not kept entirely separate as often happens in the world at large.

It may be that patience, in company with other virtues, has suffered disparagement from association with the dreaminess of the strait-laced canting spirit in religion. Perhaps it has for many people something essentially unpleasant if not unnatural and abnormal. Parents may have invoked the name of patience when they wanted us to do something that went against the grain of youthful impulsiveness. And something in the way the lesson was instilled into us, perhaps a want of tact, perhaps a lack of the quality itself on the part of the preacher, has caused it to figure in our mind as rather an unmanly and unromantic virtue, proper to goody-goody children and to grown people, but not to be expected of reasonable boys and girls.

However, Theosophy has a way of taking the homely virtues, rescuing them from their chill atmosphere of sectarianism, and rehabilitating them as essential parts of the true manly and womanly character. Thus any associations of gloom, austerity or priggishness, which the idea of patience may have derived from sermons and cant, will drop off when we consider it from the Theosophical point of view, and will be replaced by ideas of light, life and joy.

Impatience is an element of weakness, and weakness is unmanly, painful and, in short, altogether impossible for one who means to *live*. Impatience is *cowardice*—word of reproach with which to conjure back a man's self-respect. Impatience is shallowness, want of depth and dignity, insignificance of character, pettiness of spirit.

Patience is strength and courage and largeness, a quality that laughs at obstacles and despises all littlenesses and meannesses. Nobody can be great or noble or successful in any way without patience.

The desire to get immediate results is characteristic of the impatient person, and it shows a sad want of balance, a lamentable preponderance of desire over will. This form of impatience is characteristic of our present civilization, and shows itself in the universal hurry and love of petty enjoyments; the universal necessity for quick returns and for distractions. It is commonly thought all the rush and bustle of our life is evidence of great energy of character; but there is much to be said for the view that it indicates a *lack* of power—of controlling, centralized power. In a fever, though the animal heat is greater and the pulse quicker than usual, we know that in reality there is a loss of vitality. Vitality and strength manifest themselves by steadiness and balance quite as much as by activity. The rush and bustle of business life, and the restlessness and fever of what we call pleasure, are due to the want of a deep, underlying fountain of still life. We have not the power to be still and wait; we are eager to escape from ourselves.

Viewed in this connection patience appears to consist in the possession of a fund of reserve power, sufficient for all emergencies. The consciousness of this possession gives confidence and serenity; we are in no need to hurry, we can afford to wait. Thus patience is not a negative quality—a holding back or contracting influence—but a positive something whose possession makes life fuller and stronger.

Our impatience is never more markedly shown than when we are looking for immediate results. As students we are prone to skip the necessary preliminary instructions and to try to get at once to the practical results; which, of course, means superficial and untrustworthy knowledge, and much waste of time in going back to study what we left out. As reformers of our own character we are impatient with ourselves and discouraged because we cannot undo in a day the effects of years.

We are intolerant of Time and make of him an enemy. But Time is on the side of the wise man, and the patient man is one who has made Time a weapon in the armory of his Spirit, and who uses it as his most powerful agency. As surely as it takes time to do a thing, so surely will time ultimately achieve it.

One often hears the impatient remark, "I do not see of what practical use this is going to be to me." This impatient haste to see an immediate end implies that that end is not a very great one; for great results are only reached after long and patient working at introductory stages, the purpose of which is not revealed until afterwards. Instead of setting before ourselves some single and restricted object, to be attained quickly, we should rather try to make all our lives of effort converge towards a vaster and remoter purpose, only to be achieved by time and endurance. This would involve that *rounding-out* of the character which is so strongly urged upon us.

We might sum up these remarks by describing patience as a well of silent power that must be sought in the depths of our nature, and that will be revealed and made available to us in proportion as we quit our superficial ways of living and realize our deeper possibilities.

H. T. EDGE

Revised Version—of Bible and Mind

MOST people know that the "Revised Version" of the Bible still leaves a good deal to be desired in the way of accuracy. They would, for instance, be glad if the various Hebrew words—some of them plural—translated "God," "Lord God," and the "Lord," were so rendered as to indicate the particular appellation in the original. But they also know that it is a great improvement on the version of King James, a version often distinctly misleading. For example, the passage in John's Gospel, 5:39, originally rendered as a command, "Search the Scriptures," and thus made meaningless, is in the Revised Version rendered properly, "Ye search the Scriptures" It is now full of meaning as part of an argument. Only in such places does the later version differ from the earlier. Except in the cases where the archaic beauty of the earlier is obscure or actually erroneous, it is left untouched. Not a single tender or poetic word or phrase is unnecessarily changed. For page after page one familiar with the earlier might hear the later read, and remain unsuspecting that it was not his accustomed volume.

But for the Episcopal diocesan convention of Missouri, three centuries of study of the Hebrew and Greek go for nothing. After two days' discussion, this body decided by a large majority in favor of the use of the old version. The argument of one reverend gentleman, which did much to secure the majority, merits special notice and preservation as a curiosity. He asserted that the Bible was a poetic book, not a book of scientific accuracy. It is therefore only fitting, one must suppose he meant, that it should be inaccurately translated. He added that the Greek language was fitted to convey the original text of the New Testament, and that the English spoken in King James' time was likewise the choice vehicle for the inspired expressions. Does he think that the Revised Version is in some new kind of Greek; or why that reference? And do errors of translators become accurate by the simple process of casting them in the English of King James' time instead of the English of today? But perhaps, notwithstanding the reverend gentleman's reference to the Greek, he thinks the *original* was in English; for he capped his argument by the remark that he should consider it an insult for anyone to offer him an altered text of Shakespeare! One is reminded of the Sunday-school teacher who, being asked whether she preferred the old or new version, said she didn't want any version at all but just the plain Bible.

When will these conventions, synods, and councils wake up into the Twentieth century with all its terrible needs and troubles? A new version not only of the Bible but of the human mind has been published, and they are rejecting the one as well as the other. And that newly awakened, all questioning, all searching mind, proposing to re-ally itself with the mind of Christ, intends also to utterly sunder relationship with every church-born dogma of the dark ages, with every man-made creed which intensify sorrow and pain, because they block the path which leads to the spiritual liberation which follows an awakening knowledge of divine things.

STUDENT

Muckross Abbey—Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows a view of Muckross Abbey, one of the most charming spots in picturesque Ireland. The Abbey is situated between the lower lakes and the middle of Torc lake, and was built by the Franciscans about the year 1440.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Tyranny In-compatible With Liberty

THE art of governing men and of ruling over them is of all arts the most mysterious and the least understood. It is none the less likely to assume some prominence as we recognize that the tyranny of a system is quite as incompatible with human liberty as is the tyranny of an individual, and that however much we may pride ourselves upon what it pleases us to call our representative principle of government, it is but a milestone and not a goal. The best is always to come, and it will come the more quickly as we detach ourselves from any idea of finality and from the fallacy of supposing that human wisdom has found its ultimate expression in a political watchword.

Representative government is one of these very watchwords that are so pleasant to hear that we forget to ask if they are realities or pretences. It is the result of the reaction from those times when the world was avowedly governed, and badly governed, by selfish individuals. It expresses the flattering idea that we are no longer governed by others, but by ourselves, whereas a moment's reflection would show us how very few are the individuals who can govern themselves, and that the power of national self-government cannot be based upon anything else than the same power in the individual. Representative government, self-government, is still a long way off, and we are indeed much

Deceitful Disguise in Governing

nearer to autocratic government than we should at all like to believe. It would truly seem that the vast masses of humanity like to be governed so long as it is done in such a manner as not to offend the political principles which they suppose themselves to have adopted. The vast masses in the nations have no interest whatever in the majority of questions decided for them by their governments; and even where they have an interest, as in matters of peace and war, they allow themselves to be helplessly controlled in the direction of certain calamity by their "representative governments," by newspapers and by orators. One-man government is today as powerful as ever it was and more mischievous than ever because of its deceitful disguise. It is a law of nature that wherever two or three are gathered together one among them will rule in spite of all parchments and agreements to the contrary. The rulers of men cannot be dethroned, nor can their power be taken away from them in any other way than by a change of mental basis on the part of those they govern. Nature arranges the whole of humanity in her own order of precedence, of governors and the governed, and the only way we can change that order is by changing ourselves. We may decorate and title and crown and elect whom we please. The true order of precedence remains the same, and we are ruled by the man who has a stronger character than our own, and by no other.

Virtue the Strength of Governing

This being so, it will be recognized as a truth by the new spiritual consciousness which is coming into the world, and which must inevitably detect all insincerities and incapacities. Then we shall see a new order of precedence, and the strong man who now rules because he is strong will be able to do so no longer unless his strength be that of virtue.

The moral force awakening in the nations will no longer tolerate any act of their government which would be considered disgraceful in the individual, nor will they believe that the moral code is reversed for the benefit of governments. The fittest among us will be called upon to visibly rule, and our social machinery will be so adapted as to discover the fittest among us, the one whom nature has appointed.

The idea of the Lord's Anointed has deservedly become a superstition because those whom men so designated were often and obviously anointed from a quite opposite source. Those divinely anointed ones have not, however, failed from out of the world at any time, and they have ruled so far as we would allow them, although we have usually elected and crowned their enemies. When we have learned to follow the indications of the God within us, then truly we shall have, representative government.

STUDENT

Solving Difficult Problems Singly

IT is said of a well-known humorist that on being asked to contribute to the cost of converting the heathen he replied that he had no money but that if they would send him a heathen he would do his best to convert him. Mr. Jacob A. Riis seems to belong to the same school of philosophy, the school of individual effort. Being asked for his opinion upon the distressing social problem of juvenile criminality, he replies that the problem must be solved by individual effort, "one tough at a time."

We have a large way of doing things in America, but sometimes that way shows itself by the construction of a large organization to do our individual duties for us. The way is, of course, for a large number of people to do their own duties for themselves and nowhere is this duty more practical nor more pressing than in the matter of juvenile criminality. Mr. Riis' maxim of "one tough at a time," opens out the way and brings it within the reach of a great many who have had no other conception of philanthropy than a money subscription at most, and the expression of an opinion at least. The juvenile criminal is usually far more human than we suppose him to be and extraordinarily sensitive to kindness. There is no human being who is brought into contact with this class who cannot exert some individual influence, some little power of kindness or of persuasion which, in a great many instances, is the one thing needed. This is not an intellectual problem half so much as it is a heart problem, and if we would apply to it a little less brain and a little more sympathy it would solve itself. The trouble is that we have so little confidence in the wisdom of the heart and so much misplaced reliance upon the redemptive power of the mind. The only way to effectively attack the problem of the juvenile criminal is to acquire the wisdom which comes from a whole-hearted effort to influence one such actual or potential criminal. If a sufficiently large number of persons were to seek for wisdom through the door of a practical and active sympathy we should be saved many dreary dissertations and the work would be done.

STUDENT

Education Awakens the Genius

MR. G. F. WATTS is not satisfied with the present condition of education, and he expresses his discontent in the pages of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. He writes:

The whole object of education is to quicken and develop the powers of observation, to awaken genius and to intensify natural gifts. All that does not stimulate and develop the natural faculties is no education at all. What does our present system do? What is it? It is a great soulless mould into which the minds of children are poured, that they may all come out of a like pattern; and they call this progress! The condemnation of our system is its effect upon the mind of children. Directly they pass from the kindergarten stage they get to hate and detest education—the thing that they should love more than their toys and their games! Is this natural—is it right? No, no; the whole system is wrong, root and branch. We are not rearing intelligent citizens, clever craftsmen, devoted scholars, and earnest and enthusiastic work-people. We are rearing Civil Service clerks, competitors for a pension!

The cream of Mr. Watts' argument is in his admirable statement that children should love education more than their toys and their games. That they do not so love it is evident, and an awakened intelligence in ourselves will lay the blame upon the education instead of absurdly imputing the fault upon original sin in the children.

Education does not consist in giving to the child something which it has not, but rather in facilitating the growth of something which it already has.

The growth and evolution of the mind are as natural to the child as the growth and evolution of the body and ought not to be more distasteful.

What the gardener does for the flower the teacher ought to do for the child, and we have yet to hear of the flower which is unwilling to receive the rain and the sunshine, or which protests against the removal of weeds and stones which hinder its growth.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama



CHILDREN OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL OF POINT LOMA IN GREEK SYMPOSIUM, "THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS"

THE great truths of life and death, of the soul's message, of destiny and fulfilment, have never been

utterly lost to humanity. They have merely been inaccessible; they have merely failed of realization. And it has been that the many might find that revealing which otherwise would be unto only the few that Great Souls have come to Humanity, age after age, with the Warrior-message and the Warrior-call. And their lives have written themselves upon the tablets of humanity's heart, like great pure dramas, with that sincerity which renders the simplest act inspiring; for the lives of the Teachers of Men have been sincere. It is because their lives were true that they were dramatic in their intensity, and it is partly because the picture of these lives is essentially dramatic that it has persisted through the ages.

It is significant, in this connection, that one factor in holding men and nations in the old days close to the ideals of the Great Teachers has always been the drama; not the drama that we know today, dealing as it does with the insignificant and passing phases of life, but the Higher Drama by which the personality becomes the actual interpreter of the soul. It was by means of parable and symbol—and what are these but drama in its simplest interpretation—that the Teachers of Life have brought the Wisdom of the Soul back to the hearts of men. And the Drama of the old days was truly an educational factor, because it held up to men the mirror of all that was best and all that was intensest in their hearts, of all that was purest in the soul's ideals; and it mirrored the sky and the mountain heights as well, all gold and purple with the sunlight's very life.

In the palmy days the people responded. It is said that in Athens, when the powers felt the people to be growing chill, careless of their city's honor, forgetful of the purity of their civic life, they arranged for the production of one of the great dramas of Æschylus. And it is said that the Athenians went from the presentation of these mighty dramas to the Temples and thronged the doorways, and that they wept, saying, "Athens, Athens, is it, then, true that we have forgotten thee? Athens, Athens!" What ruler in those days would have dared trifle with the rights and the honors of Hellas? But those days passed, and seeking for reasons, may it not be because the children were forgotten that the light failed? The ancients spake unto the adult. The real Teacher speaks to the youth and the little child. The stone which the builders rejected

The Drama That Is to Be

has become today the head of the corner. When Katherine Tingley, with her Students, opened a new era, as it were, and made another new departure by the presentation of Greek Symposiums, first in Point Loma and then in the many Lodges throughout the world, we found that a new step had been taken, a step inconceivable in its real significance. *Hypatia*, the *Conquest of Death*—these seemed to bring us ages nearer the time when "the Good, the Beautiful and the True" should be not an ideal merely, but a living realization—unto the moderns even as unto the old philosophers who walked in the groves of Academus. And within the year, another and higher step has been taken by means of the Raja Yoga Symposium, *The Little Philosophers*, presented by children in nearly every nation on the face of the globe. To describe the effect of it were impossible, as impossible as to explain in terms of musical theory the song of a forest bird. When *The Little Philosophers* was given by Raja Yoga children, first in the Aryan Temple at Lomaland, later at Isis Theatre, we knew that something had happened, that something new had come to be. And the impulse of that hour flowed outward and outward, making possible a yet greater step in the presentation of this Symposium by the children in the Lotus Groups of the Lodges all over the world. And these presentations, given simultaneously, were not mere sequences, not simple events merely added to the sum of other events; but the synthesis of all that had preceded. It is the children who shall bring back to the hearts of men the ancient truths that have been for ages forgotten. It is the children, "the Torch bearers, the Light bringers," who shall bring again to Humanity that greatest boon, which is just the chance that we call "the Path." Katherine Tingley has placed in our midst the child, declaring that the children are destined to be the real teachers of Humanity, and her word today is proven, for lo! the children have become so. Their very sincerity will bring into the higher drama an element which is all but lacking in the ordinary dramatic presentations that we see today. Destined, indeed, are they to lead all Humanity through the portals of the Life Beautiful, beyond which lies the True. The drama of the future, fashioned as it will be largely by the lives and ideals and the dramatic work of little children, will be not an invitation to the passions, nor a mere source of passing pleasure for the sensation-loving, but an uplift and an inspiration, a summons, truly, unto the Soul.

STUDENT

WOMAN'S WORK

THERE IS NO MOVEMENT MORE SERIOUSLY INTERESTING TO EVERY HEALTHFUL AND THOUGHTFUL MIND THAN THAT TO BENEFIT THE POSITION OF WOMAN

—Emerson

SHALL we not rather say the "returning woman," for great, strong, pure and helpful as

we may picture in our highest moods the "coming woman," as she is generally termed, we can really bring forward no ideal of all that is best in womanhood which has not already taken form at different epochs in the past.

History shows this to be true and the myths of all countries reveal it as a fact. Looking into the mythology of the Greeks alone, we find that all types of the "eternal feminine" were there represented most exquisitely and perfectly. By the Nine Muses who presided over science, music and poetry, and who, although dwelling upon earth, yet were supposed to live most of the time in heaven, regaling the gods with their music and inspiring favored mortals who invoked their aid, they symbolized the artistic inspirational qualities in man and woman.

Athena—the perfect type of womanhood—possessed such prudence, power and wisdom that she was supposed to have emanated from the brain of the King of the Gods, "great Zeus himself." Athena was especially interested in the practical things of life, such as agriculture and domestic science. She invented many kinds of work for women which she taught them, and was skilled herself in the arts and crafts.

The brave warrior type developed when the Amazons held sway—and the tender, sympathetic woman was pictured in Iris, who was supposed to be the personification of the rainbow. One of her offices was to sever the last remaining filament or thread which held to the physical form the souls of dying women.

So in the above types only we have nearly all that pertains to the good, the true, and the beautiful in womanhood.

Passing along to the domestic realm which even the gods and mortals did not overlook, we find the goddess Hestia, the giver of domestic happiness, who dwelt in the inner part of every house and kept the sacred fires burning on the domestic altar. Could anything more completely symbolize woman's sphere in the home life? With a

shrug one might say, "all that is too far off, too idealistic to ever be realized in the every day woman we see about us." True, it does appear to be so, yet is there not every evidence that the woman of today, if she so wills, has in her all these potentialities for good and can raise herself to the level of the goddess-like creature she once was.

That such myths did exist, are not peculiar to Greek mythology alone, but to all, and are yet believed in, strongly evidences the fact that such types of women, more or less perfectly realized, have been developed at different eras of human evolution.

That woman has, in ages past, been possessed of such rare virtues that she has been not only the brilliant harmonious center of her own home, the wise maternal protector, the comrade, the inspirer, and—pardon the statement if it suits not—the leader of man in the right sense, as the

The Coming Woman

mother leads the son. One of the most important branches of Katherine Tingley's educational work is the Isis

League of Music and Drama, which was organized by her in New York several years ago. The objects of this Society are "to emphasize the importance of music and drama as *true educational factors*; to educate the people to a knowledge of the true philosophy of life by means of dramatic presentations of a high standard, and the influence of the grander harmonies of music."

There is perhaps no more practical way of educating the masses than by music and the drama. The upbuilding force of music restores the moral tone and equilibrium of the whole nature; while color and form, as represented in the drama with speech, can make clear vital truths which otherwise would remain obscured.

The Isis League of Music and Drama has, among other successful productions, given the *Eumenides* of Æschylus, which has been said by the best critics to have been the truest interpretation ever given in modern times. The ancients possessed a wonderful knowledge of the real nature of man. What today is classed as "unknownable" was to them the known.

Where are these ideals more unselfishly striven for than among the women students of Lomaland? Look at the great educational work of Katherine Tingley, which has become a living fire, lighting up the dark places in all parts of the world—transmuting the sorrows of women into joy, and ignorance into knowledge.

Loyal to the purest standards of the higher womanhood, Katherine Tingley is daring to step in advance of other women, breaking through the clouds by which they are encompassed, the light of her wisdom and her courage inspiring all women to follow. In Katherine Tingley's system of education every detail of woman's work finds its true place, and virtues which in the world would lie dormant, are in Lomaland awakened, brought out and developed.

And so the true woman will embody all that is highest and best in the heart of the race. She *must*, for she is the mother

of men. We firmly believe that after all these years of suffering, discord and pain woman is reaching upward. She has touched the abyss, is turning again toward the heights, nobler and grander for having passed through the fires.

Woman is today at last coming into her own. "The Coming Woman" is she who, purified by experience and grief, has gained the power to unite in realization the truths of ancient ideals with all that is highest in humanity's heart-life today.

E. C. S.

LET us have plenty of music at Christmas time; bright, joyous music for hearts that are full of happiness, but also some tender, comforting, deeply sympathetic strains for the brave souls who even on this glad day are battling with sorrow.—Mrs. H. H. A. Beach



A CUBAN STUDENT OF ISIS CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

The Roses of Lomaland

IT is a bit difficult, in a land which is one of Nature's garden spots, in which flowers from absolutely every climate blossom in a very extravagance of beauty, in a land where the pine and the southern jasmine clasp hands in the breezes, and where the lotus blooms within a dozen yards of the hardy northern violet—in such a land it must seem difficult indeed to select any one flower as being more glorious than its fellows; but in Lomaland the rose is the flower of flowers. Never were there such roses as those of Lomaland, and never were roses anywhere tended with a care more loving and more full of appreciation for their own rare beauty. Walking through the garden at Lomaland, particularly at the end of the week when the flowers are being cut for the Sunday services, one thinks back involuntarily to the old days when Greece was a land of flowers, too, and when the roses of ancient Greece were famed throughout the world. Nowhere today, except in Lomaland, does the rose hold the unique position that it held in ancient days. The love of the Athenians for the rose was almost akin to worship. The old island of Chlos was a veritable rose garden from shore to shore, and it is said that at times, to those who approached it from the sea, it presented the appearance of a gigantic bouquet of pink and white and sunset tinted blossoms, with the shining pillars of temples and temple-homes gleaming above the glory of the flowers. During the flower season shiploads of roses were shipped every day from this island, the blossoms being used as emblems of joy and of sorrow, of triumph and of death. Many a returning hero has trodden upon a veritable carpet of roses through the streets of his native city. Why this flower has sprung into such unbounded luxuriance in Lomaland and indeed all Southern California, it is difficult to say, for to the most careful observer it is evident that even unusual care, of itself, could not bring such exquisite and rare perfection. STUDENT

Pioneer Woman Violinist

THE old, old heresy that no woman can play the violin like a master, a score of women violinists today are refuting on their own terms. The successes of the younger violinists lead one to recall those who might be called the pioneers. Lady Hallé, better known to the musical public as Wilhelmina Neruda, is nearing the close of a musical life which has been remarkable in many respects other than musical. As a solo violinist she was in her day pronounced the greatest of her time. Her style was and is singularly convincing, her bowing remarkable in its simplicity and strength, her tone noble and her technique thorough and painstaking. There are certain pieces in her repertoire, Spohr's *Ninth Concerto*, for example, which simply could not be better played.

Goethe has said, "If we developed proportionately when grown up as we develop in childhood, we must all be geniuses." Lady Hallé is no exception to the general rule that musicians are exceedingly precocious as children. She made her debut when she was barely seven years of age. For several years she was principal violin teacher in the Royal Musical Academy in Stockholm, for some time head of a string quartette in London, where she has very recently appeared on the concert stage.

It is interesting to know that her violin is one which connoisseurs consider one of the four greatest "Stradivari" in existence. It is the one used formerly by Ernst. Lady Hallé, quite outside of the musical value of her work, deserves to be remembered, as one of those who, by their efforts, made it possible for the many to achieve. JULIA HECHT

The Mother's Work

THE world hates the word discipline. It has an irksome sound and awakens a sense of dread in young and old. It is so much more easy and pleasant to drift with the tide, and leave things as they are until—but there is always a halt. Nature with her changeless laws is sure to bring a harvest time, and suffering is the fruitage of indulgence or neglect.

The mother smiles at the signs of temper in her wee first born and when he cries for things she gives them to him just to keep him still, and when the little seeds of selfishness begin to grow within his heart, she scarce observes their first young shoots, or fails to check their growth, because she dreads the friction, or patiently trusts that when he is older he will know better. So, while she is off her guard the weeds take firmer root and crowd the soil, and when she awakes at last and looks for the blossoms which should adorn a noble life, she does not find them. Their place is occupied with noxious growth of selfishness and self-indulgence,

which react upon her life and perhaps break her heart. This is one of the little dramas of life enacted, in part at least, before almost every hearthstone.

The future of humanity rests with the mothers. When will they awaken to the awful sacredness of the privilege and the responsibility? Never until they learn the sacred truths of life; until they study the working of the Law and realize that every moment of laxity and indifference, every opportunity lost, casts into the soil of the future a seed which will surely blossom after its own kind.

To be in ignorance of the Law, to know the Law and fail through lack of will to follow its divine behests, brings lesson after lesson of sorrow and despair, until the sense of duty is aroused. To know the Law and let it guide her in her loving task will make the mother's work a joy, and the fruitage of it a blessing to the world.

YOUNG STUDENT

Christianity as a Faith

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD, as all who once read and wept over *Robert Elsmere* must be aware, is in religious matters a bit iconoclastic. She recently wrote:

In the breakdown of miracle and revelation the moral experience of man has become at once infinitely more important, more mysterious, more awful.

It cannot be too plainly emphasized that what we are now witnessing in the religious life around us is the emergence of a fresh religious conception, exercising the same thrilling and vivifying power as the older beliefs in Incarnation and Sacrament. For large numbers of religious minds, as has already been said, conscience has become, has taken the place of, revelation. Its witness is not to any external "scheme" or isolated history, but simply to its own laws and their implications, looked at in the light of experience and history. This witness may be far yet from being intellectually complete; but now it is not merely a theory, merely a psychology; it is a *faith*—that is the important point. Christianity was a faith long before it was dogma or philosophy. And in this new awe which says "Reverence Thyself," as all the sages have said it, but adds "For thyself alone is the message of God," there is a power of infinite development. . . . It is as though the human mind, freed from a number of dead conceptions, were drawing nearer than ever before to things primal and ineffable; and, in a wholly new sense, what was ethic is seen to be religion—religion, moreover, that no longer feels itself in danger, as all liberal varieties of dogmatic Christianity must and do perpetually feel themselves in danger, from science, history and criticism. Rather, it knows in science and criticism its best friends; and the tone of exultation that is beginning to ring through it is the tone of those who already foresee an approaching unification of experience and faith, no less far-reaching and commanding than the great unification elaborated by medieval thought, whereof the ruins lie around us.



A CUBAN STUDENT OF ISIS CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

PHILHELLENE

by ERNEST MYERS

GRANT me all the store of knowledge, grant me all the wealth that is,
Swiftly, surely, I would answer, Give me rather, give me this:

Bear me back across the ages to the years that are no more,
Give me one sweet month of spring-time on the old Saronic shore;

Not as one who marvels mournful, seeing with a sad desire
Shattered temples, crumbling columns, ashes of a holy fire;

But a man with men Hellenic doing that which there was done,
There among the sons of Athens, not a stranger but a son.

There the blue sea gave them greeting when their triremes' conquering files
Swam superb with rhythmic oarage through the multitude of isles.

There they met the Mede and brake him, beat him to his slavish East;
Who was he, a guest unwished-for bursting on their freeman's feast?

There the ancient celebration to the maiden queen of fight
Led the long august procession upward to the pillared height.

Man with man they met together in a kindly life and free,
And their gods were near about them in the sunlight or the sea.

There the light of hidden Wisdom sprang to their compelling quest;
Ray by ray the dawn from Hellas rose upon the wakening West.

Every thought of all their thinking awayed the world for good or ill,
Every pulse of all their life-blood beats across the ages still.

International Co-operation in Archeological Researches in Greece

IN matters of archeology we seem to have reached a point of international amity that might be advantageously aimed at elsewhere. There are in Greece no less than five schools of research, each laboring within its own appointed sphere and thus adding substantially to the common knowledge of the world. Mr. Heermance is in charge of the American excavations and he is about to continue his interrupted work at Corinth where he hopes to identify some of the sanctuaries mentioned by Pausanias. The British excavations are to be found at Palæocastro where an immense number of Mycenaean vases have already been found. Further search is now to be made at Laconia and efforts will be made to disclose the Temple of Arternis.

The French scientists are no less energetic. Their field of operations is at Delos where much success has already been attained. The Temple of Apollo will be further excavated, a work which was begun last year. The Germans are equally busy at Levkas, identified by some as the Ithaca of Homer. The Greek Archeological Society is directing its attention to the ruins of the Temple of Hera in Samos and is also doing good work in the vicinity of the Theseum at Athens. It has also undertaken the restoration of the Temple of Apollo Phigaleia and of the Lion of Chæroneia.

STUDENT

A STRIKINGLY valuable use of the phonograph was recently made by Mr. Charles F. Lummis, a use for which posterity will have reason to thank him. He caused young Indians of twelve tribes to record on this instrument a number of their own folk-songs in their own languages. The Indian dialects are rapidly becoming extinct, and with them go forever their songs and the legends they embody. It is not yet too late for students of language and myth to render science the same service as Mr. Lummis. Progress in the making of these machines has been very rapid of late. It is not easy to foresee the future of the invention, but there is no reason for doubting that it constitutes as great an event as that of printing.

STUDENT

THEY (people) just live and forget that beneath them lie their father's bones. They forget that in some days—perhaps more, perhaps less—other unknown creatures will be standing above *their* forgotten bones, as blind, as self-seeking, as puffed up with the pride of the brief moment, and filled with the despair of their failure, the glory of their success, as they are tonight.—*Rider Haggard (Stella Fregelius)*

Recent Excavations Show a Greater Antiquity for Rome

THE later results of prolonged research among the remains beneath the Roman Forum might, one would think, by this time, be suggesting to archeologists that it were well to modify their conceptions of the age of Rome, assigning to the city's origins a far remoter date than any yet mentioned, except by H. P. Blavatsky.

According to that teacher, both Italy and Greece were colonized from sinking Atlantis, as also the west coast of Europe as far north as Ireland.

That part of the Forum known as the Comitium, the space in front of the Senate House, has now been excavated down to the untouched soil far below the pavement. No less than *twenty-three* strata of remains have thus been unearthed, each stratum with its distinct characteristics. How long were these in being superimposed one upon another?

The old Roman antiquaries of the Augustan age spoke of a certain "Black Stone," which, they said, covered the grave of Romulus. Our antiquaries, of course, know more than they of their city, and have decided that Romulus never existed. But five years ago, when the Comitium was first cleared, a space covered with black marble was revealed, protected all around by a low parapet. Below this was a mass of débris, consisting of votive objects, fragments of bronze, and some early pottery, mainly Greek. And below this again was a tomb or shrine. How far back this dates we do not know. There is reason for thinking it much older than the Black Stone. For the tomb, and some structures on the same level connected with it, are orientated in accordance with the points of the compass, after the rules immemorably set by the augurs for the construction of temples. But the Black Stone is merely orientated in accordance with local architectural convenience, to harmonize with other buildings. One of the structures belonging to the tomb group is a pillar on which is an inscription. The language is archaic Latin in a Greek alphabet. The lines run continuously, that is, from right to left, then turning back to the right. But owing to the defacement of the pillar by violence, this inscription cannot be read. Only the ends of the lines remain. They appear to be making some reference to the early priest-kings.

In another part of the Forum, a prehistoric cemetery came to light. Various modes of burial are to be found here, and it is interesting to note that the oldest of these modes is that to which civilization is now returning, namely, the burial of ashes after cremation of the body. Much later, direct inhumation was practiced, still an improvement on our method of preserving the body from earth contact by means of wooden and metallic encasements.

There is an immense amount of work of this kind yet to do in Rome. That which has been done needed in many cases the preliminary complete removal of large buildings, and even in one place a church, before the first spadeful of earth or the first fragment of pavement could be touched. Doubtless the whole city rests on the richest archeological treasures, most of them therefore inaccessible, but there is still much that is open to investigation. And when it shall all have been done there will remain other cities of Italy with as great and far-stretching a past as Rome, for example Florence.

ARCHEOLOGIST

The Excavation of Herculaneum About to Be Commenced

A SCHEME is on foot for the proper excavation of Herculaneum, a site which has hitherto been neglected in favor of Pompeii, which is more accessible. The town of Resina now stands above the lava-covered ruins of Herculaneum, and there are also very great natural difficulties. The work is, however, to be now attempted, and it is proposed to invite the assistance of all other civilized countries in cooperation with the Government of Italy. The work ought certainly to be done. The results obtained from Pompeii are of surpassing interest, disclosing as they do an ancient city complete in every detail except life, exactly as it stood when the lava flood stilled its activities for ever. Herculaneum is of even greater importance, and the want of money at least ought not to stand in the way of an enterprise important to the whole world.

STUDENT



A BIT OF THE CLIFF LINED SHORE AT HIGH TIDE ON THE WEST SIDE OF POINT LOMA

Our Manner of "Having Dominion" Over the Earth

THE ever present mania for inflicting death, which seems to be so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race is fully exemplified in the fate of a certain species of bird which lives in the swamps of Florida. When first discovered, only three specimens were known, all of which were promptly killed by the person, a minister, by the way, who found them. That was fifty years ago, and the specie was then lost sight of and believed by some to be extinct. Recently, however, a few were so unfortunate as to be observed and were sent to museums for mounting. Men have spent months together in the pestilential swamps where these birds live in the efforts to exterminate them "for scientific purposes;" because they are so unlucky as to be rare they are to be made extinct. These birds called the "Swainson's warblers" are said to sing very sweetly in a strain similar to the thrushes, and we presume that the scientific gentlemen who are so carefully exterminating them will have the songs preserved in alcohol and placed beside the stuffed skin of the singer in the museums. Since we choose to live in wildernesses of brick and pavements we find it fatiguing to "go to Nature," wherefore Nature must, perforce, come to us, even though somewhat depreciated by the transit. One cannot, however, avoid the thought that a camera and a phonograph would probably accomplish the result as well, or better, with less injury to the subject.

Y.

A Unique Century Plant a Native of Point Loma

NEAR the southern end of the school grounds, in plain sight from the Homestead, is a space covered with century-plants, or "agaves," of a species said to be found at only one other locality in the world. This species, the agave, is distinguished by its very short leaves and very dark green color.

The plant stands upright to a height of about three feet, then tips over and grows along the ground, sending out hundreds of roots all along its length. When it has become fifteen or twenty feet long, being then about fifty or seventy-five years old, it turns upward again and sends up a flower-stalk three or four inches in diameter, to a height of about ten feet. Its branching arms are shaped like a great candelabra, and bear many clusters of yellowish flowers, somewhat like very short-leaved cannalilies. When it has completed its three-months task of blooming, the plant dies, but its alkaline juice and stringy fiber resist decay so that the bare and spectral flowerstem may stand for several years like its tombstone.

All the agaves have the habit of sending out underground sprouts, which intelligently turn upward into the air, form roots, become perfect plants and gradually sever their connection with their parent. But the *Agave Shawii* has improved on that arrangement; its underground buds form roots and separate themselves from the parent stem long before they have ever seen daylight at all, and rely on themselves from the first.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

LAST Sunday evening was delightfully spent by the large audience at the Isis Theatre.

Little Margaret Hanson read a paper entitled "My New Little Woman." It occupied only a minute or two, but her auditors were alike fascinated by the musical poetry of the words and the dainty beauty of the little speaker. Albert Spalding read a paper on "Education for the Nations," which was well received and applauded. Both these Raja Yoga children are well known at Isis Theatre and the warmest kind of welcome always awaits them.

The third address was by Dr. Herbert Coryn on "Theosophy, Pantheism and Fatalism." It was cogent, forcible and timely. We do not reproduce it on this occasion as it is intended to publish it in pamphlet form, and the same plan will be followed with the address entitled "What Theosophy Is Not," which was delivered on the previous Sunday evening.

We wish that it were possible to present our readers with an adequate view of the Sunday evening meetings in Isis Theatre of which we reproduce the report which appears regularly in the *San Diego News*. They would certainly find in such a view an inspiration to their own work and a prophecy of what that work shall one day be in every city of civilization.

If the typical Sunday evening meeting had occurred upon one occasion only it would be sufficiently remarkable. If by some special effort a theatre so large had been filled with intelligent men and women, the most earnest men and women in the city and the best educated, we should say that it was the evidence of a very marked and a very wonderful success. But what then shall we say when this record is not a matter of some unique occasion, when it is repeated week after week and month after month, when it is due in no way whatever to curiosity, and when the same people may be seen in almost the same seats with an unbroken regularity? What, indeed, can we say, except that Theosophy, when rightly presented, when presented as a living aid to daily life, will be recognized as such, and welcomed as such by the humanity which needs it? The people who come to Isis Theatre are representative people, representative of civilization in most of its branches, and they come because Theosophy also is representative, not of some particular and narrow school of thought, not of some special dogmaticism, but of humanity's needs, the needs which well-nigh all men recognize and would like to grapple with.

It must not, however, be supposed that these results are obtained without care and effort, but it is the care and effort which consist in doing little things well, which consist in making every act square with an ideal. Katherine Tingley has given her students the philosopher's stone which turns to the gold of success everything which it touches. It is simply the habit of glorifying every detail by making it worthy of its purpose, that is to say by *intending* every detail, by mentally set-

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

A Delightful Program as Usual (Some Reflections on the Success of the Isis Theatre Meetings)

ting it exactly where it belongs in the finished work. Thus the decorations, the musicians, the readers of addresses, the helpers of every kind do not perform their respective work in watertight compartments. Certainly, each one rigidly minds his own business, but if it were possible to glimpse the unseen planes of the ideal it would be

seen that they were all united in the common intention that the work *as a whole* shall be successful. Unity of intention produces unity of result, harmony in result and, of course, success in result. The Isis work is a diamond with many facets, and each facet is satisfied with its own beauty, its own perfectness, its own position. None tries to outshine another. The ideal of each facet is the splendor of the whole. We might express all this in much simpler words by saying that there is harmony because there is no personality.

And so week by week the immense crowds assemble at the Theatre to hear a program which is always varied and always useful. The decorations alone are worth the visit, but it would be a revelation to many to know with how little labor these simple decorations are carried out. Nature, left alone, produces decorative material with amazing prodigality. It needs only arrangement and the artistic taste which also is a part of the religion of unselfishness.

The music is always good and conveys its lessons in language as unmistakable as the words of the speakers, and the music is all the more eloquent because the players are unseen. The performers, in other words, charm and educate with their *music* and not merely by their dexterity. Here too the personality gives place to the ideal and the result is a force and a harmony. The speakers are few in number, and an address rarely extends beyond ten minutes. It is always effective and for the same reason. The speaker remembers that he is a human and divine soul, speaking to other souls and not merely to intellects. He wishes to say what it will be useful to others to hear, and he says it from that common ground of human need which all men alike share, irrespective of all these factors which are usually supposed to be important. There is no ambition towards mental pyrotechnics and there is a recognition that the only eloquence worth possession is that unstudied eloquence which springs from the heart. Sometimes the children come and reproduce some of their school exercises upon the stage. They do it so supremely well, because they are so supremely unconscious that they are doing anything more than the duty of that particular moment. For them all life is duty and they have not yet learned, nor are they likely to learn, the pernicious heresy of "small duties" and "big duties." A duty for them does not become more of a duty, because it is prominent.

May our comrades throughout the world believe that they also are present by their devotion and helping by their loyalty, at these weekly meetings of the Universal Brotherhood organization at Isis Theatre.

Some Notes by "Observer" on the Point Loma Bungalow and Tent Village

ALITTLE less than an hour's ride from San Diego brings us to Tent Village, from which we see the Homestead, white and shining, against the sky, with the Temple and Yerba Santa upon one side, and upon the other the long line of the Raja Yoga School buildings, and the white camp far beyond. We see, too, the residential bungalows upon the left, each one nestling in its bower of green foliage and flowers, and we see the great stretch of Homestead land made beautiful by crops, and with its splendid burden of fruit-trees now hastening to keep pace with the season. To the right stretches the noble canyon which leads us to Ocean Beach, with its thunderous waves and its white sands, and its rugged, frowning rocks for the adventurous. Continuing the circle, the waters of San Diego Bay spring to our vision, a marvelous, magic contrast to canyon and hill. The Bay is almost at our very feet—it is, indeed, less than a mile away—and today, under the hot, clear sun, its waters are as motionless as the mighty Mexican mountains beyond. Mountains and Bay seem to be waiting breathlessly, and it would indeed be a pity if any unconcerted motion of air, or land or sea should disturb the very witchery of color which now binds all nature into a unit of beauty.

Turning to the Tent Village we see, first of all, and within a few yards, a beautiful wooden building, tastefully designed and substantially constructed, evidently intended for mental pursuits, for music and for pleasure. Immediately beyond, and forming an arc of a great circle, are many tents, the spaces between them laid out with flowers and shrubs, while well-kept paths intersect this village in many directions. Still further away is a group of small buildings, very similar in appearance

to Swiss chalets. These are the kitchens and dining-rooms which we will visit in due course.

Mr. Alpheus Smith, proprietor and director of Tent Village, conducts us, first of all, to the Assembly Rooms, and we need no invitation to admire the lofty hall, with its glass roof, the spacious and unobstructed floor, the appointments perfect in every detail, and the unusually wide piazza, which runs all round the outside of the building immediately under the dome. These are things which strike the eye without indication, but there are other things: the bath rooms, the dressing rooms, the offices of every kind. Everything is perfect, the best that can be bought, and we concede at once that Mr. Smith has not lived in Chicago for nothing—nor with his eyes closed. A hundred conveniences are explained to us, and we should like to enumerate them all, but it is the tents themselves which attract us most strongly, for, after all, this is Tent Village.

Now, a well-made tent does not differ in point of comfort from a most comfortable house, and who can question that it is far more healthy? Those whose ideas of tents are somewhat prehistoric, or who suppose that a tent is merely the flapping and uncomfortable nuisance which it was a few years ago, must modernize their ideas. The walls and roofs of these tents, for example, are nearly as rigid as if made of wood. Most of the tents measure 14 feet by 16 feet. They are rectangular in shape, and the canvas is stretched over a substantial wooden framework and kept tight, not by the unsightly wooden pins and ropes which we usually associate with tents, but by metal pins fastened to the frame of the tent itself. The effect

is neat and trim and compact to the last degree. Every tent has two roofs, separated by a few inches of air space, thus insuring coolness and protection from possible sun glare. The interior arrangement of these tents is a marvel of good taste and ingenuity. The furnishings are artistic and unique, having been expressly made for this purpose. Some of these tents are specially fitted up as bath rooms, while the water hydrants are within a few yards of every door.

It would be superfluous to say anything here as to the charms of tent life, because they must be experienced to be appreciated, but we wonder how many cases of weak health would remain uncured under such treatment as this? A tent has all the advantages of the complete open air with none of the disadvantages, and here in Tent Village the open air means the competing breezes from the ocean upon one side and from the Bay upon the other.

At Point Loma the air is said to be the purest in the world. There is a blend from the mountain and sea. It is the life-giving atmosphere which has made Point Loma so famous for its health.

The refectories and kitchens are complete, and especially interesting are the contrivances for insuring the purity of the water, and not only of the drinking water, but also of the cooking supply. The breath of slander has never yet been raised against Point Loma water, but the precautions at Tent Village show the same vigilance as is found at the Loma Homestead.

Tent Village opens in June, and those who are successful in securing accommodation will certainly be fortunate.

OBSERVER

Church of the Future

THE church of the future continues to be a fruitful source of discussion, and it is a wholesome sign that it should be so. It proves that a divine dissatisfaction is creeping into our minds, that ideals are beginning to assert themselves, and that we are making valuable comparisons between what we have and what we might have. Opinions are, of course, as wide apart as the poles, but that does not matter so long as they have for their background a determination that the present state of things must cease at all costs. This, at any rate, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Never yet has the "Mene, Mene" stood out more startlingly before the eyes of thoughtful men.

Among the many changes which are demanded we have one to the effect that the minister of the future must be the best educated man of the community. Now, the value of this suggestion depends entirely on what we mean by education. There is an education of the heart as well as of the head, and we know many men who have the most profound erudition and who are yet as unsuited to the pulpit as it is possible to imagine. We know also many men who have no great intellectual attainments and who yet have that rare education of sympathy with its attendant wisdom which ought to be indispensable to the ministry. The main duty of a preacher is not to solve the intellectual difficulties of a number of precocious young people who already have the usual omniscience of extreme youth, but rather to bring the help of sympathy to those who need that help, to bring to the discouraged the hope which springs from knowledge and not from theory, and to show the existence of Law to those who would otherwise be lost upon the apparent whirlpools of fate. Intellectual knowledge has its position, a beautiful and a magnificent position, but it must acknowledge the master in the heart like all other human forces.

Among other opinions upon the church that is to be, we find a gratifying consensus of opinion that it will concern itself more with the present than with the future, that it will talk very little, or not at all, about rewards and punishments, that it will be built upon courage and not upon fear, that it will give to men the ineffable tranquillity which can only come from the assurance of Law. The belief in human depravity will be sent back into the ghost-infested darknesses from which it came, and in its place will be set up the eternal brilliance of human divinity.

How great, indeed, will be the gain if we can transfer our mental center of gravity from the future to the present, if we can recognize that the nobility of the present moment is the only nobility possible to us, if we can perceive that the character of today and not the belief of today is the only worthy preparation for all future life!

We may well ask in our perplexity, when shall these things be? Where are the churches and where are the preachers who can touch the wounds of human life with the hand of compassion? Some there have been and some there are now, but the harvest is ready and the laborers are so few. Thousands of pulpits are today vacant of spiritual life and there are thousands of congregations outside the church doors.

STUDENT

I LONGED FOR LOVE

by FLORENCE EARLE COATES

I LONGED for love, and, eager to discover
Its hiding-place, wandered far and wide;
And as forlorn, I sought the lone world over,
Unrecognized, love journeyed at my side.

I craved for peace, and priceless years expended
In unwarded search from shore to shore;
But, home returned, the weary seeking ended,
Peace welcomed me where dwelt my peace of yore!

Religious Congresses

THE proceedings at some of the sectarian religious congresses would be very amusing if it were not for the element of tragedy which pervades them. Surely, we can use no other term when we consider the present misery-sodden condition of the world and then turn to some of these assemblies with their almost limitless possibilities of good and observe the almost inconceivable trivialities with which they occupy their time. What, after all, have we learned since the convocations and synods of three hundred years ago devoted their energies to a discussion of such profound questions as the number of angels that could sit upon a church-spire? It would seem, very little.

The Presbyterians, it appears, have been much exercised as to a revision of their book of common worship. A very prominent divine has made a speech to the assembly in which he addressed himself to the world-shaking question as to whether or not they could rightly adopt the Episcopal Confession of Sin. There were difficulties in the way. The Episcopal document was not sufficiently explicit in its confession of a sinful nature and this was a point which must not be slighted. Therefore, the Episcopal confession would not do. But the Presbyterians were in no wise daunted. Not finding what they wanted ready-made, they have made a new one in which there shall be no doubt whatever as to the sinful nature of man. As the newspaper report says, "We wanted a confession with a clear acknowledgment of a sinful nature, and we have prepared one." We may remark, parenthetically, that the acknowledgment of a foolish nature is still more clear.

These worthy men are very anxious that there shall be no ambiguity about the sinful nature of man, but we do not observe any corresponding enthusiasm upon the subject of man's divine nature. We should have supposed that a little more attention to this would have solved many perplexing problems and simplified the proceedings of many future assemblies. We commend it to their consideration.

STUDENT

What Is a Homestead?

OUR word Homestead comes to us from old Anglo-Saxon, through it and through cognate languages, from that branch of the archaic Aryan tongues called usually Indo-Germanic. With it has always been associated a sense of the protecting influence of the household *daimona* or "gods." This feeling is, according to archeology, as old as is man himself, and outside of its universality as a belief, likewise goes to show the existence in ages past, of a universal natural religion. The ancestor and nature "worship" of hoary old China is another child of this ancient heritage.

However, the cult of the Home of the Hamestede, of the *loca sacra*, was better understood of old than it is now; for it contains in itself more than a grain of truth. It is interesting to recall here, that the word for Homestead in ancient Welsh and Cornish is "Tre," "Tref," or "Terp." These three vocables at once proclaim their affinity to the old Egyptian "Rep," or "Erp," a word for "Temple," the home of a religion. How this thought carries us back in spirit to that old time when every household carried his personal "gods" with him, wherever he went; to that patriarchal period when the family center became the holy spot from which cities, aye, nations, sprang!

It would be interesting, very, to know just what influence archaic Egypt exercised upon the mind of the barbarians of the British Isles; and also how much of the old Wisdom-Religion of the Ages those Egyptian Temple Initiates found among these tribes, to whom they carried back what was once a common possession of mankind.

G. DE P.

THEOSOPHY views the Universe as an intelligent whole.—W. Q. Judge

The True Interests of a Country

THE world has been asking what these are for thousands of years, and that no nation has ever yet given a true and practical answer is proved by the national wrecks which lie half hidden in the sands of time, or so entirely buried that all trace and memory of them is lost. When that question is worthily answered, and that answer is worthily lived, nationally lived, we shall see the beginning and the continuance of a human power which will draw perpetual vitality from the freedom which it confers, instead of meriting its own destruction by the slavery and the misery which it has provoked. Nature does not destroy the Beautiful and the Good, nor are nations swept away until they are so saturated with the disease of self that no health whatever is left to them. Ten righteous men would have saved the Cities of the Plain.

Never before have men so occupied themselves with the art of government as they are doing now. Never before has that art been so misunderstood. We say this with the full recognition that the cruder forms of oppression have disappeared or are fast disappearing. The oppressive misgovernment of Cuba is perhaps the last illustration within the area of civilization. May her people be the first to defy the psychology of usage and custom, and to enter into the untrodden path of the highest interests of their country.

At the present day the world is filled with the clamor of those who believe themselves to possess panaceas for the evils which they see. Already the statute books of the nations are encumbered with the measures which have been adopted for the supposed purpose of increasing human happiness. Every year sees the increase of those measures, the increase of suggestions, the increase of endeavor, and we must perforce confess that every year sees also the increase of human suffering, and an added strain to the labor of living. Must we not then conclude that we are upon the wrong path, that we are confusing symptoms with disease, and that we can cure no social evil whatever by a legislative rearrangement of human atoms, or by penalizing the phenomena which are merely the evidences of the malady?

An eminent statesman once said that there is no force in nature which can long withhold from a nation the liberty WHICH IT DESERVES. He apparently meant that the external conditions of a country must presently adapt themselves to, and correspond with, the collective thought and aspirations of that people. It would seem to follow from such a dictum, of which we can hardly doubt the truth, that the ideal government is only possible to the ideal people, and that the machinery of a nation must ever be defective so long as the invisible force behind that machinery is deficient in strength, in determination and in purity. An external justice, a collective justice, cannot exist so long as injustice dominates the heart of the individual, and cruelty will be the keynote of the nation so long as cruelty lurks in the mind of the citizen.

The true interests of a nation must then lie in the culture of the individual and not in the theoretic perfection of its laws. Laws at their

very best can do little more than force wrong doing out of one channel into another, usually out of a visible channel into an invisible one, which is generally worse. We can penalize the grosser forms of cruelty, but we cannot reach the more subtle shapes. No human device can forcibly prevent the cruel man from acting cruelly, nor the unjust man from acting unjustly. The wrong doing which is out of sight of law, produces infinitely more misery than that which the law can recognize, and as the true interests of a country must produce happiness, while making our laws as perfect as possible, we must regard them as merely auxiliary to a deeper and a wider effort in which the duty of the individual is not confined to his vote at the ballot-box, nor to the expression of his political opinions, however loud that expression may be.

The nation which is willing to begin at the beginning in the search for its best interests, will the first of all devote itself to its children. It will recognize that true education cannot be left to those whose own self-interest is their only claim to educational ability and wisdom. It will perceive that the teacher is both the law-giver and the philosopher to the future, and it will require more stringent credentials from the schoolmaster than from the physician. Nor will certificates of intellectual knowledge be at all sufficient. The teacher must be not only able to communicate facts, but to call forth from the child the *love of knowledge*, and to establish that love of knowledge upon a basis, not of self-interest, not of the power to amass wealth, but upon the basis of public good, and of its own desirable beauty. Our confident expectations for the future of Cuba are founded not alone upon the demonstrated force of her people, but upon their appreciation of true education, and upon their perception that wisdom is easily developed in the child before the psychology of custom and prejudice can assert its paralysis.

We should not be altogether unjustified in assuming that the best interests of a nation, from their social side, are entirely secured by the care of children. It is not the quality of mercy alone, which blesses him who gives and him who takes. To educate children is to educate oneself, in all the beautiful things of life; the lessons which are learned in the commonwealth of the school impart wisdom to the teacher as well as to the taught, and the nation whose best thoughts are for its young, is acquiring a wisdom of life which, like a well ground tool, can be used for a multitude of purposes.

Such a people will see to it that the contagion of vice, the contagion of injustice and superstition and cruelty stand far off from the national nursery, and that the evil things of life shall not flourish near the growing wheat.

Such a nation, having its children ever within its sight, will know how to take them by the hand as they enter through the door of manhood and womanhood, and so lead them into those outer and open places where their good deeds will be a benediction upon the world and their voices will be loud and clear in the service of men. STUDENT

Ireland Has a Splendid Future

IRELAND has contributed 50,000 of her best population annually for the last fifty years to this country. The results of this steady drainage are marked and numerous. The marriage and birth rates of Ireland are the lowest of any civilized country; the lunacy rate is among the highest; and in every industry the scarcity of labor is very severe. There is even some danger of the extinction of the nation. Foreigners are beginning to enter the country to take the place of those who have left. During ten years the foreign-born population has increased by 10,000. In consequence of these facts an anti-emigration society has been at work for some time, and the fruits are beginning to manifest. During the first quarter of last year 2,161 emigrants reached New York. The corresponding period of this year shows only 1,667, a decrease of nearly 25 per cent. Ireland has a great future as she has had a great past. The peculiar genius of her people is as fresh as ever. In art, literature and music she can give the world something it cannot get from elsewhere. Her people are natural mystics, and it will need but a touch for them to develop again a beautiful prehistoric civilization whose evidences we are only just beginning to understand. Those who love Ireland will best show their love by helping her people in staying rather than going.

Philosophy and Cruelty to Animals

THE world's philosophers have certainly done something to discourage the cruelty towards animals, which is so dark a stain upon our civilization. Locke, in his *Thoughts on Education*, lays it down as an axiom that there can be no morality without humaneness and that cruelty should be regarded as the most detestable of all vices in a child. He says:

This tendency to cruelty should be watched in them, and, if they incline to any such cruelty, they should be taught the contrary usage. For the custom of tormenting and killing of beasts will, by degrees, harden their hearts even towards men. And they who delight in the suffering and destruction of inferior creatures, will not be apt to be very compassionate or benign to those of their own kind. Children should from the beginning be brought up in abhorrence of killing or tormenting any living creature. (Ch. on Cruelty, pp. 96-7.)

Schopenhauer speaks just as emphatically. He writes in his *Foundations of Morality*:

Between pity towards beasts and goodness of soul there is a very close connection. One might say without hesitation, where an individual is wicked in regard to them, that he cannot be a good man. One might also demonstrate that this pity and the Social Virtues (purity in food and habits) have the same source.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

South Polar Expedition—Evidences of Milder Climate

NEW ZEALAND papers just to hand contain some interesting accounts of the arrival at Christchurch of the relief ships *Terra Nova* and *Morning* in company with the *Discovery*, which latter ship they were so fortunate as to find and extricate from her long residence in the ice. The story which all three ships have to tell is an exciting one, the now familiar story of adventure, of narrow escape and of determined fortitude. This must, however, wait until a more favorable occasion, but in the meantime we reproduce a sketch map showing the measure of success which was attained by these bold explorers in their search southwards.

The scientific results have, of course, not yet been made known in detail, and they may prove to be somewhat meager, not in any way through want of energy, but owing to the extraordinary barrenness of the regions visited. No flowering plants whatever were found, and there are therefore practically no insects, with the exception of a ten-legged spider, of which several specimens were secured. Among birds the skuas and the penguins were attentively observed, but no new species were found.

So far as at present known, the one sensational discovery which has been made is due to Mr. Ferrar, the geologist of the expedition. This gentleman accompanied Captain Scott to the top of the Victoria Land Glacier, and at a height above the sea of nearly 9,000 feet he was so fortunate as to find the fossil remains of plant leaves imbedded in sandstone.

The ex-President of the Australasian Association speaks of this discovery with very great enthusiasm. He says that one of these fossils, described as being something like veronica, is clear evidence of a very much milder climate having once prevailed in these frozen regions. These plant remains were found imbedded in sandstone which contained rounded quartz pebbles. These pebbles must have come from a granite district, and as they were found at a much higher level than any granite now existing there, they were probably the remains of mountains which have since disappeared. The discovery will in any case add materially to our knowledge of climatology.

We shall, of course, have to wait awhile for further details of the scientific work achieved. However slight this may be, it will not detract from public appreciation of the fortitude and courage which have been displayed, and which have served to bring these ships back again to civilization with a casualty list so remarkably small.

STUDENT

PROFESSOR MARCHAND, of the University of Marburg has during the last seven years weighed 1234 brains. It appears that in the case of man between fifteen and fifty years of age the average weight of the brain is 1400 grammes, or 50 ounces; in the case of woman 1300 grammes, or 46 3-7 ounces. This difference is not due to bodily size, for men and women of the same size and weight showed the same average difference.

The lay reader of such investigations usually forgets that we have two nervous systems, the "cerebro-spinal" and the "sympathetic." The brain of course belongs to the former. The latter we have no means of estimating by weight. If we had we might find the above facts reversed.

Medicine—Its Use and Abuse—Causes and Effects

NO one can chance to see the annual list of graduates from the medical and pharmaceutical colleges of this or any other country without wondering whether, after all, medicine is not a greater evil than blessing. We may finally decide that it does more good than harm. Then we inquire whether the one could not be wholly abolished; and this opens up the broad question of the relation of medicine to human life and evolution.

The most usual use of drugs is to get rid of the effects of conscious physiological misdeeds, from gluttony upwards. The other use of them is to get rid of maladies which are not, to our knowledge, related to any conscious misdeeds.

Obviously the latter is legitimate and valuable. No one knows why he has cancer or epilepsy; few know why they have catarrh or a bad cold. They do not see the links of the chain of cause and effects. The maladies morally valuable to have are such as obviously follow upon misdeeds; broadly speaking, the use of medicine to cure these would appear to be an evil; its use to cure the others, a good.

There is, of course, a set of lessons which a man learns from pains and maladies that he does not recognize himself to have earned. He will get these anyhow, under the Law, in the ways of life. Let medicine do its compassionate best to help him.

But what of those whose causes he knows, which he can directly trace back to misdeeds? Is he making use of medicine that he may the more quickly get ready to repeat the sin? It may in most cases be the physician's duty to help in the highest spirit whenever his skill is asked for. It may be wise on the patient's part to seek aid whenever his self-induced malady tends to threaten life,

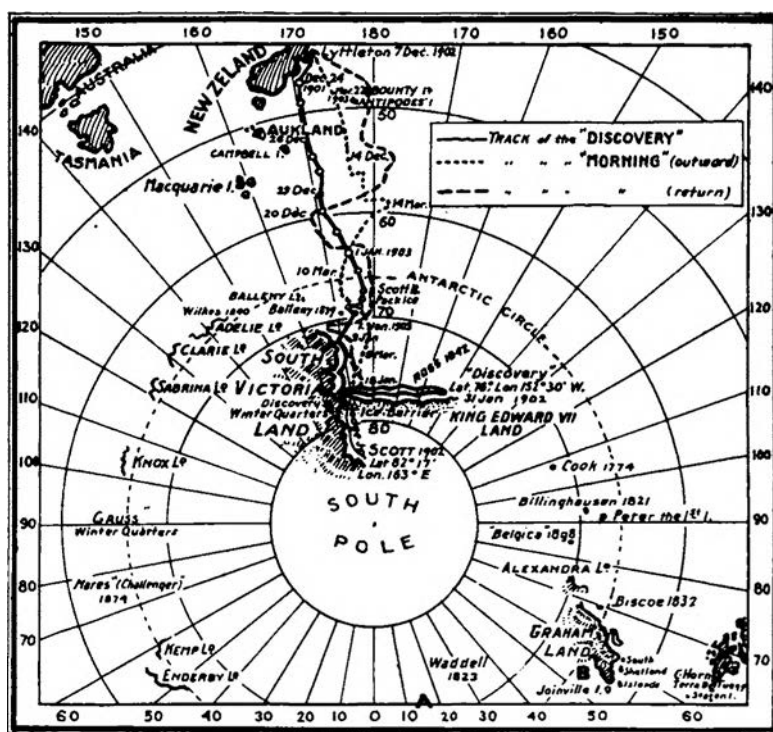
to cripple seriously, or to become permanent. But when such is not the case, when he distinctly intends to continue the offence, or has not as yet will enough to cut loose from it, would he not be infinitely wiser to take the consequences as they come and let them burn themselves in upon his mind? That is the way to lengthen life; not the use of drugs which enable the repetition of the sin tomorrow or next week. It is thus that modern medicine, whilst doing much in spite of its darker aspects, in spite of its many questionable methods, to lengthen the sum of life, also does much to shorten it.

It permits of the swift repetition of offences against the body, which are nearly all offences against the moral law and therefore affronts to the divine Spirit of Evolution.

The men who will stand up to the penalties of their conscious sins, see them through, reflect on them, and gain strength from them against future temptation, are men indeed, helps to all about them and to the world, and on the path of life.

We do not appeal to physicians. It may be in most cases their duty, whilst warning, to do their best to cure. But we do appeal to all those who suffer daily from the comparatively slight and transient results of physiological sins which they perfectly recognize, to take such results standing, to cure them by abstinence, to let them exhaust and cure themselves, and not to cringe under them or fly to medicines. Such a mental attitude and resolution will do more for those who try it, physically, mentally and morally, than they can conceive.

STUDENT



ROUTE OF THE DISCOVERY TOWARD THE SOUTH POLE

An Incident from Life in Southern Italy



It could have happened only in Mediterranean Europe—perhaps only in Italy, certainly only in a land where cruelty is foiled by compassion, where love jostles hatred, where the innocent elbow the guilty. It happened that some ten years ago there dropped into the mesh of one of those “civilized” centers, which spring up in the wake of new railroad projects, a little, old, bent man, a man who had lived his life—or so it seemed—years before. Earth could scarcely have afforded an outlook more desolate than his—high walls on either side, above a tiny strip of sky, beneath his feet the stone pavement, with its network of iron rails; at the north, a gloomy tunnel entrance, and at the south another wall which shut off the switch yards. That was all his world, and his home, located close to the tracks—fairly upon them—was nothing more than a box, set on end, hot in summer, cold in winter, but clean as the winter sun. The man lived with a big, good-natured animal, which could not have been designated other than mongrel, even out of courtesy. Yet, between dog and master, the little box home became a very dwelling place of faithfulness and duty. The loneliness of his life could scarcely be imagined. Not an hour passed without the racking reverberations of the trains—not two hours together served to excuse him from his post—lantern or flag in hand. A slave he certainly was, from the viewpoint of those to whom the world is a hall of enjoyment, and its comings and goings but the passing of a pleasure train. Through rain and shine, ill health, discomfort, often hunger, there he was always at his post. Was he man or machine? How could a human being endure such a life? How could a machine fulfill such duties?

The man limped a little, and yet beneath the ravages wrought by exposure and cold, there was a soldierly air. His old clothes told the story—that he had left the military years before. But the bright brown eyes, the weather-beaten face, which they said was never seen to smile, the hands that still had some ease in their carriage, told the story of an honorable record and an honorable discharge. There was something in his eyes that convinced one of an undercurrent of strength and a certain consciousness of power. But why did he drop into such a life?

One morning the man was wakened by a wailing sound just outside the little box home. His toilet was but a matter of two seconds at any time, and he was soon outside the door where he found a forlorn child, whom he recognized as the one who had passed through the village the day before with a company of strolling players.

The eyes of the man—I never learned his name—were moist as he stooped to pick up the baby—scarcely three years old. But a piercing scream rang out, the child fell again a-sobbing, one arm clasp the man's rough homespun sleeve, the other dangling limp and out-turned at the side. The man realized the situation at once. He had not lived in Southern Italy a lifetime to wonder where the child came from or what he should do with it. It was plain enough, the baby's arm had been dislocated, probably by a savage wrench from the man who had been leading him the day before through the little town. Continual crying became annoying. What more natural than that the child, having become a nuisance, should be promptly discarded? It was an hour and a half before the next train was due. The man gently grasped the hand which rested on his arm, led the child to his cabin, took a bit of black bread from the shelf and gave it to the dog. Why should the dog go hungry? He offered some to the child but was answered only with sobs. Then he left. It was but a few squares to the nearest surgeon.

“It is a bad case,” said the surgeon—“two days’ neglect makes a matter of this kind serious, but with care—now that I have reduced the dislocation—there will be no difficulty.” The child suffered while the little arm was being set, but the man passed through agonies a hundredfold greater. Yet he forgot it at the blessed reward that followed—the sight of that baby face resting upon his shoulder, the little brown curls actually touching his sleeve—that sleeve which had not brushed against a human thing willingly in many years—the long lashes sweeping the cheeks, which were tear-stained to be sure, but beautiful. The child was sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion, and the man was too wise to awaken it. Once in the little box home, he looked about dubiously.

“The bed is hardly soft enough,” he said, looking at the child. He took down his only other coat from the wall, laid it above the coarse mat upon which he slept

and placed the child upon it. He himself, not from hunger nor fatigue, but from the unwonted emotion, had become overstrained. For a brief half minute his face dropped into his hands, and there were traces of tears upon it when he lifted it upon hearing the whistle of a distant train. With a silent motion he warned the dog to be on guard, and went out to the switch.

The child slept nearly all that day, and at night, just as the sun was going down behind the great walls which shut in all his world, he wakened with the word “hungry.” The man was seized with a sudden alarm as he realized that black bread and garlic were not quite the food for a child; and then there came to him something like illumination—partly from compassion, but mostly from a fear that this which had come into his life so strangely—as a star falls in the night—might be lost out again—he had lost so much. The next day a goat was added to the household *menage*, not the kind which lives with the family, but one which “boarded out” and called only at sunrise and sunset, to leave the generous cup of warm milk. Very jealous was the man of that milk, every drop of which was as a pearl buying health for the baby. And so they lived, happy, and the child grew well and strong. It was a strange life, and strangely unclouded; for the man had no kindergarten theories to make him worry about the future and distrust his own love, and in all Italy there was, thank Heaven, no society for the prevention of such cruelty as he was daily inflicting.

A full year passed. The child grew sunshiny and handsome, pouring his whole nature out in love to the poor little bent man, who was the sun, truly, in his sky. The man had changed, too, though he did not know it. The duty that used to be irksome, had become, since the child came into his life, a privilege.

One day—it was shortly after sunrise, and No. 27 was just due—the man, as usual, stepped out of the little box home at the first whistle, flag in hand, and went to the lever. He could hear the train and knew that it was still within the tunnel. Suddenly it came into view. There were still fifty yards between himself and the switch and he hastened his step. Almost at the same instant he saw the child running, his arms filled with bits of wood, straight to the track. On it he stopped, and between the rails laid down the precious blocks. The train whistled again. The engineer, too, had seen the child, but the man—to save the child and then reach the lever in time to save the train was an impossibility. For a bare instant he hesitated. It would have been so easy to have snatched the child out of harm's way, and the train—suppose it *did* crash into the wall—suppose there should be a wreck—suppose the hundreds of people—he could go away and hide—they would excuse him—they would understand—they might even forget—they would perhaps call him a hero. But something deeper in his nature beat and beat upon the door of his heart—so long, so long, had he done his duty. Was he forced, or did he force himself? The man never knew. He only knew that he went to his post at the lever, and the child played on.

The engineer whistled again, and the man noticed that the train had perceptibly slackened its speed. O the agony of that moment! Why lengthen out the horror when it must be—*it must be*? He turned to the switch—a dark cloud seemed to gather about him; his head was swimming, confused; he heard the roaring of something which must have been the train—he saw nothing but tongues of flame which seemed to be within and about his head, leaping up and up. He saw nothing of what had happened—of how the engineer had leaped from the abruptly slackened train, had swiftly run ahead, grasped the child out of harm's way, and with one quick lift, fairly hurled it into the engine cab.

All the man was conscious of was the cruelty of the train crawling by at a snail's pace; even the train, passing so near that it almost touched his sleeve, did not arouse him, and he understood nothing until there was flung almost into his arms a bundle of—something. It was the child. The confusion passed away. In an instant he knew.

The engineer was looking back, and for one brief instant the eyes of the two men met; one, the hero who had risked a life he did not value, to save a child he knew and loved—the other, one who had given up that which was a thousand times more to him than life ever could have been—which was all in the world that he loved—for the sake of a group of careless pleasure-seekers whom he despised.

STUDENT

ONCE to every man and
nation comes the moment
to decide.

In the strife of Truth with
Falsehood, for the good or
evil side:

Some great cause, God's new
Messiah, offering each the
bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand,
and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever
'twixt that darkness and that
light.

—James Russell Lowell

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The House That Jack Built

"TANTE," called Jack from the nursery, "the Sandman says it's time."

"All right, Jack," said his aunt, "I'm coming."

"O Tante, please tell me something *new* to think about tonight, not Christmas, nor vacation time, nor heroes, nor animals, nor boys and girls, something *truly* new." ¶ "Why, Jack, don't you know there is nothing new under the sun?"

"Yes, there is," said Jack, "tomorrow's new."

"But tomorrow never gets here," said his aunt; "now I've got ahead of you, Jack."

"Well, anyway, this *minute* is new; now I'm even with you, Tante."

"But this moment is newer, Jack."

"No," exclaimed Jack, sitting up in bed with excitement, "this *instant* is the newest."

"And you, Jack, are the newest of all," said his aunt, "for each instant you are a new Jack."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Jack, "tell me about it, Tante."

"Why, you know all about it, Jack," said his aunt; "this very instant. What made your arm move about?" ¶ "The thing inside, of course," said Jack.

"Well, I declare, Jack," said his aunt, "if Mother Goose were here, I do believe she would write a new story about the 'House that Jack Built,' for unless I am very much mistaken, you are the very Jack who has built a house, and now you are busy every minute of the day building it over into a finer, newer house. Oh! the finest house it will be, yes, the newest and best that has ever been seen, by the time you get through, Jack."

"Yes?" said Jack, "go on, Tante, please," as his aunt paused for breath.

"Well, Jack, you are not only busy all day, but every minute all night long, that is, 'the thing inside' is busy telling the little workmen to move your arms and legs about, and to give you dreams, and to make you talk and walk. If these little workmen were not busily moving and keeping up a constant action, your house would never be built. But I tell you, Jack, I've made a discovery about building houses. You know how the workmen sometimes go on a 'strike' when one of them gets a wrong notion and upsets all the others, or sometimes when the one who directs them is unjust; and you have heard how bad people will set a place on fire, or will steal in at night and do mischief, so that somebody is needed to set a good example and keep things straight, and somebody else is needed to be on guard to protect the house. And I've discovered, Jack, that you are that very somebody who knows how to always do the right thing, and when things don't go right,

you may be sure 'the something inside' that wants to govern you has been giving wrong directions to the workmen, and not following the true plan. It says, 'I am Jack, I am Jack,' in such a very loud voice that it drags you right into its ways, and things seem to be going very fine indeed, until all of a sudden there is a grand mix up, and then everything is going wrong.

"I tell you, Jack, the newest thing I know of for you to think about tonight when you are going to sleep, is to be on guard to protect your house, so that the naughty thing cannot get in and do mischief and spoil the perfect plan the architect has made for Jack's house, and then tomorrow night when you go to bed you can tell me what the little workmen have been doing to help make over new and beautiful the 'House that Jack Built.'"

"Good-night, Jack, on guard!"

"On guard, Tante, good-night."

TANTE



THE PLAY HOUR—TINY LOTUS BUDS OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL

NOBILITY

by ALICE CARY

TRUE worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as our measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to glory
Gives all that he hath for her smile.
For when from her heights he has won her,
Alas! it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor
And nothing so loyal as love.

We can not make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets,
For good lieth not in pursuing
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating
Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth!
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

A Letter from Baloo

DEAR CHILDREN: You probably enjoyed Lucifer's letter in the NEW CENTURY, but scarcely so much as I did, for I know Lucifer, while you don't, and I love him truly. Lucifer

has really been my foster-mother. When I was very little he was the best friend I had and really brought me up, for my mother (I regret to say it) was much occupied with other matters and really neglected me a great deal.

Lucifer used to play with me. He never hurt me and he never scolded me, even when I would pull his tail to wake him up from a nap. Sometimes he would lie on his side in the sun and softly wave the end of his tail in the air to tempt me, and when I would make a spring for it, then he would jump up quickly and catch me in his arms and give me a good shaking before I could get away. It was great fun. The other cats sometimes frightened me and Lucifer knew this; so he used to stand guard while I ate my dinner, nearly every time. Of course I am big and strong now and don't need so much care, and I sometimes think that if Lucifer had been a little less kind to me it would have been better for me, but, after all, he made my kitten days very happy and I have written this to you because I know about gratitude. It was Lucifer taught me about it. Good-by. Do you believe in the Brotherhood? I do. BALOO.

SURELY the Lotus Buds and Blossoms all over the world must find real joy and inspiration in the picture (which appears on another page) of the Raja Yoga children in a Greek Symposium. *The Little Philosophers*, not only in Point Loma but in nearly every country of the whole world, have won their way into the hearts of many thousands of people who never really knew much about brotherhood before.

Students'



Path

YUSSOUF

by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

A STRANGER came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said, "Here is gold,
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight,
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing, "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me;
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn.
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!"

Our Mental Strength

NO man knows the strength of his own mind, nor can he ascertain this without a trial. Half our mental incapacities are self-imposed, half our inabilities are self-suggested. The mind is not a machine which bears upon it the stamp of its unchangeable capacity. It is rather in the nature of a medium which needs only to be made transparent to give passage to the light of the whole universe, and by our sustained efforts and our thoughts we either add to its opacity or to its transparency.

Of the science of the mind we know very little, but with an increase of knowledge will come the recognition that a very small amount of thought-force, rightly directed, will give to the mind a resulting strength which may be denied to the highest university training. Between the human mind and the mind of the world, which gives genius akin to omniscience, there is a line of least resistance as well as a line of greatest resistance, and because we usually choose the latter we ascribe to ourselves limitations which are indeed created by the very act.

The thought-force which will dissolve the barriers between ourselves and the wisdom which we seek, may indeed be small in quantity, but it must be continuous. The power of continuity can be acquired by every one, irrespective of education and of the memory which so often passes for knowledge. The ancient alchemists, concealing perhaps a profound philosophy beneath their scientific jargon, recommended a gentle and steady heat as alone being efficacious. It is a gentle and a steady heat, which alone can melt the piled up debris of the mind, and hence arises the unpopularity of true spiritual training among those who suppose that some violent mental gymnastic can take the place of an entire change of mental base.

For it is an entire change of mental base that we need. We have to

alter our habitual standpoint instead of making an occasional spasmodic effort and then tranquilly sinking back to the exact point which we previously occupied. The latter method may have its own results. No effort, of course, can be entirely wasted, but this is along the line of greatest resistance and the results must be very small. Of what avail is it to meditate for an hour upon fraternity if we immediately resume our unfraternal life, if we allow the unfraternal habit of mind to reassert itself? It is not a mental excursion that we need so much as a change of residence.

There are truly very few who recognize the hostility which exists between the spiritual philosophy which they suppose themselves to have adopted and the mental life in which they persevere. It is to the life of the hour and of the minute that the gentle and steady heat must be applied, to the hour of relaxation as much as to the hour of study, to our contact with nature as well as to our contact with men. How many are there who can say that the casual thoughts of the day, the casual contact with men and things are consistent with the philosophy which they avow? And herein there may be no question whatever of wrong-doing, but only of the perpetuation of a habit of thought which is not in accord with a philosophic theory. We have been gentle and considerate with all men, but have we acted toward them precisely as we should have done had our philosophy been truly a living power in our lives? Should we have looked even upon sea and sky, upon tree and animal, exactly as we did had we realized the universal life and a consciousness of which these, and we ourselves, are but expressions? We have perhaps done no moral wrong in word or thought, but have we perpetuated a false mental shape, a shape which makes the mind opaque to the light, or which at least does not lessen the existing opacity?

If we would charm from nature her secrets we must be sympathetic towards her, we must look upon her as she is and not as ages of habit have falsely persuaded us that she is. Nature places her gifts within the minds which are permanently shaped to retain them, and not into minds which are momentarily and painfully twisted into some form which we ignorantly suppose to be the right one, and which will immediately become as they were before—as soon as the violence is removed. It is the gentle and steady pressure which is needed, the gentle and steady heat, in order that the old automatism may be removed. X.

Limits of Human Life

HAVE the limits of human life ever yet in recorded times allowed of the full ripening of a genius? One thinks of Keats, dying at twenty-four; of Shelley, at thirty-four; of Byron, at thirty-six; and of many another; and wonders what heights these men might not have reached if they had had even but a few years more of ripening. By the age of thirty-four Wagner had only written *Rienzi* and *Tannhauser*; if he had died two years before that we should have had but the first of those works. Should we from either of them have had the slightest idea of the riches lying hidden in the man, of the *Ring*, of *Parsifal*? He opened in his later period a vein never before touched by human genius; a new man was born in him. And when he died, he was interrupted in the contemplation of a work which he thought would stand to *Parsifal* as that to the others. Was another new man beginning to wake in him?

We have good authority for regarding seventy as the present normal limit of human life. But we cannot agree. We see men's lives wasted in passion, ambition, in all the failings of flesh. We see every rule of health and balanced life habitually disregarded. And we know that all this has been going on for countless generations and its effects multiplied and fixed by heredity. Are we going too far in supposing that if lives were rightly lived, children rightly brought up, and the laws of being rightly obeyed, the average of days would in two or three generations be at least double that assigned to them by David?

What then of genius? Not only would it come earlier to its first bloom, but bloom would follow bloom; the "new man" would be born, not once but many times; where the path for each has hitherto ended in death, a new one would open leading to heights that we cannot conceive of. The Wagners would be able to speak condescendingly of their own *Parsifals*, the Shakespeares of their *Hamlets*, as but creditable efforts of their immaturity; and the world would move spiritually at ten times its present pace.

STUDENT

MY TASK

by MAUDE LOUISE RAY

TO love some one more dearly every day,
To help a wandering child to find his way,
To ponder o'er a noble thought and pray,
And smile when evening falls.

To follow truth as blind men long for light,
To do my best from dawn of day till night,
To keep my heart fit for His holy sight,
And answer when He calls.

THE SPOKEN WORD

by VIRGINIA B. HARRISON

I HEEDLESSLY opened the cage
And suffered my bird to go free;
And though I besought it with tears to return,
It never came back to me.
It nests in the wildwood, and heeds not my call,
Oh! the bird once at liberty, who can catchall?

I hastily opened my lips, and uttered a word of disdain
That wounded a friend, and forever estranged
A heart I would die to regain.
But the bird once at liberty, who can catchall?
And the word that's once spoken, O who can recall?

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Have services a money value?

Answer (1) It seems almost absurd to attempt to answer a question in a few words which it would take a book to answer, provided one were able to cope with it at all. The most that any one could expect to do, would be to raise a few sign-posts indicating in what directions it might be worth while to let one's thoughts wander.

It goes without saying that under the present social system there must be a return in the circulating medium for services rendered, for people must live, and this is the method at present by which that is possible. But I fancy this question is asked from the standpoint of the idealist. Is this particular kind of "give" and "take" inherent in the nature of things? Is there a natural relationship between money and labor?

The answer, it would seem, must hinge upon what money can be made to stand for. It represents, I believe, according to most political economists, labor. This may have been the intention, it may have been true in earlier and simpler times, but I think any one is excused now in trying to think out or feel out the ideal relationship between money and labor, because this basis of the political economist seems more like a theory than a fact.

Every one can see that many who labor faithfully and well have very little money, and that many who do not labor at all in any way have enough and to spare. Some useful services are poorly paid, and many others, injurious to the community at large, bring enormous returns. Half the world is starving and the other half rolling in wealth. Indeed, so independently do these two factors—money and labor—seem to run their way, that an ordinary common observer would be obliged to read a learned treatise on the subject, to know that the one represents the other. To the public mind, money has come to possess an intrinsic value. It is considered as representing all good things, but not labor at all, and it must be obtained, generally, at all hazards. It has been made such a fetish that labor has become its humble slave. It would not be too much to say that a very large majority work, not because the work needs to be done, not because they love it, not because others are benefited by it, but simply because they hope to obtain through it this much coveted treasure—money. Money, then, stands for man's greed and selfishness in reality, whatever it may do in theory.

Every science, profession, art, even religion, has been desecrated by this spirit. The external form, at least, of every kind of labor has been laid at the feet of this monster.

So, however equitable the money system may have been intended to be, it is not so practically. It is, on the contrary, a system under which

greed and selfishness can run rampant. Whether this is all the fault of the system or of man's heart is another question, or how it all can ever be righted. But *our* question, as to whether services have a money value, we cannot answer in the affirmative, unless we degrade service or imagine a new kind of coin which is not current today.

Service is a holy thing. If it is real and true, it springs from the heart. It is something which is naturally and cheerfully and joyfully drawn out by the needs of others. It is born of love. It is love's inevitable expression, a something beyond all price. In a natural harmonious state of society, one can imagine it would be interchanged almost unconsciously. It would be as simple as breathing.

Glancing at the ideal helps us to estimate the real. To look upon the former as unattainable is to give up all hope of humanity, therefore we must constantly hold it before our soul's eye, that our feet may walk toward it.

It may need one sent from heaven to revise our social system, but if we are content to rest in the mire, such an one would be sent in vain.

G. V. P.

(2) One needs to ponder well what the meaning of service is before he can place any value on it. If we are serving our own selfish ends, working as man against man, striving for power and supremacy, bending all our energies towards the accumulation of wealth, fitting ourselves to occupy places of responsibility and trust where our services will be sought after as valuable to those who are working for the same purpose, then surely our services are entitled to large remuneration in dollars and cents. From this standpoint, just so far as we can compete with and excel some one else in "valuable" service, just so much more money can we demand for our services, and this is considered just and right from a worldly and business standpoint.

But if, on the other hand, we fully understand the meaning of the word service—to help or benefit others, to render assistance or kindness—then surely our service has no monetary value.

I believe this meaning of service should attach itself to all departments of labor and, all working with the earnest purpose of helping humanity, our every-day duties would become a labor of love and kindness. Thus, with the fervent desire in our hearts of making the whole world better and happier, would be hastened the time "when our political and social institutions will attain an approximately perfect form, when there will be bread enough for all to eat, and the best science of the schools will be a common possession—a time when the last vestige of war and private competition disappear. Then there will be but one payment for every service: Gratitude."

We, as students of Theosophy, know that a sense of gratitude is one of the highest and noblest emotions that one can have, and thus in our gratitude toward the Helpers of Humanity we "seek to render noble service to all that lives."

A. E. W.

Occult Nonsense

A NEW "prophet" has arisen! So declares a paragraph in a Chicago paper. This newest of the propounders of the "occult" (sic!) is authority for the statement, so it seems, that "a person's astral body can be sent all over the world." This new "cult" is based upon the idea that there is good in every religion upon the face of the earth. This is good; but it is not so tremendously new. It is also stated that with proficiency in the exercise of the "astral" power, a man will be able to transport (sic) his astral body from one point to another, and that his corporeal or magnetic body (!) will follow. Whatever may be the antics played by one's astral body, the vision of one's corporeal one flying through space in the twinkling of an eye, is edifying. It sounds like the old *Mother Goose* rhyme, which recites the story of a certain hero, "who follows his nose wherever he goes." In this article, long about one "stick," say four inches, there also appears the remarkable statement that this gentleman is an authority on Theosophy and the Occult.

An authority on these great subjects is a huge proposition. As the essence of Theosophic practise is the bringing into exercise of that most uncommon quality of judgment called common-sense, followers of it need only to bring that into play to discern at a glance, fact from error and sense from nonsense.

G. DE P.

THANKS

by JOHN VANCE CHENEY, in *Atlantic Monthly*

THANKS to you, sun and moon and star,
And you, blue level with no cloud---
Thanks to you, splendors from afar,
For a high heart, a neck unbowed.

Thanks to you, wind, sent to and fro,
To you, light, pouring from the dawn;
Thanks for the breath and glory-flow
The steadfast soul can feed upon.

Thanks to you, pain and want and care,
And you, joys, cunning to deceive,
And you, balked phantoms of despair;
I battle on, and I believe.

Thanks to you ministers benign,
In whatsoever guise you come;
Under this fig tree and this vine,
Here I am master, and at home.

Martyr's Field

TWENTY-EIGHT miles from London is the village of Amersham and close to the village of Amersham is a plot of ground upon a hillside which is known as the Martyr's Field. It is a small piece of ground, not apparently different from the land which surrounds it and of which it is a part. But go there when all the countryside is glorious with cultivation and ask of any resident the meaning of the barren patches upon the Martyr's Field, the patches upon which no healthy crop is seen but only blotches of heavy, sickly and loathsome weeds. He will tell you that long ago men and women were burned alive for their religion upon this very field, that they were shut up in barrels studded with long nails and rolled from top to bottom of this hill, and that upon the exact spots where these horrors were committed no crop has ever yet been known to grow.

Superstition? It may be so; who knows? But there can at any rate be no superstition about facts whatever there may be about their explanation, and the facts are that men and women were indeed martyred upon this spot and that here no crop has ever yet been known to grow. Let us couple these facts in any way we please, but facts they will certainly remain, to be verified by any who have the leisure and curiosity. Year by year this ground has been ploughed and sown, presumably because it is less trouble to include it than to exclude it. Year by year, these terrible

patches have told their disgraceful story and have refused to wipe out the stain which has been placed upon them.

To believe that we see here a cause and an effect is not perhaps a superstition. It is perhaps something that will grow more credible as we understand the sympathy between the consciousness of man and that of external nature, as we recognize that man can indeed stamp his pain and his cruelty upon the face of nature, bringing a frown where there should be a smile. The world is after all the physical expression of the consciousness which belongs to it and of which the human consciousness is a part. If man by his passions can distort his own body, if by his misdirected mind he can wreck the machine in which it works, why should he not also play havoc with that greater body which he calls the world, why should not his evil thought sterilize the land as it shatters and ruins his own body? Truly, the subject will bear much reflection, and by it we shall perhaps throw some light on natural processes which now seem perplexing, lawless and cruel.

STUDENT

Missionaries in Japan

IT is not very often that missionary authorities confess to a failure of their propaganda, and such a confession is therefore all the more noteworthy. At a recent Presbyterian Assembly a missionary from Japan announced to the surprise of his audience that "the Japanese are not becoming Christians in proportion to their population and to the evangelistic work done for them, as fast as have other countries." The candid speaker was further of opinion that Japan would inculcate the countries over which she might have an influence with the great ethical religious spirits of Confucianism and Buddhism. The speaker then went on to deal with the difficulties against which the missionary organizations were compelled to fight. It seems that the chief difficulty is the Japanese belief in the innate perfection of human character. It is evident that the Japanese religions contain something akin to the teaching of Jesus—"Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." It is indeed astounding and disheartening to find American missionaries who profess to be representative of American religion and who go away to other countries in order that they may avowedly fight against a sublime belief, and a belief which was the very corner-stone of the religion of Jesus. If human character does not contain the innate power of perfection for what purpose are we alive and what is the goal of effort and of progress? Under such circumstances as these and with systems of creed which are an insult to human intelligence, we do not wonder that the missionaries fail in Japan. They fail everywhere.

STUDENT

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MAY JUNE	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
30	29.770	69	58	60	56	.00	NW	9
31	29.762	67	58	62	56	.00	W	8
1	29.750	66	54	62	56	.00	SE	5
2	29.810	68	59	64	60	.00	SW	4
3	29.702	70	57	64	61	.00	SW	4
4	29.492	71	60	63	60	.00	S	8
5	29.616	68	60	63	61	.00	SW	3

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Vol. VII

JUNE 19, 1904

No. 32

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Neo-theology of Christianity
Vicarious Atonement
Power of Theosophic Doctrine
Mean Things of Life
Immortality
Delagoa Bay—frontispiece

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Contract Labor
Juvenile Criminality
Music to Be Delivered by Wire
To Check Child-labor
Boys & Prison Life

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Wood-carving—Some Fundamental Principles
Beauty of the Ideograph
Within a Student's Home at Lomaland (illustration)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Thomas Paine on Justice to Women
Woman at the St. Louis Exposition
Wife of Lafayette
New Woman in China
The Divorce Evil
Are Women Responsible?
Death of Joan of Arc (illustration)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Arrowhead Found at Point Loma
Laws of Ancient Babylon
Man of the Bronze Age
African Matabelan (illustration)

Page 9—GENERAL

Courage

Pages 10 & 11—GENERAL

View of Eleusis (illustration)
The Mysteries of Antiquity

Page 12—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
First Annual Exhibition of the Raja Yoga Academy at Santiago de Cuba

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Scientific Confusion of Simple Problems
Mosquito, Malaria and Yellow Fever
Reflections on Left-Handedness

Pages 14—FICTION

Transformation of Bill

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Spring Song
My New Little Woman
At Play in Lomaland (illustration)
Flower Girls (verse)
A Raja Yoga Songster

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Men Wanted (verse)
Canon Henson
The Religion of Justice
Brotherhood Among Savages
Prophetic Signs (verse)
Students' Column
Gospel of St. John

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

The Spirit of Life (verse)
Mysteries of Antiquity
—Continued

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

The Neo-Theology of Christianity

Somewhat differently from many other thinkers upon this subject, Sir Oliver takes a bright and progressive view of the future of Christian religious thought; and it is not the less refreshing in that it comes from so high a source. He says:

Now that religion is becoming so much more real, is being born again in the spirit of modern criticism and scientific knowledge, may it not be well to ask whether the formal statement of some of the doctrines which we have inherited

from medieval and still earlier times cannot be wisely and inoffensively modified? There is usually some sort of forced sense in which almost any statement can be judged to have in it an element of truth, especially a statement which embodies the beliefs of many generations. But when the element of truth is quite other than had been supposed, and when the original statement has to be tortured in order to display it, it may be time to consider whether without harm its mode of expression can be reconsidered and redrafted—to the ultimate benefit indeed of that religion of truth and clearness which we all seek to attain.

Vicarious Atonement Shattered

I would not be in the least dogmatic in such a matter, but surely it is generally recognized that, although the sufferings and violent death of Christ were natural consequences of His birth so far in advance of His age, and although the pity and horror of such a ghastly tragedy has a purifying and sacramental influence, yet we are now unable to detect in it anything of the nature of punishment, nor do we imagine for a moment that an angry God was appeased by it, and is consequently disposed to treat more lightly the sins of men here and now, or any otherwise than as they have always been treated by a constant, steadfast, persevering Universe.

E pur si muove!

As to the Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, our writer practically refuses to accept it. He speaks of the "underlying realities" of religion, and classifies them under three heads:

- I. Incarnation with Pre-Existence.
- II. Revelation or Discovery.
- III. Continuity and Persistent Influence.

How truly are the following sentences filled with the very life of Theosophic thought:

Not Governed by an Outside God

The utterance of science on these heads is not loud and is not positive, but I claim that at least it is not negative. No science asserts that our personality will cease a quarter of a century hence, nor does any science assert that it began half a century ago. Spiritual existence "before all worlds" is a legitimate creed.

No science maintains that the whole of our personality is incarnate here and now; it is, in fact, beginning to surmise the contrary, and to suspect the existence of a larger transcendental individuality, with which men of genius are in touch more than ordinary men. We may be all incarnations of a larger self. Incarnation of a portion of a divine spirit therefore involves no scientific dislocation or contradiction, nor need it involve any material mechanism other than that to which we are accustomed.

We are no aliens in a stranger universe governed by an outside God; we are parts of a developing whole, all enfolded in an embracing and interpenetrating love, of which we, too, each to other, sometimes experience the joy too deep for words. And this strengthening vision, this sense of union with Divinity—this, and not anything artificial or legal or commercial, is what science will some day tell us is the inner meaning of the Redemption of Man.

The spirituality of the evolutionary scheme outlined by the writer in the above excerpt, for it amounts to such, is a remarkable proof of the power the Theosophic doctrine has had, and is having, on the world in general in this century; and attests the degree to which it is imbibed (shall we say unconsciously?) by many of the most brilliant and representative minds of the age.

Change in religious thought is rarely deep-rooted, when it is based on mere intellectual scrutiny. It must come from inner conviction to be permanent.

Such writings as the above are, today, scarcely remarkable for their rarity; three decades ago they would have attracted widespread and antagonistic comment; three centuries ago, doctrines and beliefs similar in character would have brought their enunciator under the ban ecclesiastic.

For what have we here? First, the rejection of the old idea of vicarious salvation by means of divine atonement: that by self-sacrifice of deity (sic!) Humanity may obtain absolution from the consequences of its sins and sufferings merely through the belief and faith in such deific action. Instead, this thinker clearly acknowledges the universal law of Justice, absolute and infallible per se, which he speaks of as a "constant, steadfast, persevering Universe." Second, the lecturer refuses, as opposed to truth, that other bulwark of orthodoxy, called the Immaculate Conception of Jesus the Christ. As to the mystic meaning of this grand

Underlying Realities of Religion

old philosophic tenet, it would be out of place to enter into that here.

What remains of the theologic structure raised so laboriously, and at such cost of blood and tears to Humanity, during two hundred decades past? There remains the Wisdom-Religion of Jesus the Christ, of which he spoke to his disciples in parable, and which has been the same for all peoples in all times, as the "underlying realities" of religion: the fundamental, basic truths of Nature, and of man's divine parentage.

Reduced to these primal principles, not a single one of the different great human families is there, which does not acknowledge the same; and what a grand possibility seems to dawn on us when we realize the trend of modern religious thought, all over the world—the possibility, in truth the probability, of a universal Religion of Humanity, the same for all peoples in its principles (which, indeed, it already is!), and those principles the same as the great truths lying at the heart of the ancient Wisdom-Religion of the Ages!

In the recent Crusade around the world, special study was made of the religions of the countries visited, and of the distinct sects born therefrom. Everywhere were startling evidences of the continuity of these universal

A Universal Religion of Humanity

primal religious ideas, and everywhere were startling evidences of the tenacious hold they have on the human mind. The gigantic monumental testimony, raised the world over, as Houses of the Eternal Spirit, separate from their outward form, are very similar to

each other in general design; so much so, that a fixed impression is born in the mind, that once upon a time, in the far-distant past, there existed a common universal religious architecture; even as there was a common universal religion.

Our Christian nations, one "pagan" one as well, are leading the van of this civilization; and the modern conception of Christianity is showing on every side proof of an evolution of itself. Will a new day not break, before so very long, lightening the hosts of men as they march forward upon a common path of destiny, clinging to the same common belief, the universal brotherhood of humanity?

Therefore, to what an extent does the sentiment of the writer cited above foreshadow the future evolution of the Christian faith? To what spiritual heights will it not attain along the lines of thought he has felt compelled to choose? Verily, may we say, to the Wisdom-Religion of the great Founder of the Christian Church, that Wisdom-Doctrine of all past time.

CRUSADER

The Mean Things of Life

LET us not surrender to the mean things of life which so ceaselessly war upon us, striving to detach our hold upon our ideals and upon the eternities. We cannot separate ourselves from these mean-nesses, because they are a part of the world in which we live, and it is through them that we advance. But let us handle them as though we momentarily stooped to them and not as though we lived upon our hands and knees. Let us dwell with our heads among the stars, and although we must bend to touch the petty things of life, let us do it with the dignity which belongs rightfully to us and not as though we willingly found a congenial home amongst them. Let us enter amongst them as visitors and not as residents.

Our mental home is, after all, the place in which our highest inclinations lie. It may perhaps be our lot to be in almost continuous contact with the trivial things of life, but so long as we remember our true and lofty station, we are preserving the elasticity which will draw us directly back to it whenever an accomplished duty will permit. The mind, like the body, can stand erect or it can stoop, but only by standing erect can it grow, only by the constant tension upwards, which in no way prevents us from stooping when it is necessary, and which insures our instant recovery when the necessity has passed.

How many are there whose aspirations and ideals were once living truths, but are so no longer, although their wordy semblances remain? Such as these have stooped, as all must stoop, to the pettinesses of life, but they have lost their elasticity, they have willingly remained upon their knees amongst the dirt, they have made their home amongst the unworthy, they have forgotten their own country amongst the stars.

STUDENT

Immortality

FORTUNATELY for mankind, there is implanted deep in the human heart a conviction of its own immortality, which is strong enough to overcome the doubtings and questionings of the puzzled brain, and keep alive hope, faith and charity. It is this conviction that keeps people from despairing and prompts them constantly to do things that are unselfish and faithful and that do not square with the belief that death ends all. People who do not think deeply at all have this inner conviction of immortality, and so are not troubled by doubt and despair. They work for their posterity, toil to gain fame after death, give up their lives for loved ones or cherished causes, and act in many other ways as if they were immortal and knew it. Even professed sceptics, who think they believe that death ends all, show by their behavior that they know and feel it to be otherwise.

But when we come to reason on the question of immortality and try to convince our intellect of it by arguments, we find ourselves confused by the false notions we hold about man's nature, about the purpose of human life, and many other problems.

To begin with, we do not sufficiently realize that, however deeply we examine into our own minds, there must always be something deeper yet which we cannot analyze. The fact that we are able to analyze ourselves in this way proves that, behind all the changing scenes of our mind and heart, there stands a central soul that plays the part of spectator. This soul is entirely independent of all the faculties and functions, and is supreme over them. From this central soul all the faculties spring, and it will continue to exist after their passing away. It is the soul which makes man a self-conscious, self-analyzing being; and we may in fact even say that, unless man had an immortal soul, he would not entertain the question of immortality at all.

Current religious ideas do not give us a satisfactory intellectual conviction of immortality. They make the soul so vague and so remote from our ordinary life, that it seems not to belong to us at all; hence, when we are told that this soul is immortal, it does not seem as if it meant that we are immortal.

Again, religious teaching does not discriminate between the higher and lower nature of man, except in a vague theological way. It takes away immortality, together with the essential divinity, from man himself, and transfers them to the theological "soul" in a theological after-life. Thus the real divine and immortal nature of man is denied, and a vague conception substituted in its place.

Theosophy, on the other hand, maintains that the best part of our make-up, as we find it now and on earth, is immortal, and that the soul is not something that will only appear after death, but is the real man as he lives on earth.

To understand immortality, we have to distinguish clearly between what is material, external, temporal, and what is spiritual and eternal. The notions of time and space, as found in the outer world, do not apply to the spiritual part of our nature; and the ideas of beginning and end, change and decay, belong to the outer world, but do not concern the soul, which lives in an "eternal present," as we may try to express it.

Thus, a restoration of the belief in immortality means a restoration of the recognition of our divine nature, a renewed faith in the freedom and all-powerfulness of the soul or real self. It means that we realize once more that there is that in us which cannot perish, which never was born and never shall die.

So-called beliefs that death ends all, amount to nothing more than logical confusion and need trouble no one. It is doubtful whether the question of futurity ought to occupy our attention at all, seeing that it distracts us from the performance of present duty and the enjoyment of present life, and turns our attention to the region of unpractical speculation. Immortality should be sought for in the here and the now, not in the dim "future," which, so far as our speculations are concerned, exists only in our imagination.

H. T. E.

Delagoa Bay---Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week presents a view of the native compound at Delagoa Bay, Portuguese Possessions, South Africa, a location which was brought into much prominence during the South African war.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Contract Labor Should Be Checked

THE law against the importation of contract labor seems to be more honored in the breach than in the observance. This must inevitably be the case where laws are passed without any effective means of enforcing them. The highly skilled workman whose knowledge would be a gain to the whole country is excluded because he is too conscientious to deny that he is under contract, but the unskilled and densely ignorant laborers from the east of Europe are admitted by hundreds of thousands, and that they are practically under contract is shown by the fact that they know exactly where to go upon landing and are at once received and set to work.

Last year 451,000 Croats, Slavs, Poles, Lithuanians, Bohemians, Italians and Hebrews arrived in this country. Out of this enormous total 150,000 were utterly without education, and the bulk of the remainder were barely able to read or write. Nearly 80,000 Scandinavians arrived during the same period, but out of these only 264 were illiterate, and the average of education was high.

If there was any general idea of the character of this immigration from eastern and southern Europe, it would be stopped at once. National hospitality is a virtue, but national suicide is a crime, and it is hard to give any other name to a policy which placidly admits so vast an army of dangerous and brutalized and misgoverned people. They cannot be merged in the national life and they have no intention whatever of trying. They are marching through our eastern gates like a victorious and unwashed army in order to possess the country. X.

Gravity of Juvenile Criminality

JUDGE LINDSAY, of Denver, seems to hold some strong opinions on the subject of juvenile criminality, and to be one of the few public men who are really impressed by the gravity of the situation. He summarizes the problem with a conciseness which in no way detracts from its tragedy, and we wish that his words could be carried into every household in America. He says:

At least one-half of the murderers have come from the boys of the country. Over one-half of the inmates of your jails are boys. At least one out of every five of the mothers' sons come to jail between the ages of 10 and 20—a majority of these between 10 and 17. There are from two to five times as many boys arrested annually as all other classes combined. Nine-tenths of these boys are American boys, American born, and not of foreign birth, as is generally supposed. They are increasing in numbers constantly. Every penitentiary in the country is full of young men who were boys only a few years ago. The jails are full of boys of today.

Could there be a more unanswerable indictment of our civilization, and what must be the judgment of posterity upon a social system which not only creates such a state of affairs, but which views it with a placid equanimity untinged with self-reproach? What will be the end of it, because an end there must be, and speedily, unless the lawless forces of the community are to dominate avowedly as well as actually?

Judge Lindsay, however, is fortunately not one of those who diagnose the malady and then, like the Pharisee, pass by on the other side of the road; nor does he raise the usual ignorant and pernicious cry for an increase of severity toward the criminal. His remarks are, indeed, permeated with that sound and refreshing intelligence which for some mysterious reason we call common-sense. He says plainly that the parents are responsible, and that they ought to be compelled to face their responsibility. If the sins of the fathers are to be visited upon the children, then also the sins of the children ought to be visited upon the fathers—and the mothers. "Send them to jail," says the Judge, "if they neglect the education of their children, if they encourage them to steal or to lie, if they surround them with vicious influences."

We have, of course, no profound faith in jails as moral or reformatory agencies, but so long as jails are a part of our enlightened and Christian civilization, let us at least fill them with the right people.

But Judge Lindsay has a word to say about iniquities and incompetencies other than those of the parents:

The souls of little children in this country are being offered up every day as a

sacrifice on the altar of politics. Impurity and vice are allowed to come into their lives by the criminal state which does not protect them.

We can, perhaps, do something with criminal parents, but what can we do with a criminal state? The problem steadily enlarges itself as we look at it. We cannot put the criminal state into jail, and so our favorite panacea fails us at the last. Moreover, the Judge tells us that the jail makes its inmates worse than they were before.

Judge Lindsay tells us that for years he has made it a practise to trust in the honor of the boy criminal and that he has never yet found that trust misplaced. When he commits a boy to the reformatory he gives him his papers and lets him go alone. He says his plan is to "love him back to righteousness." It seems that the boy criminal has a sense of honor greater than is possessed by very many who are neither boys nor criminals.

STUDENT

Music to Be Delivered By Wire

A COMPANY is now in process of formation whose object is the delivery of music by wire to private houses, public halls, and wherever else it is wanted. So far, we understand that its operations will be restricted to Boston. It will make use of an instrument capable of recording and repeating all the range and qualities of sound within the perception of the ear. A device is attached which makes the tones audible over a large hall, or reduces them to the amount that is agreeable in a sitting room. Any kind of music can be supplied, vocal, uni-instrumental or orchestral, and of any composer. This is one of the dreams of Edward Bellamy, dreamed many years ago and then thought absurd. ¶ When the invention is in general use the piano industry will certainly suffer somewhat severely. This one can hardly regret. Nine persons out of ten who laboriously learn that instrument have almost nothing to show for their time and are wholly unfitted for rendering any kind of music. But they are not unfitted for enjoying it, being softened, educated and elevated by it. And the man who places music cheaply and accessibly at the constant service of the public in their own homes may claim to rank as a benefactor alongside of the inventor of printing.

STUDENT

Movements to Check Child-Labor

THE movement against the excessive employment of children shows some gratifying vitality in spite of a most discreditable public apathy. An exhibit in preparation for the St. Louis Exposition and explanatory leaflets will be given away in great numbers. Child-labor bills are now before the legislatures of four States, and there is good reason to hope that they will pass. New Jersey, however, has decided not to prohibit the night-work of children in the glass-works unless they are under fourteen years of age, while Iowa has refused to pass any bill whatever upon the subject. All progress, however slight, is, of course, to be noted with satisfaction, but we wish that the patriotism of which we hear so much and see so little would but materialize into the form of adequate protection to the children who, in a few years' time, will constitute a large part of the American nation.

STUDENT

Effect of the Prison Life Upon Boys

THREE boys, of whom the eldest is only fifteen years of age, are in custody for attempting to wreck a train. The minimum sentence for this offense is ten years in the penitentiary, and we presume that this punishment will be inflicted. Upon his release the eldest of these boys will be twenty-five years of age, and the gift of prophecy is not needed to forecast the kind of man then to be let loose upon the community, which will thus receive its own products with compound interest. Would that it were possible to form some exact estimate of the effect of the penitentiary upon a boy criminal, or that we could follow up the life history of some of the boys who have been subjected to this treatment! The result would not be complimentary either to our moral sense or to the commercial interests upon which we pride ourselves.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Wood-carving—Some Fundamental Principles

ACTION is followed by reaction, and it is well. The old day of elaborate upholstery gave place in time to a period when wicker-work and plain wood dictated their own terms. From the elaborate, over-carved and over-ornamented furniture of a decade or two ago the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. Today we demand the simple, the massive, the plain.

The reaction has come not so much against carving, in itself, as because of the kind of carving that has been inflicted upon us in our furniture. The mass of it has been lifeless and worthless, generally because the one fundamental rule of art has been violated in its production, the rule by which the craftsman and the designer should not be, must not be, separated. The simplest leaf form may be so carved as to express something finer and greater than itself—the real thing—the soul, if you like. The purest design may become in the translating, and how much of our modern work is, lifeless and void. The simple truth is, the one who is incapable of making a design is incapable of rightly carving one made by another. The ancients knew this, and the crafts, one by one, have decayed as this ancient ideal has been lost.

It was a fundamental principle in the old days that both design and execution should be the work of one and the same person. This must come again to be the universal rule if any real progress is to be made in the art of wood-carving or any other art, for the matter of that. The commercial tendency of the times has had much to do with keeping our arts and crafts upon that level where sordidness and a willingness to imitate have been their curse, and one proof of this is the separation of the design from the craftsmanship itself.

That is why we tire of so much work that on the surface seems, and is even, well-executed, well-designed.

We never tire of a true and perfect Indian basket, a rare old bit of Italian carving or one of those marvelous missals or manuscript tracteries that have come down to us from the old days. The secret is very simple. They have something to say to us, something to reveal. Through them the soul itself has poured something of its life. It has been left to us moderns to change all that and we have changed with a vengeance. A design that is worthy of the name is something living, vital. Let it be "transferred" to wood by some one who is ignorant of the principles of design or who is incapable of producing a design equally excellent, and that which was alive becometh dead forthwith. Our artists know this principle. Is it not time that our craftsmen should learn it too? Let a song by Schumann be sung by the cracked voice of a Bowery *impresario*, with an accompaniment played on a piano that is hopelessly out of tune, and what have you? The cases are parallel. Then, considering that a large proportion of our carved furniture has been cursed with bad design to start with, and unfeeling, mechanical workmanship to conclude with, need we wonder that the reaction has come and left us praying for plain

wooden benches and the simplest possible lines in our tables and chairs?

When Katherine Tingley founded the Woman's Exchange and Mart one of her objects was to bring about a revival of the ancient arts, crafts, and industries. She has done so, but not as many others have attempted to do it, by slavishly copying the ancient models. Rather has she built an atmosphere in which the *ancient principles, not merely the old forms, can live*. She is fostering a genuine art feeling which makes it possible for the spirit and the letter to go together, impossible for design and execution to be separated, and easy for the soul to express through craftsmanship its very message.

GIVE me the pay I have served for.
Give me to sing the songs of the great Idea, take all the
—Walt Whitman



A GLIMPSE WITHIN STUDENTS' HOME No. 1, LOMALAND
Carvings by R. Machell

In this revival there is no room for slavish copying, which is at best but a shell, a ghost of something that once was. Nor have we at Lomaland any patience with the impractical and the unexpressed, the purely theoretical. A true revival of all that is best in the arts and crafts of the ancients will only come when there is a genuine and perfect union of thought and expression, of theory and practice, of craftsmanship and design.

STUDENT

The Beauty of the Ideograph

WHY are the streets of the merest Japanese village picturesque and beautiful, while our own business streets are ugly and commonplace and hard? Seeking for reasons, the traveler is likely to conclude that it is partly due to the picturesqueness of the signs. It is impossible to imagine anything beautiful in a painted legend reading "second-hand clothing," or in a sign reading "boots and shoes;" and the close proximity of the modern sign is usually sufficient to spoil the inspiration of the most beautiful building in the world. But translate these various signs into their exquisite Japanese or Chinese equivalents, decorate the store fronts with ideographs instead of common-place English letters, and behold! something has happened.

The beauty of the ideograph is by no means a thing of pure imagin-

ing. Its every line is a single unfettered sweep, and we feel that generations have loved and limned these expressive forms until they have evolved not into greater complexity, but into simplicity, primitive beauty. They may be untranslatable, as mere words, to the tourist, but he, nevertheless, feels their beauty and the purity of their witness to that inner grace and inner symmetry which is the secret of The Real. Is it strange that the Japanese love the legend which tells how certain ideographs, once written by Holy Men, became through the magic of that grace and power which lay in their sweeping lines, actually incarnate, and descended from their tablets to hold converse with mankind?

STUDENT

THE gulf which exists between Ireland's past and the future that awaits her people has been well-nigh bridged by the love of music that has refused to die out of the hearts of the Irish people, and the symbol which they keep in their flag of the harp itself. Today all signs point to a not far distant time when all that was best in ancient Irish music shall become once more a factor in the heart-life of the people.



WHAT ARE THE IRON CHAINS THAT HANDS HAVE WROUGHT?
THE HARDEST CHAIN TO BREAK IS MADE OF THOUGHT.

—Thomas Paine

Thomas Paine on Justice to Women

THOUGH not generally known, it is nevertheless a fact that Thomas Paine was the first man in America to plead for justice to women. In 1775, he wrote, in the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, of which he was at that time the editor, the following:

"Affronted in one country by polygamy, which gives them their rivals for inseparable companions; enslaved in another by indissoluble ties, which often join the gentle to the rude, and sensibility to brutality! Even in countries where they may be esteemed most happy, constrained in their desires in the disposal of their goods, robbed of freedom of will by the laws, the slaves of opinion, which rules them with absolute sway, and construes the slightest appearances into guilt, surrounded on all sides by judges who are at once their tyrants and seducers, and who, after having prepared their faults, punish every lapse with dishonor—nay, usurp the right of degrading them on suspicion!—who does not feel for the tender sex? Yet such, I am sorry to say, is the lot of woman over the whole earth. Man with regard to them, in all climates and in all ages, has been either an insensible husband or an oppressor; but they have sometimes experienced the cold and deliberate oppression of pride, and sometimes the violent and terrible tyranny of jealousy. When they are not beloved, they are nothing; and when they are, they are tormented. They have almost equal cause to be afraid of indifference and love. Over three-quarters of the globe Nature has placed them between contempt and misery.

"Even among people where beauty receives the highest homage, we find men who would deprive the sex of every kind of reputation. 'The most virtuous woman,' says a celebrated Greek, 'is she who is least talked of.' That morose man, while he imposes duties on women, would deprive them of the sweets of public esteem, and in exacting virtues from them would make it a crime to aspire to honor. If a woman were to defend the cause of her sex she might address him in the following manner:

"'How great is your injustice! If we have an equal right with you to virtue, why should we not have an equal right to praise? The public esteem ought to wait upon merit. Our duties are different from yours, but they are not less difficult to fulfill, or of less consequence to society. They are the foundation of your felicity, and the sweetness of life. We are wives and mothers. 'Tis we who form the union and the cordiality of families; 'tis we who soften that savage rudeness which considers everything as due to force, and which would involve man with man in eternal war. We cultivate in you that humanity which makes you feel for the misfortunes of others, and our tears forewarn you of your own danger. Nay, you cannot be ignorant that we have need of courage not less than you. More feeble in ourselves, we have perhaps more trials to encounter. Nature assails us with sorrow, law and custom press us with constraint, and sensibility and virtue alarm us by their continual conflict. Sometimes also the name of citizen demands from us the tribute of fortitude. When you offer your blood to the State think that it is ours. In giving it our sons and our husbands, we give it more than ourselves. You can only die on the field of battle, but we have the misfortune to survive those whom we love the most. Alas! while your ambitious vanity is unceasingly laboring to cover the earth with statues, with monuments, and with inscriptions to eternize, if possible, your names, and give yourselves an existence when this body is no more, why must we be compelled to live and die unknown? Would that the grave and eternal forgetfulness should be our lot! Be not our tyrants in all! Permit our names to be sometimes pronounced beyond the narrow circle in which we live! Permit friendship, or at least love, to inscribe its emblems on the tomb where our ashes repose; and deny us not the public esteem which, after the esteem of one's self, is the sweetest reward of well-doing!'"

Woman at the Exposition

WOMAN is to play an important and unique role at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, but it will not be spectacular, and much of it will be enacted behind the scenes. It was the desire of the Board of Lady Managers that there should be no Woman's Building, and that the products of woman's work should not be labeled and set apart. It was their wish that woman's handiwork should be entered with that of men under the usual exposition standards, which are both impartial and severe. The women entertain, however, in their own quarters, to which the general public will obtain admission only by card.

Miss Egan, the Secretary of the Board, said recently: "We did not want the women's work tagged and put into a variety of sideshow. Woman has gone beyond that point in industry and in every other field she has entered. At this exposition she is placing her work alongside that of men, asking no favors and expecting only justice.

"In the domains she has entered—and they will be found to include everything in the arts, crafts and sciences, and nearly everything in manufactures—she will be found worthy. This exposition will educate the world on the scope of woman's work as nothing else ever has done or could do. When the Woman's Board was given the right to nominate women for members of juries for judging where women's work and men's work were in rivalry, more was done for women than could have been done by erecting a costly building and using it to fasten tighter the band of sex distinction upon women workers."

The Wife of Lafayette

WE revere Lafayette but we, as Americans, know too little of the noble woman who became his wife. "La femme Lafayette," as she began her every petition to the government, became the wife of Lafayette before she was fifteen, the husband himself being but sixteen years of age. The marriage was one of the most ideal known to history and when the "inspired boy" ran away from France in disguise and crossed the ocean to aid us in our struggle for freedom, the girl wife, soon to become a mother, smiled through her tears, saying, "Go, you are right, I wish it." The letters that passed between Lafayette and his wife are marvelous in their beauty and utter confidence.

Later, when Lafayette was banished to a foreign country, Madame Lafayette, unlike the wives of many of the exiled aristocrats, not only refused to be divorced from her husband, but petitioned the government to be allowed to share his imprisonment. In care of General Washington, she sent her bright son of fourteen to America and then joined her husband in a loathsome prison. Though her health was shattered by the confinement her heroism was not in vain.

Shortly after her death her husband wrote of her in a letter to a friend, "Indulgent as she was with respect to calumny and petty hatred, never did she allow, even at the foot of the scaffold, a reflection upon me to pass without protesting against it."

STUDENT

THE ex-Empress Eugenie, who is today seventy-eight, reigned as the consort of Napoleon III. from 1853 till 1870, setting, thanks to her beauty and extravagance, a fashion in dress for which Parisian dressmakers ought to be grateful to this day. Her wardrobe is said to have cost £200,000 a year and her household expenses £2000 a day. When the crash came the Emperor and Empress settled down at Camden House, Chislehurst, in quiet English style. At Farnborough she is chiefly known as an assiduous visitor of the poor. In a mausoleum at Farnborough Hill rest the remains of the Emperor and of their son, the Prince Imperial, who was killed in the Zulu war. The ex-Empress has been to Zululand to visit the place where her son died.—*London Daily News*

The New Woman in China

PRINCE PU LUN, whose liberal views are said to have enraged the redoubtable Dowager Empress during the Boxer troubles, is honorary commissioner for China for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and Mr. Wong is vice-commissioner-general. When the latter took up his residence in St. Louis some months ago Mr. Wong placed his daughters in the Girls' Classical School of Indianapolis.

When Prince Pu Lun arrived to attend the opening of the exposition he signified his desire to see something of the education of American women. Mr. Wong suggested that he visit the school in which his daughters are pupils, and the Prince thereupon, with a suite of five dignified mandarins and forty servants, went to Indianapolis and took up his residence at the principal hotel. He awarded the diplomas to the young woman graduates of the school at the commencement exercises, made them a speech and expressed his sense of their courtesy when the girls elected his only daughter, born since he left China, an honorary member of the school. Then he accepted a reception tendered him by the woman's council of the city.

This council contains 8,000 women, and more than 5,000 of them were present at the reception.

"He said that he was more interested in the higher education of women than in any other one question of the day. He declared that he was convinced that if China was ever to come forward and assume the place among the modern civilizations that she held among the ancient ones, her women must be thoroughly educated and emancipated."

In accordance with this idea, he secured a letter from the Chinese Minister at Washington to the Chinese Minister to Germany asking that some woman connected with the Chinese Legation at Berlin be appointed to represent the women of China at the coming meeting of the International Council. This meeting of the International Council of Women at Berlin promises to be one of the most remarkable in the history of the woman movement. The act of the German government in offering the use of the Reichstag for this meeting is without precedence. STUDENT

The Divorce Evil

THE divorce evil, the discussion of which has occupied the Presbyterian General Assembly at Buffalo for two days recently and which has been for some time claiming considerable attention from both press and pulpit, is now being discussed by prominent Club women. Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler, honorary vice-president of the Illinois Women's Press Association, is reported to have recently said, "I have no doubt that the Presbyterian Ministers are acting conscientiously in their decision and expressing themselves honestly in their views. They are mistaken however in their contention that the marriage ceremony of itself is a sacred institution.

"No mere ceremony can sanctify that relationship which we call marriage; only great and pure love can do that. There is much to be taught in regard to marriage and it is not strange that ignorant and unwise marriages occasionally end in divorce. Some of them ought to.

"The wedding ceremony in itself is a mere form and is sacred only when the relations of the contracting parties are based on justice and purity." This, it must be confessed, is not always the case.

Are Women Responsible?

A RECENT New York paper, in a gently trenchant editorial, lays the blame for the mutilation of horses by docking upon women.

"Let ladies say that they will not ride behind a docked horse and in a short time no such horses will be seen." The editor also kindly attributes the high checking which is so painful to horses, "to the vanity of women," and probably thousands agree with his statement, that if women would refuse to wear dead birds upon their bonnets, the terrible slaughter of our songsters would cease in the twinkling of an eye. This is not pleasant, however, to those of us who are women, particularly to those of us who would not check a horse painfully high, nor mutilate one for vanity's sake, nor wear dead birds on our bonnets. Yet we cannot be honest and say that the criticism has no foundation. The difficulty is not that women have not high ideals, but that they have not that unity which is the only basis upon which ideals can ever be built into realization. A million men together could not put down the simplest insurrection if each one charged upon the enemy on his own account, without any thought of Leader or comrades. When women learn the lesson, that, it must be confessed, men have learned to a certain extent already, the lesson of unity of effort, some headway will be made against the evils of the world, and not until then. STUDENT

The daughter of my people is become cruel.

—Lam. 4: 3

Caught 'mid some mother-work,
Torn by a hunter Turk,
Just for your hat!
Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world:
All the more wings to tear, carefully twirled,
Women want that?

Oh, but the shame of it,
Oh, but the blame of it,
Price of a hat!
Just for a jauntiness brightening the street
This is your halo, O faces so sweet,
Death: and for that! —Wm. C. Gannet



"IT IS FINISHED"—JOAN OF ARC'S DEATH

PEOPLE that are centuries behind the march of civilization may be possessed of primitive customs, but they often possess primitive virtues which the civilized man might do well to emulate. Mary E. Durham, an English woman, has recently penetrated into the most unknown and barbarous regions of Servia and Montenegro, without any escort but a native guide and with no protection other than her courage, her own womanliness and an English passport. Miss Durham, so great was her trust in the people of the Balkans, traveled over the most lonely tracts of the country, lodging in hovels and mingling freely with people of a land which is one of the wildest corners of Europe.

MEMBERS of one of the Chicago woman's clubs have incorporated a Federal Health Bureau. Its purpose is to do something about "educated parentage," and its members advocate that no marriage licenses should be issued without a physician's certificate of health. They have determined to ask federal legislation that will prevent marriages among those who cannot show a clean bill of health or who cannot prove to the marriage license clerk that they have never been guilty of a crime. This is certainly a step in advance and other steps will follow, for the end is not yet.

JUVENILE marriages in India have recently been somewhat discouraged by the announcement made by the Central Hindoo College, Benares, to the effect that all married boys in the higher classes will be charged double admission fee and double tuition fees; and in the lower classes married boys will not be admitted.

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

An Indian Arrowhead Found at Point Loma Homestead

AN inch of white flint—found a few yards in front of the Homestead office entrance. Simple and unobtrusive here lay an Indian arrowhead; a “sermon in stone” among stones which have many messages to tell humanity. On Point Loma are stones carrying down through the ages a record longer than any even in this ancient land of America—stones which could tell of the rise and fall of continents and grand civilizations which human memory has long forgotten.

Among such venerable stones as these is found this little witness to a remarkable phase of retrograde civilization whose meaning is even yet misunderstood by the race which has supplanted it in all but a few neglected and dying communities of Indian life. The arrowhead seemed to be characteristic of the glorious civilization of this ancient continent degenerated into warring tribes, typical of the disintegration of a great national force.

The north land to the south is sown with flint beautifully fashioned by craftsmen whose fingers have not entirely forgotten the skill bequeathed to them by their ancestors. Possibly there is no symbol more universal, no relic more lasting, than these little arrowheads.

The riddle yet remains to be read. Possibly this little white stone had its duty to do in defense of Point Loma against hostile forces. Possibly it came from a foe-man's hand and remains to tell of an enemy defeated.

Perhaps its message is of the sacred mysteries inaugurated, before metals were used, by the candidates for greater knowledge—ancient mysteries whose degraded echoes we still can hear, and hearing, not understand.

Our masonry of today will, it is to be hoped, be forgotten before the years have unrolled much more of their record.

The real national monuments of America—monuments far more ancient than the eagerly sought antiquities of Europe we are allowing our vandalism and commercialism to destroy day by day, and what have we to put in their place? Shall we not eagerly look forward—shall we not bring about an era of national masonry such as old Egypt learnt from those who dwelt in America before us—really national and not individual, reflecting our position among the nations, our responsibilities, our hopes, our aspirations; that it may not be said by those who come after “This was built by such a one,” but “This is a monument to a nation of wonderful masons?”

Then shall they remember our America by the emblems of peace and not of war; as a pillar in the temple of the universe, and not as a stone rejected of the ages. Shall we leave nothing of more lasting import than a few arrowheads?

FOLLOWING upon the example of the Italian government the Norwegian Odelstring has passed a bill forbidding the sale or export of any national objects of archeological interest such as Norse coins, weapons, remains of Viking ships, etc. America will soon be remarkable not only for its archeological wealth but also for indifference to that wealth. Something, it is true, has been done, but much more remains to be done if the traces of prehistoric American civilization are to be saved from the curio hunter. The National Government should spare neither time nor money to preserve everything of a prehistoric character from the devastating hands of ignorant and wanton vandalism.

The Wise and Enlightened Laws of Ancient Babylon

THE profound significance of the legal code of Hammurabi, the Babylonian King, is becoming more and more appreciated as its enactments are better understood. A few years ago we did not know that such a man had ever existed. We now know not only of his existence, but that he ruled over a mighty and a free people, and that the laws which he made were not only merciful and just, but profound in their comprehension of human needs. Hammurabi was certainly justified in saying of himself, “I was a master who was unto my people as the father who had begotten them.”

That legal procedure in Babylon had been carried to a very high point is shown by its absolute insistence upon written evidence. All judgments must be sealed, receipts must be given for all goods and money entrusted to another, and a deposit note must be furnished for goods in bond.

In many respects the Code of Hammurabi shows an enlightened wisdom in excess of any laws which have been operative since his day.

Penalties were incurred if lands were allowed to lie uncultivated, and payment of interest upon loans was excused if it could be shown that crops had been damaged by storms.

Comparisons between the laws of Hammurabi and those of Moses are necessarily drawn, accustomed as we are to the assurances that the latter are the wisest ever known. Such comparisons are strongly to the advantage of the Babylonian system. In its criminal clauses the Babylonian law was more just, more merciful, and placed a higher value upon the sanctity of human life. STUDENT

A Man of the Bronze Age

AN interesting discovery has been made on the top of Brandon Hill, in the County of Durham, England. Some workmen engaged in quar-

rying found a stone receptacle containing human remains which, from the position of the bones and from other indications, evidently belonged to the Bronze Age. The sides of the receptacle were formed of four large stones lying nearly due east and west, with the head to the east. The remains are those of a man of large size, about sixty years of age. Close to the skull was an unusually fine clay urn, eight and one-half inches high, tastefully decorated with three bands of herring-bone ornament, each band surrounded by punctured lines.

The skill with which many of these urns are made and ornamented would seem to point to a higher degree of knowledge than we usually associate with this division of primitive humanity. STUDENT

WE have usually believed that wire rope is peculiarly an invention of modern times. Recent excavations at Pompeii have, however, produced a piece of rope made from bronze wire. It is about fifteen feet in length and one inch around. It is made of three strands, each strand consisting of fifteen wires twisted together. Pompeii was destroyed over eighteen hundred years ago, but the excellence with which this particular piece of rope was constructed is evidence that it was even then by no means a new invention. The Assyrians are known to have used wire, but there is no proof that they ever twisted it into rope. STUDENT



A TYPE OF THE AFRICAN MATABELE

IT is a remarkable fact that the sportsman who comes from the jungle, where he has encountered without a tremor the deadliest animal foes, has been known, upon his return home with the trophies of his prowess, not infrequently to show himself a man who does not dare to oppose the wrong fad of the hour, or a popular political belief. England, the nation of sportsmen, gave a strange exhibition of this trait of humanity during the Boer war. But a very few men, at the head of whom stood the prophet, W. T. Stead, dared to antagonize the jingo cries. After mobs had smashed the windows in the houses of a few of the most outspoken, there was immediately noticeable throughout England an absence of men who cared to encounter the opprobrium of advocating unpopular justice, and the condemnation of their enthusiastically warlike neighbors—who were quite willing to go in large crowds and make demonstrations against single individuals.

In France during the Revolution, we had another curious phase of courage. There were men, and many of them, who did not dare to set themselves in opposition to the dictates of their class, though they might have saved France by a timely exhibition of their beliefs, who later on marched from the prison to the guillotine with a light-heartedness and *insouciance* that showed physical courage of the highest type. So confusing are these contradictions, that we come almost to wonder what the word courage really means.

Perhaps its vagaries are best exhibited in that cartoon of *Life*, which shows a lion-tamer, who has returned at a late hour and fears to encounter his spouse, going into the cage of the lion for his night's rest, and being discovered presently, the woman looking through the bars and exclaiming, "Oh! you coward!" And this cartoon is founded upon not rare idiosyncrasies of courage.

We then reach the point where we ask ourselves:

Am I a brave man, or am I a coward?

If brave, to what extent, in what direction?

For instance, does my courage extend to the point of telling the truth when I lose advantage by such a course; or do I prove myself a liar through cowardice?

If I see a fellow-man drowning, am I sufficiently brave to risk my own life in his rescue?

If I am in a society where an opinion that I hold to be based on truth is vigorously denounced, have I the courage to defend it?

Or do I slink? Slink is a good word, though not a very nice one. It is not pleasant to imagine oneself as a slinker.

And if a fire were occurring in the adjoining house, would I be willing to incur the risks of suffocation in order to rescue a woman who might otherwise perish?—and if I did this, would I on the next day give a smiling assent to the suggestion of my employer that I should vote a ticket which I believed to be not for the best interests of the community?

If I have a long-founded belief, which has been disturbed by argument, am I of that mental caliber which bravely goes to meet a demolition of my views, preferring to encounter a shock to these conceptions? Or do I mentally slink and carefully run away from disturbing thought?

In other words, am I a coward?

True courage is a component part of so many things that it is worth our while to examine.

For instance, no man can be truly a gentleman if a coward. He may have the exterior marks of a gentleman—the veneering—but at heart he lacks, if he lacks courage.

There can be no such thing as true manliness, or true womanliness, if there is a lack of courage.

Courage is the first component of character.

Courage is an essential of successful business life.

Courage is an essential in the administration of a household—the government of the servants. If a mistress is cowardly, her servants quickly discover her weakness and trample upon it.

Courage makes the difference between the clergymen, noble, devoted and useful, and the mere time-server—that most pitiful of professional men, who draws a salary for rendering services to his fellow-men and slinks through life avoiding his responsibilities.

Courage not only marks the great editor of a great newspaper, but its

Courage

by JOHN BRIDEN WALKER in *The Cosmopolitan*

absence kills the investment of the stockholders in that newspaper, so subtle is the public mind with reference to the characteristic of courage, and so instantly does it discover whether a man set over a great journal to guard the public interest has

the courage necessary, or whether he is slinking along trying to avoid every important issue.

Courage equally distinguishes the man in public life and makes of him the personage; or, in its absence, allows him to dwindle into an unrespected obscurity.

Courage in a wife rouses her to meet the greatest emergencies of life. She becomes a heroine in the face of unexpected calamity, before the loss of fortune. It puts her upon a pedestal above the ills and losses of life, where her husband and children may worship; or, for the lack of it, allows her to dwindle into the slattern.

Courage distinguishes the young boy just entering upon his career and marks him out for promotion. He has the courage to stay by duty until performed, to speak the truth, to sacrifice pleasure to his mental and business development.

Courage enables a man in any one of the great stresses which come in life to every human being, to put aside temptation.

It is courage that prompts a man to seek the welfare of his fellow-men rather than his own.

Courage—nerve, some young men call it! But that is a less discriminating word.

Yet I do not know of any course on courage that is given in the public schools. I do not know of any text-book on courage. I do not know of any book that has gathered together the great examples of moral courage which have been given to the world by its heroes.

Physical courage we lay stress upon.

Physical courage is told of in books.

But physical courage is so common in form as to be almost unworthy of notice. In some it is a form of hysteria. In a thousand instances it has been known to be a lack of moral courage. The man touching elbows and going unflinchingly into battle, we speak of as exhibiting courage. Yet it may be merely that he fears to incur the criticism of his companions.

From the *Iliad* down, we have had much talk of this kind of courage. It is trifling. It is unimportant. It means very little. But moral courage—why have we no books which explain to the young the thousand ways in which moral courage may be cultivated, and how much it means in each man's or woman's success?

One additional thought in this connection.

Courage gives the man or woman power to consider facts upon their merits. It is the coward who, in the face of a fact, is side-tracked because the popular, known feeling has been in a certain direction. The man of courage will consider a fact upon its merits. He will investigate. He will analyze and so obtain the truth. And this power of obtaining the truth—truth obtained through a courageous mind—is most valuable in every pursuit of life.

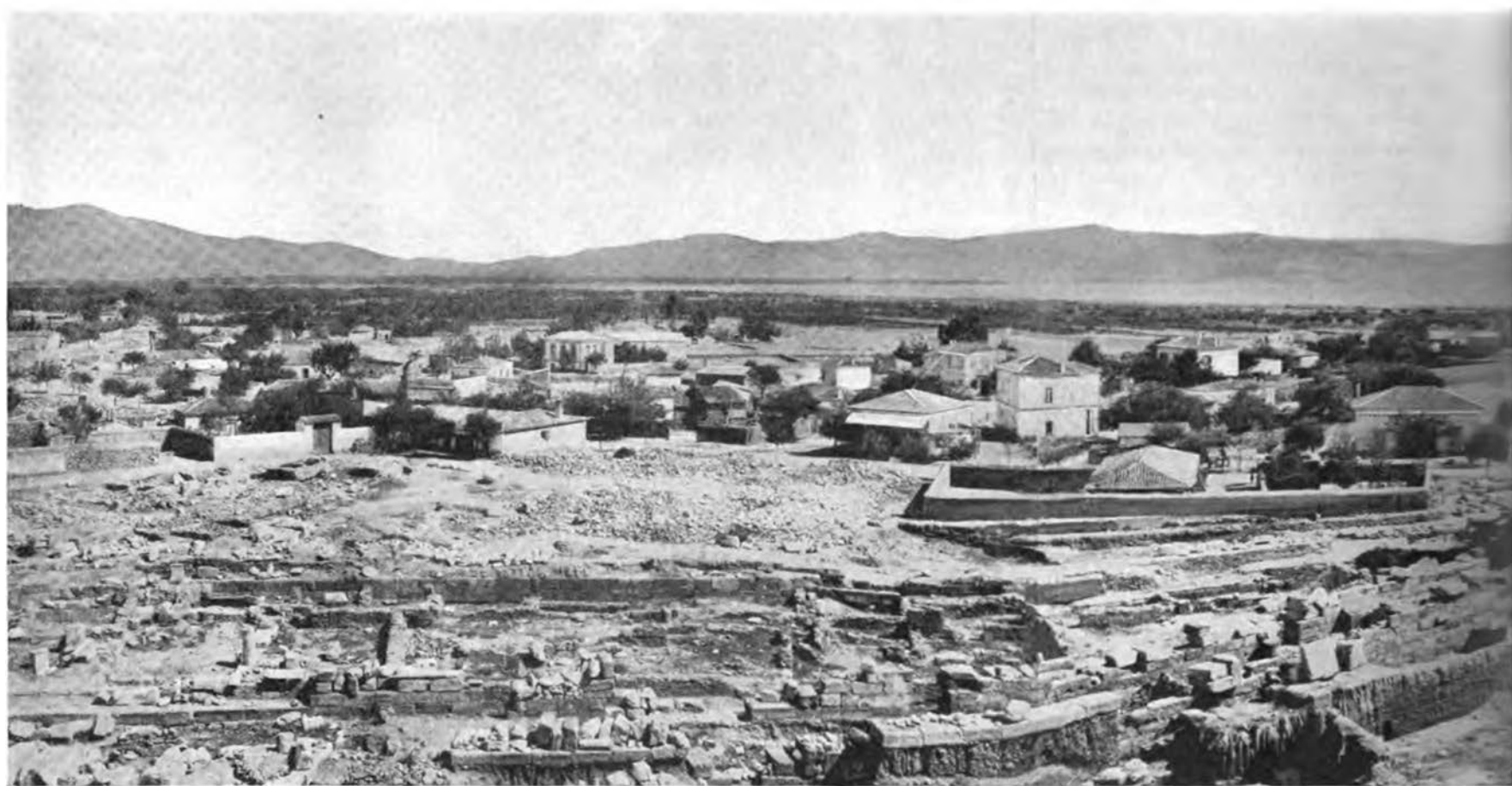
The cowardly mind, standing before opinions heretofore in vogue, is frightened at any temerity of thought, is deterred from investigating; and going into the slough of the commonplace, loses the opportunity for that advance which in modern life means success.

It is not clearly understood how valuable is the adjunct of courage in the man or the woman, nor that, if accompanied by good judgment, it is the most valuable of business assets.

FATHER TAYLOR, when remonstrated with for maintaining his friendship with a Unitarian, on the ground that he must go to a place not mentioned in good society, replied: "It does look so, but I am sure of one thing—if Emerson does go to that place he will change the climate there, and emigration will set that way."

THE great man is he who hath nothing to fear and nothing to hope from another. It is he who, while he demonstrates the iniquity of the laws, and is able to correct them, obeys them peaceably. It is he who looks on the ambitious both as weak and fraudulent.—*Walter Savage Landor*

IT fares with us in human life, as in a routed army; one stumbles first, and then another falls upon him, and so they follow, one upon another, till the whole field comes to be one heap of miscarriages.—*Seneca*



PANORAMIC VIEW OF ELEUSIS, SHOWING, IN THE FOREGROUND, THE RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CITY IN WHICH THE

IN view of the establishment of the School of Antiquity at Point Loma, California, by Katherine Tingley, its Foundress, the subject of the Mysteries of olden time becomes interesting from a new standpoint.

What were these Mysteries, about which so much has been said? A picture is here presented of these traduced ceremonies and celebrations.

The Mystera of the ancients are a sore point of contention among our savants. While the majority admit that they were in all probability sacred festivals, for the most part celebrated at regular recurring periods, not one dare say that he knows either their real meaning, or even the nature of the ceremonies followed. He dare not, simply because he knows it not! That these Mysteries date from untold aeons of years in the dark, unknown past, is granted grudgingly, that they had an aim and purpose beyond that of duping the polloi and hoodwinking the profane, is supported by as few as the ten fingers of the hands; that they professed, and once were, the opening of the spiritual nature of the neophyte by strange and holy ways, is denied outright! Yet great is Truth, and it will prevail.

Let us reason together. That human nature, in essentials, be different today from what it was tens of millenniums ago, is improbable; as long as man has possessed the intricate and composite whole he now directs, his human characteristics must have been what they are now; and this will lead us right back into prehistory, into pregeological times. The first settlers on the banks of Sihor, Egypt's flooded stream; the ante-Dravidian occupants of the Peninsula of Hindustan; the forgotten peoples covering Central Asia with flourishing cities; and those ancient and unknown Americans who preceded the Toltec and Maya builders, aye, even to those races whose portraits we have on Easter Island, graven on enduring stone; where do we find evidence, historic, geologic, ethnologic or other, that man was not far back in prehistoric night just what he is today, in all that makes man a man? So it must be, that from and before the memory of man, from the time when he, like Enoch, walked with the gods, that he has been a seeker after Truth, and that his spiritual nature has forced a demand for recognition upon him, at times imperatively, so that the essence of Being was sought out as the *summum bonum* of life. It was once upon a time known, by intimate personal intercourse, that man is as much a part of Being, Universal Being, of the absolute vibrant life-energy of the Universe, as that he is finite in his lower nature. And in the adyta of the sacred fanes of hoary Antiquity the rites were established, after his Fall from his pristine high spiritual estate, and the teachings and powers resurrected, which would confer upon man his forgotten heritage. There were enacted those mystical ceremonies, and imparted those doctrines, making of him not slave, but Master of Life, not blind creatures of sense and passion, but Initiate in the Wisdom of Isis, which

The Mysteries

the goddess so carefully veiled with her mantle from the too-presuming gaze of her passion-laden sons.

Hence the veneration in which these Mysteries were held. Hence the reason why these things were so carefully guarded from intrusion, that war and desolation were accounted as incomparably of less moment, not to be compared, with the preservation of the holy flame: that flame burning not only upon the altar of the Temple, but likewise in the heart of the Resurrected.

In these initiations there were stages of progress for the seeker. To *know*, to *will*, to *dare* and to be *silent*, were the pass-words demanding peremptorily for admittance into the Brotherhood of Humanity's Saviors; and they were never refused, for he who came carrying their burden in his heart, and manifest in his life, came by divine right, and was already in spirit a member in secret. Veil upon veil was lifted to him; there remained veil upon veil behind. Also there were the Arcana of which I speak, and the outer Halls of Knowledge. Woe betide him who had not passed beyond the veil separating the two! Not yet is he an Initiate, but a probationer; not yet a master but a disciple, pledged to the Cause of Humanity's aid. Dark demons of doubt still held their sway over his soul; still was he subject to his self. If it so happened that his daring carried him beyond his strength to fulfill, so that he failed those above him in the Cause, then his doom came upon him swiftly, not by order, but by the Law under whose dominion he had so placed his life. What life more significant in this connection, than that of Julian, called the Apostate? Called Apostate because he left the shell and form of exoteric Christianity, to seek the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. The Law fostered him and carried him along in its own working; perhaps a sadder cry was never heard than his: gathering his blood in his hand, from the wound in his body, he launched it upwards with the cry, so it is said, "Galilean, thou hast conquered!" The church today takes it one way; those who know, say that it was the voice of human despair, acknowledging not the starry Christos, but the iron hand that was to fall so heavily on man's heart.

With him died the Mysteries, I mean their formal recognition by men. But there is hope. There is Atonement, and it is known among hierophants of the old-world Wisdom, as the BAPTISM OF BLOOD. Humanity has been passing through it, and the day has come now, in cyclic time, when Wisdom shall again reclaim her children, the widow weeping for her sons.



MYSTERIES WERE ENACTED, AND IN THE BACKGROUND THE MODERN GREEK CITY, FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH

of Antiquity

The religions of earth are the children of the sacred Mysteries of Antiquity. Profound study of the facts shows us clearly that at certain periods in history, at times of great dearth and stress, at times when the flow of spiritual life is at its ebb, there appear Messengers among men, whose mission it is to preach a "new" gospel to the people. They come like shooting stars into our midst, and when they vanish a new religion has been founded; a new philosophic cult has been instituted; a new code of morals has been given. Those who are entitled to speak with authority, say that these Messengers from the gods appear at cyclic periods, and that their advent is known, and their coming heralded, by signs and wonders. It is, nevertheless, all done in so natural a way, that not having the key, historians record the fact and pass on.

These religions, these philosophies, these moral codes were born in and of the sacred Mysteries. Time, in its mysterious working, marks off the epochs; the Mysteries are profaned by the spirit and turmoil of the outer world and are withdrawn from sight; the temples become the dens of priestcraft and human terrors. And so it continues, until the cyclic course of Destiny brings forth the Deliverer, the Regenerator. He outlines his doctrine publicly; he gives the key thereto to those he has tried and proven faithful beyond doubt. The Mysteries are *reborn*, to last for a time, for times, and half a time.

Who today can read the full meaning of the old Mystery language of the old initiates? What Egyptologist has understood the *recondite* meaning of the Temple writings of Egypt? What student of their sense, in this our day, may lay claim to have unraveled the skein of their abstruse significance? None! They are scarcely to blame, for who of them is to know that these picture writings must be read not merely in signs, but also in color; in juxtaposition to each other; and by certain formerly well understood rules regulating their interpretation, whether in a religious, a civic, a mystic or an historical sense?

In those old days, part of the knowledge imparted to the neophyte in the Mysteries, is much that is today common in every school in the land. Such were Geography; Astronomy; the Science of Numbers, and Mathematics in general; Chemistry; Alchemy; Divine Astrology; and, above all, History. But they went farther than is done today. The secret bearing of these sciences on man's destiny was explained and demonstrated, while the future of races to come was proven by these very branches of human knowledge. They went farther; that is, the gifts to man

in ages far gone, conferred by great souls who came to this state of life for that purpose, were then given with a key, now forgotten, but which was then verily a reality. It is easy to hear the thinkers of our day scoffing and deriding the idea, but, after all, what proof have they to offer that it was *not* so? Is man the *only* being in this Universe endowed with will-power and intelligence? If he is, how comes he by such divine powers? If he be not, where are they who are sharers with him therein? They must be above and below him; and our answer is there.

Now what knowledge have we today, that is not derived from what our forefathers had? Our systems of weights and measures; our jurisprudence; our codes of ethics; our forms of government; the very languages we speak, are all derived from antiquity; and the ancients were our precursors in all that we may now lay claim to. Music, numbers, art, architecture, government, law-making, industries—in short, everything we know, was known and practised before ourselves. On the old monuments, and in the signs of Egypt, may be seen the shoemaker drawing his twine; the jeweler at his task; the glass maker blowing his glass, just as we may see it today.

Why should the conceited phantasy of the age fancy that our knowledge is self-created, and that it symbolizes the being of such a civilization, that the records of past time have no parallel to it?

Among these Mysteries of Antiquity, none perhaps are so well known to us, through the voice of rumor handed down, as those of Eleusis. Of prehistoric beginning, the Eleusinia took place at the time of the harvesting of grapes each year, in the month of September, called the month of Boëdromion, and lasted for a period of seven days. The Eucharistia was one of the oldest rites of the old time. Ceres signified *bread*, and Bacchus *wine*, the former exemplifying life regenerated from the seed; and the wine, or grape, was emblematic of Wisdom. Jesus the Christ said: "I am the Vine, and my father is the husbandman," referring here to the secret and mystic knowledge of things that he could impart. This again shows the standing of Jesus the Christ, spiritually; for the pledged disciple might receive, but was not empowered, and *could not*, impart, or initiate.

So much for what were termed the Eleusinia "the greater." These were celebrated between harvest and the seed-time. Then there were the Eleusinia "the lesser," which were held ceremonially in the early spring time.

Here, at Eleusis, in Pelasgic times, whatever may be said to the contrary, were enacted the wondrous Mysteries, the "Things Veiled" from the eyes of men, in and during which the inner eye of the prepared neophyte recovered its power, and the Fields Elysian were opened to his searching gaze. He saw life as it is; he saw BEING, uncovered from its enshrouding veil of matter; (*Continued on page 18*)

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

SUNDAY night's program at Isis Theatre comprised an address by Dr. Van Pelt, Superintendent of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, on "Women's Clubs," and one by the Rev. S. J. Neill on "Australasia." Two of the Raja Yoga children also read short papers, the first by a little Swedish girl on "My Country, Sweden," and the second on "Cuba," by one of the Cuban children. Dr. Van Pelt's paper was a thoughtful enquiry into the object and scope of women's clubs.

"Those who are not directly connected with these clubs, or through some experience have not had their attention especially attracted to them, perhaps scarcely realize what an important feature they are of our modern American life. They are to be found everywhere. Quite likely every little town in every little and big State is honored with its women's club. Sometimes they are simply literary clubs. Sometimes they are quite complex, having many departments, including a literary, educational, philanthropic, an art, musical, domestic art department and so on. Now, if properly used, they ought to be a means of broadening the home life; of enabling a woman to fill her position better. If they do not do that for any woman, they are, of course, worse than useless to her. For what we all need to learn to do is not to ignore the place to which nature has appointed us, but how to fill it better and better; how to beautify and purify it and make of it all that is possible.

"The clubs are such an enormous organization, from the point of view of numbers, that one wonders why they are not even a greater power; and they have accomplished so much, one wonders why they have not done yet more. What is it that holds them back from a greater success? Some failure, of course, to understand nature's purposes, and work with her. It can only be that which holds any of us back. Nature has a plan, or that which is behind nature has. There must be a definite line of evolution, and any who work with these divine forces, are irresistible. Suppose that instead of working for a little culture here, a little knowledge there, the correcting of little evils on one side, or the starting of new reforms in another; suppose that instead of trying to patch up the social fabric as it is, there were, working through these clubs, a mighty force, which could grasp the trend of human affairs as they are, and which would like magic throw all human energy into line, and start it flowing in its natural channels!"

The Rev. Mr. Neill's address on Australasia contained many points of very great interest. He touched briefly upon the very interesting geology of the country, comparing the conclusions of scientists with the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky with which they are rapidly coming into agreement.

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Address by Dr. Van Pelt on "Women's Clubs" and by Rev. Mr. Neill on "Australasia" --- Good Music

Reprinted from the San Diego News

Very important were Mr. Neill's remarks on the aborigines, or Maoris.

These people, it seems, elect their own members of Parliament, and some of their chiefs are in the Legislative Council or Senate of New Zealand. In most countries the aborigines vanish before the advancing white settler, but the Maori is holding his own and shows a slight increase.

There had been wars between the Maoris and whites many years ago, but the Maori King, Mahutu, is now a member of the government. The Maoris had, and perhaps have still, a form of religion of their own, which is said to be a remnant of the Ancient Wisdom Religion. The little Swedish girl who read a paper on "My Country Sweden," is certainly a good patriot. After recounting some of the advantages which she had gained at the Raja Yoga School, she said:

"At the Raja Yoga School we are most carefully taught to study the history of all nations, we are obliged to know all about the writers and the historians of these countries; what their religion, their patriotism, their nationality; and we have to know if they are what we call prejudiced. That is a big word; it has played a cruel part in the history of nations. Through history I have learned much about my country Sweden. I have learned to love it. I love my ancestors. They must have been a great people to have done so much for liberty. You remember it was Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, who went to Germany, being sorry for the suffering of the German people, and fought to protect it in the Thirty Years War. Once the Swedish people get Raja Yoga, they will make Sweden a greater country than it is now; and if they do this, with love in their hearts for other countries, all countries will be blessed."

The little Cuban boy was no less patriotic. He said:

"I am not old enough to know all that I would like to know about my country, but I feel it has begun a new life. I believe, too, that, year by year, America will help it. I believe that some day Cuba will help America. Columbus said of the Cubans that 'they were the goodliest people in the world,' gentle and forbearing, and honorable. Then they had no guns; no forts; no soldiers in arms; and they had no fear.

"Cuba has entered upon a new life, through the work of our Raja Yoga system. Schools are to be started in different parts in order to further this work of helping little children."

Dr. Van Pelt's valuable and suggestive address on "Women's Clubs" but a brief extract from which is quoted above, will be reprinted in full on the Woman's pages in the next issue of the "New Century Path."

The First Annual Exhibition of the Raja Yoga Academy at Santiago de Cuba

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, HEREDIA 3, May 12th, 1904

ALTHOUGH the Raja Yoga Academy was opened not more than six months ago, great plans were laid and executed for an exhibition at the closing of the summer term. The program was varied and represented the principal characteristics of the individual pupils, as well as affording an exhibition of the various parts of the school curriculum.

The beautiful spacious salon of the Academy was converted into a play-house for the occasion. A stage was built, all necessary scenery added and an artistically decorated drop curtain made by Mr. Machell, the famous artist of Point Loma, completed the settings.

The exercises opened with a grand march, and before going further it should be mentioned that great credit is due Miss Amy C. Lester, principal of the Raja Yoga Academy, not alone for the well-arranged program, but for the ease, confidence and independence with which the children carried off their parts individually and collectively. A march by the school, intricate in its design, was executed without an order, thus showing the unifying influence of the Raja Yoga system and the developing self-mastery of each and all of the children.

Another interesting feature of the program was a Greek dance, given by a number of the girls. Attired in simple Greek gowns, wreathed and garlanded, they glided over the marble floors, gracefully swinging pretty colored silk scarfs. So chaste and pure, without a sound, their graceful figures formed the most effective pictures of art and grace.

Exercises with dumb bells, conducted by Mr. Reinemann, were also an important part of the program. These, the audience not only cheered but they applauded with no small amount of enthusiasm the splendid vigor of the drill.

The fact that physical training plays an important part and is absolutely indispensable to a healthy mind, was demonstrated beyond a doubt to the parents and friends of these children who at the beginning of the term could take little or no exercise at all.

A class of "little tots," directed by one but a few years their senior, marched, sang and gave an exhibition of their daily physical exercises, all to music. They were prettily dressed in the colors of the rainbow, simple and classic, and wore sandals.

Many remarks of appreciation of the beautiful and classic tone of the performance were overheard and the audience was already at a high point of enthusiasm when the second part of the program opened. Little had they anticipated what was coming, for tableaux were an entirely new feature of entertainment for them. In these tableaux the children displayed unusual ease and grace, for they are well defined types of the Latin race and of a poetical temperament.

The forepart of the stage was banked with flowers and shrubs among which sat the chorus of children who sang in very good English the songs accompanying the tableaux.

Original addresses by some of the pupils interspersed the program, which was brought to a close with a presentation of flowers to Mayor Bacardi by little four-year-old Marie de Moyer, the youngest pupil in the Academy.

There was a very distinguished audience. Among those present were the Mayor, Sr. Emelio Bacardi, and Sra. Bacardi, Provincial Superintendent of Schools, Sr. Navarette, and Sra. Navarette, Sr. Desiderio Fijardo and Sr. Daniel Fajardo Ortiz of the *Cubano Libre*, Dr. and Mrs. Mayner, Sr. de Moyer, Sr. and Sra. Berengner and many others.

SECRETARY

✧ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✧

Scientific Confusion of Simple Problems—Multiple Personality

THE public should not allow its thinking on psychological matters to be done for it by the medical profession. Some of the problems now being so learnedly and unintelligibly discussed, and at whose discussion the public listens so humbly, are not nearly as complex as they seem. And the mystery is often not in that region of the problem dwelt on by the learned.

The former President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh has just aroused a good deal of discussion by a lecture on "Multiple Personality." His example was a child aged about twelve, who became the victim of influenza and meningitis. She was previously well-behaved and intelligent, but after her recovery lost what knowledge she had had, returned to an almost infantile condition, and had to be re-educated. So far there is nothing very mysterious. The nerve-cells which had been developed in the child's brain through the years of education had been poisoned to death by the products of fever and inflammation. In all such cases, as in intoxication, it is the latest-formed cells, the most complexly furnished, that go first, just as in a high wind it is the top story of a house that is blown off.

From this point occurred a number of developments and variations. The child became deaf and dumb, recovered and learned French, forgot it, became blind and imbecile, and recovered again. From time to time she could draw beautifully, whereas normally she could not draw at all.

Here there are two elements: the appearance of a new faculty, that of drawing; and the temporary poisoning of nerve-cells shown in the deafness, muteness and blindness—and the imbecility. Poisonous products were evidently being formed in some yet smouldering centers of disease and poured into the blood.

It is quite common for victims of "multiple personality" to display, in one of their personalities, powers and faculties (as well as likings and tastes) which in another they have not. Dr. Wilson's explanation of the above case, as well as others, was "that the mind or character, the 'ego' which is the sum total of our personality and individuality, is composed of several minor 'egos,'" and he pointed out that "the instability of the normal 'ego' may destroy the original and true personality."

Every form of disease is the accentuation of something that goes on normally. Every form of insanity is the accentuation of some mental process normal in us all. There is no wholly new thing in any mental or bodily malady. That is why it is so hard to draw a line between health and disease, between sanity and insanity. The Mr. Hyde of Stevenson's *Jekyll and Hyde* was only the accentuation and concentration of those moments of evil thoughts and passing flashes of evil wish and intention that are unfortunately—though in their slighter forms—normal in all of us.

And so with other kinds of multiple personality. We all have moods, "crazes," weeks of intense interest in some pursuit, study or amusement. They pass, often suddenly. We remember that we were interested in that pursuit, and had that mood. But this memory may become very dim with years; and the memory of what we acquired while a "craze" lasted, a language or a science, may in a few years totally vanish. One form of multiple personality is an extreme degree of the "hobby" phenomenon. The man is absorbed in some pursuit, subordinates everything to it. The phase passes, usually returning periodically. And the passing shows the essential peculiarity of all sorts of "multiple personality;" namely, that that forgetfulness of the pursuit or mood, which in some degree slowly comes upon us all, here comes completely and suddenly.

STUDENT

The open air treatment of consumption has received an interesting testimonial in some experiments on birds conducted by the Liverpool Medical Officer of Health. It was found that many of the birds in the Park aviaries were suffering from tuberculosis. They were given that sort of sheltered indoor treatment which used to be (and even is now) thought so necessary for human consumption. The result was the death of a large percentage of them. So last winter all of these invalids—even those hailing from tropical climes—were given the "open air treatment." At once the death rate was halved.

The Mosquito, Malaria and the Yellow Fever

THE great success which has attended the fight against malaria and yellow fever by the indirect means of a fight against the mosquito, has naturally drawn a good deal of attention to that remarkable and intelligent little pest. No one will question the intelligence who has watched one of them carefully passing up the flaps of a gauze curtain, to see whether there may not be a gap somewhere by which she may enter. We say *she*, because it is the female who does the puncturing that excites so much unfavorable comment. It is also she who does the singing, for it is a veritable song. There is a vibrating tongue in the large tracheæ, comparable to our vocal chords, and by this she makes music. If a tuning fork or electric lamp, yielding exactly that note, be sounded in a room with open window, a screen in front of it will be found covered with mosquitoes.

This insect, no more than the flea, is necessarily a blood-sucker. Both can and do live on fruits, alive and decaying, taking blood when they can get it. If they *only* took blood they would excite much less criticism. But two of the many species do much more. The little instrument of puncture in these cases is a double tube, one within the other. Down one they inject poison; up the other they draw the blood. And the two species respectively carry malaria and yellow fever. They draw blood from persons having those maladies, and then become "hosts" of the poison. What happens to this poison is not exactly known. It is not for twelve days (in the case of yellow fever) and seven (in that of malaria) that the bite of the insect becomes infectious. And it would appear that no other species than these two, even attacking people ill of yellow fever and malaria, carry the infection.

It is not known why they inject poison, why they are not content to steal blood. One theory is that the poison, exciting a local irritation and determination of blood, renders the theft easier. The other is that the maneuver is like the sting of a bee—only done when the insect is irritated at being disturbed.

But let us hope that the mosquito may soon become a museum curiosity, or only exist in cages in zoological gardens.

STUDENT

Some Reflections on the Question of Left-Handedness

THE subject of left and right-handedness continues to receive a good deal of attention. Why mankind as a whole is right-handed no one knows. The nerve-fibers cross in the brain and spinal cord, and our right-handedness is really due to our left-brainedness. But that fact only throws the query back a stage, and we are perfectly ignorant why the active half of the brain is the left. It weighs a trifle (an eighth of an ounce) more than the right, and its arteries supply it with a trifle more blood. But these are effects of its majority of activity, not causes. The nerve-center in the brain which coordinates and makes intelligible to the mind what the eye sees, is on the left, and so are the centers for speaking and writing, and for hearing. It would probably be truer to say that though these centers exist on both sides, it is the left only that we use.

All these facts are reversed in the case of left-handed people. There is a curious relation between left-handedness and crime. Of normally moral persons, about 6 per cent are left-handed. Of criminals about 18 per cent—says Dr. Austin Flint—are left-handed. The kind of criminal also affects the figures. Among incendiaries, no less than 28 per cent are left-handed. Among highwaymen only 6 per cent, the same as among normal people! This profession would appear to be the least criminal form of crime, and incendiarism the most criminal. There is often a touch of chivalry about even the modern Robin Hood, but assuredly none in the man who will fire a building in utter carelessness of the fate of the occupants.

It seems possible that a whole set of new faculties lie asleep in the right half of our brains, not mere duplicates of those we have. But they will certainly not develop while vitality is wasted as it is in modern life, while at every turn we break the rules of bodily, mental, and spiritual health.

STUDENT

THE last group of visitors had passed through the prison and were going up the

flight of stone steps from which they were to look down upon the prisoners at their evening meal. It was an unusual privilege, granted because of Mrs. West's presence in the party.

As I glanced at the faces of the prisoners, sitting in dogged silence at their evening meal, and then at the faces of the little group of visitors, I wondered where one might place the dividing line—looking at life from the standpoint of the real.

The most talkative of all the group was Edith Hallan, sentimental, full of a maudlin and expressionless pity—the pity that shirks justice and loses all sight of the fact in the featured semblance of it. There was Mrs. Bent, that well-meaning type which we meet at the village funeral and the church sewing society, the woman who is incapable of real sympathy—not because there are no depths in her nature, but because they have never been stirred. Then there was the Rev. Ephraim William Young, written all over whose face was the label of a character that is neither hard nor soft; neither false nor genuine; neither cold nor hot. He might have been a scion of the school of Shammai, had he possessed a little more of the inflexibility that we associate with justice. Miss Weatherly, spinster, peered here and there, examining the prisoners very much as she would have examined the trimming for a new hat. Mr. Porter, the well-fed, well-to-do family lawyer, added his unctuous mite to the party. His face, in its every line—the slight puffiness beneath the eyes, the coarsened lips, the sharpness of the nose—told the story of appetites well but discreetly indulged. The party was completed by Mrs. West herself—sweet, stately and impersonal—as impossible to describe as the perfume of a lily or the color of an opening rose. One was conscious mainly of a deep compassion, not because of what she did, or did not do, but of what she was.

At a signal, the iron-gated cells opened simultaneously and the prisoners stepped out, immediately forming a column single file. At one end of the room were two men, each of whom held a platter piled high with sliced bread. At the table on the other side were bowls of soup. The men marched by, each helping himself, and then the column filed back. When the last had taken his place, food in hands, before his cell, there was another signal. The gates again opened, the men stepped inside and the cells were locked for the night. Doggedness, indifference, ferocity, were written on most of the faces; on a few there was a touch of even idiocy. Where was their inspiration? What was their future? Mrs. West's eyes filled with tears. "Who is that—the man farthest from the end?" she said to the guard as the men passed.

"That," he said, "is No. 90."

"I would like to speak to him." Ordinarily the request would have been refused without much ceremony, but Mrs. West was known and beloved in that prison by the keepers and men alike.

"Well, Mrs. West, the fact is, he is not safe."

"Why not?" was her question.

"He has not been here long, has just been transferred from San Quentin. He is desperate, the most dangerous man they had—was in a dynamite plot last year—killed two keepers—he is a 'lifer' now, of course—came from a good family, too, I believe."

"I would like to speak to him, nevertheless," said Mrs. West quietly.

The man had glanced at her as he passed, and from his eye there had flashed hatred and defiance. He was an ugly piece of humanity—one eye gone—one shoulder wrenched away—for some reason badly lamed; yet there was a certain something that was splendid in the set of his shoulders and the carriage of his hands.

"Mrs. West," said the guard, "I regret that I cannot permit you to speak to him entirely alone. You may, however, enter the cell, and the guard will remain at the door; but you are taking a risk, in any case."

"Will you excuse me?" and leaving the party, Mrs. West turned down the stone corridor with the guard. Cell No. 90 was reached and without ceremony the door was unlocked. "May I come in? That is, if you don't mind?" "No. 90" was sitting with his back to the door, looking dejectedly upon the floor. He rose, then without speaking, continued standing, uneasily watching Mrs. West, his every movement guarded and suspicious. "May I come in?" she continued. "Bill," she said. He

The Transformation of Bill

started. Where had she learned his name? And her voice—it was certainly the sweetest voice that

poor fellow had ever heard—"just right for the reading of a psalm," he thought, contemptuously, and the frown upon his face grew darker. He had been prayed with and sung over many times.

That, however, was not Mrs. West's method. "Bill," she said again, and under the tenderness of her voice, something in that man's nature began to soften. "They told me you were very dangerous; but I caught your eye as you passed me in the line, and"—the man started and looked at her, a bit unsteadily. The ugly frown was gone. "I wish to help you, and I can."

"H'm"—the man shrank into himself again. "Be no finish for me."

"For life, Bill? Well, this is not so bad when you think how many poor fellows here in this prison need you."

"Need me? Need me?"

He looked up. Something was happening to Bill.

"Yes, you; you, Bill." Mrs. West's manner changed.

"Listen, Bill." She spoke quietly, but with a singular and persistent intensity. It was like the quick steady play of a life rope over a boat's edge. "I know you better than you know yourself. When they told me that you were dangerous, I was sure that there was some mistake somewhere. When I looked into your eye, Bill, I saw that you had a heart—some men haven't, you know—and I knew that deep in your heart there was something that yearned for the right. And when you looked at me, Bill, as you passed, it seemed to me that I saw you as a little baby in your mother's arms; as a little boy at her skirts, and I knew, Bill—something in my heart spoke to me—that if your mother were here"—Mrs. West's voice trembled—"Bill, it is for your mother that I came in today, *not for you*"

The ugly head sank lower, until the face was hidden in the battered, coarsened hands, the hands, if you please, of a murderer. Bill was sobbing. The party had gone on. The corridor was deserted and the guard had stepped out of sight.

Two years passed by and one day Mrs. West received a letter from an inmate of the prison. The man was dying, or so he wrote, and it seemed to her as she read the letter, that it was the effort of some poor soul to express the gratitude that he felt before it was too late. It was Bill who had nursed him through the long illness and doubtless it was Bill who had spoken of Mrs. West. So it came about that the man wrote her. He told her of the wonderful change that had come over Bill, Bill, who was once so ugly and so hardened, and he told her how often Bill had spoken of her to him. The letter was written by a man ignorant enough of grammar and regardless of little, indeed, save the deep feeling that lay beneath his words.

Mrs. West looked out of the east window and grew very quiet as the letter fell unheeded to the floor. Within the week she made another visit to the prison and there she found Bill, neat, smooth-shaven, almost upright in his walk, and, as the dying man had written her, employed in the hospital, "a trusty."

As Bill was called to see her the tears came into his eyes, but he proudly refused to let them fall and merely asked in an off-hand way if she wouldn't like to have him show her about the ward.

An hour later, when Bill was off duty they had a long, long talk, and at the close of her inquiries Mrs. West said:

"I saw the Governor, yesterday, Bill, on business connected with the new prison bill, and when I told him about you, he said he believed he could get you a pardon. Isn't that magnificent?"

Bill looked up. He hesitated. "Mrs. West," he said, "I'll be thankin' you and I'll be thankin' the Governor—you'll tell him for me—but I couldn't think of it, even as a favor to you. The fact is, the fellers here, some of them, *need me* just now and—and—I guess you understand, Mrs. West."

"Yes, Bill," she said, and she smiled, "I do."

"I can't go yet. They need me, these poor fellers."

A group of visitors was passing through the ward, the "Men's Emergency." Bill looked over at them and his face darkened. Mrs. West understood the look and knew the reason.

"They don't understand, Bill," she said quietly.

"No, Mrs. West," was the reply, "*they don't understand.*" E. M.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Spring Song

IT was spring-time, and Jean was walking along the country road. But her bright eyes, usually so brimful of fun and mischief, were wistful and a little sad, and she quite forgot to find out how much the green leaves had grown since yesterday—but she noticed them, for once she said to herself:

"They are just like a new little baby's fingers, all wrinkles! But I don't think the earth is a very nice place to bring babies to. People are so sure about what they imagine being true, when most of the time it isn't, and it is cruel, cruel, to think and say things that ar'n't true. I don't believe that girls who like to talk about other girls and tell things, ever see the truth about anything or anybody—I believe I shall gather some daisies, I can get through here;" and she struggled through a small opening in the hedge.

"Oh, you dear little buds!" she exclaimed, as she dropped on the grass and bent over the tiny clusters of pink-tinted petals nearly ready to let the daisies look at the sun through their hearts. How the birds sang—and suddenly, with a wondering smile, Jean raised her head and looked about her, then sat very still. A strange, sweet melody was chiming everywhere!

"That is the Spring Song calling to the seeds and trees," she whispered. "It is calling to my heart, too!"

And she saw a sea of light, so clear, that it seemed crystal, and over it she floated, taking from her heart seeds of the Lotus Blossom. Whatever she thought, she did, so she dropped the seeds into the hearts of those whose love of beauty made them try to be more noble and true; and she encircled each seed in love, for love, the Song told her, was the right soil to plant the Lotus in.

Then the melody changed. Now it was a chant of clear, far-reaching tones—fewer and fewer tones, mounting higher and higher, until it reached one high silvery note—Jean started.

"Fido!" she exclaimed, as her eyes fell on a small terrier that stood wagging his tail, expectantly waiting for a reply to his invitation for a romp. But Jean was thoughtful.

"I am quite sure," she murmured, "that the Spring Song is chiming all the time, somewhere. Yet how can it? Spring comes only once a year. But things can always be different to what they seem. People think the sunrise lasts only a little while, and it is really always sunrise. The sun is always rising, somewhere, so it is dawn on the earth somewhere every moment in the day. The sun fairies must think us rather stupid. I expect it all depends on where we really are! Yes, Fido, I am coming. Let's run a race!"

A. P. D.

My New Little Woman

Read by one of the little girls of the Raja Yoga School, at Isis Theatre, San Diego, June 6th

MY new little woman is a darling bit of Humanity; sweetly pretty; so dainty and gentle in thought and action, and so jolly and happy!

All day long she lives in the sunshine, in the sunshine of the Heart; she is a part of it. She is the happiest when she can make sunshine for others.

Merry as the birds, she is joyous all day long, the delight of all that lives.

My new little woman is a real, real fairy, who is waiting close at the Heart Gates of all the little girls in the world; waiting to enter the Hearts of each, and to be to each a sweet, fragrant Lotus Blossom.

She knows that there are millions of little ones who cry and fret and suffer; and that they need her presence to make their lives sweet and joyful.

Wise beyond her years is my dainty, winsome fairy! *Wisdom*, the great Heart Fairy, has taught her many lessons of loving service; has shown her how much the world needs Heart Goodness to make strong human life. Now, good friends, don't you like my

new little woman, and don't you think that if she grows as the flowers grow, and if she gives her help to all the children of the world, that we shall have many new little women becoming new great women? Children, open the gates of your Hearts to my fairy friend, *Wisdom*, and let her love show you the way to be the merriest and the best children in the world.

A Raja Yoga Songster

ONE bright, sunny morning in Lomaland when the grass plot in front of the music Temple was fresh and green and the new rose trees near by were still covered with dew, the Raja Yoga children came to practice their new marching song. Presently along came a fat little yellow-breasted

meadow lark, hopping through the short green grass all by himself. I think he was hunting for breakfast, but when he heard the children singing he forgot all about that, I am sure, for he stopped to listen.

"Well," he said to himself (that is, I have no doubt he did) "I never heard children sing like this before. How happy it makes me! I am going to join in the chorus," and with that he threw up his little head, swelled out his little yellow throat and sang with all his might.

The children heard him, or at least several of them did, and looked from the window to see who the new singer could be. How they smiled when they saw the brave, happy little yellow bird! He came regularly for several mornings, always singing so gaily and so triumphantly with the children, and they came to consider him a "really truly" member of the Raja Yoga Chorus.

AUNT EDYTHE



AT PLAY—New Little Women of Cuba who are students in the Raja Yoga Academy, one of the schools recently established at Santiago de Cuba by Katherine Tingley

FLOWER GIRLS

by LUCY LARCOM

OH, my little seaside girl,
What is in your garden growing?
"Rock-weeds and tangle grass,
With the slow tide coming, going."

Oh, my little prairie girl,
What's in bloom among your grasses?
"Spring beauties, painted cups,
Flushing when the south wind passes."

Oh, my little mountain girl,
Have you anything to gather?
"White---everlasting bloom,
Not afraid of wind or weather."

Students'



Path

MEN WANTED

by O. W. HOLMES

GOD give us men. A time like this demands
Clear minds, pure hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men whom desire for office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie,
Tall men, sun-crowned men, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

Canon Henson and the Masses

CANON HENSON, of Westminster Abbey, is one of those ecclesiastics, all too few in number, who are able to look away from the petty and trivial interests of creeds and organizations, away and beyond to the spiritual condition of the human masses of civilization. It may be that into his mind has come the recollection of the manner in which Christ taught in public, of the multitudes who heard him gladly, and of his tender recognition of the needs of our human nature. If such be the case, the contrast between the then and the now must indeed be painful and we can hardly wonder that his stern condemnation has spread dismay almost to the confines of the Christian world.

What then is the phenomenon which has arrested Canon Henson's attention at this period of missionary activity, of revision of creeds, and feverish attempts to polish and lubricate the worthless machinery of our religious life? It is nothing more nor less than the disappearance of the religious bases of morality, not in certain directions only but over large areas of civilized life. We have heard many a sermon on the parable of the tares and the wheat, but the text of Canon Henson's sermon is the entire disappearance of the wheat. It is no longer a question of the sowing of tares but rather whether it would not be well to sow a little wheat among the tares.

No wonder that a frantic orthodoxy is demanding of the Archbishop that Canon Henson be suppressed and silenced at all costs. We do not believe that Canon Henson can be silenced, and we are perfectly sure that the truth cannot be.

This bold churchman seems to suppose that there is some bond of responsibility between the religious organizations and the masses, and that the "non moral multitudes" would not be in their present condition had those who claim to be the representatives of Christ but obeyed his injunction to "feed my sheep." The food demanded is not that of incredible creeds, but the food of sympathy, of justice, of the willingness to speak for those who cannot speak for themselves, the food, in short, of human brotherhood. And because the people have been veritably starved Canon Henson finds some excuse for their relapse into other methods, for the contempt which they pour upon a religion which has never yet been taught to them, for their determination to take by violence a Kingdom of Heaven of which no man has ever spoken to them. He speaks of the millions of men who "from the cradle to the grave have faced the severe pressure of competition, the squalor of poverty and the miserable exigencies of unmerited want," and who "inevitably compare their condition with the ostentation of unearned wealth, the profusion of unchecked luxury, and the insolence of unchastened power."

It is by such men as these that civilization is mainly composed. These are the true representatives of present humanity, these are the people in whom Christ would be interested. These are the weary and the heavy laden to whom his special and peculiar invitation was given, that they should come unto him to receive, not revised creeds but rest, not dogmas but justice, not the promise of a far away and misty heaven but an earth transfigured into paradise.

Canon Henson has of course but said what has been said many times

before, but it may be that such a voice from within the church will stir some fast dying embers into a flame.

STUDENT

The Religion of Justice, Goodness and Conscience

MR. MAURICE MAETERLINCK seems to have fallen into a confusion of terms, if not of ideas. He contributes an article to a current review, in which he deals with the present religious aspect of the world. He tells us that we are emerging from a great religious period, that we are growing daily less and less religious. Repressing for the moment the feeling of regret with which we naturally receive an opinion so pessimistic, we read on in the hope that Mr. Maeterlinck will have something less discouraging to communicate, nor indeed is our hope disappointed. In spite of this loss of "religion," he asks us,

Is it not surprising that the sum of justice and goodness and the quality of the general conscience, far from diminishing, have incontestably increased?

We must confess to a little bewilderment, unless we are to assume that the so-called religion of which Mr. Maeterlinck speaks is something which the world is very much better without. Religion, we are told, is *decreasing*, but justice, goodness and the power of conscience are *increasing*. We would fain ask, what is this religion, which thus seems entirely independent of, if not inimical to, justice, goodness and conscience? This is, of course, the crux of the whole matter, and we will very readily, and even thankfully, admit that the only religion which is disappearing is the aggregate of creeds which unlawfully bear that name and which have no relation whatever to conduct nor any purifying influence whatever upon character. If this is the religion to which Mr. Maeterlinck refers, and it very evidently is so, we are profoundly satisfied to know that it is disappearing, as we profoundly regret that it ever appeared.

That there should throughout Christendom be any general uncertainty or error as to the meaning of true religion is somewhat inexplicable, but it would not be easy to find any better justification for the presence of Theosophy and for its strenuous advocacy of an undefiled faith. Theosophy seeks to show that Christianity consists of these very things, justice, goodness and conscience which, thanks to Theosophy and its world-wide influence, are now waxing in power, while "religion" is waning. Had the teachings of Christ been preached in all their exquisite simplicity, there would now be no need for any further Theosophy as such, because Christ's teachings are Theosophy. St. John, who speaks with some admitted weight on the subject of Christianity, tell us that,

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light and there is none occasion of stumbling in him.

Christ himself recommends us to love one another, and we rightly infer that this fraternal love constitutes the whole of the system which he came to teach. The "justice, goodness and conscience" of Mr. Maeterlinck are surely synonymous with the love which was the whole teaching of Christ, and this it is which is appearing while "religion" disappears. If our contention be correct, and it would seem to be invincible, we can only express the hope that it will stand not upon the manner of its going, but go.

STUDENT

Brotherhood among So-called Savages

ACCORDING to R. H. Dana, Jr., the conduct of the Sandwich Islanders or Kanakas puts to shame the habits of the civilized man. Their customs show a simple, primitive generosity, which is truly delightful; and which is often a reproach to our own people. Whatever one has, they all have. Money, food, clothes, they share with one another, even to the last piece of tobacco to put in their pipes. To an American trader who was trying to persuade one of these "savages" to keep his money to himself the answer was made:

"No! we no all 'e same a' you. Suppose one got money, all got money. You; suppose one got money, lock him up in chest! No good. Kanaka, all 'e same a' one."

Another Kanaka was seen to break a biscuit which had been given him into five parts for distribution, although he was hungry and food was scarce.

STUDENT

THE following notice was given from a suburban pulpit: "The pastor will preach his last sermon this evening prior to his vacation, and the choir have arranged a special praise service for the occasion."—*New York Observer*

PROPHETIC SIGNS

by EMERSON

DELICATE omens traced in air
 To the lone bard true witness bare.
 Birds with auguries on their wings
 Chanted undecieving things
 Him to beckon, him to warn;
 Well might then the poet scorn
 To learn of scribe or courier
 Hints writ in vaster character;
 And on his mind, at dawn of day,
 Soft shadows of the evening lay.
 For the prevision is allied
 Unto the thing so signified;
 Or say, the foresight that awaits
 Is the same Genius that creates.

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question How are man's life and evolution governed by cycles. (*Continued from last issue.*)

Answer On this subject William Q. Judge further says as follows:

Is there such a thing as a cycle which affects human destiny?

Coming closer to our own personal life, we can see that cycles do and must prevail, for the sun rises in the morning and goes to the center of the sky, then descends in the West; the next day he does the same thing, and following him, you rise, you come to the highest point of your activity, and you go to sleep. So day follows night and night follows day. Those are cycles, small cycles, but they go to make the greater ones. You were born; at about seven years of age you began to get discretion to some extent; a little longer and you reach manhood; then you begin to fall, and at last you finish the great day of your life when the body dies.

In looking at nature we also find that there are summer and winter, spring and autumn. These are cycles, and every one of them affects the earth, with the human beings upon it.

The inner doctrine of the old Theosophists and the present-day Theosophists, to be found in every old literature and religious book, is that cyclic law is the supreme law governing our evolution; that Reincarnation, which we talk so much about, is cyclic law in operation and is supreme. For what is Reincarnation but a coming back again to life, just what the ancient Egyptians taught and which we are finding out to be probably true, for in no other way than by this cyclic law of Reincarnation can we account for the problems of life that beset us; with this we account for our own character, each one different from the other, and with a force peculiar to each person.

This being the supreme law, we have to consider another one, which is related to it and contained in the title I have adopted. That is the law of the return of impressions. What do we mean by that? I mean, those acts and thoughts performed by a nation—not speaking about the things that affect nature, although it is governed by the same law—constitute an impression. That is to say, your coming to this convention creates in your nature an impression. Your going into the street and seeing a street brawl creates an impression. Your having a quarrel last week and denouncing a man, or with a woman and getting very angry, creates an impression in you, and that impression is as much subject to cyclic law as the moon, and the stars, and the world, and is far more important in respect to your development—your personal development or evolution—than all these other great things, for they affect you in the mass, whereas these little ones affect you in detail.

This Theosophical doctrine in respect to cycles, and the evolution of the human race, I think is known to you all, for I am assuming that you are all Theosophists.

It is to be described somewhat in this way: Imagine that before the earth came out of the gaseous condition there existed an earth somewhere in space, let us call it the moon, for that is the exact theory. The moon was once a large and vital body full of beings. It lived its life, went through its cycles, and at last having lived its life, after vast ages had passed away, came to the moment when it had to die; that is, the moment came when the beings on that earth had to leave it, because its period had elapsed, and then began from that earth the exodus. You can imagine it as a flight of birds migrating. Did you ever see birds migrate? I have seen them migrate in a manner that perhaps not many of you have. In Ireland, and perhaps in England, the swallows migrate in a manner very peculiar. When I was a boy, I used to go to my uncle's place where there was an old mass of stone ruins at the end of the garden, and by some peculiar combination of circumstances the swallows of the whole neighboring counties collected there. The way they gathered there was this: When the period arrived, you could see them coming

in all parts of the sky, and they would settle down and twitter on this pile of stone all day, and fly about. When the evening came—twilight—they raised in a body and formed an enormous circle. It must have been over forty feet in diameter, and that circle of swallows flew around in the sky, around this tower, around and around for an hour or two, making a loud twittering noise, and that attracted from other places swallows who had probably forgotten the occasion. They kept that up for several days, until one day the period arrived when they must go, and they went away—some were left behind, some came a little early, and some came too late. Other birds migrate in other ways.

And so these human birds migrated from the moon to this spot where the earth began (I don't know where it is—a spot in space—and settled down as living beings, entities, not with bodies, but beings, in that mass of matter, at that point in space, informed it with life, and at last caused this earth to become a ball with beings upon it. And then cycles began to prevail, for the impressions made upon these fathers when they lived in the ancient—mind fails to think how ancient—civilization of the moon, came back again when they got to this earth, and so we find the races of the earth rising up and falling, rising again and falling, and at last coming to what they are now, which is nothing to what they will be, for they go ever higher and higher. That is the theory, broadly, and in that is included the theory of the races, the great seven races who inhabited the earth successively, the great seven Adams who peopled the earth; and at last when this earth shall come to its time of life, its period, all the beings on it will fly away from it to some other spot in space to evolve new worlds as elder brothers who have done the same thing before in other spaces in nature. We are not doing this blindly. It has been done before by others—no one knows when it began. It had nothing in the way of a beginning, it will have no end, but there are always elder brothers of the race, who live on.

Gospel of St. John

IF modern theology were but to reconstitute itself upon the writings of St. John, the work of Theosophy in the world would already be well upon its road to completion. But we have approached that compendium of wisdom which we call the New Testament not as those who are in darkness and who wish for light, but rather as those whose beliefs are already formulated upon personal bias and who would seek for them such grains of support as the Scriptures are able to afford. We have in fact measured the Bible by the gauge of our own predilections, and the number of those predilections is the number of our creeds.

St. John is essentially undogmatic, as must be every writer upon things divine who is qualified by interior development to approach his subject. He touches upon dogma only to glorify it by a spiritual interpretation; he recognizes the chains only to destroy them. God is light and God is love, he tells us, and no man has seen God except through the interior Christ, the human soul, which is the intermediary between the personal consciousness and the ineffable light beyond. Of the nature of that light and of its radiations into the mind St. John leaves us in no doubt whatever. "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him." This is the essence of Theosophy which has never been absent from the world. Indeed St. John tells us that it is "an old commandment which ye had from the beginning." How increasingly strange it is that of all the creeds of Christendom there is hardly one which is not a contradiction of this exquisitely simple statement that "he that loveth his brother abideth in the light." There is no other essential than this, and yet this is the one eternal truth which we have excluded from our theologies, hiding and stifling it beneath puerilities and superstitions. "If a man say, I love God, and yet hateth his brother, he is a liar," says the disciple who was not inaptly called the Son of Thunder. Is this the living message which St. John has for the dogmatists of today who will show us all ways to swing back the gates of gold except the true way? Again he says, "if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God." But it is this judgment of the heart or of the conscience which we have made of no account, which we have dethroned for the judgments of fallible and of superstitious men who think that their conclaves and their congresses are modern Sinais and that the word of God becomes incarnate in their nominees.

The Gospel of St. John is included in the canon of Scripture, but it finds yet no general acceptance at the hands of theology. With Theosophy it will stand or fall because they are identical, and we think that we can sufficiently read aright the signs of the times to believe that the stone which the builders rejected will be the corner-stone of the new Temple of Humanity in which there will be no place for the money changers.

STUDENT

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE

by SHELLEY

THROUGHOUT these infinite orbs of mingling light,
Of which yon earth is one, is wide diffused
A spirit of activity and life.
That knows no term, cessation, or decay;
That fades not when the lamp of life,
Extinguished in the dampness of the grave,
Awhile there slumbers, more than when the babe
In the dim newness of its being feels
The impulses of sublimity things,
And all is wonder to unpractised sense;
But, active, steadfast, and eternal, still
Guides the fierce whirlwind, in the tempest roars,
Cheers in the day, breathes in the balmy groves,
Strengthens in health, and poisons in disease.

The Mysteries of Antiquity

Continued from page 11

his soul bathed in the radiant light of pure Truth; he was reborn, for he had received the baptism, and then had undergone the rite of the "laying on of hands"; he was confirmed in the life spiritual. Christos was henceforth his name, for he was one of the anointed; the mantle of the Chrestos, the servant, the disciple, was laid aside.

Here he received the sacred teachings, the doctrine, to preserve which from the knowledge of the people, he promised on his life, and to serve it faithfully for the saving and healing of the people. Hence was he addressed as Kurios, Lord; and as Soter, Savior.

The institutions of all past time were based upon what filtered out through many channels from the veiled Mysteries; little was understood, for may it be said that the people of any day are born spiritual metaphysicians? So what was before their eyes was misunderstood; divisions arose among men as to the meaning of this Logos, or doctrine (please mark); division, or sectarianism grew apace among those into whom the good seed fell; and the result came to be division in all branches of life and thought; for one understood a thing so; and another so; and still another so. The teeth of the Dragon of Wisdom had been treacherously sown here and there, and, to follow the legend, the teeth produced other dragons who turned upon each other, and rent and tore.

What may be gathered up from the remnants of these teachings, which it was Fate's dire decree should be so misused?

What remains of it has been surveyed by the historian in its corruptions among

barbarous nations, or during the decline and fall of Greece and Rome. It may be said, briefly, that the ensemble of these doctrines was no less scientific than sublime. Firstly, this Theologia, this divine Theology of the Mysteries, celebrates the immense principle of natural things, as even superior to being; as being exempt from all, though nevertheless the source of all. From this unnameable source proceeded a progression of beings, growing, by their nature, more and more material as they neared man; that the course of growth was circular, or rather spiral, in character, and that man might mount to whence he had come, and higher still, by the use and development of the spirit within him; and as he mounted back, that all Nature was carried along with him; so that the ultimate of all creation was a sublime reentering into Divinity.

It would be absurd to dogmatize on this being the case during what we may call the archaic period of known history, for it was not so. The Mysteries had already felt the impelling force of Destiny; men had drunk out of the iron cup of Karma, or Nemesis. Pythagoras, Plato and others—even he who drank the deadly hemlock draught, Socrates (though not initiate he)—were a proof that the Mysteries had been withdrawn, by the very nature of their teachings, as we know them; for while conveying truth, they taught publicly, and established their schools and coquetted (may their shades pardon me!) with the State. They came, as said before, as the Messengers to help the people; but they came almost alone, and reft of the mighty power protective of the Mysteries.

From Eleusis sprang the hidden life which made Greece, and adjoining folk, great; great in all that our higher sense holds dear. To Eleusis went they who sought the Light, and who were called to go; they returned as Leaders of men.

From the downfall of the Mysteries, and from the stock of these latter, sprang into life two vigorous shoots: exoteric Christianity, and the body now called Freemasonry. On the face of each is found the imprint of its origin.

Nor should it be forgotten, and it should be emphasized here, that woman held a place in the Mysteries of olden time; and that her status in the sight of men felt the shock of the loss of the Mysteries, possibly more than any other aspect of Society.

Sans the spiritual central life; sans the fountainhead of true Wisdom; sans the knowledge of the secrets of life and of man's complex nature, which the Hierophants of ancient days represented, religion became in our Occident what we have it today, and what it has been; warring, antagonistic, sectarian. No more is it a beacon light guiding the steps of the children of man upon the Path, but a will-o'-the-wisp, leading his wearied feet hither and thither; possessing just enough of the old fire and flame to seduce his intelligence and to blind his eyes to the eternal spiritual Sun of Truth and Righteousness, which cometh with healing in its wings.

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JUNE	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
6	29.734	70	61	66	62	.00	NW	9
7	29.712	66	58	59	59	.01	SW	7
8	29.730	65	58	62	58	.00	SE	3
9	29.726	68	59	64	60	.00	SW	3
10	29.724	69	60	62	60	.00	SE	5
11	29.686	70	60	63	61	.00	SW	3
12	29.654	69	60	64	62	.00	W	5

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Ecclesiasticism & Theology
Church of the First Century
Wada Temple, Kobe,
Japan—frontispiece
Bible Interpretation
Man With a Grievance
Origin of Jewelry
Indian Peacemaker

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Suicide of Children
Fiction and Crime
Parents Held Responsible
No More Creeds
Naturally Not a Sinner

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Trilogy of Æschylus
at Stratford-on-Avon
The Modern Art of
Scene Painting

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Women's Clubs
The Himalayan
Mother's Lullaby
Mental Disipation
Portico of the Caryatides
on the Acropolis,
Athens (illustration)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

The Continuity of the
Egyptian Race
Excavations at Delos
The Cliff Dwellings
Ancient Chemistry

Page 9—NATURE

Changes of Life in
Shells—illustrated
Orientation of Trees
The Indigo Bird (verse)
Heredity in Animals

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Last Quarter of Each
Century
Object of the I. B. L.
The Higher Criticism

Page 12—GENERAL

You Cannot Kill the
Gods (verse)
Upward and Onward
Serving God or Mammon

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Strange Substitute for Modern
Fiction of "Brain Fag"
Psychology of Color
"The Blues" Once Known
as "The Spleen"

Pages 14—FICTION

A Problem & an Answer

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Water-Sprite & Lotus
What a Girl Can Do
Children of Cuba (illustration)
Aim High (verse)
Japanese Children

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

To Our Poets (verse)
Moments of Inspiration
Bible League
The Life to Be (verse)
Students' Column
Appearance of Columbus
Gladstone's Church Views

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Definition of Sin
Ambidexterity

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Ecclesiasti- cism and Theology

A RECENT address to the Union Theological Seminary of New York dealt with the subject of ecclesiastical domination. We are told that this is the greatest foe of theology, which we can very readily believe, but we are further told that ecclesiastical domination is "not dangerous in this country to any extent except through the organized ministers and theological schools."

Now this seems to be a very large exception indeed. Ecclesiasticism is principally composed of "organized ministers and theological schools," and it is precisely here that we should look for the domination which has never yet failed to destroy any country where it has existed. The particular school of ecclesiasticism makes very little difference indeed. All

such schools are fundamentally incapable of understanding or advocating religious liberty, and they are so essentially selfish that they will allow no human interest to stand in their way. This is sufficiently proved by the whole history of humanity. It is being proved today within our sight in spite of the many enlightened ministers who detest ecclesiastical domination with a fervor which is as truly patriotic as it is truly religious. It is proved by the torrent of obloquy which has been poured upon Theosophy and we are content, in a manner, that it should be so. Truly, the

Intrudes on the Home & the School

children of darkness are wiser than the children of light, and the enemies of Theosophy have sometimes a clearer understanding of its tremendous import than have some of its friends. What after all is ecclesiastical domination? Perhaps we fail to recognize it because it is no longer dressed in the semi-legal costume which history has made notorious and hateful. Ecclesiasticism may be dominant while it claims no legal establishment. It is dominant when it is wound around the lives of a people, when it intrudes upon their homes and upon their schools, and when it exercises the power of social penalties and ostracism. It is dominant when it has the power to inflict any pain whatsoever as a punishment for a religious opinion. It is dominant so long as it is able to deceive public belief and to wield the flail of public censure. It is dominant so long as it can trade upon human superstition, so long as it is able to successfully invoke the terrors of an ignorant supernaturalism.

This being so, who amongst us can say that we are free from ecclesiastical domination simply upon the strength of certain constitutional provisos which become entirely worthless the moment they are no longer sustained and rejuvenated by a public determination to be religiously free in fact as well as in name? If there is such a determination it will be well with us. There was once such a determination in the spring time of our national life and it was then as a rock of salvation. It would perhaps be well to make sure, by self-examination, whether that rock stands now as it did of old, or whether it has been worn away into powder by the subtle and undying efforts of many years. X.

The Church of the First Century

IN Lecky's *History of Rationalism in Europe*, are to be found many pregnant passages which admirably epitomize the process by which the force of Christian fraternity has waned with the increase of dogmas and the multiplication of creeds. He says in one place:

It is in itself evident, and it is abundantly proved by history, that the virulence theologians will display towards those who differ from them will depend chiefly on the degree to which the dogmatic side of their system is developed. "See how these Christians love one another," was the just and striking declaration of the heathen in the First century. "There are no wild beasts as ferocious as Christians who differ concerning their faith," was the equally striking and probably equally just exclamation of the heathen of the Fourth century. And the reason of this difference is manifest. In the First century there was, properly speaking, scarcely any theology, no system of elaborate dogmas, authoritatively imposed upon the conscience. Neither the character of the union of the two natures in Christ, nor the doctrine of the atonement, nor the extent of the authority of the church, had been determined with precision, and the whole stress of religious sentiment was directed towards the worship of a moral ideal and the cultivation of moral qualities. But in the Fourth century men were mainly occupied with innumerable subtle and minute questions of theology, to which they attributed a transcendent importance and which in a great measure diverted their minds from moral considerations.

The distinctions between primitive and later Christianity are here very admirably shown. The distinctions indeed are so marked and obtrusive that they have no room for any resemblance whatever. There is indeed the same difference between them as between love and hate, of which they are typical. It is a truth worthy of much attention and reflection, that the broad, undogmatic and spiritual movement in which some churches, to their honor, are leading the way, and for which they are so bitterly attacked by the blind and the ignorant, is in no sense a new departure, but is rather a cyclic return to the primitive purity of the first century.

Wada Temple, Kobe, Japan—Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH presents a view of the approaches to the famous Wada Temple at Kobe, Japan; also a partial glimpse of some of the buildings. On the bridge is a native party of men and women in the Japanese dress.

The Bible Interpreted by Conscience

AN Episcopal Bishop of much learning and prominence, has committed himself to a statement which he will not find it easy to justify or sustain. The utterance in question formed part of a sermon on the Bible and consists of the following words:

Not the mere letter of the Bible, but the true sense of the Bible *as interpreted by the church*, is the Bible.

We should like to ask some questions. We should first like to know *which church* has been appointed custodian of the true interpretation of the Bible? There are several hundred churches, they all have their own conflicting interpretations, and they all believe that the true interpretation rests with themselves alone.

That point having been settled, we should like to know at what period of church history we are to search for the true interpretation of the Bible. Are we to look for it in the church of the First century, or shall we be referred to the Fourth century when primitive theology had been entirely swept away by political time-servers who, all divine assurances notwithstanding, believed that they could indeed serve both God and mammon? Or shall we be referred to the Middle Ages, or to the Reformation, to unrevised creeds or to the revised, to the beliefs of yesterday or those of today, to the Athanasian creed or to the Apostles' creed? We confess to a very great perplexity in our efforts to find an orthodox interpretation of the Scriptures which will meet with any general approval.

But the bishop condescends further. He advances evidence, or what it pleases him to call by that name, that the interpretation of "the church" is essential to a wise understanding of the Bible. He assures us that had it not been for "the church" and her explanations, we should still be carrying out the Biblical injunction, "thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Our perplexity is now turned into consternation. Do we really understand the bishop to infer that it was *the church* which stopped the persecution of witches? In the night of our ignorance, an ignorance which we share with all the historians and recorders, we had supposed that it was "the church" which had carried out this, and many another wicked persecution, that it was "the church" which hounded on the secular authorities to their shameful deeds. It was the dawning humanity of the world and not the church which saved the witches, and which scourged the theologians from the tortured bodies of their victims. The growing humanity of the world has, of course, always had its noble representatives in the churches, as it has today, but these magnificent men had first of all to struggle against their own religious communities, as they have today, and they found in them their most unrelenting enemies. To claim for "the church" the credit of destroying a horror which was created by itself, perpetrated by itself, and defended and advocated by itself, certainly does not give us that confidence in ecclesiastical interpretations of the Bible which the learned bishop would evidently like to instil. We always wish to be of service whenever possible, and we therefore suggest to the bishop that he amend his dictum as follows:

Not the mere letter of the Bible, but the true sense of the Bible, *as interpreted by the individual conscience*, is the Bible.

STUDENT

The Man with a Grievance

EVERY one knows the illusion which surrounds the man with a grievance. His face is an indication of the fixed attention which he pays to the fictitious prison into which he has entered of his own accord. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, those to whom he relates his sorrows can plainly see who is the fashioner of them. But his friends cannot point out the truth, because they know that their remarks would be received with incredulity or passion. The grievance is a disease, and the patient must find it out and cure it for himself. And so the sufferer nurses his trouble, and airs it to a polite but unbelieving crowd until he suddenly awakens to the fact that he is himself to blame.

When a man is constitutionally built after this fashion, his stock of grievances sometimes gets low, and then he finds relief in adopting the grievances of other people. Of course this is bad for the others as well as himself. Or, to vary the monotony, he will discover defects of character or action in others, and point them out in an effort to entertain or amuse his friends who, if they lend ear, become participants in an unhappy alliance. It is amazing to see how deeply a man may be moved

by the mistakes of another whilst oblivious to his own, forgetting entirely how many, and more fruitful fields of contemplation are to be found in this beautiful world.

But grievances are not always against others. We may have them against ourselves. The daily routine of duty which every man seeks to follow, is either pursued with the joyful consciousness of right action and is pleasing because we like it, or it may be tedious because we would prefer to do something else. In the latter case we may look upon our task as a grievance, imposed upon us by some mysterious necessity, the full import of which we fail to grasp; or we may recognize the cause of the necessity and find difficulty in making it a "living power in our lives." We may waste our time and force in futile regrets. We may construct imaginary difficulties for "tomorrow." Here again we are up against grievances, and again they are obviously of our own making.

Every one with a grievance either against himself or any one else, would do well to study the action of the good law which makes for righteousness. If we can, even for a short time, set on one side the "broodings and willings" of our selfish personality, we shall not fail to see that "all things work together for good." If we will make a strenuous effort in the inner silence of our hearts, to tear aside the veil which the personal trouble has cast over us, we shall see that obedience to the law and an acknowledgment of its unfailing justice and mercy will bring peace and relief from all our troubles.

Life is uncertain. In a week any one of us may have passed on to wider fields of action. Look at this attentively and squarely for five minutes and consider how many of our grievances would be left, if the great release came to us. Why not then so act as if we expected it, and do as St. Paul did, "die daily?"

STUDENT

The Origin of Jewelry

WHENCE the origin of the habit of wearing jewelry? It is almost universal among savage and civilized races. A recent paper by Dr. Ridgeway, read before the English Anthropological Institute, attempts to answer this question. Jewelry, to the savage, means many more things than to us. It includes certain shells, coral, amber, the teeth and claws of beasts, rock crystal, and various kinds of beads. Dr. Ridgeway traced the use of jewels in this wide sense to magic and medicine. The objects thus employed were regarded as having the power to ward off evil influences and cure disease. Gradually the wearing of jewelry became restricted to metals and minerals, and finally to such as were rare and therefore costly. Gold was always held in high honor, being regarded as the perfect metal. Finally all thought of the curative influence of jewels died out, and they came to be worn for their beauty only.

Remembering the radiations now known to be emitted by all objects, animate and inanimate; the effects obtained in homeopathic medicine from the administration of infinitesimal doses of metals; the results of experiments made a few years ago in France on "metallo-therapy," and those by Reichenbach on the effects of the emanations of various metals and crystals on his sensitives, one will be chary of ascribing to pure superstition the primitive and widespread belief in the value of the wearing of jewelry for preventive and curative purposes.

Now-a-days we cannot judge of this point. Most of us wear some sort of jewel of the mineral order; and we all go about loaded with many metals, money, watch-chains, keys, buttons, buckles, spectacles, and what not. It is as if one should take daily eight or ten kinds of medicine, and then found a disbelief in their action on the ground that he got no effect from any one when taken additionally as an experiment. Moreover, we commit so many and complex sins against our bodies that it is a wonder that any medicine still preserves for us the slightest curative value; and certainly no wonder that the fine "M," "N," or other alphabetic radiations of objects, should fail to affect us. X.

An Indian Peacemaker

TYEE DICK, a celebrated Indian of the Puyallup tribe, is dead at the age of 85 years. This old warrior took part in the Council with Governor Isaac Stevens in 1854, and it was through his eloquence that a treaty was signed putting an end to a long series of battles between the whites and the Indians in Washington and Oregon. No doubt the benediction upon peacemakers applies even to Indians. X.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Suicide of Children on Increase

THE problem of child suicide is one of a greater magnitude than we usually suppose and certainly one so appalling that it ought to summon our most earnest efforts for its solution. Durand-Fardel found that out of a total of 25,000 suicides, there was one of a child of 5, two of 9, two of 10, six of 12, seven of 13 and two of 14 years. Brierre de Boismont states that out of 4600 Parisian suicides, during ten years, seventy-seven were committed by children 14 years of age. The situation in another European capital is worse, no less than 6 per cent of the total number of suicides being under 15 years of age. That neurotic children are born of neurotic parents we can well understand, but this explanation is not sufficient. We shall have to go deeper than this, into our whole system of education, and, what is of still greater importance, into the lamentable lack of understanding of the mysteries of child nature which is manifested by so many parents.

STUDENT

Vicious Fic- tion a Cause of Crime

THE charge of inciting to crime is not one which can be brought against juvenile fiction alone. Adult literature is also saturated with the same spirit as is evidenced by the steady stream of what are called detective stories, in which the sympathies of the reader are perplexed between the criminal and his pursuer. These stories are, perhaps, not so entirely pernicious as are those glorifications of crime which are intended chiefly for the young, inasmuch as those who read them are not as sensitive to suggestions, or else recognize that their interests do not lie in that direction. That they should be read at all is, however, an indication of our tolerance for crime and especially of the crime of which the narration is amusing.

It is indeed a question how far our attitude toward crime is one simply of self-defense, and how far any moral question whatever enters into it. We have very little conception of crime except as it exists in the criminal code, and most people would deny its existence outside of that code.

Parents and Guardians to Answer

THE State of Colorado is the only State in the Union which holds parents and guardians legally responsible for the misdeeds of the children, who are supposed to be under their care. The terms of the law under which this has been done are worthy of recollection and of imitation by less enlightened States. The juvenile law reads in part as follows:

The words "delinquent child," shall include any child sixteen years of age or under such age, who violates any law of this State, or any city or village ordinance; or who is incorrigible; or who knowingly associates with thieves, vicious or immoral persons; or who is growing up in idleness or crime; or who knowingly visits or enters a house of ill-repute; or who knowingly patronizes or visits any policy shop or place where any gaming device is, or shall be, operated; or who patronizes or visits any saloon or dramshop where intoxicating liquors are sold; or who patronizes or visits any public pool-room or bucket-shop; or who wanders about the streets in the night-time without being on any lawful business or occupation; or who habitually wanders about any railroad yards or tracks, or jumps or hooks on to any moving train; or who habitually uses vile, obscene, vulgar, profane or indecent language, or is guilty of immoral conduct in any public place or about any schoolhouse.

A special and supplementary act provides that,

In all cases where any child shall be a delinquent child, or a juvenile delinquent person, as defined by the statute of this State, the parent or parents, legal guardian, or person having the custody of such child, or any other person responsible for, or by any act encouraging, causing or contributing to the delinquency of such child, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon trial and conviction thereof, shall be fined in a sum not to exceed one thousand dollars (\$1000), or imprisonment in the county jail for a period not exceeding one (1) year, or by both such fine and imprisonment. The court may impose conditions upon any person found guilty under this act, and so long as such person shall comply therewith to the satisfaction of the court the sentence imposed may be suspended.

By such laws as these Colorado proves the intelligence and humanity of her legislators.

STUDENT

Creedal Or- ganization Had Its Day

THE Rev. T. T. Munger is well-known for the breadth of his theologic views and for the spirit of harmony which he tries to diffuse. He has recently contributed an article to *The Atlantic* in which he expresses the belief that Christendom will see no more new denominations of any importance and that creedal organization has had its day. We sincerely hope that this is true and that Dr. Munger has justification for the hope that is in him.

There is today a certain attitude of self-congratulation among those who have screwed their courage to the sticking point and who have at last determined to discard or modify their creeds. We are so often invited to admire the progressive ecclesiastical spirit of the period that we are tempted to look upon it rather more closely than we might otherwise do. We at once see the necessity of discrimination between those who are moving of their own volition and those whose advance is due to certain propulsive efforts from the rear. There is, after all, a very great difference between the sinner who repents and sins no more, and the sinner who refrains from sinning only because the hand of the law is upon him and we do not look with favor upon any claims which the latter may make upon our sympathy and admiration.

A good many of the creed revisionists and the creed abolitionists belong to the latter category. The force of public opinion is too strong for them, the bayonet of public censure is too sharp. They move because they cannot stand still, and while we are gratified to observe the motion we cannot join in the cries of self-laudation by which they herald their unwilling progress. At any rate a decent interval should elapse between conversion and self-righteousness.

We must remember that the creeds which are now being so grudgingly surrendered have not merely been harmless fallacies upon which we can afford to look with some indulgence. They have been very instruments of torture, scourges which are black and stiffened with the heart blood of humanity. They have produced centuries of benighted misery, they have terrorized generation after generation. Creed and persecution have invariably gone hand in hand, and if the implements of torture are now being wrung from reluctant hands we are certainly unwilling to fall down and adore the mercy and the liberality of those who no longer use those implements because they no longer have the power. Penitence is usually marked by restitution. If the creeds are really dead, and not merely hustled out of sight, we should like to see their places permanently occupied by positive declarations of human brotherhood as the only thing worth preaching and worth practicing. If the erstwhile dogmatists have really and definitely crossed the river, will they not burn their boats?

STUDENT

Man Is Not Naturally a Sinner

A CALIFORNIA clergyman has been asked the somewhat threadbare question, "Why do not men go to church?" and he replies that "man is naturally sinful and does not want to be anything else." We fear that the reverend gentleman has spoken in haste. There is an acerbity about this reply which speaks eloquently of empty pews and a failing exchequer. May we suggest that human sinfulness is the very thing which the churches are supposed to combat, and that if there were no diseases there would certainly be no physicians? What should we say of the doctor who ascribed his failure to the prevalence of illness? But this is precisely equivalent to the attitude of the Oakland clergyman.

But he says that man "does not want to be anything else." This, however, is but a symptom of the general malady for the cure of which the churches are assumed to exist. This particular minister evidently wants a congregation of "just men made perfect," but we would remind him that the Founder of Christianity said that he came to call, *not the righteous, but sinners to repentance*. But then the Founder of Christianity did not ask the sinners to pay him a salary, and that, of course, makes a difference. Under the circumstances we do not see that we can help in the matter, anxious as we are to do so.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Trilogy of Æschylus, at Stratford-on-Avon

THE presentation at Stratford-on-Avon of the *Oresteian Trilogy* of Æschylus is but another evidence that the spirit of the old Greek days has never wholly died away, and that the fires kindled by the old dramatists await only the altar and the modern opportunity to leap into a new and purer flame. A tacit forcing of comparison is this between Shakespeare himself and Æschylus, and those of us who have watched the preparation for the *Trilogy* go back in thought involuntarily to the marvelous presentation of *Eumenides*, given some years ago by the students of the Isis League of Music and Drama, under the direction of Katherine Tingley. But it was long before this that Katherine Tingley pointed out the marked analogy that existed between the life work of Shakespeare and that of Æschylus. The dramas of both are pure mystery-plays, picturing as they do the very inner, inner of the mysteries, the struggles of the soul itself as it journeys along that pathway called the heart-life. The dramas of Shakespeare, no less than of Æschylus, portray not the passing and merely emotional phases of human life, they deal not with the morbid nor is their fragrance that of the sewer. They teach in symbolic form the great truths of the human soul, of life and death and destiny, of joy and of fulfilment. In them we see the reflection of the sun itself. Has Æschylus ever been truly interpreted by us moderns? And who among the commentators has given us a conception of the real truths of which the Shakespearean drama itself conveys the message? Magnificent as have been the presentations already made, they yet but skirt the borders of that land wherein dwelleth the true. Nor can they be interpreted save by students who hold the key, who are able, because they live the heart-life, to translate unto the many the message that Æschylus and Shakespeare spoke—alas! but unto the few.

What Mr. Benson has said of the *Trilogy* may equally be said of the *Tempest*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear* and *Macbeth*: "The *Trilogy*, to my mind, has dramatic moments unsurpassed for grandeur and intensity by any scenes in the whole range of dramatic literature. In simplicity, directness and beauty it is to the drama what the Venus of Milo is to sculpture." Picture the *Trilogy* as it might be presented, as the *Eumenides* already has been presented, in the marvelous Greek Theatre in Lomaland—the first purely Greek Theatre erected in modern times—in the open air, with the sky above for proscenium arch, with the great Pacific beyond the cañoned hills as a background. Something surely would come to be under these conditions that were impossible upon the boards of a modern theatre, however perfect. Is it to use merely a figure of speech to declare, as thousands of tourists have already done, that San Diego is destined to be a second Athens, that Point Loma is even now "The Greater Acropolis?" X.

THERE is an old legend to the effect that a full thousand years before Christ, with the sons of Miletus, king of Spain, there came to Ireland a poet "who was a player upon the harp." The Harpers of Ireland were once the boast of that now saddened island, and the study of the harp was then the work of a lifetime. In 1079 the Irish bards were to be found teaching the harp to the people of Wales. In 1300 A. D. the harp was introduced into Italy from Ireland and there was a time in Ireland when every soldier considered his "cruit" or small portable harp part of his regular equipment in warfare.

THE aim of all arts is the same, though every one of them arrives at its own end by different roads.—Ritter

The Modern Art of Scene Painting

ALL divisions of the fine arts in general point to great antiquity, and can boast of an origin that extends far beyond the beginnings of written history into the legendary past. Scene-painting, which was one time not considered a division of the fine arts, but which has in these latter days won its place among them, is comparatively modern.

It is impossible not to believe that in those ancient days, of which history is silent and only tradition speaks, the drama, like the other arts, was greater and more magnificent than it is today. Records do not say, as no records exist, that such was the case, but tradition points to a Golden Age of Drama none the less. Then came the decline, and finally came the day, as well, when our forefathers were contented to have scenes in the dramas which they witnessed indicated by a little sign which read "this is a sea" or "this is a lake." But a mere mental explanation of the statement "this is a street in Venice" or "this is a forest in Spain" was not enough to invoke the living spirit, and the art of scene-painting arose. Scene painters once were regarded as hack-draughtsmen and journeyman painters generally. Today our finest artists not only do not consider it beneath their dignity but are proud to paint the scenes of some great drama. Among them may be mentioned Sir Edward Burne-Jones, whose scenic work for Tennyson's drama of *King Arthur* gave one a glimpse of that color-harmony that rarely, these days, becomes tangible.

As the art of scene-painting has risen in dignity and serenity, a great step has been made toward that unity of all the arts, music, color, architecture, that must be our final goal and our ideal.

STUDENT

WHAT gave Mendelssohn so great a compass to his musical activities was the union, in the highest perfection, of three gifts which are usually granted only singly to men in the measure in which he commanded them. He was as great a conductor as he was a virtuoso and composer. When once his fine, firm hand grasped the baton, the electric fire of his soul seemed to stream out through it, and

was felt at once by singers, orchestra and audience. We often thought that the flames which streamed from the heads of Castor and Pollux must play round his forehead, and break from the conductor's staff which he held, to account for the wonderful manner with which he dissipated the slightest trace of phlegm in the singers or players under his direction. Mendelssohn conducted not only with his baton, but with his whole body. At the outset, when he took his place by the music stand, his countenance was wrapped in deep and almost solemn earnestness. You could see at a glance that the temple of music was a holy place to him.—Lampadius

IT is a well known fact that there is scarcely a millionaire's home in the United States which does not possess from one to three "old masters." It is also a fact that when a genuine masterpiece is offered for sale abroad it is almost invariably purchased by the state. It is a fact, too, that something like a score (according to the estimate of one art connoisseur) of copies of old masters are "turned out" in Paris every day and sent to London and New York dealers. The inference here is very plain. The manufacture and sale of "genuine old masters" is said to be one of the most profitable of industries; and the work is carried on so cleverly that it is often difficult to tell the real from the imitation, either in the case of the pictures themselves or the owners who, under pressure, sometimes "consent" to part with them. H.



"THE ONE THING IN THE WORLD, OF VALUE, IS THE ACTIVE SOUL"

THOSE who are not directly connected with these clubs, or through some experience have not had their attention especially attracted to them, perhaps scarcely realize what an important feature they are of our modern American life. They are to be found everywhere. Quite likely every little town, in every little and big State, is honored with its "Woman's Club." Sometimes they are simple literary clubs. Sometimes they are quite complex, having many departments, including a literary, educational, philosophic, an art, musical, domestic art department, and so on. They are a sign of the times. They were no doubt born out of the inward urge on the part of women for a broader life. They are the expression of an undefined feeling after something which was not present in the life of women thirty or forty years ago. Small in the beginning, they have evolved in size and character, until now they have assumed immense proportions, and exert in all quarters a positive influence. In the cases of certain clubs, it is worth while to inquire what their purpose is; whether their influence is good; whether the need for them is real or fancied. They have had ardent friends and, on the other hand, excited much unfavorable criticism. Has this been justified? In short, what is the object of these clubs?

In the beginning, the real, often unannounced, purpose of the members was to gain self-improvement. This is not a high motive for any undertaking. It goes without saying that we want all the selves improved, but it is one of the paradoxes of nature that this never comes at the bidding. A superficial finish or polish may be acquired, but real improvement or development comes to those who are working for some good object outside themselves.

To the extent that this purpose has dominated certain members of women's clubs, they must, of course, have proved failures, and formed a reasonable basis for all the criticism that they have ever called forth. A wrong ideal always throws the nature out of balance, and causes the one holding it to do eccentric, peculiar, unnatural things, such as neglecting home duties. Any right-minded person would criticize a woman who retired to study Greek art, while her own children were dirty and uncouth; or who went out to give lectures in cooking, while her own family were suffering from poorly prepared meals. Also, some have gone into the clubs, no doubt, out of a craving for excitement, or the desire to be prominent, or one of the many forms of ambition. Those who have been interested in these clubs have even stated to outsiders that political jealousies and conflicts have occasionally given evidence that some women have entered the clubs from no higher motives than ambition. And, of course, to the extent that these have held sway, we could expect nothing but failure.

Human nature is complex. No doubt such motives have ruled a few and been felt to a greater or less extent by others. But fortunately there have been others. This has been clearly shown by the numerous channels into which the energy of the women's clubs has flowed, and the character of the work they have done. Little by little the philanthropic departments, as they have come into being, have taken the front rank and accomplished an enormous amount of good. Legislators and members of city councils have come in many places to have a wholesome respect for them. The laws which regulate child labor in certain States are the outcome of the work done in these departments. It is due to their influence that we have in several of our cities women matrons in police stations. They have secured the appointment of women tenement inspectors, sanitary inspectors; of women doctors in insane asylums. They have stood for cleanness in official positions, have fought

Women's Clubs

SCIENCE has no sex; the mere knowing and reasoning faculties, if they act correctly, must go through the same process, and arrive at the same result. But in art and literature, which imply the action of the entire being, in which every fiber of the nature is engaged, in which every peculiar modification of the individual makes itself felt, woman has something specific to contribute.

—George Eliot

many social evils and accomplished an enormous quantity of good. They have used their influence against yellow journalism, and have very

generally closed their doors to women who indulge in it. They have also stood for physical as well as mental cleanness. I know of an instance in which a highly educated club woman ran for the position of garbage collector, because the streets in her locality were a disgrace, and those who had previously had the honor of the office held they could not be kept clean with the money appropriated. She was elected, kept the office for one term to prove to all that this could be easily accomplished, and then resigned. I am told there has never since been any difficulty in that quarter.

Mentally, the clubs have no doubt been a great stimulus to women throughout the land. The art clubs have helped to increase an art atmosphere, by holding art exhibitions and in other ways exciting public interest. And the same can be said of the musical departments.

Of late years the clubs have greatly increased their influence by realizing the need of more unity. The *General Federation of Woman's Clubs*, holding biannual meetings, to which all Women's Clubs send delegates, is a power. And as extremes are avoided, it is certainly a power for good. Sometimes, certainly, one sees extremes in individual clubs.

When a woman is found spending all her thought, time and energy on club life, one is tempted to query whether she is not losing a little her sense of proportion. And when a woman having a home-life, for which she is responsible, steps out of it and neglects it, she is a failure, as Katherine Tingley has so often said.

The nation is made up of homes. They are the very kernel of our national life. Upon their purity, sweetness, their harmony and perfection everything else depends. They are the nurseries for our future legislators, our future guardians of the nations, and over them women have by the laws of

nature been placed. No position could be greater, more responsible, if properly understood. And to neglect it for the purpose of running out to build clubs or anything else, is criminal. The better club women would be the first to condemn such an extreme, and it would hardly be fair to blame the clubs for their abuse by some. If properly used, they ought to be a means of broadening the home life; of enabling a woman to fill her position better. If they do not do that for any woman, they are, of course, worse than useless to her. For what we all need to learn to do, is not how to ignore the place to which nature has appointed us, but how to fill it better and better; how to beautify and purify it and make of it all that is possible.

The clubs are such an enormous organization, from the point of view of numbers, that one wonders why they are not even a greater power; and they have accomplished so much, one wonders why they have not done yet more. What is it that holds them back from a greater success? Some failure, of course, to understand nature's purposes, and work with her. It can only be that which holds any of us back. Nature has a plan, or that which is behind nature has. There must be a definite line of evolution, and any who work with these divine forces, are irresistible.

Suppose that instead of working for a little culture here, a little knowledge there; the correcting of little evils on one side, or the starting of new reforms in another; suppose that instead of trying to patch up the social fabric as it is, there were, working through these clubs, a mighty force, which could grasp the trend of human affairs as they are, and as they should be, and which, like a very Titan in its strength, would scorn to do less than go to the very root of human difficulties, and from there

sweep out over the earth with such force as to make of itself a gigantic spiritual magnet, which would, like magic, throw all human energy into line, and start it flowing in its natural channels!

Suppose they were working for Brotherhood! And intelligently!

But if they are not doing this absolutely and in the fullest sense, let us thank them for what they have done. They have helped to open out a broader life for woman, for which Katherine Tingley has worked and suffered so much. They have opened more than one door, which we hope will never close again. G. V. P.

The Himalayan Mother's Lullaby

IT is said that in certain parts of the Himalaya Mountains the native women have a singular way of putting their children to sleep in the middle of the day. The child is put near a stream of water, and by means of a palm leaf or a tin scoop the water is deflected so as to run over the back of the child's head. The water pouring on the child's head apparently sends it to sleep and keeps it so, while the mother proceeds with her work in the fields. No one seems ever to fear that baby may be drowned.—*Selected*

WOMEN'S work in France becomes more important as the days pass. Only one evidence of this is the publication, *La Femme Contemporaine*, a magazine which is devoted to women's interests, and which is, to quote its sub-title, "a synthesis of work, ideas and artistic achievement, which in the intellectual, moral or religious order can serve for the practical evolution of the women of today, from the individual, family and social standpoint."

ELIZA R. SCIDMORE, special correspondent of one of our metropolitan dailies, writes from Canton, China:

In the line of unskilled labor, the women of Fatshan and country parts compete with men, and hundreds of women are employed by the American railway builders on construction work, at less even than the forty silver cents a day paid to the knights of labor. A funny lot these navvy women are, with bracelets and earrings of green and white glass, and mushroom hats flounced around with black calico, for the complexion's sake. They carry shallow baskets of dirt, sand and broken stone back and forth, and while they seem to be only playing at work with this shoulder pole and pair of little baskets, the embankments all along the railway line are substantial monuments of women's work. Often the female construction gangs work each one with her own lord and master, and it is significantly said that one man and his wife will do more work than four coolies.

THE women of Patras and Oezion, in Greece, are endeavoring to revive the ancient silk industry of that land, which in olden times was noted for its production of fine silks. Committees of ladies have been formed for the purpose of planting mulberry trees and of starting the industry on a practical basis. The Agricultural Society, of which the King of Greece is President, has promised his support, and all things point to an enthusiastic revival of the industry which in the past rendered Greece so famous. The women of Modern Greece can render invaluable assistance towards bringing back its ancient glories by such means.

Mental Dissipation

THE great trouble with us, as women, is that we were not rightly trained in childhood. After spending half a lifetime vibrating between misery and pleasure, we suddenly wake up to a high ideal, and begin to strive to reach it. No wonder it is up hill work. Our faculties are not trained. We have had no one to teach us the value of better mental habits. If we want to realize the condition of our minds let us try to think for two consecutive minutes upon any given subject. The difficulty is appalling. Our thoughts trip as lightly and aimlessly from one subject to another as the butterfly flits from flower to flower.

Women may lead respectable and blameless lives, as the world estimates, and yet have mental habits which are so lax as to amount to dissipation. The time spent by many in idle dreaming is not only wasted, but creates a force which destroys the memory, clouds the keenness of observation and absolutely precludes the possibility of concentration.

How many go to the theatre to enjoy the sensation of having their emotions swayed, from tears to laughter by turns? All the passions of human nature surge through their minds while they listen and gaze, and



THE CELEBRATED PORTICO OF THE CARYATIDES OR MAIDENS OF THE ERECHTHEON ON THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS

this they consider recreation, and even a means of culture.

It is these false ideals that become our greatest foes, shutting out from our minds the sacred powers that rightly belong to us. But we cannot regain our lost inheritance until we have the *will to renounce absolutely* our long-cherished mental dissipations. The task is a difficult one, but not hopeless. We must have the conviction that its accomplishment is possible and then must we set to work, not day by day but moment by moment, to watch the details, the treacherous little mental slips which later betray us into great failures.

Nothing can bring us victory but a powerful and continuous effort of the will. Then will we be able to act as souls, then only can we be relied upon to come forth at the right moment and do the right thing; then are we no longer dead weights upon the wheels of progress which are today beginning to fly at a tremendous speed. Then we shall become true helpers in the world instead of, what some women certainly are, it must be confessed, mere hindrances.

EDITH WHITE

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Egyptian Race Continuous for Thousands of Years

THE amazing libel upon the ancient Egyptians, that they were cannibals, has at last been definitely disproved. The evidence on which it rested was that in opening many of the tombs it was noticed that the bones of the contained skeletons presented obvious indications of having been gnawed; and, furthermore, that parts of the neck were frequently missing. It has now been shown that the latter phenomenon is due to the depredations of grave-robbers, who, in despoiling the dead occupant of the necklace with which he or she was buried, removed with it a part or the whole of the neck. And the marks of gnawing are now known to be due to an insect.

At a place called Naga ad-Der, near the town of Girga, thousands of tombs have been opened, belonging to every period. Every part of the body has been found and closely studied. One of the investigators, eminently competent to express an opinion, Dr. Elliott Smith, has accordingly been able to reach the conclusion that the Egyptian race, as represented at Naga ad-Der, was one single continuous race from the earliest prehistoric times to the Twelfth Dynasty. And from other evidence, including the investigation of skeletons of Copts of today, Dr. Smith reaches the further conclusion that the continuity of race in Egypt exists to the present time.

Professor Petrie is still at work and has made a remarkable discovery in connection with the Temple of Rameses the Second. Beneath the foundations of this temple are, one below another, the foundations of four others. How far back the earliest of these five successive structures may date is unknown, probably an enormous period.

Another investigator is still engaged, after two years, in excavating the tomb of the great Queen Hatshepsu. It has already been cleared to a depth of *eight hundred feet*, and the end is not yet reached.

From the data almost daily supplied by the ever progressing investigations, one may safely say that any history of Egypt becomes as rapidly superannuated as a text-book of chemistry.

ARCHEOLOGIST

Excavations at Delos Disclose Marble and Granite Houses

THE excavations in the Island of Delos are assuming an archeologic importance equal to that of Pompeii. The city of Delos is peculiarly favorable to work of this kind, it being the only ancient Greek city which is almost uninjured. It is true that the upper stories of the houses have fallen in, but in almost every case the walls still stand to a height of some yards, and their architecture and the general arrangement of the city can therefore be studied with great ease.

The situations of over one hundred houses have already been traced, and in some cases the buildings have been entirely laid bare. These houses are of all kinds, from those of the wealthy to the huts of workmen.

Delos is the mythical birthplace of Apollo and Diana, and was therefore held in high esteem. Many temples and shrines were built there, and these have been brought to light, together with hundreds of votive offerings and inscriptions recording the transactions of the priests and the lists of offerings brought by devotees.

A well has recently been found into which had been thrown a large number of bronze and marble inscribed tablets. The translations have not as yet been made available, but they are said to be of very great importance.

The houses of Delos were worthy of a sacred city, being built throughout of granite and marble. The streets and sewers are distinctly traceable, the latter being very perfect and complete and worthy of a modern city.

The credit for this important and successful work is mainly due to Mr. Homolle, the Director of the French School of Athens, who has devoted very many years to research of this description. In recognition of his immense services to archeology Mr. Homolle has been appointed Director to the Louvre Museum in Paris.

STUDENT

The Cliff Dwellings—A Conventional View of Their Origin

THE Vice Regent of the Colorado Cliff Dwellers' Association has recently read a paper on the "Cliff Dwellers of the Southwest." The paper was interesting, although it seems to have contained nothing very new. The speaker said:

The origin of the cliff dwellers is all speculation, whether from the Romans, Peruvians, Africans, East Indians or whom. It is in the hot, arid lands of Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona that we find the thickly scattered footprints of a vanished race of many millions that have long since passed away, leaving behind them human remains, ruined homes and rock writings as the only legacy of a lost people. The preservation of their handiwork, field products and the mummified human remains and ruined homes has exceeded that of any other extinct race in the world.

Look-out towers testify to the terror in which these people lived and, like the dwellings, faced east. They probably were sun-worshippers, the country being so dry their whole religion was a prayer for rain. The manufacture of pottery, especially water jugs, was one of their chief industries, and the Indian invariably worked a story into every article which he fashioned. The homes of these Pueblo Indians were scattered over the country 6,000 miles square, varying in size from a single room to a large building of several stories, which must have contained over 100 persons. It is probable that their priests or religious advisers were old men.

The origin of the cliff dwellers is perhaps not so entirely speculative as the speaker infers. We do not believe that human history, however remote, can ever be entirely lost, although for a time it may go out of sight. If archeology will join hands with geology, many revelations would be made, including that of the submerged continent of Atlantis, with its human fringes in America and Europe. Then it would be no longer a matter for speculation whether the prehistoric cliff dwellers of Colorado had a Roman origin!

STUDENT

The Ancient Knowledge of Chemistry Was Secret

THE Berlin correspondent of the *Christian World* reports a very interesting lecture by Professor Pinner on the "Chemistry of the Bible," and of antiquity generally. He admits that the sacred writers give very few clues from which we can gain any knowledge of the chemical skill in possession of their contemporaries, but the few clues that exist are interesting. The Egyptian priests were chemists of no mean order, but their learning was their secret, and the Jews never seem to have got hold of it. The Jews, besides, were small farmers, and this is, perhaps, the one avocation in which even a slight chemical knowledge is unnecessary. They never extended their possessions to the sea, and were satisfied with what the Phœnicians could supply them. Their produce was all unmanufactured goods in which chemical knowledge could not be utilized. The six metals known to the Jews—gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, tin—were all imported from Phœnicia. Smelting and purifying were known to them, especially the purification of gold and silver, but they did not understand those operations in metallurgy in which chemical processes were indispensable. The metal work for the Temple, for example, was drawn from Phœnicia. They could make bricks, but only by primitive methods, and it is quite evident they preferred red clay to white, on account of its superior toughness. White clay is more porous, and the Israelites knew no process of glazing this valuable white clay. They could bake clay, but they could not burn it so as to get a vitreous glaze.

Dr. Pinner comes to the conclusion that although a large number of chemically-produced articles were in use among the Israelites, they imported these articles and did not manufacture them themselves. X.

EXCAVATIONS are still being carried on at Pompeii and not without results. Some workmen have just discovered there a very beautiful piece of marble statuary. It is forty-seven centimetres in height and represents a devout worshiper offering a sacrifice to Aphrodite. The figures are absolutely perfect, and the whole composition is as fresh and significant as on the day when it left the hands of the artist.

Nature

Studies

A Page of Change of Life in Shells

HERE is a picture of a story in shells which very forcibly impresses one with the swiftness of the succession of life in the sea, and the economy of space in arranging living forms. The large abalone shell is covered on the back with barnacles and weeds which probably grew there during the owner's life, for they are often found on living specimens. When the abalone died it was quickly devoured by crabs and fishes, and in the empty shell came a family of young rock-oysters which used the old univalve shell for one side of their own bivalvular house.

Later came another colony which preferred to disregard the plan of the first and instead to build all of their own houses as usual. These in their turn died, by accident apparently, and an army of tiny shell-building worms took possession, dotting the whole surface with curious little irregular spirals of lime. Meanwhile, the borers have been busily at work in the substance of the large shell until it is honeycombed through and through. Had it been left in the sea it would soon have been disintegrated and the materials used in new structures to shelter other lives.

It would be interesting to know how long the whole cycle takes to complete, and how many times it has occurred, and will occur. Such processes are certainly more rapid in water than on land, except, perhaps, in tropical swamps, and those which endure a long time—such as the whale, which lives about as long as a man—must see a bewildering succession of transmutations. Indeed, the only permanent thing or condition is change, and the attempt at permanence, whether it is the lime gathered into a shell, a bone or a tooth, the filmy, water-woven structure of a jelly-fish, or the very rocks themselves, can only separate and distinguish a bit of matter for a little while; it all merges together again at last.

G. W.

Natural Orientation of Trees

WE are in receipt of a letter from an Australian reader of the NEW CENTURY PATH who refers to an article which appeared on the Nature page, some time ago, concerning the habit of gum-tree (eucalyptus) twigs of pointing to the west after they die. Both from personal observation and by inquiry our antipodean reader confirms the fact.

Meanwhile, a correspondent from the State of Washington assures us that the hemlocks always point eastward after death. Are we to find an entirely new line of investigation opening before us? It certainly would be worth while to ascertain the reasons for these actions and for the difference in action. Does any reader know of eucalyptus and hemlocks growing in the same locality under similar conditions? If so, do they act as above described, or do both point the same way, and which way? Are there other trees which point in some particular direction, and if so, in what direction?

Possibly there may be some inner connection between this behavior of trees and the well-known habit of some savage tribes of burying their dead with the head in a certain direction.

THE INDIGO BIRD

by ETHELWYN WETHERALD, from *Tangled in Stars*

WHEN I see,
High on the tip-top twig of a tree,
Something blue by the breezes stirred,
But so far up that the blue is blurred,
So far up no green leaf flies
'Twixt its blue and the blue of the skies,
Then I know, ere a note be heard,
That is naught but the Indigo bird.

Blue on the branch and blue in the sky,
And naught between but the breezes high,
And naught so blue by the breezes stirred
As the deep, deep blue of the Indigo birds.

When I hear

A song like a bird laugh, blithe and clear
As though of some airy jest he had heard
The last and the most delightful word,
A laugh as fresh in the August haze
As it was in the full-voiced April days,
Then I know that my heart is stirred
By the laugh-like song of the Indigo bird.

Joy in the branch and joy in the sky,
And naught between but the breezes high;
And naught so glad on the breezes heard
As the gay, gay note of the Indigo bird.



A STORY IN SHELLS

Heredity in the Animal Kingdom

THE old doctrine of heredity has been receiving a good many little nibbles of late years, and a good many more are doubtless in store for it. We have been having some warnings recently on this point from Professor Symes Thompson. He has shown that a good many of the early performances of young animals which have been hitherto taken for inherited instinct—blind machinery, in fact—are really due to careful tuition on the part of their elders. It has, for example, always been believed that flocks of birds, in migrating, are led by the young of the party, finding their way by inherited instinctive memory of the direction to take. Recent observations show that whilst the young do fly in front of their elders, a few of the latter are always in front to show the way. The young are probably placed in front in order that they may set a speed suitable to their immature powers.

The young of many swimming animals do not begin to swim till their parents teach them, nor the young of birds to fly without the same stimulus. The apparatus is there, but the task of the parent is to awake the mind of its young to the impulse to use it. And in this task the parent often shows much ingenuity and originality.

The role of mind, as a factor in evolution, will have to be taken far more generally into account, if many perplexing biological problems are to find a solution. We have elsewhere suggested that variations leading to a protective mimicry may have a mental cause. That is to say, that insects habitually dwelling in certain foliages or surroundings may get a mental impression of them strong enough to affect their offspring into a very advantageous resemblance. This impression might be very dim, hardly comparable to any act of our consciousness, and yet real and effective. And the same idea might be added to the Lamarck theory. According to this, to use a very rough example, the giraffe acquired a long neck by straining at high foliage; and his offspring, inheriting the result of the parental labor, added his own efforts in the same direction. It would not seem unreasonable to suggest that the habitual contemplation by an animal, of food-foliage above his reach, might induce a very dim mental conception corresponding to his needs,

not of course comparable to a reasoned idea of ours, but yet slowly effective in molding the form of his offspring. Then natural selection and heredity would come in and do their part.

STUDENT

WE have more than once called attention to the extraordinary work of Mr. Luther Burbank in the creation of new types of fruits and flowers. He has entered upon a field of experiment which would appear to be without limit, experiment which will in a few years fill our orchards and gardens with forms of flower and fruit life we can now hardly conceive. Among many other evolutions he has now plums and prunes without stones, white blackberries, daisies four inches in diameter, great roses of many new forms and colors, a ten-inch amaryllis, a spurless columbine, dahlias with a new sweet perfume.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

A VERY large audience assembled at Isis Theatre on Sunday night, the announced program being particularly inviting. The addresses were by Mr. and Mrs. Knoche and Mr. E. August Neresheimer, well known as the Chairman of the Universal Brotherhood Cabinet. However popular these speakers may be, and undoubtedly are, they will certainly not be jealous of the reception given to the two tiny Raja Yoga children, Frances Hanson and Geoffrey Barborka, whose piano and violin duets are already well known in San Diego, and much further afield. We need only say that these children were as fascinating as ever, and Isis audiences will know how much that means.

Mrs. Knoche's address was on "Trust in the Divine," as exemplified by the helpers of humanity who have come into the world from age to age in obedience to the cyclic law. Mrs. Knoche spoke with special reference to the Theosophical Leaders, of H. P. Blavatsky and the splendid war which she waged in her life-long isolation; of W. Q. Judge, who began the magnificent work which he established throughout the world by speaking to rows of empty chairs in New York, and by Katherine Tingley, whose watchword that "Life is Joy" has been indelibly stamped upon her work. Mrs. Knoche concluded a very impressive address with a question peculiarly memorable at this epoch: "Is it not time that, as a people, as individuals, is it not time that you and I turned away from the shadows to find within our own hearts, once again, the Eternal Sunrise?"

Mr. Knoche's address we can do little more than mention. It was upon "Middle Lines in Human Progress," and was a strong and common sense appeal for a gospel of balance, of harmony, of proportion and of symmetry. The balance is, of course, to be found within ourselves, and must be applied to the chaos of the world and to the reform movements, of which so many are spasmodic and unbalanced.

Mr. Neresheimer's address was heard with peculiar interest, not only on account of its manner, but because its weighty importance appealed to a Californian audience. It was entitled "The Material and Spiritual Possibilities of California." Mr. Neresheimer's opinions were based broadly upon his knowledge of the world

LOMA-LAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Another Large Audience Greeted
Able Addresses and Little Frances
Hanson and Geoffrey Barborka

Reprinted from the San Diego News

and of the Orient. He rapidly sketched the great commercial and other movements of the Orient, and showed how isolation of interests has now become impossible for any part of the civilized world, and peculiarly for California, whose foot was so firmly placed upon the international highway of commerce and also of learning. Mr. Neresheimer's optimism was based upon intelligence and not upon mere sentiment. He recognized the dangers, but was certain that they would be avoided. He said:

"Do we Californians realize to the full the situation we have before us? That on us would fall the heaviest blows of a racial war of any kind whatsoever; and that it would be our interests which would most suffer, were so dire a calamity come to pass? May the great Law prevent such an occurrence, for we would have to face some two-thirds of the population of the globe; and if they become what Japan has become, and it is not impossible, then what have we to look forward to? Not death; not extermination; not a remorseless and bloodthirsty foe, but in all probability an enemy like Japan is proving herself to be to Russia."

But Mr. Neresheimer believed that such things would be avoided. California would make herself commercially indispensable to the world, and, indeed, was already doing so. San Diego was practically the epitome of California as being the nearest port to the center of the coming national life of the Oriental peoples. "The day is coming, and it is coming quickly, when the center of our national gravity will be shifted from the Atlantic to the Pacific, when the heart-life of this mighty Republic will beat on these very shores of California."

Mr. Neresheimer's concluding words ought to be remembered by all who have at heart the well-being of San Diego and of California. He said:

"No other people in the history of the world has had such onerous, weighty and sublime problems to solve, as face us now. Backed by the grand power of our sister States of the Union, we shall be able to do more towards the establishment of a true and real Universal Brotherhood of Humanity than was ever before granted to any people known. Australia, New Zealand, the islands of the Pacific, China that is to come, the Peninsula of Hindustan, and Japan, are slowly turning their eyes our way for supplies, and it may be for help. Shall we fail? Never!"

IN the *Key to Theosophy* H. P. Blavatsky says: "During the last quarter of every hundred years an attempt is made by those Teachers of whom I have spoken to help the spiritual progress of mankind in a marked and definite way. . . . If you care to do so, you can trace these movements back, century by century, as far as our detailed historical records extend." I have often wished that H. P. Blavatsky had traced for us, however briefly, the work of the Helpers at the close of each century, for it would assuredly be of the highest educational value to understand the forces at work in society. She has not done so, and we are left to do it for ourselves as best we can. This is no easy matter, for though we have historical records, in many cases they rather perplex than help. If any one takes up an outline of the history of the last nineteen centuries, he will find a series of events put down in such a way that important matters are generally obscured. The unimportant is made prominent, and the real living powers, that make for human evolution, are often very slightly touched upon, or hidden from sight altogether. For example, take the case of Jesus Christ. It is well known that, with the exception of one or two doubtful passages, the historians of that time do not mention him at all. Were it not for his followers, we might never have known of the existence of Jesus. We must be prepared, therefore, to resurrect the facts of history, which are really of vital importance, from the heaps of rubbish that undiscerning historians have cast upon them. The historian who will arise and do this, who will put things in their true proportion and relationship, and give us a clue to what it all means, he will deserve well of the race.

One or two preliminary observations may be made. As a wise general prepares his weapons before they are needed, so history shows us that the means conducive to progress are furnished before the time arrives demanding their use. The fall of Constantinople takes place sometime before Greek learning begins to be revived in Europe. The invention of printing, the discovery of America; and in later times, the steam engine and the electric telegraph—these and many other things are prepared beforehand for the uses which the evolution of the race may demand. The tools for the work done during the last quarter of the century are prepared before-

The Last Quarter of Each Century

hand. In this connection we should remember the occult law, that power, or knowledge, when liberated, may be used selfishly, as well as for man's advancement. Therefore, to keep back a knowledge of forces that might be used destructively, is quite as much the care of the Helpers of humanity as it is to unfold knowledge which, used wisely, will be conducive to progress. Gunpowder, dynamite, and many other things, are examples of natural forces which may be turned to a bad purpose. Knowledge itself may be employed to make the evil man an adept in evil.

The power which strong minds can exercise over other minds may be used wisely, but it can be turned to evil, when any man, or body of men, employs it for selfish purposes. The *Idola*, of which Lord Bacon wrote so wisely, are but another name for the dominating or hypnotic influence which is exercised by authority, fashion, custom and the like. Closely related to the above is the fact that when the Powers working to help man give out fresh light, or lay down a line of action, the evil powers cunningly adopt this for the furtherance of their selfish purposes. Schools of learning are good, but we know that a body of people working on selfish lines has used this as a means for its own selfish aggrandizement. Just as the "Sacred Mysteries" were, long ago, defiled, in like manner was the teaching of Jesus, in the early days of Christianity, deflected and changed from its original purpose and purity, and made the instrument of selfishness—all the more dangerous because of the likeness which it bore to the Master and his teaching. And the same thing still obtains, for do we not find that the name "Theosophist" has been assumed by some people for selfish ends, and that such people have been very quick to adopt into their own system certain things brought forward by the Leader of the Universal Brotherhood?

These are but a few of the clues which we should possess in order to read history correctly. Again and again it must be the task of the true historian to "put down the mighty from their seats and exalt those of low degree."

History is an organic whole, as much as a man's life is; and no part can be severed from the rest and treated separately. The pattern will be destroyed if we cut it into sections and pull out the threads. As it is said that the best way to re-

call one's past is to begin from the present and go backward step by step, so, perhaps, the wise historian of the future will trace the stream of history backwards, and thus indicate the causes that have produced certain things or conditions of life.

If we look backward from the last quarter of the Nineteenth century, which is marked by the advent of modern Theosophy, we find a great many things which have been preparing the way for it. The movement was started in America in 1875; but had not Columbus discovered America in the last quarter of the Fifteenth century, there would have been no physical conditions prepared for the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood. The place was being prepared four centuries in advance. Certain conditions were also necessary. Had America been like Russia or Austria, the Theosophical Society would not have been possible. Political liberty was necessary, and mental freedom was also necessary, not in America only, but in other countries as well, if the Universal Brotherhood was to encircle the world. The movement towards "man's liberation," during the last quarter of the Eighteenth century, not only made the American Colonies united and free, but also, to some extent, freed Europe from effete monarchical bonds. Politically, at least, the influence of American freedom reacted on nearly all parts of the world, especially on the English-speaking portions of it, and to that extent made the way for Universal Brotherhood less difficult. Mental and spiritual freedom are our heritage from the martyrs of many lands and ages. Had America been Spanish, and under the rule of the Inquisition, the Universal Brotherhood would have been impossible. Had the Reformation not taken place, mental and spiritual freedom would have been impossible. And had not there been the diffusion of Greek learning, making the Renaissance possible, there could not have been the Reformation.

The teaching of Jesus, which was meant to produce freedom on all planes, had become so perverted in the hands of the foes of liberty, that efforts had to be started along several lines in order to liberate mankind from the bondage which had been brought about by the perversion of those very teachings which should have made men free.

STUDENT

Second Object of the International Brotherhood League

Read at public meeting of Universal Brotherhood Lodge, No. 1, Australia

OBJECT 2. To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood, and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity.

IS there not here a glorious solution to one of the most pressing problems of the day—one of the most distressing problems? Is it not an act of practical Universal Brotherhood, and does it not bear the promise of a glorious hope for the future of humanity? The world at large will soon now begin to see what all those who are in touch with its teaching already know—that Theosophy is the most practical spiritual system of philosophy on earth, touching with its healing fingers all the plague spots of so-called civilization.

Picture to yourselves an Ideal so lofty and pure, that, like an angel, arises with healing in its wings, breathing in softest tones to the Souls of men the eternal Truth, so beautifully expressed in the words of the great Teacher, Katherine Tingley, "Oh, ye men and women, sons of the same universal mother as ourselves; ye who were born as we were born, who must die as we must die, and whose Souls, like ours, belong to the Eternal, I call upon you to arise from your dreamy state and to see within yourselves that a new and brighter day has dawned for the human race."

The old, old teachings about nature and man are openly taught again in our midst, truths as old as the Souls of men. And the stone that the builders rejected is again in place, the sure foundation of the Temple of the Living God—collective humanity, and the link which binds us all together, and to the Divinity within our own hearts—the foundation of stone, the everlasting rock of Universal Brotherhood.

No system of philosophy can stand but upon that sure foundation, because it alone embraces all God's creatures without exception, and a work to be lasting must be for the good of all, irrespective of creed, caste or color. And so we find one of the signs of the new order of ages is the foundation of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood among the people of all nations, with a great International Center—a Universal Home, and a Universal Leader, who governs and leads alike in justice and love, at the International Center, and at the National Centers in the various nations where Branches of the Universal Brotherhood are established.

One practical outcome of the establishment of this body of people, united in object and aim (the Truth, Light and Liberation of Humanity), is the establishment of preparatory schools throughout countries where the League is established, called "Lotus Groups," where children are taught on the "broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood;" and encouraged to mould their lives in accordance with these teachings, they are clearly shown the dual nature of man, taught that they are Souls here on earth for the purpose of mastering their lower natures, and with the power to achieve the victory. And these teachings are imparted by a method which tends to make the Soul the active factor in their little lives; by music of a high standard; by symbology; and by dramatic presentations embodying ennobling ideas, in which the children themselves are the actors. In this way old barriers of national separation and distrust will be broken down among the rising generations of the various nations, for they will have been taught of the Unity of Humanity and prepared for a higher patriotism, in which, through striving to prepare themselves to be noble citizens of their own special countries, will allow them also to consider the welfare of the whole world and recognize themselves and others alike, as parts of a great family, each with a special part to play for the common weal.

At Point Loma, the International Center I before spoke of, is established an "International Lotus Home," where are gathered together many of the little waifs and strays, the unfortunate, uncared-for children of our large cities, who are being trained "to become workers for humanity" under the matchless Raja Yoga system inaugurated by Katherine Tingley, the teachers of which have been trained under her direct supervision.

The Raja Yoga School treats of the physical, mental, moral and spiritual welfare of the children, the term implying a science which includes all four. The results are such as astonish all intelligent beholders and touch all good hearts.

It makes one think of the truth of the old biblical saying as they hear on all sides enthusiastic tributes as to the worth and value of practical or applied Theosophy, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things will be added unto you," for it is through the recognition that man is a Soul, and the practical application of it, that this great work has been started and shows such marvelous results. What may we not expect in the future as these children grow up, and go out as Teachers among the people to the various countries from which they came, while an ever increasing stream will take their place? We have left the darkness of past ages behind us at last, and stand facing the dawn of a new day, when human hearts will be warmed and permeated by the life-giving rays of the Rising Sun of Brotherly Love, the promise of an "International Humanity of Perfection."

EMILY I. WILLANS

IT is always a pleasure to read the Rev. Minot J. Savage, voicing

as he does the thoughts of the most enlightened theological thinkers of the day. Especially valuable and especially trenchant is his defense of freedom of thought and freedom of research against those who feel themselves peculiarly called upon to resist the onward and progressive spirit of the age.

It seems that a league has been formed for the purpose of destroying the Higher Criticism and of coming to the defense of the Bible and divine revelation. To a certain order of mind there is of course a peculiar charm in officiously associating itself with the sublime and of arrogating to itself the position of the spokesman of God. We can but express a very sincere hope that divine truth in no way depends for its existence upon the efforts of its self-constituted and unauthorized representatives. In such a case its position would indeed be perilous.

Dr. Savage addresses himself to this point in a manner which we think is likely to be remembered. Referring to the so-called attacks of the Higher Criticism, he says:

The men who are making this assault on the Bible are representative scholars of the world, scientific thinkers, leaders, teachers, who have given us a new universe,

Rev. Minot J. Savage on the Higher Criticism

a new conception of God, a new idea concerning the origin and nature of man.

They have uncovered ancient civilization and have told us what were the first ideas that men held concerning religion, God, man and destiny. They have studied all the scriptures of the world, compared the religions and the development of religions, thought and life of the world. They have created nothing less than a science of religions. They are not seeking to support or to undermine anything. They are seeking for the truth as the only sacred thing on earth.

It would perhaps be too much to expect a change of heart on the part of those who suppose that all search for knowledge is necessarily opposed to the divine will. We would, however, suggest to these gentlemen that they ask themselves in all sincerity whether it is the word of God or their own opinions which they are so anxious to defend and whether they are fully persuaded that it is not they themselves who are assaulting divine revelation which did not disappear from out of the world two thousand years ago, but has been constantly vouchsafed to every heart which has reverently sought for the wisdom of God, for the Theosophia. X.

SELF-REVERENCE, self-knowledge, self-control, these three alone lead life to sovereign power.—Tennyson

"YOU CANNOT KILL THE GODS"

From *The National Review*

STILL, even in the noontide glare,
The Gods, recumbent, take their ease;
Look rightly, you will find them there,
Slumbering behind some fallen frieze.

What though their Temples strew the ground,
And to the ruin owls repair?
Their home, their haunt, is all around;
They drive the cloud, they ride the air.

Build as man may, Time gnaws and peers
Through marble fissures, granite rents;
Only imagination rears
Imperishable monuments.

Let Gaul and Goth pollute the shrine,
Level the altar, fire the fane;
There is no razing the Divine;
The Gods return, the Gods remain.

Upward and Onward

IN these words we have expressed the line of true progress—aspiration upward towards a divine ideal and a constant effort onward to its realization, that is to say, to *being* it as nearly as possible. Theosophy proclaims the Christ-self within as the divine human ideal to which all true evolution tends, and that its realization is to be aspired to, fought for, each one for himself, in his or her own heart, by the elimination of faults and failings. When we first feel the truth of this statement, we become painfully aware of many defects and shortcomings in the life, work and character of our brother—our neighbor, and we itch to set them right by hinting, and innuendo, if not by downright interference. But that herculean task, if it were possible, is nowhere recommended in the teachings of Theosophy; but it enjoins us as strongly as possible to take the beam out of one's own eye before attempting to take the mote out of our neighbor's.

Underlying this injunction which the wise one's have left us is a hint of the true method of progress. It is to purify our own lives from selfishness, criticism, pride and unbrotherliness as to *be* a truly noble, strong and compassionate example to others as well as a strength and encouragement to all. A man is to be a genuine man, a woman a true woman, a master a just master, a servant an honest servant, one and all unselfish, and in their position and degree as nearly perfect as they each can be. We are not enjoined to talk and find fault, but to be our true selves. Here our brain-mind enters an objection, "Oh but we cannot be all that." No, but we can make a start. A beginning has to be made sometime, and after the first step, the others show themselves. It has been wisely said that "one bad habit conquered in the life of a single individual is worth more to humanity than all the machines he could invent in a lifetime."

What is progress? Is it not a greater and greater freedom and power to live and work at our best? and to get more true joy out of our living and being and doing? Are we so self-righteous, so egotistical and vain as to think we are living and working at our best? Not one of us who is honest and intelligent would say "yes." Suppose now we ask ourselves why we cannot and do not live and do things at our best—for each of us knows in our inner heart that when we impartially view one of our acts, the thought strikes us, that we haven't done it as well as we feel we could and would like to do. What is our answer? Spontaneously it is, "Well, I couldn't do it better at that moment." Here is the confession of our weakness. But it is not *the* answer to the question. The answer more nearly and more truly is that we were not inclined to do better at the moment—our heart was not bent on doing well, but rather on getting done and over—a characteristic of the age.

Let us grapple a little closer with the question. Is it not a fact that our heart-light is faint because our personal habits are too strong and too many? I believe we will see it in that light soon, and then we will make efforts to get over our mental inertia and blind indifference to the world and joy of living and working at our best. Besides, the being able to work at our best will be partly fulfilling the law of Brotherhood, in that we are making it easier and better for all others to work at their best—a thing no one thought of announcing in modern philosophies or religions till that great world Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, once more made known to the world at large the teachings of the Wisdom religion. How wonderful it seems to the seeker of truth! The universe is one, as the word implies. The divine power of the universe is the unity of the whole, the divine unseen essence, the Soul whose great gifts are beauty and joy. We each are unit souls, integral parts of that unity; and what good one does the whole feels and is enriched thereby, just as selfishness is a dragon and a danger to all.

That is what Theosophy declares we are. You and I and all of us are souls, immortal parts of that divine, creative power which ensouls the universe. If we regard ourselves as anything less than the Soul, we must regard ourselves as the animal body we inhabit, and we live only a personal life for an animal body and as

an animal body. This is purely a selfish life, a living for self, and our mind becomes warped and twisted and bent on narrow, prejudiced and selfish ends. It thus becomes narrow, prejudiced, indiscriminating through fears, jealousies, conceits and superstitions. Unconsciously the mind is restricted, dull, inert, and when put on the stretch, or hearing anything of the truth, it is paralyzed with fear, or complains of strong things being said; and we do not and cannot under such bound conditions live or work at our best.

On the other hand, if we regard ourselves as immortal, divine souls, we see at once the possibility of living the universal life—a life at once broad, beautiful and joyous, health-giving in the best sense, ennobling and freedom-giving. We see the possibility of that perfection which Christ enjoined in his injunction, "Be ye perfect."

Why do we not live such lives of effort? Is it that we still think we are miserable sinners and born in sin, as we have had it drummed into our ears from the cradle up? Let us throw it off and embrace the grand truth as Theosophy declares it. That we *are* immortal, divine souls! Not that we *have* such, but that we *ARE* such, and let us ponder the words well. Let us no longer believe that immortal means beginning at our bodily birth. If immortal means anything, it means we existed *before* that body's birth just as we, Souls, will live on after that body's death. To understand the word immortal will help us to realize the truth of Reincarnation and the law of cause and effect, as well as help to rid us of many of the fears by which we are psychologized at the present day. A. A. S.

Serving God or Mammon

TO tell the truth, what is *called* serving God has been made out to be such a solemn, cold-hearted farce, that nine-tenths of the people never think of it, unless shocked by the death of some one near to them, or on their own approach to what is said to be their end. As a matter of fact, business, the cricket-field, the race-course, the theatre, the sunshine and the bush have a much greater power of attraction for the ordinary man. Why is this so? Is it because the people have been so long taught that they are sinners, in a sepulchral voice, that the fear of God, with folded hands and upturned eyes, or forced on to their knees under the threats of God's wrath and the punishment of hell-fire, that all hope has been given up of being good, and accepting this teaching that they are sinners, there is a determination to see it through and just please themselves?

It looks like it! And certainly vice has grown to enormous proportions on the heels of this teaching. Is it not the truth, also, that human nature has rebelled against the creeds that teach this, and with common consent has given up the very mention of them in ordinary society? In some instances this is out of an innate respect for true religion; but with the many it is like a breaking loose from the control of the jailer, a feverish unrest and love of excitement, in the pursuit of personal desire. Has it made them happy or cheerful? It is just the reverse. Everywhere we see miserable and wretched people. We see it behind the paint on their faces, the outside bravado, and the heartless laugh, and nowhere more than amongst those who have money and are *called* well off. Look at the unkindness, quarreling and cruelty we see in the homes, workshops and offices; at social gatherings and in public duties. We have been born into and put up so long with this state of affairs, thinking it a necessity, that about the only opposition the majority have made to it has been by losing their temper, or meekly giving way, out of desire or fear to avoid a worse disturbance.

Into this hopelessness and misery comes the light of Theosophy, the old, old, because ever living truth that never changes or passes away, for it is divine and immortal. It is held safely by those who love and serve their fellow men, and who gladly give it, again and again, whenever men and women are in hopeless difficulty from having followed the wrong path, deceived by foolish and heartless guides, and led on by the false light of personal desire.

Now what is serving Mammon? It is surely not enjoying the beauties of nature and using her bountiful gifts, being happy, cheerful and generous! No, all these things are a part of God's service, when we love them truly for themselves, and so love to share them with others. The service of Mammon is the touch of defilement that turns all beautiful and good things into poison, the selfish taking, keeping and using them, for ourselves, for our personal gratification alone. This is the "poison in the cup," the breaking of the supreme law of nature.

"Thou shalt not steal!" Rebellion to this command is a source and service of all misery and crime, the herald of disease, decay and dissolution—the mark of Cain. To only believe all this is no use to you! You might almost as well go on believing in original sin. It is the being, the doing of it, that lifts the misery and the wretchedness from your own and others lives. Will you go straight home and be a brother for the rest of your life, always to give, and never to steal? That is the question to which all else is trivial. This is all that God and nature—the truth—asks of us. Not to see that others do it, but to do it yourself, persist in doing it, until you do it purely, that is continuously and strongly, in the face of all opposition, without any reward in kind, and from the very first the holy presence of truth and love will be near you, though even if unknown and unfelt by you. You will have its help, and as quickly as you clear the way, by your noble deeds, will heaven and earth shower their blessings upon you. T. W. WILLANS

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Strange Substitute for the Modern Fiction of "Brain-Fag"

DR. GEORGE GOULD contributes to a contemporary an interesting, but we cannot think very convincing, article on "Brain-Fag." This malady, he says, is "a silly myth."

The brain does not tire; intellectual work does not hurt under normal conditions. It is eye-strain that causes all the brain-fag, which the newspapers have been exploiting of late.

To eye-strain he attributes even the vagaries and vices of great writers—the opium-eating of DeQuincy, the irritability of Carlyle, Wagner's gloom and tendency to suicide, Nietzsche's insanity.

If you glance through the biographies of any twenty-five great literary workers, you will find a strange and striking difference between the personal lives of perhaps half of the number, and of the others: twelve or fifteen will be found to be comparatively healthy, while the others are constantly afflicted, and endure lives of intense suffering. Of this class are George Eliot, Huxley, De Quincey, the Carlyles, Parkman, Browning, Wagner, Spencer, Whittier, Margaret Fuller, Lewes, Darwin and Nietzsche.

All of these had

Headache, sick-headache, dyspepsia, nervousness, indescribable misery, irritability, insomnia, and dejection. Moreover, all of them learned every day that the use of their eyes in their occupations caused these symptoms.

In Dr. Gould's view, eye-strain told backward into the brain, and produced the list of symptoms, peculiarities, whims and vices. Eye-strain is, of course, everywhere on the increase, and it does cause an extraordinarily long list of apparently disconnected symptoms which used to be treated as self-standing maladies. But why the eye-strain? Why the astigmatism, the myopia, the ocular inequality?

One cause is quite obvious—we read too much. The eye is affected as would be the ear, if we spent the whole day listening to minute sounds. And the dwellers in cities, mostly shut out from nature's pictures of sward and flower and foliage, of rock and sea, can give their eyes only the negative rest of sleep, not the positive rest of broad sweeps of color and tint. This is for the eyes what it would be for the ears, never to hear any sounds save a faint squeak from a phonograph, and to have to listen to that all day long. This has been going on for several generations, and is now multiplied by heredity. And the evil begins in early youth, almost infancy.

But besides the fact dwelt on by Dr. Gould that eye-strain, traveling along the optic nerves to the visual center, and spreading from there, produces brain-strain, the existence of the opposite process can hardly be doubted. Brain-strain must tell outwards, and in its ripples affect the sense that is closest to our lives, namely vision. And thus a vicious action and reaction is established.

We live one-sided lives, or rather lives one-cornered that should be threefold, physical, mental and spiritual. For perfect health, physical work involving every muscle, in contact with nature, should be done daily. We should make every fiber our own and our home. The body should be allowed the feeling that comes from contact with earth and flowers and trees. Our minds should be steadily encouraged to drink in the beauty of nature, all her sounds and sense and colors. If we did this we should not feel the necessity of so much reading. We should not crave the abnormal stimulant to feeling that is afforded by the bulk of modern novels and short stories.

Music and art should enter much more largely into our lives and days. And lastly, the purely spiritual nature should be fed by daily contact with the Divine. True silence and meditation draw down upon the mind a spiritual rain, which is to its soil as other rain to dusty earth.

If children were thus trained and full natural life made possible for them, there would be no more Nietzsches evolving grotesque phantoms and calling it philosophy, genius would no more be hampered by its physical vehicle; there would be no more brain-fag or eye-strain; and the world's output of inspired thought would be tenfold greater in one generation.

STUDENT

The Psychology of Color—Experiments in Chicago

A PROFESSOR in Chicago University has propounded the view that red is an immoral color. He even ascribes the characteristics of certain urban districts to the prevalence of this color in the lighting of the streets. "Change the illumination in these districts," he says, "and doubtless there would be a change in the morals of the community." He instances the case of a French factory lit by red light, whose employes became so unruly that the color was changed. Then order reigned again. His argument is also supported by one or two other telling examples. It also finds confirmation in some experiments in schools, which have lately come under our notice, and to a few of which we have called attention in these columns.

Far too little attention has been given to the influence of color upon consciousness. Every one has some general idea of the effect of surroundings upon him, and furnishing, in the hands of Morris and others, became one of the fine arts. But the scientific principles underlying have been but little worked out. Why does fashion in colors run now to red, now to yellow, now to the high blues and violets?

Red is a color which seems in all ages to have been connected with energy. Hence it was ascribed to Mars and especially used in war. It is an excitant, and its evil reputation referred to by Dr. Scott must be merely due to the fact that in the present complexion of human consciousness, the evil energies are much more readily stirred up than the others. But under other conditions the influence of red might make entirely for good.

There is a considerable field of work here for experimental psychophysiology. The benefits of it would tell especially upon our schools. A strong man can dominate his surroundings, but not so children. "Bright colors should be about the walls" is a common detail of advice for the furnishing of schoolrooms. But that is begging our question. What bright colors? From such experimentation as has been done, and the recorded experience of teachers, it would seem that the violets, purples and yellows are the best colors, yellow considerably predominating.

STUDENT

"The Blues"—Formerly Known as "The Spleen"

THE malady now known as "The Blues," but a hundred years ago as "The Spleen," has not, so far as we know, hitherto been examined from its anatomical standpoint. But in a recent medical book this has been done, and *Splanchnic Neurasthenia* is the impressive name conferred upon this once fashionable trouble.

The root of the evil, it seems, is laxity of the abdominal muscles, leading to congestion of the thus unsupported abdominal veins. And the consequences of this again is the mental state curiously associated by its name with the color blue. But may not the mental state antedate, instead of follow upon, the physical condition; and then be maintained and made worse by the evil muscular laxity which it caused? We certainly think that to be the case, and appeal for confirmation of our view to the results of treatment.

For medicines notoriously do nothing to cure, except when the patient sees his doctor every day and so gets a daily dose of encouragement. And something more, for there is no doctor but will say that such patients cost his vitality more than ten with other maladies.

He carries them to health. Foreign travel or any kind of healthy interest in life, also cures. In other words, it is a new mental vitality, whether stolen (from the doctor) or acquired, which cures.

Muscular gymnastics, etc., also cure, because to do them the mind has to rise to a beneficial effort of a positive will.

In other words, "The Blues" is a malady that no one need have, nor should tolerate. It is an affront to the divine in us, a severance of the mind from that center of energy, peace and joy. It is the first stage of death of the mind, and its older name, "the vapor," indicates what is going on. "Stand up to yourself, and don't have it" is the essence of all the medical advice.

M. D.

✧ A Problem and an Answer ✧



GERTRUDE HOWARD sat rocking her little son to sleep, crooning softly the while. What a tender, delicate little life it was, how great her responsibility! But her love and happiness were tempered with a fear, "Am I worthy of so great a joy, am I strong enough to do my duty?" The mother love was strong and deep, but the brain mind doubted.

"I *know* so little," she half moaned, "God help me to do the right."

Daily baby thrived and grew, a happy, healthy little mortal with decided opinions of his own and a genius for exploration.

Gertrude was well-to-do, but her conception of a mother's duty forbade her handing on all her privileges to hired help and so she herself superintended the training of her little son, looking upon it as a labor of love. But how she felt her limitations, faced with the persistence of youthful desire, and the restless energy of "a healthy little atom of continual motion," as his father called him.

"You have the patience of Job with the youngster," he had said, "but there is not enough wholesome discipline."

Gertrude sighed. Then an "little sister" came, and great was Norman's interest.

"Isn't she tiny? Norman's not a baby now," he proudly told his aunts who came to greet the new comer.

"Children are not what they used to be, they think from their very cradles now-a-days," Gertrude remarked, stroking the tiny head.

"Indeed they do," laughed one of her visitors, "what do you think my Molly said? Effie gave her some chocolates the other day, but added as an after thought, 'Will your mother mind your eating them?' 'Oh!' said Miss Molly, 'Mother doesn't mind me eating them when *she* doesn't see me,' and she carefully wiped every trace of them from her face."

Gertrude's answering smile was very faint. Molly was but a trifle older than her own little boy, and *her mother found such things amusing!*

"Still worrying over the children, wifey?" said her husband affectionately, that evening, catching sight of his wife's wistful face as nurse carried their little son unwillingly to bed. "He has got a bit out of hand, but he is a manly little chap and things will right themselves when you get about again."

"I *wish* I knew of some real good plan to work on," replied Gertrude, "one feels so much in the dark, he is a strong character and oh so willful! he just wears me out when he wants his own way." "He knows he'll get round you if he only keeps on long enough," returned Mr. Howard with an easy laugh; but his wife winced at the truth of the criticism.

"It is delightful to think of seeing Violet again! I remember her as the sweetest little girl, indeed, she was always my favorite cousin, and to think we shall be in the country during her stay! It all fits in so beautifully, for she is such a nature lover! I feel quite a girl again at the prospect."

"I too am delighted that you will have such a congenial companion while I am obliged to be so much away," returned her husband.

"You love children, don't you Vi?"

"I do; no, Norman, not just now. Auntie will tell you a lovely story after lunch, as she promised."

"I want it now," he demanded, and seeing no signs of relenting in his aunt's face, he continued, "I *will* have it!" then his lip dropped and a burst of angry tears followed.

Violet bent down, smoothed back his curls and kissed the flushed forehead. "No, dearie, not now," she said firmly, "when Auntie says 'no,' she means it. Listen to little sister calling you to go for a walk, from her go-cart, and nurse waiting, and I can hear the little birdies in the trees telling you how lovely it is out in the sunshine. Run quick, and see if I can catch you before you get there!"

Norman looked at her as she rose. He had found out already that the tactics he used with his mother were of no avail. And then, strange to say, Auntie didn't seem to mind hearing him cry, and she knew some lovely games; so he summed up his chances for a story as *nil*, decided to take the race, and went off with nurse and baby, a smiling little boy.

When Violet returned, Gertrude sat silent awhile.

"Vi," she said at last, "where did you learn to manage children? I have had such trouble with Norman, he is so self-willed, and yet he seems to quite like doing what you tell him. You don't know how I long to give my children the best, and yet I feel such a failure, and you seem to have some secret I cannot fathom. Will you tell it to me?"

"I try to work upon the Raja Yoga method," replied Violet quietly, "and that means to get into sympathy with the *souls* of children, not treating them as if they were irrational little animals, but helping them to act as if they were souls. It means ruling by law and love, not by caprice or according to the mood of the hour"—

"Then there is a *system*," broke in Mrs. Howard eagerly, "a system by which children may be taught to be obedient, and yet retain their affection for their mothers and teachers?"

Violet laughed. "There is a lovely system," she replied, "a natural one. Have you never heard of Point Loma and the Raja Yoga School there?"

"No."

"Nor of the Universal Brotherhood organization and Theosophy?"

"I have heard of Theosophy," said Gertrude, "but I did not know it was anything *practical*."

"It is the most practical system in the world," Violet returned emphatically, "for it goes straight to the root of things. The Raja Yoga training is practical Theosophy as opposed to theoretical, and are not the results just splendid at

Point Loma? If you could only see the sweet, self-reliant, happy little children there, how you would rejoice! I have not had time to tell you yet of my wonderful visit to Lomaland in California. Mother and I have been members of the Universal Brotherhood for a good many years, and mother is most interested in the Raja Yoga School held in Madame Blavatsky's old home in London, and she always makes some warm things for the poor little tots from the slums who go there. You have plenty to learn, my precious cousin," she finished with a hug. "I can see the loveliest chats ahead of us and feel how happy you will be when you know the good that can come to your darlings, and all the other little children who will come under the beneficent teaching and training of Raja Yoga—the science of the soul."

EMILY I. WILLANS



WHAT a soul drinks in with its mother's milk will not leave it in a day. From our earliest hour we have been taught that the thought of the heart, the shaping of the rain-cloud, the amount of wool that grows on the sheep's back, the length of a drought, and the growing of the corn, depend on nothing that moves immutable, at the heart of all things: but on the changeable will of a changeable being, whom our prayers can alter. To us, from the beginning, Nature has been but a poor plastic thing, to be toyed with this way or that, as man happens to please his deity or not; to go to church or not; to travel on a Sunday or not. Was it possible for us in an instant to see Nature as she is—the flowing vestment of an unchanging reality? When the soul breaks free from the arms of a superstition, bits of claws and talons break themselves off in him. It is not the work of a day to squeeze them out.

—Olive Schreiner



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Water-Sprite and the Lotus

"HOW do you do today, my Lotus?" said a water-sprite, as he sailed down through the dark waves close to a root that lay half concealed in the mud in the bottom of the lake, and stood a-tiptoe a minute on the edge of his clam-shell boat. Now, as it happened, this day had been particularly full of vexations and troubles, at least so thought the little life-germ in the lotus root. For one thing, no end of strange creatures had been swimming and staring about, and then a rock had fallen from somewhere—out of the sky, perhaps—and the shock and jar had been dreadfully distressing; so, to tell the truth, the little lotus plant just creeping upward out of its seed-cradle, was not in a very gracious mood. "How can any one be well and happy down here," it whined. "It is cold and dark, and there are horrid creatures about. *You* can sail where you please, but *I* just have to stay here. I am so lonely I just can't do anything but—but —"

"But grow—can you?" and the water sprite laughed at the funny, cross little plant. "Now what do you know that is nicer than just growing? It is like sailing somewhere on a clam-shell, I fancy, and if you keep on and on, some day you'll find the sun."

"The sun! What's that?"

"Well," said the little water-sprite, and he jumped over to the other edge of his clam-shell boat and stood there a while, "the sun—the sun—it is light and warm and happy and —"

"But *what* is the sun?" said the little lotus plant, beginning to become interested.

"Why—the sun," and the water-sprite looked very thoughtful for a moment, "the sun is just the greatest thing in the world. No, it is above the world. The sun is—well—it is just the sun. If you keep on growing you will find it."

"But how am I to see the sun with all this water and mud and these queer fishes and things?"

"Just keep growing—don't worry—*keep growing*, and you will find it. You can almost see the light now," and then the water-sprite sailed away. "Good-bye, Lotus, when you get up into the sunlight I am going to make you a call," and then, do you know, there came right into the heart of the little Lotus a throb of sweet love that seemed like the memory of a beautiful time long past, when it had lived in God's beautiful world, and where there was sunlight all about and something big and shining and glorious overhead. "It must have been ever so long ago," thought the little plant, and again into its tiny heart shone the bright beautiful picture. For a moment the waters all about seemed silent; even the fishes stopped staring, and little Lotus felt a strange new happiness. Suddenly down through the waters flashed a ray of light. "I wonder if *that* could be the sun," said Lotus. "I must hurry and grow," and something in its heart gave a great big push and the little bud shot up away above the mire, and by and by it saw something again like a gleam of light, and—it was not many days—a pure white Lotus blossom lay in the sunlight upon the waters of the lake. And the sun was overhead.

H. H.

What a Girl Can Do For Her City

Essay by a young member of the San Diego Lotus Group

WE should not say, "When I am grown up I will help the city," because we can help our city right away, and the sooner we begin the better. Many girls do not know how to help each other, and that is the reason why they feel they cannot begin to help humanity until they are grown; but that is a false idea. If we are true and pure and kind ourselves, we can help others by our influence even if we should be sick or in prison. If our influence is good and pure we can turn those who are on the wrong path into the grand and beautiful road to perfection. If we could only see the wonderful results of helping each

other and the joy that comes from it, we would not wish to wait until we are grown to help our city. At school we may be happy and kind and pleasant to those who are not so fortunate as we are, for a happy girl makes those who are around her happy, and happy people can not be wicked. And what a beautiful home life such a happy girl could make, and after a while, if all the homes were made happy by all the girls who wanted to help the city, think what a beautiful life the whole city would have!

But, first of all, we must find our own faults and the way to overcome them. The mistake comes from waiting until we are grown. Why not begin now? We cannot do much, of course, but each one of us can help make the home life happy and can help keep the yard clean and beautiful, and can hold high ideals. We must remember that Rome was not built in one day. The secret lies in the little word, "Now." Raja Yoga teaches us to be

practical, and we know that we could make our city like a heaven on earth if we would all live the Raja Yoga life now.

Japanese Children

DEAR CHILDREN: Have you ever noticed that after every holiday little lost children are always picked up in the parks and on the streets of our great cities? I fancy that could not happen very often in Japan, for there the mothers always fasten to the babies' clothing a little metal ticket on which is the parents' name and address. Japanese babies are fortunate in that respect,

but they do not know the luxury of go-carts, as our babies do, for they are always carried, tied up in a curious little sling on the back of the mother, and even very little babies learn to cling to their mothers like kittens would do. They do not rock Japanese babies to sleep. That is one Raja Yoga custom, truly; and then, too, the Japanese baby never wears the long, tight garments that so many French and German babies do. From the first the Japanese babies' garments are cut exactly like the *kimonos* of his elders. He wears three or four of them, and he puts them on in the most curious and comfortable fashion in the world. The little garments are laid upon the floor, one over the other, and the baby is literally put into them. Then they are tied by a soft belt around the baby's waist.

COUSIN EDYTHE



CHILDREN OF CUBA—A corner of the class room in one of the Raja Yoga Schools established by Katherine Tingley in Santiago de Cuba

AIM HIGH

by LOWELL

LIFE is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

"Lo! time and space enough," we cry,
"To write an epic!" so we try
Our nibs upon the edge, and die.

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

Students'



Path

TO OUR POETS

by ALLAN JUNIOR

O H ye who have from God the gift of song.
See that your speech be pure and sweet, yet strong.
And helpful to your kind.

All see the sorrow and all feel the pain;
Ah, poets, show us but for once again.
The joy there is in life.

We see it in the beauty of the earth.
We see it in the splendor of the sky.
We see it in the kindness of the heart.
We see it in the brightness of the eye.

Then sing to us, ye singers of today,
Of meadows daisy-clad and wet with dew.
Of mountain, lake and river, sea and sky,
And clouds with beams of sunlight streaming through.

And sing to us of kindly hearts and hands,
Of little children laughing at their play.
Of all the simple joys of human life,
Of loving deeds that cheer us on our way.

We need your songs, ye singers, not your tears---
Our hearts are filled with sorrows of our own;
So speak to us as often as you may,
But let your speech be silence, if not song.

Moments of Inspiration

HAPPY is he to whom come moments of inspiration, and happier still is he who has made them a part of his science of life, who knows their source and how they may be used. Perhaps it is not yet in our power to summon them entirely at our will, or even to discern the periodic law which governs their shining visits. Such a law there must be, nevertheless, and for this effect also there must be a cause.

Divine nature has, of course, no favorites among men, and these moments of inspiration are the common heritage of all who will receive them. Although we may not know the law by which they come, we do at any rate know that we have a certain power to increase their frequency, and to add to their force; we know that there are certain mental conditions which seem to invoke them, as there are certain other conditions which make their visits an impossibility. We know, too, that as we become more and more receptive, more and more reverential, the periods between their arrival are lessened in duration.

Probably every earnest student of spiritual things has his own method of invoking these moments of inspiration, his own particular line of least resistance. This method may be by an assault upon some favorite weakness, it may be by the imposition of an inner silence, it may be by meditation upon the divinity which upholds and regulates the universe. The result does not follow immediately upon the effort, nor perhaps can we discover any regularity in the intervening periods. But the result comes unfailingly, it may be after a few hours or it may be after days. We are suddenly aware of a light from within the darkness, and its rays are thoughts and ideas which follow each other so quickly that we seem unable to seize upon them or retain them. Or it may be that the problem which once seemed so insoluble suddenly melts into the obvious; or it may be that we look out into the world with a sudden glow of understanding and see the shuttles of force and of intention flashing to and fro through the web of matter. The inspiration may be of a thousand different kinds with a thousand different persons, according to the varying lines of least resistance, but it will always be an answer to a prayer, it will always pass through the best-worn channels of the mind, it will assume the shape which we have prepared for it. To the artist it will

be form or color, to the writer it will be golden thoughts, to the reformer it will be a plan of redemption, to the musician it will be a harmony, and it will be given in such measure that it seems to be the very fountain of God.

Why should we not be practical in these matters? Why should we not formulate our demands upon divinity with the same confidence as upon one another and with the same expectation of a reply? Why should we not set forth our empty vessels, consciously and deliberately, with the certainty that they will be filled? There are those among us who know no other ambition than to give, and why should not such as these demand the power which their service needs, forming their demand within the mind and then sending it forth into the great dark space behind the mind where the light dwells and the silence? Surely, if we leave it there awhile without the disturbance of our doubting, wondering thoughts, it will return to us full-freighted in a moment of inspiration.

Sometimes we think of how much we might do, could we but prolong the moments of inspiration. Perhaps they come upon us at times when we cannot record them, and it is almost with a pain that we see the radiance fade away like the afterglow of a meteor in the night. Let us then will with all our power to absorb what is the very substance of knowledge, to store it against our need. So far as we have a practical faith will this and all effort be efficacious.

STUDENT

O MAN, forgive thy mortal foe,
Nor ever strike him blow for blow;
For all the souls on earth that live
To be forgiven must forgive.
Forgive him seventy times and seven;
For all the blessed souls in heaven
Are both forgivers and forgiven.

—Tennyson

Bible League and Higher Criticism

IS there no theological champion who will arise and defend the Bible from its friends? We are not among those who believe that divine truth is ordinarily in need of human protection but it may be that there are many sincere, if ignorant, people who are entitled to some defense against the misrepresentations of such organizations as the American Bible League. This League now proposes to enter into relations with Sunday-schools all over the country and to furnish an enormous supply of Biblical literature of all kinds from which every trace of modern research shall be excluded. This is of course a compliment to the Higher Criticism, but how about these people who are deluded into the belief that such efforts as this constitute a defense of divine truth, or a defense of anything else except the self-conceit of their organizers? There are many people who have no time to investigate or to think, and who are ready to take every religious apologist at his own valuation.

The Higher Criticism is perhaps an unfortunate term suggesting an antagonism which in no way exists. We would like to ask those who are afraid of the Higher Criticism to ascertain exactly what it is, and so to recognize it as the most potent influence for Biblical support which exists. We presume that every Christian throughout the country, except of course the officials of the American Bible League, desires to know, for example, what Christ did actually say while he was upon earth, and not merely what some one else believed him to have said. This is precisely the information which the Higher Criticism tends to supply.

We may take another illustration. There are a very large number of ancient manuscripts from which the translators of the New Testament had to select when preparing the English versions which we use. Inasmuch as these manuscripts are different one from another we should suppose it to be a matter of common Christian desire to determine which of these manuscripts is the most ancient, the most authentic and the most correct.

That is precisely the work which the Higher Criticism is striving to do and for which it is denounced as impious. The scholars who are engaged upon this beautiful and sacred work are probably largely unaware of the sensation which they are producing among the little people who audaciously claim to be indispensable allies of the Word of God. Otherwise they might reply that it would be difficult to imagine anything more impious than the efforts of those who are trying to preserve error and to destroy truth, and that it is they themselves who are the true followers of Christ and of the God to whom falsehood is an affront. X.

THE LIFE TO BE

by WHITTIER

THE tissues of the Life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The Past shall re-appear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
Has vanished from his side?

Oh no! We live our life again;
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,
The pictures of the past remain;
Man's works shall follow him!

STUDENTS' COLUMN

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

How are man's life and evolution governed by cycles. How can there be progress if we continually come back to the same point? (Continued from the issue of June 19, 1904)

Answer

In the previous consideration of this question, we have quoted extensively from the writings of William Q. Judge, and as probably the great majority of our readers have not seen the article in question, we give further extracts here. This article, or rather address, was given at one of the Theosophical Congresses, and is of such value that we feel that all students will welcome its reproduction in part here. Continuing, Mr. Judge says:

As some have written, we cannot turn back the cycles in their course. The fire of patriotism cannot prevail against the higher destiny which will plunge a nation into darkness. All we can do is to change it here and there a little. The Helpers of Humanity are subject to law, but they have confidence and hope, because that law merely means that they appear to go down, in order to rise again at a greater height. So that we have come up through the cyclic law from the lowest kingdoms of nature. That is, we are connected in an enormous brotherhood, which includes not only the white people of the earth, and the black people of the earth, and the yellow people, but the animal kingdom, the vegetable kingdom, the mineral kingdom and the unseen elemental kingdom.

You must not be so selfish as to suppose that it includes only men and women. It includes everything, every atom in this solar system. And we come up from lower forms, and are learning how to so mould and fashion, use and abuse, or impress the matter that comes into our charge, into our bodies, our brains and our psychical nature, so that that matter shall be an improvement to be used by the younger brothers who are still below us, perhaps in the stone beneath our feet. I do not mean by that that there is a human being in that stone. I mean that every atom in the stone is not dead matter. There is no dead matter anywhere, but every atom in that stone contains a life, unintelligent, formless, but potential, and at some period in time far beyond our comprehension, all of those atoms in that stone will have been released. The matter itself will have been refined, and at last all in this great cycle of progress will have been brought up the steps of the ladder, in order to let some others lower still in a state we cannot understand come up to them.

That is the real theory. Is that superstition? If you believe the newspapers, that is superstition, for they will twist and turn everything you say. Your enemies will say you said there was a man in that stone, and that you have been a stone. You have not been a stone, but the great monad, the pilgrim who came from other worlds, has been in every stone, has been in every kingdom, and now has reached the state of man, to show whether he is able to continue being a man, or whether he will once more fall back, like the boy at school who will not learn, into the lowest class.

Now, then, this law of impressions I have been talking about can be illustrated in this way: If you look at one of these electric lights—take away all the rest, leaving one only, so as to have a better impression—you will find the light makes an image on the retina, and when you shut your eye, this bright filament of light made by a carbon in an incandescent lamp will be seen by you in your eye. You can try it, and see for yourselves. If you keep your eye closed and watch intently, you will see the image come back a certain number of counts, it will stay a certain

number of counts, it will go away in the same length of time and come back again, always changing in some respect, but always the image of the filament, until at last the time comes when it disappears apparently because other impressions have rubbed it out or covered it over.

That means that there is a return even in the retina of the impression of this filament. After the first time, the color changes each time, and so it keeps coming back at regular intervals, showing that there is a cyclic return of impression in the retina, and if that applies in one place, it applies in every place. And when we look into our moral character we find the same thing, for as we have the tides in the ocean, explained, as they say, by the moon—which, in my opinion, does not explain it, but, of course, being no scientist, my view is not worth much—so in man we have tides, which are called return of these impressions; that is to say, you do a thing once, there will be a tendency to repeat itself; you do it twice and it doubles its influence, a greater tendency to do that same thing again. And so on all through, our character shows this constant return of cyclic impression. We have these impressions from every point in space, every experience we have been through, everything that we can possibly go through at any time, even those things which our forefathers went through. And that is not unjust for this reason, that our forefathers furnished the line of bodily encasement, and we cannot enter that line of bodily encasement unless we are like unto it, and for that reason we must have been at some point in that cycle in that same line or family in the past, so that I must have had a hand in the past in constructing the particular family line in which I now exist, and am myself once more taking up the cyclic impression returning upon me.

What a new meaning is given to the biblical statement that "the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children"! In the light of the above, this is seen to be not unjust, but in accord with perfect justice. We come back to reap the harvest we ourselves have sown; at the turn of the cycle we return to the same family line with which we were connected incarnations ago and whose family characteristics we ourselves have helped to fashion.

(To be continued)

Personal Appearance of Columbus

THE personal appearance of Christopher Columbus seems to be very much open to question. There are no less than eighty early portraits of the discoverer, but none of them are authoritative, inasmuch as none of them were painted during his life. The most authentic is that known as the Jovian portrait, because it was executed for Paulus Jovius' *Elogia Virorum Bellica Virtute Illustrum*, published in Basel in 1575. Jovius was twenty-six years of age when Columbus died and it is therefore possible that he had seen him or was able to decide as to the merits of the picture. It is at any rate certain that he had a picture which he believed to be that of Columbus. A large number of other portraits bear no resemblance whatever to it and these we may place upon one side. Additional value is given to the Jovian picture from the fact that it agrees with the description given of his father by Ferdinand Columbus, who says:

The Admiral was a man of good form, of more than medium stature, with a long visage, the cheekbones a little high, inclining neither to stoutness nor thinness; his nose was aquiline and his eyes light; he was a blond inclining to high coloring; in his youth his hair was fair, but when he was thirty it had all turned white.

STUDENT

Mr. Gladstone and the Episcopal Church

A DAILY contemporary having been called on by a correspondent to justify its statement that the late W. E. Gladstone had said that the Episcopal Church of England would rather lose her faith than her gold, draws attention to Mr. Morley's life of that statesman. It seems that this opinion was expressed by Mr. Gladstone on two occasions in letters to his son. These are the words:

Now we have lived into a time when the great danger of the church is the sale of her faith for gold.

The second reference is as follows:

As to the disruption, that is the old cry, by means of which at all times the temporal interests of the English Church have been upheld in preference to the spiritual. The Church of England is much more likely of the two to part with her faith than with her funds.

These remarks become especially significant when we remember Mr. Gladstone's warm devotion to the Episcopal Church, a devotion of all other kinds the most rare, inasmuch as it prompted him to speak truths as salutary as they were painful.

STUDENT

A Definition of Sin

A SINGULARLY luminous definition of "sin" was recently given by the English scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge—"reversion to a lower type after perception of a higher." Precisely the same definition serves for "disease," if only we read *attainment* instead of *perception*. If, for example, the human liver reverts to the methods pursued by the livers of birds and snakes, gout results.

We might learn charity of judgment from Sir Oliver Lodge's definition. How often do we know, when judging a man's conduct, whether a higher line than that which he is pursuing has ever entered his range of perception? No one should, however, learn charity towards his own acts from the definition. For the very fact that he feels his conduct doubtful, or questionable, or needing self-excuse, suggests at once that in the secret place of his heart he has perceived a possible higher. He can reason away the perception; he can whitewash his exterior consciousness for his own inspection; but the divine Law disregards the whitewash and judges according to the apparently obliterated perception. Some men spend their lives in trying to rock these perceptions to sleep. But the hour comes when they all awake together.

When men perceive in another a higher line of conduct than they themselves intend to follow, they are very likely to hate him. And still more when his words awake the perceptions they have lulled to sleep. The old rule was to stone or burn him. For these methods slander is the modern equivalent. H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge are excellent examples of modern method; Bruno and Joan of Arc of the older.

Some men perceive a higher line of conduct than their own, but are too weak to follow it at once. If they do not do any self-excusing or self-justifying, and keep their eyes upon the ideal, they are approaching it and will attain it. But the self-excusing takes a number of very subtle forms. To his own soul a man must excuse nothing; he must let in its light upon his hidden places of motive and intention; to it—it is himself in the ideal, that part of himself which dwells in the world where ideals are living consciousnesses—he must "confess," and its "pardon" will consist in added light and strength. To look at a fault and its roots carefully and honestly is the beginning of the process of burning it up. Faults of character become very embarrassed when brought out from their hidings, paraded before the mental eye, and made to face their opposites. Indeed, it is death to them.

But this robust and healthy process, the true and sanitary *repentance*,

is not to be confounded with a morbid search in the vaults of memory after forgotten sins in order to agonize over them. That is *remorse*, a paralyzing of the soul's power. Past acts only concern us so far as the tendency to do them again still exists. Memory, in this connection, should only be used as a sort of guide to possible present tendency. Except as it bears on future conduct it is irrelevant, and the spectres that haunt its fields should not be allowed to wave their dismal mantles in our faces. They have no place between us and the rising sun of a newly-born life. We solve the past by rightly solving the present. The light lies all along the path *in front*.

Actual faulty deeds, sins, are therefore to be regarded merely as buoys marking the location of hidden tendencies. And as we can only review tendencies by standing apart from them, we are then standing as souls. To the extent that we do this does our power become unconquerable.

"Man's only way to win his great hope and to know the truth is to seize hold on himself, assert and realize his potentially all-dominating SOUL-existence. Making his mind and memory register beyond all future cavil or doubt what he then knows to be true, holding himself at his true dignity, guiding into right conduct all the elements of his nature, his body, mind and emotions, he will maintain from that moment strength and joy in life. That once done, could he but stand in that attitude for a few weeks or months, he would have made of his mind a willing instrument of service, harnessed it to the chariot of the soul and dissolved away its limitations"—and sins.

STUDENT

Ambidexterity

IT seems that there is an Ambidextral Culture Society of which the object is to cultivate the use of the left hand. Dr. James Shaw has just read a paper to the Society recommending this accomplishment, and pointing out how useful it may be in many surgical operations such as bandaging. The left hand is quite easily trained, and the advantages are numerous, especially in case the right hand is disabled. Dr. Shaw says that right-handedness and left-handedness are simply fashions which have been allowed to become permanent and that they have no physiological reason. However this may be, there seems to be no adequate cause why we should subordinate the left hand any more than the left eye or the left ear. Why not make the utmost possible use of the body and of its every part, and train the left hand to be not only an ally to, but a substitute for, the right hand.

STUDENT

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JUNE	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
13	29.692	69	60	63	60	.00	SW	5
14	29.748	68	59	64	60	.00	W	3
15	29.752	68	59	63	60	.00	W	8
16	29.712	71	61	66	62	.00	W	11
17	29.748	71	60	67	62	.00	W	8
18	29.814	71	58	61	61	.00	N	6
19	29.812	73	60	65	65	.00	W	3

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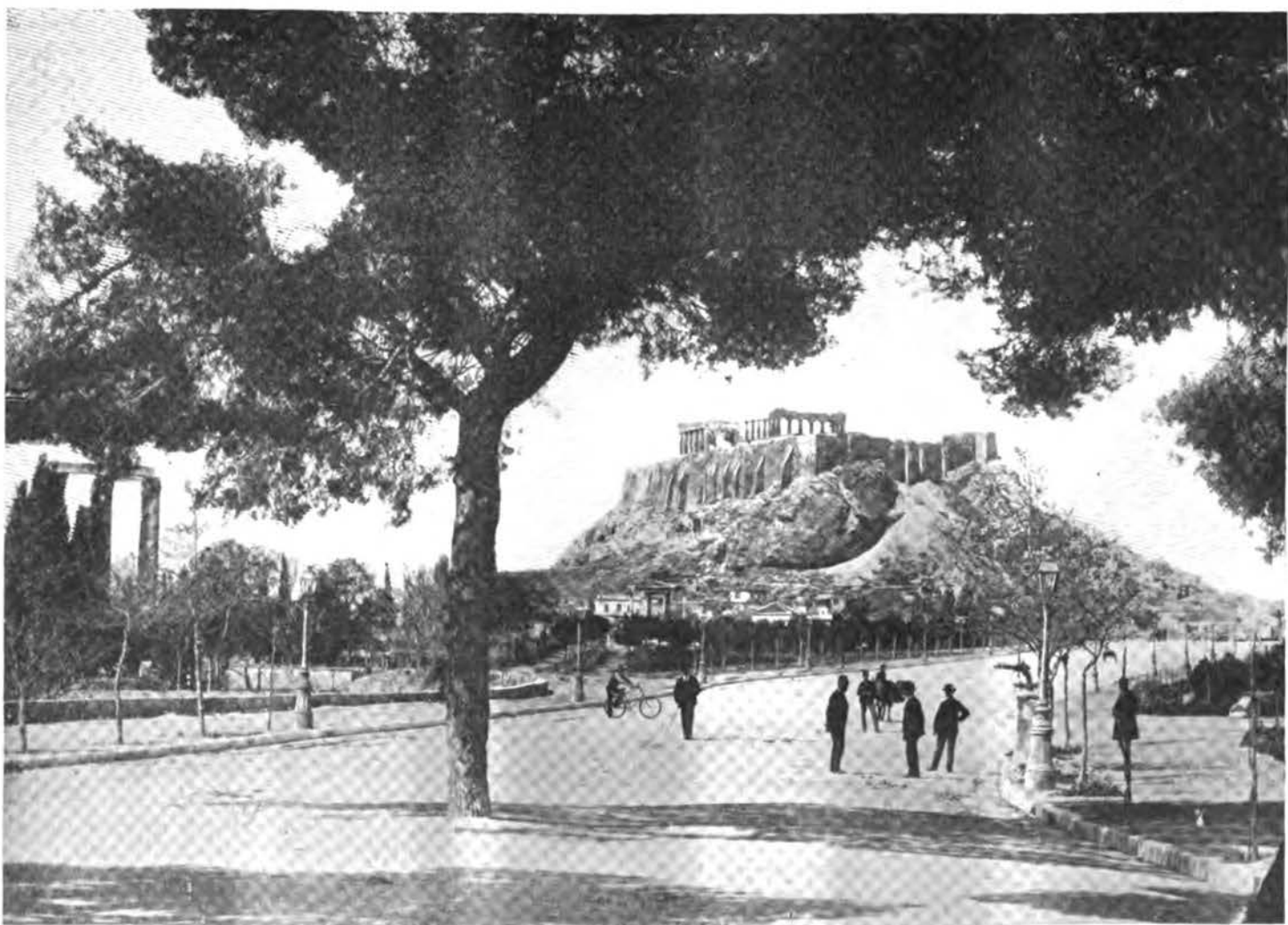
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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Bible & Higher Criticism
Emerson and Carlyle
An Embarrassing Question
Acropolis of Athens—frontispiece
Higher Criticism and Infidelity
Human Nature in Indians

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Right Labor Is Sublime
In Spite of Cures
Drink Bills Grow
Battleships Expensive
Indecent Advertising

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Music of the Hopis
Art of Printing
A Lomaland Studio
(illustration)
Fragment (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

A Portrait Sketch
Intelligent Motherhood
A Woman Egyptologist
Frances Power Cobbe
True Irish Hearts
Interior of an Irish
Home (illustration)

Page 8—ARCHEOLOGY, ETC.

The Aztecs and Toltecs
Emigration of the Ancient Celts
Archeological Discoveries in Mexico

Page 9—NATURE

Another Plane of Life
—illustrated
Evening (verse)
At the Main Gate
Killing for Amusement

Pages 10 & 11—U. S. ORGANIZATION

Katherine Tingley at Isis Theatre
Possibilities of California
History in the Light of Reincarnation

Page 12—GENERAL

The Sifting of Peter (verse)
Unity of Religions
To Help the Cubans

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Three-Color Printing
Red Planet Mars
Excites Curiosity
X-Ray Experiment
With a Rat

Pages 14—FICTION

Some Confidences and Their Results
Up-Hill (verse)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Fourth of July
Signing Declaration of Independence (illustration)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

If We Knew (verse)
God Deliver Us from Our Friends
Science of Silence
Doubt and Faith (verse)
Theosophical Forum
The Kaffir

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Give Me Patience (verse)
Mystery in Religion
The Clergyman and the Skylark

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Higher Criticism Defends Bible

THE Rev. Dr. Guinness Rogers has tried to say some reassuring words to those who are troubled in mind because of the so-called attacks upon the Bible which have issued from the Higher Critics. These attacks are, of course, actually defenses of the Bible against ignorance and arrogance, but it may yet be some little time before this truth is recognized.

Dr. Rogers believes that the real question we have to face is "whether or not the holy men of old spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. If they did, then the authority of the Bible remains."

There would seem to be very little difficulty about such a question as this. We do not doubt at all that the holy men of old spoke as they

were moved by the Holy Ghost, that is to say by divinity. Nor is there any question that the holy men of today speak under that same influence. All holy men, whenever and wherever they may be found have spoken, and still speak under that divine inspiration. The word holy can surely have no other meaning than a union with the inner God, and the possibilities of such union have not been confined to one time nor place.

A little thought will show us the preposterous nature of the contentions put forward by some sections of orthodoxy as to the meaning of inspiration.

The Vast Antiquity of Humanity

We are asked to believe that God has limited his direct communication with the world to one brief period of history and to one unimportant and nomad race. Let us for a moment realize the vast antiquity of humanity, an antiquity which defies even imagination. Let us picture the civilizations which have succeeded one another like waves upon the shore, the countless myriads of men who, like ourselves, have hoped and suffered and who have reached out in aspiration towards things divine. Let us, in other words, realize the immensity of existence even as shown by our world alone. Then let us ask ourselves if we are able to believe that the God of all humanity allowed these unnumbered æons to pass by without declaring Himself to men, without inspiring their hearts and hands; that He then determined to reveal Himself for the first time to the race and that for such a purpose He selected a wandering tribe but little removed from barbarism and far inferior in intelligence and in morals to many of the peoples who surrounded them.

We say with every assurance that such a belief is unthinkable, incredible and an insult to human intelligence which is about to recognize that divine inspiration has never been absent from humanity and is the gift

God's Messages Are Not Limited

now, as it has ever been the gift, of those who are strong enough to claim it. It is indeed one of the insoluble problems of psychology that an educated civilization should have acquiesced in the dogma that the sum total or even the essence of God's message to humanity was communicated within some limited number of years and was confined to some few dozen men. That such a dogma should be still believed is evidence that superstition and ignorance yet hold their accustomed scepter.

Be it far from us to make light of divine inspiration. As Theosophists we know that inspiration comes within the science of the soul which we are so successfully trying to promulgate. And because Theosophy deals so understandingly with inspiration we know that it exists by the might and the power of spiritual law wherever a voice is raised on behalf of the oppressed, wherever a heart beats in sympathy and compassion, wherever a hand is stretched forth in aid and consolation. It is to this divine inspiration, to this fellowship with God, that Theosophy invites all men of good-will, as it has invited them ever since humanity was born.

STUDENT

Emerson and Carlyle

THE new collection of letters from Thomas Carlyle, which has just been published, is of rare interest, as throwing a new light upon a very complex character. The letters are of more importance than the *Journal*, as the latter was usually written when ill-health made other work difficult or impossible, but letter-writing was reserved for "well days."

Carlyle's estimate of Emerson was generous, as, indeed, might have been expected. In 1841 he wrote of him:

My wife has a copy of a little Book which Emerson the American has written. Not for a long time have I read anything with more profit. . . . This man, for the veracity that is in him, seems to me one of a thousand. . . . As the last malodorous flicker of expiring lamps is to the first cold gleam of morning out of Heaven, so is Puseyism, &c., &c., to poor Emersonism, cold tho' it be.

Carlyle's popularity in America once suggested the idea of a lecturing tour, but his estimate of his own powers was, it seems, a moderate one. He writes:

Arthur Buller, returned from America, preaches loudly the necessity of my going to lecture in America; in all towns he hears from the best judges I am "the most popular author they have," "I might make a fortune," &c., &c. To which I reply in banter and laughter. Yet if one could make once for all a couple of

thousand pounds and retire to the back of a stiff-trotting horse, to green fields, free air and one's own reflections, out of this *Maleboga* for ever and a day!"

Ten thousand dollars seems a modest ambition for one of the greatest writers of the age. Many a yellow journalist today earns more than that per annum.

STUDENT

An Embarrassing Question

WE have long held that the opponents of Biblical criticism and those who profess to defend the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, are animated far more by a determination to uphold their own opinions than by any real desire to defend the Word of God. We do not, of course, suggest any want of sincerity, but we are none the less very fully persuaded that personal bias, especially when it is combined with theological bias, has a peculiarly blinding effect upon judgment which would otherwise be logical and just. We have now a representative question to put to those who are peculiarly prominent in demanding that the letters of the Bible shall be accepted without cavil or examination. We do not, of course, anticipate a reply; still less do we expect the sudden appearance of consistency where it has for so long been conspicuous by its absence. It may, none the less, be advantageous to illuminate the ground upon which these persons really stand in order that we may know whether it be indeed a Scriptural ground, or whether, as we maintain, it is but the ground of their own obstinate and anti-Scriptural dogmatism.

It is always well to begin at the beginning, and so we will ask these self-appointed defenders of the Word of God whether it is, or whether it is not, a fact that in the first verse of the Bible the Hebrew word *Elohim* is translated as "God," whereas it is a plural substantive, its only possible correct rendering being "Gods." Inasmuch as by their own contention the Bible is verbally inspired, we will ask them whether they will henceforth render the first verse in Genesis as it appears in the sacred and inspired Hebrew text, that is to say,

In the beginning Gods created the Heavens and the Earth,

Or whether they will continue to intentionally alter the sacred writings in order to torture them into accord with their man-made dogmas? We will ask them by what authority they have ventured to change the word of God and in what way they can reconcile this deliberate and serious falsification of the sacred text with their present claim to be the defenders of that text? It is indisputable that the Hebrew original and the English version cannot both be inspired since they do not agree with one another. To which does the inspiration belong? If to the Hebrew original, why do these modern Defenders of the Faith treat that inspiration with a deference so scant? They will hardly venture to claim that the English translation made 300 years ago, has some superior inspiration to the original Hebrew, or that the translators received some mandate from God to alter His ancient word. They will, of course, say nothing, because there is nothing to say. They will none the less continue to use a rendering which they well know to be false, and they will also continue to pose as champions of the Word of God, which they habitually corrupt.

It may be said that this particular illustration is unimportant. That is as it may be, but we use it only as an example, and because it is found in the very first verse of the Bible. *Ex uno disce omnes*, and in order that this shady excuse may be ineffective we propose to follow it up at an early date with other illustrations which are not unimportant. In doing this Theosophy will assume its proper position as the defender of all Scriptures against those who thus wrongfully assume that dignity, in order to give a foundation to their own dogmas which otherwise those dogmas would assuredly lack.

STUDENT

The Acropolis at Athens---Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows a view of the Athenian Acropolis, founded by the Pelasgians in unknown antiquity. The subject presents more than usual interest to students of archeology and promises, from the work now being done, to throw further light on the ancient history of Greece. Looking back of the Acropolis and to the left, may be seen glimpses of the modern town of Athens. The Greek Government is now making extensive repairs to restore to the Acropolis its aforesaid aspect.

Higher Criticism and Infidelity

THE Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage, of the New York Church of the Messiah, has been breaking a lance with the American Bible League. This organization exists for the somewhat Partingtonian purpose of stemming the tide of "Higher Criticism." Its members repudiate *in toto* the methods and results of this kind of work, regarding it as making directly for infidelity. In turn, Dr. Savage charges them with being "the real infidels of the world, and it is infidelity which they are creating." He thus sketches their main contention:

God confined his revelations to one family and its descendants until about 2000 years ago. Never a ray of light, never a whisper of guidance to anybody else. Then He or some incomprehensible third party—it is difficult to give any rational utterance to what is not a rational idea—came down to earth, lived a little over thirty years and went back to the throne of the universe. He did this to save men, and He sent forth His spirit to teach and guide men in all truth. And yet not a third of the inhabitants have yet heard of Him, and the great majority of those who have heard don't believe it.

It is hard to believe that in these days such is the view of anybody, but in truth Dr. Savage does not libel the American Bible League. The quotation represents what one may hear from thousands of pulpits, alternating with laments that "our young men" are leaving the fold and with attempts to bring them back by means of magic lanterns, church picnics, and what not.

The Bible, as Dr. Savage points out, is a set of some sixty or more little books ranging over a period of more than a thousand years, almost accidentally and little by little gathered into one collection; books of all kinds, historical, ethical, biographical, poetical, and mystical.

Nobody then is assaulting the Bible, for the simple reason that the Bible as such has never made any claim. The Bible does not claim to be inspired; it does not claim to be infallible. . . . I suppose that God might have given us an infallible book, if He had chosen, and if He had given us such a book He would have made us *sure* that it was infallible.

But the American Bible League proposes to supply the omission. Fortunately there are at this moment more searchers for and finders of the living present Spirit of Christ than ever before. That Spirit is at work in every department of human life, among those who know what is the source of their inspiration and those who do not. The first mark of its touch on the heart of any man is brotherhood, not dogma. And those who watch the new era of brotherhood dawning on the world, and know that *that* was the Kingdom of which Christ spoke and for which he worked, can but look with pity on the still active centers of religious bigotry and dogmatism.

Human Nature in Indians

THERE is a popular delusion, which the press appears to credulously sustain, that Indians and Mongolians never laugh nor cry. In fact one might suppose, from some accounts, that there exists no emotion whatever in them.

It is true that Indians laugh less than whites, and that the men, when on test, can endure great pain very stoically, but, on the whole, in daily life, the Indians (at any rate the western Indians) show their feelings quite as freely as whites do. During much association with several different Indian tribes there was never noticeable any of the story-book apathy or stoicism; indeed, on the contrary, the Indians usually, on proper occasions, were more exuberant than whites would have been. They have less sense of humor, as we understand it, and a much greater sense of reverence, wherefore they laugh less, but eagerness, anger, joy and similar emotions find full vent unless there is some special reason for repression. Even hysterics are sometimes seen among them.

The truth evidently is that the observers who reported the race as being utterly unemotional never saw much of them except when they had their "company manners" on, and were trying to be stoical.

We hope that such foolish tales will at last die out and give place to a general recognition of human brotherhood in all essential particulars of nature and character. We have too long been divided, race from race, and native from native, by magnified and distorted differences, real or imaginary. It is time now to seek for points of resemblance, of kinship, comradeship and fellow feeling.

STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

When Done Right Labor Is Sublime

WE speak much of the dignity of labor, but we might use an even loftier term than this, for is not labor sublime, and even divine, if it be done aright? But upon labor there still lies the shadow of an outworn theology, and man works "in the sweat of his brow," creating a curse where there should be nothing but a benediction.

What after all is labor but the passing onward of the divine creative plan which first took shape within the mind of God? Man stands erect that he may receive the creative lightning flash from on high and he bends to earth that he may stamp the sacred ideal upon the soil and upon its products. The emancipation of labor is the emancipation of the divine concept from the dross of our own lower nature so that it may pass through us uncontaminated by greed and so fashion an earthly kingdom like unto the Kingdom of Heaven. Men are God's workers, with faculties to see and to understand the divine architecture, with intellect, and energy and skill to carry it out.

As the workman is, so also is the work; orderly and beautiful and divine, or disorderly and an offense. Diderot said once of a great artist that the degradation of his character had been irresistibly followed by a like degradation of taste and color and design, that he had placed his life upon his canvas and had displayed his vitiated imagination in his colors. Is this not also true of all work, does not all labor result in a picture of ourselves, legible to all who have the spiritual wisdom which gives vision and understanding?

The ideal, whether it be lofty or whether it be lowly is the matrix of all work and it will bear either the stamp of the beautiful and the enduring, or it will be rejected by nature as unbeautiful and worthless. An ideal pervades our natures, as water is pervaded by the color which we put into it. As every separate drop of water becomes vivid with color, so every action carries upon it the stamp of the hidden ideal from which it can in no way be separated. Human nature has no secrets and the darkest recesses of the mind cry aloud their contents. Our ideals rush forth into the light of day that they may stamp their impress upon face and form and speech and upon the work of our hands. We cannot impose silence upon an ideal nor can we disguise it.

The money ideal, the ideal of greed, is, of all ways in which we have degraded the divine creative power, the most pernicious and the most destructive. By it we saturate our work with the very essences of the unlovely and the impermanent. By it we offer to nature something which is worthless, something which can by no means pass her standard, something which she will not accept and for which she will not pay. The labor which is inspired by a high ideal is a draft upon nature for her best gifts inasmuch as she recognizes its creator as the ambassador of God, charged with the execution of divine perfections.

When the divine ideal of human brotherhood finds a habitation amongst men, then indeed we shall see the emancipation of labor, then will labor become free and godlike, as it once was. Then will the imagination spring from its age-long stupor and the flowers which grow in heavenly fields will give a living glory to the world. Then will men work magic with their hands and whatever their hands have touched will become beautiful and eternal. Then the will of God will be done upon earth even as it is done in heaven and nature will enter into her heritage of a divine government of which men have dispossessed her.

In Spite of Cures Drink Bills Grow

IT is a little unfortunate that prominent temperance reformers should give the weight of their recommendation to advertised cures for alcoholism until such cures have been definitely tested. The miseries of alcoholism are sufficiently acute without the added misery of disappointment.

In one instance a well-known and philanthropic lady reformer recommends a certain "cure," fully describing it and furnishing the address of its proprietors. She states that in one instance the recovery was almost complete in ten days. Now, the majority of alcohol victims cure them-

selves at intervals for much longer periods than ten days, alcoholism being an intermittent disease with its recurring periods of freedom and of temptation. It is, therefore, impossible to speak accurately of the result of any remedy after so short a trial.

The efforts of reformers have, of course, done a great deal along the line of prevention and cure, and we should be the last to underestimate their success. We are, none the less, confronted with a steadily increasing drink bill which it would be foolish to ignore. The gospel of expediency has not proved so efficacious as was hoped, and we have yet to realize that self-indulgence is not greatly checked even by the most convincing proof of its material unwisdom. The desires of the lower nature are far stronger than intelligence, unless intelligence be fortified by something higher and still more potent. We may saturate a child with the conviction that self-indulgence is fatal to health and to wealth, we may prove that misery follows in its train. We may force the intellect to unconditionally capitulate to our arguments. None the less, that child will be a victim of self-indulgence, unless we have shown to it the mystery of its own dual nature, unless we have taught it the habit of discrimination, not in one direction only, but in all directions. The child who has been well taught needs no warning against alcoholism nor any other specialized temptations. All promptings, from whatever source, will bear for it their ineffaceable labels.

It is along these lines that real reform must lie if we would save the next generation from alcoholism and from all other evils. X.

Battleships An Expensive Luxury

IN reply to a question in the House of Commons it was recently stated that the average annual cost of maintaining in commission a first-class battleship of say, 13,000 tons, is approximately as follows: Pay, wages, etc., of officers and crew, £40,369; victualing, £14,604; coal, £23,600; stores and repairs, £9,548; naval ordnance stores, £5,500; or, in round figures, a total cost of £94,000. Adding to this total the amount of depreciation, at a low estimate, the whole annual cost of such maintenance in commission will be about half a million.

In a comparative table issued in a Parliamentary paper to date March 31, 1904, the numbers of battleships, first-class, owned by various powers, are given. Great Britain possesses 49; France, 20; Russia, 16; Germany, 14; Italy, 13; United States, 11; Japan, 6; building among the above nations, 56. This is only one type out of some 14 broad types enumerated. Of the number given many must be constantly kept in commission, and even in reserve the cost of maintenance is great.

The demand for larger navies seems to increase, with little hope, under present conditions, of retrenchment. The national financiers stand confronted with an appalling problem, for the strain cannot increase indefinitely without approaching a breaking point. Are none of the world's legislators and rulers wise enough, great enough, sufficiently altruistic, to bring about conditions which shall divert this enormous disintegrating expenditure into channels of constructive benefit for humanity? Is there *no* help? E.

Indecent & Sensational Advertising

ONE of the many evidences of the extent to which we misunderstand the uses of individual freedom, is the license which we accord to street posters and advertisements. Why should we be compelled against our will to be constantly confronted with lurid pictures of sensationalism, crime and indecency, in order that certain persons may enrich themselves? Why should our children be made familiar with some of the worst aspects of modern life displayed upon our walls with revolting fidelity, and made fascinating with barbaric colors? Some of the advertising matter displayed upon the walls of our cities would certainly come under the ban of the postal authorities if it were sent through the mail, and why should we be more tolerant of a much greater evil? The beauty of a city is a financial asset, to put it upon its very lowest grounds. A commercial community ought to recognize this, and look after its walls and its back yards. STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Music of the Hopis—An Art Fast Passing Away

THE following are extracts from an article upon our American Indian music, by Natalie Curtis, in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*.

The writer naively reveals her motive in the following sentence, and the whole article places those who care less for the fashionable than for the true under distinct obligations:

I sought the Indian songs solely that I might reverently record and preserve what I could of an art that is now fast passing away beneath the influence of the Moody and Sankey hymn tunes and patriotic songs taught the Indians in the government schools.

I had heard since I had come West much of these village-dwelling Indians, and I expected to see in them a higher grade of culture than that of the nomad Navajos or the Indians of southern Arizona. But I was not prepared to find a people with such definite art-forms, such elaborate and detailed ceremonies, such crystallized traditions, beliefs and customs.

Their music astounded me. I felt that I had come in search of gold and had found diamonds. The Hopis' every act of life seems to be a ceremonial rite, containing a symbol, a poetic significance known only to those outsiders who have dwelt long in Hopi-land and are deep-versed in Hopi lore. "We have songs for everything," my little Hopi neighbor exclaimed, when I caught her singing as she combed her baby's hair. "We have songs for dancing, songs for planting, songs for grinding the corn, for putting the babies to sleep, even for combing the baby's hair." . . . These songs for different purposes are different in character. They are all definite in form, with forceful, graceful or poetic words. The Katsina dance songs consist of an introduction on vowel syllables, then the song itself, also interspersed with vowel refrains, and lastly a sort of coda, again on vowel syllables.

And the Hopis sing. Their's is no crooning over a camp-fire, no monotonous chanting, no nasal droning. The men have fine, clear voices, and the women sing softly with a "breathy" tone, the quality of which sounds often just a little sharp in pitch. The gentle lullabies, the pretty, graceful basket-songs of the women, and the melodies to which they grind their corn are as different from the rugged, rhythmic Katsina songs as are the cliffs of the mesa from the blossoms in the fields below. . . . Hopi music is decorative rather than expressive. I use the word in the sense in which it is technically applied to drawing. Indeed, in his art generally the Hopi shows this characteristic, that instead of reproducing an object he symbolizes it only.

This is speaking broadly, and my meaning is best illustrated in the form of Hopi art-work most familiar to Americans—pottery and basketry. In the designs on jug and woven plaque there is no attempt to produce an exact image of an object. The Hopis do not make a picture of cloud, water, bird, flower or feather in the way that we would. They make a sign which stands for that thing. For instance, a wavy line, a symbol so common among Indians, is not intended to depict water; it simply means water. If we laugh at this method of delineation, it is because we do not understand it. So, in Hopi poetry, a single word may stand

for an idea that would take a sentence to express fully. . . . Our system of polyphony and harmony, with its instrumentation, its combination of choral and instrumental effects, and its wealth of tone-color, is a world of which the Hopi, who sings *always in unison*, does not dream. He has but one really musical instrument, the flute, and marks the rhythm of his songs with the rattle, the drum, and the crude scraping of wooden sticks. . . .

The rhythmic quality of the Hopi Katsina songs is, in its intensity and variety of syncopation, unlike anything I ever heard. And it must be heard to be realized, for to me the Hopi sense of rhythm seems far to surpass ours. . . .

Not Hopis only, but Indians of many tribes, have but to hear a melody once or twice to know it perfectly. Never have I found such extraordinary musical aptitude. So quickly, indeed, do the Indians absorb our music that I fear the coming generation will never hear the song that drifted down the trail to me at evenfall—the poet will have vanished from the pueblo.



A COZY CORNER IN THE LOMALAND STUDIO OF EDITH WHITE

FRAGMENT

by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

ART'S a service---mark;

A silver key is given to thy clasp
And thou shalt stand unweary'd, night and day.
And fix it in the hard slow-turning wards,
And open, so, that intermediate door
Betwixt the different planes of sensuous form
And form insensuous, that inferior men
May learn to feel on still through these to those
And bless thy ministration. The world waits
For help. Beloved, let us love so well,
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended, for the sake of each
By all true workers.

the simplest title page. Printing need not be a mere servant of the other arts, neglected, undervalued, as it too often is today. It should be their co-worker and compeer.

STUDENT

As THE story goes, Queen Mary at one time, during a hunting trip into the highlands of Perthshire, offered her own harp as a prize in a bardic competition. It was awarded to Miss Beatrice Gurdyn, of Banchory, and later found its place in a family collection of Stuart and Jacobite relics. It closely resembles the famous harp of Brian Boru, and about a hundred years ago, when it was fitted with strings and played upon, it was found to possess a tone of remarkable sweetness.

The Art of Printing

IN the old days printing was an art. Today, in general, it has become merely the servant of the other arts. There are, however, signs that point to a Renaissance, and there are, here and there, printers who are going back to the ideals of the old days when men loved their work as they loved their children. There was no commercialism in those days, for the art of printing evolved naturally from the old missals and manuscripts so lovingly traced by those who knew their value.

The one ambition of the early printers, in common with their comrades and fellow craftsmen, the old illuminators, was to make their work as beautiful as possible; and if they could attract the favorable attention of some rich patron and obtain such support as was accorded to painters, for example, so much the better. But after a while they discovered that profit lay in the multiplication of copies, and then commercialism stepped in.

There is today, not unnaturally, a reaction towards greater simplicity. It is only the tyro who refuses to admit that printing is an art in itself, which has its limitations, to be sure; but the great principles of balance, of proportion, of symmetry and surely of design must be understood by one who aspires to produce truly even



TELL ME WHAT IS SORROW? IT IS A GARDEN BED.
AND WHAT IS JOY? IT IS A LITTLE ROSE, WHICH IN THAT GARDEN GROWS.

— R. H. Stoddard

A Portrait Sketch

FOR knowledge is a steep which few may climb,
While duty is a path which all may tread.
And if the soul of life and thought be this—
How best to speed the mighty scheme, which still
Fares onward day by day—the life of the world,
Which is the sum of petty lives—how then shall each
Of that great multitude of faithful souls,
Who walk as on the heights, fulfil himself,
But by the duteous life which looks not forth
Beyond its narrow sphere, and finds its work,
And works it out? Content, this done, to fall
And perish if Fate will, so the great scheme
Goes forward!

— L. Morris

WE read repeatedly that Christianity and Theosophy are not opposed to each other, but that "any Christianity which is not Theosophic is bogus and that any Theosophy which is not Christian is likewise bogus."

Such a belief is full of comfort and encouragement when one considers the numbers of women who lead beautiful, unselfish and useful lives on the Christian ideal which they know, who would yet be much happier and do better work if they had the knowledge of Theosophy which perhaps they have never heard of and may never know in this life.

Such an one is a friend of mine, an English woman, the wife of a Christian minister, whose parishioners are almost entirely black. Of a strong individuality, intelligent above the average, and having a wide education, with a positive genius for teaching, fitting her to shine in any position, her whole life is unselfishly and consistently devoted to the spiritual, physical and social uplifting of the people amongst whom she lives. Of her it may be said, as of Aurora Leigh:

She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer.

Are any ill and in need of nourishment? She prepares and carries it with her own hands. Is there a marriage between young and promising members of the church? Their little feast must be held at her house. Is she sought as godparent for a precious baby? Certainly she will be this if the parents will forego carriages and ostentation, and if she may carry the baby walking to the church. There being no place where little meetings may be held, she has no doubt or hesitation about her duty, her house is always available, and whatever the event, if its object be the betterment of her people, it may take place there. And so if one goes there, one may find the room arranged for a class, or for a meeting of the young men's club, where they read the illustrated papers and play games. Here the children gather happily round the Christmas tree, and here the ladies meet to dress the dolls which delight the children's hearts. Here on Sunday afternoons the little ones come to learn some of the beautiful truths of God and listen to His teaching, and there are two children in the Lotus Home at Point Loma today who for several years have gathered beautiful thoughts from her lips.

Day by day, year after year, in spite of much ill health and many discouragements, she goes bravely on, receiving very little help and encountering the pitying smiles of those who like to keep their drawing-rooms as such, and marvel at her way of keeping hers. Some few do help her in the intervals of their own affairs, but of the constant, almost unconscious support, of the cheerful coöperation which exists in Lomaland, she knows nothing.

To the women who live so happily on "the Hill," the work they have to do is all sufficing; their perfect trust in the Law assuring them that they will go out to work in the world when the right time comes. But to those

who come and see, admire and appreciate, and then return to their own places, the eager thought must come, "Oh! that the time may soon come to be when the wonderful work now being done on the Hill will spread like a life-giving stream into the world."

And as we know that a thought, like a pebble thrown into a lake, makes unending circles outwards, so the happy and privileged ones of Lomaland send out constantly loving thoughts of comfort and support to their sisters in many and different climes, who are struggling bravely on, and aiming to realize the ideal of the highest they know.

Such thoughts must have beneficial effect, and will enable the recognition of the workers to be more immediate; and their work more effective when the great day comes for them to go forth into the world.

Sister, we are surely bound
On the same journey—and our eyes alike
Turn up and onward: wherefore now thou risest—
Lean on mine arm, and let us for a space
Pursue the path together! Ah, 'tis much
For this so weary pilgrimage, to meet
A royal face like thine: to touch the hand
Of such a soul-fellow; to feel the want,
The upward crying hunger, the desire,
The common hope and pathos.—*Buchanan*

BEATRICE GRIEG

For Intelligent Motherhood

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, the English writer, has addressed the following letter to the Dorking Women's Liberal Association:

At this present time women need encouragement to look out upon affairs of national interest, and men should do their part in helping them to state publicly what has long been confined to the domestic circle—consequently a wasted force. That it can be a force men are beginning to feel. That the exercise of it is an education we see already in the enlargement of their view of life and the country's needs. So there is hope that the coming generation will have more intelligent mothers. This holds true whatever side in politics they may take, and it is the main point.

By studying public matters diligently you will soon learn to perceive that there is no natural hostility between the sexes. Their interests are one when they have learnt to step forward together. It is amongst the lessons devolving upon them to teach the male kind who are not yet enough enlightened in that direction.

A Woman Egyptologist

IT is not enough to know truth; one must have some understanding of the human mind, otherwise one cannot impart it. The close connection that anciently existed between Egypt and prehistoric America has not needed the archeological evidence of Yucatan. The explorations in the former land alone, properly interpreted, afford all the evidence that one needs and it has been in the interpretation of the discoveries of Egyptologists and in their adaptation to the general mind that Amelia B. Edwards has been of such extraordinary service. We have no Egyptologists who write so picturesquely, which is not strange, for Miss Edwards, before she began writing on Egypt, had thirty years of literary work in the romantic school. She worked at style as if it were a science and she mastered it, studying it like a poet, calculating even the play of vowel sounds and the music of periods. Such has been neither the privilege nor the vocation of the ordinary Egyptologist. The result has been that Miss Edwards' writings have opened doorways to the many that otherwise would have been opened only to the few. Yet Miss Edwards was more than a writer; she knew Egypt personally and she loved its very air and soil; she was more than a mere photographer of records; she was an interpreter and translator.

STUDENT

Frances Power Cobbe

IT is not strange that the woman's columns of so many papers should contain tributes to the memory of the late Frances Power Cobbe, of England, one whom even her enemies admitted "never wrote a line not in full accordance with her convictions." Miss Cobbe was one of the first among her sex to suggest gardening and floriculture as ideal occupations for women. It is not strange that, having lived an ideal childhood amid the pleasantest of country surroundings and happy relationships, she should have reached an advanced age, strong, sympathetic, original and most compassionate. While still a young woman she broke completely away from her early religious moorings and was banished from her home for doing so. A hint of the frankness that was always so marked a characteristic of her nature we find in the following line from her autobiography: "How pleasant and interesting and not alto-

True Irish Hearts

LET Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

— Moore

STATISTICS tell us that since 1851 the population of Ireland, through emigration, has been lessened 3,961,011. "In a little over half a century nearly four millions of Irish people, mostly in their youth and early manhood, . . . have left their native land. Perhaps the fact helps to explain why the Irish are so great a power



INTERIOR OF AN IRISH HOME—CONSERVATORY, KILRUDDEY HOUSE

gether useless life has been to me, *although no man has ever desired to share it!*" For many years Miss Cobbe interested herself in the work of rescuing outcast girls, being associated with Mary Carpenter. She was also prominent in connection with the anti-vivisection movement. But women have particular cause for gratitude because of the advanced stand which she took in support of the Matrimonial Causes Act, by which women were enabled to obtain separation from brutal husbands, a great step forward at the time when it was taken in conservative England.

STUDENT

IN the *Commonwealth of England*, Book I, chapter 2, (quoted in *Bingham on Infant and Coverture*, page 184,) Sir Thomas Smith is quoted as follows:

The naturalest and first conjunction of the two toward making a further society of continuance is of the husband and wife, each having care of the family; the man to get, to travel abroad and to defend; the wife to save, to stay at home and to distribute that which is gotten for the nurture of the children and family; which to maintain, God has given the man greater wit, better strength, better courage to compel the woman to obey by reason or force; and to the woman beauty, fair countenance and sweet words, to make the man obey her again for love. Thus each obeyeth and commandeth the other, and they two together rule the house as long as they remain in one.

abroad, and why Ireland suffers so much from losing so great a proportion of the flower of its youth."

These figures do not take into account the vast numbers that have left the country since the year 1698, when, for a considerable period, 12,000 are said to have emigrated every year from Ulster alone.

Viewing this great stream of life from the more subtle standpoint of thought and emotion, what tides of feeling are constantly being directed towards that small green Isle; for Irish hearts remain true to their country. Land and sea may separate them, but all fate-imposed barriers but serve as magnets to intensify the love for their native soil.

Tenderly are the green vales and wooded hills remembered. The little white cabin remains dearer than would be a palace in a foreign land. Generation after generation may pass, but the love of the old home is the truest and most deeply cherished heirloom.

Who knows the meaning of this great inner tide? If love—love that has passed through the purifying flames of anguish and despair—become a creative power, what may not spring from Ireland! For surely, the most tested and most loyal love that ever quickened in the human breast hovers over every blade of grass that grows on Erin's soil. A. P. D.

My only desire is to know the truth, my only fear, to cling to error.
—George Eliot

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

The Aztecs and the Toltecs of Ancient Mexico

THERE are few nations whose legends do not tell of some great warrior, ruler and teacher, who, departing, promises at some time to return. They are pictured as *departing* rather than dying. Even the British Arthur, when the boat takes him over the waters beyond the horizon, wounded unto death, was yet expected to be healed in the city of light so that he should some day return to his people and reestablish his kingdom and the Order of his Knights.

One of the noblest of these figures is that of Quetzalcoatl, the King Arthur of the Aztecs and Toltecs of ancient Mexico. A date can no more be assigned to him than to the British teacher-king. The legends of his coming differ. Some say he came from the direction towards which he departed, "the way of the rising sun."

He was of another race from those whom he ruled, fair-skinned, full-bearded, of great stature, with black hair, and dressed in flowing white robes. But his people, with whom he dwelt twenty years, were small, sun-tanned and beardless.

He came to them very early in their history, for then they knew no arts nor writing. These he taught them, picture-writing, work in silver, gold, lead, tin and copper, painting, carving and architecture. He inspired them to virtue, weaned them from their love of war, stopped the sacrifices of men and animals and substituted offerings of fruit, flowers and perfumes. When blood was to be shed at all, he who sacrificed must draw it from *thorn punctures in his own body*. He taught them astronomy and the calendar, and the science of medicine.

At last he departed, journeying towards the Atlantic coast. But from the coast he sent back word to the lamenting people that some day he would return with others like himself and guide them once more in the ways of growth and peace.

No one knows when this was; obviously very far back. And it is only a sample of which the like could be drawn from the traditions and legends of many a people.

Who were these men? Mostly solar myths and so forth, we are assured by science.

But the essential point of such legends is that the heroes of them are depicted as being morally and intellectually far in advance of the peoples they taught. If they were invented, if they were merely deified savage chieftains, personified planets, and what not, whence the ideal to which they were made to correspond? For they were not only far in advance of their people at the time assigned to them by tradition, but also of the people of the later times in which the myth is regarded as having arisen.

They were made responsible not only for the primary teaching of arts and handicrafts, but for a spiritual teaching so far ahead of later popular practice that the tradition is compelled to admit a moral retrogression since their day. In other words, they are the shining foci about which is the halo of the universally credited "golden age."

We believe that these men, the King Arthurs and Quetzalcoats of many a legend, were real men, *not* magnified—if something distorted—by the lenses of memory and tradition; that every early race has had a spiritual and intellectual keynote sounded for it and in its midst by one or more members of an unbroken line of humanity's teachers, men who have appeared and do yet appear on earth in response to a definite purpose; who withdrew when they had done as much as the limits of their peoples permitted; and who, though reappearing from time to time as a momentary field of work opened, collectively await the hour when humanity as a whole shall have passed a certain point. We think it is now passing that point. The evil currents running for ages have reached their intensest strength. Humanity is more conscious of pain, because more conscious, than ever before; and spiritually at its darkest. But it is also awakening dimly to the medicine of its malady—brotherhood. When it has learned something of the power of that, when into that chord of harmony the fierce discords have begun to resolve, then, we think, will approach an hour for the reappearance of the great teachers and lights of

humanity, the line that stretches back far behind the point at which infant history and tradition open their eyes. And that hour is surely now very near.

STUDENT

The Emigration of the Ancient Celts from Central Asia

THE word "Celt" generally calls up in the popular mind the picture of a small dark-haired, dark-eyed, quick, nervous man—the man, in fact, of the western fringe of the British Isles, and southward. But it should not do so. The Celtic was the second wave of immigrants into Europe from Central Asia, and the characteristics ordinarily ascribed to the Celt are really those of the first wave, the "Euskarians," neolithic men of the Quaternary geologic period. The Celt was a big-boned blond, not distinguishable from the man of the third wave, the Teutonic.

It was the pre-Aryan Euskarian that was the little black man. When the Celtic wave overran Europe and reached Britain, it did not in the latter islands, nor in northwestern France, exterminate the Euskarian. The small people remained, and remain, on the western fringe, parts of Ireland, the Highlands, Lancashire, North Wales and Cornwall. There was some blending with the Celtic conqueror, and the conquered took his language. The same happened in France and Spain, and the Basque speech is probably the only representative of the Euskarian.

The modern Briton is, therefore, very mix-blooded, but in families in any part of the country an almost typical Euskarian child may even now appear; and, as said, that type is still fairly pure in some small western and northern areas.

The Euskarian was, of course, no Aryan, though he, too, came—according to the teaching of H. P. Blavatsky—from Asia. There was nothing Aryan about him. One would be inclined to suggest that he was a Lemurian remain, expelled by the Aryan invader from his Asiatic home and followed up to the western fringe of Europe.

Even he was not the first inhabitant of Britain and Europe. There was a still more ancient "lithic" man, the Palæolithic. Of him, too, we have quite definite remains. But blood is not one of them, for a glacial epoch absolutely froze him out and separated him from his Neolithic successor. In some respects he was a better man than the successor; he was not a cannibal and the other almost certainly was. Moreover, his achievements in art seem to have been very high. "Implements of horn, bone and wood"—says Gould in his *Mythical Monsters*—"were in common use among both races, but those of the older are frequently distinguished by their being sculptured with great ability, or ornamented with life-like engravings of the various animals living at the period; whereas, there seems to have been a marked absence of any similar artistic ability on the part of Neolithic man." In proof of this, Gould reproduces a Palæolithic rock-sketch of a reindeer feeding, which Laing justly says "would do credit to any modern animal painter."

These men, according to H. P. Blavatsky, were remains of the Atlantean race, the fourth great human period, counting the Lemurian as the third. And she asserts that they were semi-savage contemporaries of a high civilization whose relics are mainly beneath the Atlantic waves. Savagery and civilization existed then, as now, side by side. That we have not yet uncovered the relics of that civilization is partly due to the fact that they are submerged, and partly, as Laing points out, because only a very small portion of the earth's surface has yet been explored.

STUDENT

Recent Strange and Important Archeological Discoveries in Mexico

MANY ancient ruins of Lower Mexico have been explored in years past, but it has been left the well-known American archeologist, Frank C. Pierce, of Dallas, Texas, to discover, after an exhaustive and perilous search, the wonderful ruins of Tepeji Viejo, in the State of Puebla, said to be the castle of Montezuma, whose great treasures are hidden there. The existence of this castle has been unknown to many people living within only a few miles of the place.

The mysteries, history and difficulties experienced in exploring this ruined castle are interestingly narrated by explorer Pierce.

Nature

Studies

A Glimpse of Another Plane of Life

THE beautiful insect shown in the photograph is what is known as the Atlas moth, perhaps because of its size, which is often five or six inches from tip to tip of the wings. Below it is the cocoon, from which it emerged. The cocoon is split open, showing the two wholly distinct casings and the chrysalis itself, with the special forms for the wonderfully developed antennæ. It is these same antennæ which are, if some recent theories be true, the chief distinction of this particular moth.

It is now claimed, by those who think they know, that the antennæ of insects are really auditory organs whereby they *hear* the shapes, density, etc., of objects as we see them. If this is true, then this Atlas moth must have a most extraordinary range of perception, if one can judge from the number and varied lengths of the branches which give his antennæ such a feather-like appearance. If they correspond with similar arrangements in the human eye and ear, he must have a perceptive faculty ranging over several octaves of vibration and be accordingly vastly superior to the ordinary insects with straight antennæ, unless there is a different and perhaps more simple contrivance in their organs. At any rate, these reflections open a very fascinating field of investigation, and one which will, from the factors in the case, necessarily be conducted with uninjured specimens, unfortunately affording no proper opportunity for the vivisection which modern scientists are so ready to practise on victims sufficiently helpless to deprive the operation of any possibility of danger to themselves.

And, viewing this moth from another standpoint, one cannot but be awed by the miracle whereby the fat cylindrical worm constructed from its own body a house formed of two layers of gummed silk, with no attachment between the two, and inside a third case of fine, thin horn most beautifully modeled to his own *future* form, and then so entirely transformed his own substance into a beautiful shape so wholly unlike the former one.

Are we to suppose that he did it by his own intelligent craftsmanship? Or that it just naturally happened by "natural law?" Or that there are nature-spirits who do such work, as a man does farming or building? What a craft that would be, or is, to build with living tissue according to the patterns ordained by other beings of a higher degree of development!

THE *Scientific American* disagrees with the facts about bird migration recently quoted from the *Saturday Evening Post*. The former believes the surface flights in daytime to constitute the migration, while the latter calls such "mere picnic parties of laggard bands." According to the *Scientific American*, migration is entirely a matter of food and temperature, while the *Post* declares such factors to be wholly inadequate to explain migration, which often occurs irrespective of, or even in opposition to them. On the whole, we believe the weight of evidence to be strongly in favor of the radical views expressed in the *Post*, which are quoted at some length in the *NEW CENTURY PATH* for May 8th.

EVENING

by SHELLEY

THE sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are sitting fast in the grey air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep;
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

There is no dew on the dry grass tonight,
Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
The wind is intermitting, dry, and light;
And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
The dust straws are driven up and down,
And whirled about the pavement of the town.

Within the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, and for ever
It trembles, but it never fades away.
Go to the
You, being changed, will find it then as now.

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut
By darkest barriers of cinereous cloud,
Like mountain over mountain huddled, but
Growing and moving upwards in a crowd;
And over it a space of watery blue,
Which the keen evening star is shining through.



THE ATLAS MOTH AND ITS COCOON

The Family at the Main Gate

IF the recent picture of the Main Gateway to the Homestead grounds had been a little wider to the right, it would have shown the pretty little octagon "guard-house" which is the headquarters of the custodian of the gate. It is all overgrown with honeysuckle vines, and in a tangle of stems close up under the eaves a pair of towhees have started housekeeping. The nest is built of grassroots, picked from a recently plowed field, and lined with horse hair. Already it contains five or six pale blue eggs, sparsely speckled with chocolate brown. The little brown mother keeps very steady hours on the nest without any fear of the human beings so very near that they could touch her with an outstretched hand. She knows that they will not harm her and that their presence is a protection from hawks, shrikes, and the great owls which live over in the tall cypress hedge.

The master of the house looks as though he had fallen headforemost into a bottle of crimson ink and brightly stained his brown cap and coat as far as the wings. He is very devoted and regularly brings food to his spouse who is so closely confined at present by domestic duties. Apparently she has developed a vigorous appetite, since she has plenty of time to think about it, for she has a dreadful story of starvation to tell every time he comes. Sometimes she scolds if the morsel is not to her liking and he apologizes or excuses himself as well as possible.

A free lunch system will soon be inaugurated for their benefit and will no doubt be very welcome because bird-food is rather scarce this year, even this early in the season.

There are many nests around the Homestead; in the vine which can be seen in the picture in the May 1st number there must be at least a dozen, of several different sorts, but they are hidden so that we cannot take

quite so direct an interest in their affairs as we do with our musical comrades who almost touch elbows with us in their homes under the guard-house eaves.

NATURE LOVER

Killing Animals for Amusement Should Not Be Encouraged

AT Avalon Bay, Catalina Island, not very far from Point Loma, indeed visible from here, was recently committed a hunting exploit worthy to be called a crime. A sunfish, said to be the largest of its species on record, was captured and killed merely for fun, because it was big. The sunfish is of no use whatever as food or for any other purpose, so that there was no reason at all for killing this creature which weighed about a ton. It was done in mere wantonness without any justification. It is true that his bulk does not logically make his life more valuable or sacred, but it seems a greater sin to kill a large creature uselessly than a small one, possibly because we think that it must have cost Nature more work to produce it; which is not always the case. Anyhow this great fish was caught and killed merely that he might be photographed and boasted about. We yet hope that the long-deferred time will come when the human race will cease to find leisure in ruthless vandalism and death of inoffensive creatures.

N. L.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE announcement that Katherine Tingley would deliver an address at the regular meeting of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Isis Theatre last Sunday evening served to call out another of those large crowds of enthusiastic and intelligent San Diegans which invariably throng the theatre when there is a chance of hearing or seeing the Leader and Official Head of the Theosophical movement.

She was at her best on this occasion, all signs of the weariness and hardships of her recent long journey around the world having entirely disappeared, and a fund of energy and vigor pouring forth from her that held the utmost attention of her large audience for nearly an hour, during which she was frequently interrupted by spontaneous and prolonged applause. Under the general heading of "Thoughts by the Way," she gave a series of beautiful and vivid word-pictures, which made a deep and lasting impression upon those who were fortunate enough to hear them.

She began her address by disavowing all intention of indulging in either high-flown rhetoric or idle theory—just plain, straightforward common-sense being the greatest need of the hour. Humanity had run wild on theory, she said. There were so many different theories in the world today that they could not all be enumerated in a single evening.

"We have been taught to differ instead of to unite. There are millions of times more books today than there were a hundred years ago, yet the world has not grown one whit better. There are hundreds of isms and religions, yet the world is no better than it was two thousand years ago. Something is radically wrong. Our ecclesiastic friends each hold that they have truth in different aspects, each claiming to have the highest, yet the highest aspect of one does not agree with the highest aspect of the other, rather they contradict; and the inquirer concludes that neither is the truth.

"Theosophy combines the essentials of all religions," said Mrs. Tingley. "Man is divine and the other nature of him is not necessarily an evil nature, but an undeveloped nature. He can only raise as he lifts himself, shaking off the bonds of selfishness and reaching for the higher things."

Mrs. Tingley, when applauded by her audience for some of these sentiments, said she believed that if the great initiate, the Nazarine, were in the audience, he, too, would applaud her utterances, for they were no different, in reality, from those to be found at the base of all great religions and as given to humanity by all true reformers and teachers.

Turning next to the subject of cause and effect, she gave striking and graphic pictures of two of the many instances that have come under her observation of the

KATHERINE TINGLEY AT ISIS THEATRE

Striking & Impressive Address of the Theosophic Leader before a Large and Enthusiastic Audience

Reprinted from the San Diego News

awful effects of hypnotism. She described a visit to Folsom prison.

The warden, at her request, pointed out his worst cases. One of them was a wife-murderer. Mrs. Tingley, after stating that she was not a missionary, but was contemplating an ideal reformatory ("And it will be built," she assured the audience, whereupon there was renewed

applause), induced that official to remove the man's irons and permit her to talk with him alone.

She said she had shed no sentimental tears but, with a smile upon her face, told him that if she had her way he would be permitted to go out into the light and air, that the end he was going to—the gallows—was not the end of consciousness or of life, and that she thought he had already suffered enough for his crime.

In the twenty-minute interview granted by the warden, she secured from the prisoner the story of his crime. He admitted killing his wife, saying she had been perfidious. Mrs. Tingley tried to find excuse for the woman, and learned that she had once been a good wife and mother, but that she had come under the control of a man who had hypnotized her. He had studied with a professional hypnotist, had learned he had power to control others and had applied it in this wrong way. "Hypnotism is the world's great curse," said Mrs. Tingley. She added that the very day she was speaking with the murderer in prison, the cause of the crime was lecturing in New York; then, to the astonishment of her audience Mrs. Tingley said: "He has lectured in this city and has fooled some of you."

Another word-picture was that of a fallen woman in New York, once a helpful charity worker on the East Side of New York, a co-worker, in fact, with Mrs. Tingley in that city. Mrs. Tingley diagnosed this case as the result of hypnotism also, and said that the woman had been restored to her family and friends after a rest in the country.

After a musical number by Students of the Isis Conservatory, Mrs. Tingley returned to the stage and said a few kindly words in closing. She bade her audience not to leave the hall with too gloomy a view of life, but admonished them to remember that man is divine, and to teach it to their children. Parents should study their children, not only lovingly, but hopefully and intelligently. They should be taught the divinity of man and other of the great truths of Theosophy.

There were several splendidly given musical numbers during the evening, and Mrs. Bertha W. Bundsmann, prior to the address of Mrs. Tingley, gave a most effective recitation of the story of Rebekah and Isaac, from Genesis. Mrs. Bundsmann wore the Oriental dress of a woman of the period of which her story had to deal.

The Material and the Spiritual Possibilities of the State of California

An address by E. August Neresheimer at Isis Theatre, Sunday, June 19, 1904

WHAT can be said about the future of this great State that has not already been touched upon, in part at least, by some of our brilliant writers? Its future is the marvel of thinkers, for they realize that its situation geographically, closest in touch with the swarming millions of Asia, as well as its long coast-line and fine harbors, fit it naturally to be the Empire State of the Union, so far as its coming commerce is considered. The piercing of the great Isthmian Canal will mechanically develop latent resources; the mineral wealth of California is yet almost untouched, in comparison with what will be done; while in educational and philanthropic progress, it outstrips any of the other States. Can any University in the country show a spirit so ambitious of true learning, and so generous with its funds, as at least two of the Universities of California? Is not the very name "Californian" symbolic of the spirit of Progress?

Now a word about the countries bordering on the littoral of the Pacific. Take a map, examine the tremendous coast-line washed by the waters of this mightiest of oceans; notice its almost continuous sweep, and marvel at what it implies. Think again of the growing peoples living in the Islands of the Western Sea: Australia, New Zealand and the Philippines. Survey with me the unnumbered swarms of human beings living and working out life's problems in Asia; and pause with me to glance at that mighty little Island Empire, Japan, which is today teaching a lesson of humanity in warfare, and mercy to a foe a thousand times more powerful than itself, apparently. And when you have done this, and are ready to realize what it all means, then cast your eyes on your own, *our own* beloved State, and you may with justice dream of its grandeur to come!

In the mysterious working of the laws which govern the rise and fall of civil-

izations, it has been decreed that the Aryans, call them Caucasians, even, or, better still, white-skinned men—it has been decreed that these white-skinned men shall control and govern the Earth; and that it shall be their destiny to carry the message of fraternal good-will, and the blessings of a just and rational jurisprudence to all others, who may be found needing it. Westward the course of empire takes its way; the flow of the immense evolutionary wave spread along in centuries past, until it broke with a resounding roar on the shores of the Pacific Ocean about the middle of the last century. The White men came to settle on these shores, they grew to be a people, a separate State, and then their eyes began wandering Westward!

From the great Continent of Asia did the first Aryans come, in millenniums past; they made the tour of the globe, carrying all before them; and now behold the white man again, knocking for admittance at the closed and barred doors of the mystic and dreamy Orient.

But there is another side to the picture. The Orient itself is beginning to wake up to the stern necessities of the present day. One of the peoples composing it, Japan, is now ranked as a full-fledged first-class military Power; *more*, Japan is today receiving the respect of the whole civilized world, in view of the humane and kindly manner her war is being carried on. Can our Western nations show a deeper strategy, better soldiers, better discipline among them, more humanity, and more exalted patriotism, than those manifested by the little five-foot men of Nippon?

Then China, what is happening to her? She is creating an army; she is increasing her navy; she is paying Japanese officers to drill her troops, and is em-

playing Japanese instructors to make a school system for her millions of young.

So that when it comes to a question of racial supremacy, we face the fact that we have before us men of another race, of another blood, who are our equals in all that we have taught them; that these men realize pretty well what they are about, and are pretty well determined to get just what they want, for they know how to wait till they are ready, with true Oriental patience!

Do we Californians realize to the full the situation we have before us? That on us would fall the heaviest blows of a racial war of any kind whatsoever; and that it would be our interests which would most suffer, were so dire a calamity come to pass? May the great Law prevent such an occurrence, for we would have to face some two-thirds of the population of the globe; and if they become what Japan has become, and it is not impossible, then what have we to look forward to? Not death, not extermination, not a remorseless and bloodthirsty foe, but in all probability an enemy like Japan is proving herself to be to Russia.

But this, I believe most emphatically, will never come to pass. War is growing more and more a universal public nuisance; the patience of mankind is nearing its end; we are more than beginning to see that the shedding of human blood is useless, when our brains will cut us a way out of a difficulty; so that the future promises us no longer a contest of steel and flame and murder, but a contest of will and intelligence!

Are we of the white race to be beaten at our own game of civilization and progress? Are we to allow these yellow men to outstrip us in the race for commercial supremacy, and in the records of history to come, are they to stand forth as the abolishers of warfare by substituting for it their subtle brain power? Are they to be our material and spiritual teachers? No! a thousand times no; and again NO!

Therefore it behooves us well to be up and stirring. It behooves every true son of California here tonight, and every one of her daughters as well, to recognize that this is no vain and empty thing, but a reality growing up at the threshold of our home. Let the sails of our ships whiten the waters of this vast ocean;

let our wares and our commodities be carried into every hamlet of the Eastern lands, and let them become a necessity to the people there. Let us realize the fact that no other nation on the earth is so favorably situated as we are to control the trade, and, verily, the future policy of these Oriental folk. This our city of San Diego is the nearest port to the center of the coming national life of the yellow races, and this fact is being with every day more keenly realized. From here great steamship lines will run, carrying the goods of the West to the ports of the East. The day is coming, and it is coming swiftly, when the center of our national gravity will be shifted from the Atlantic to the Pacific; when the heart life of this mighty republic will beat on these very shores of California.

Let us receive the sons of Asia into our Californian Universities. Let us educate them; teach them to respect us, and our civilization; and then send them back home with a sense of their indebtedness to us. It is our duty, and we shall have to face it one day or another, very differently from what we think now.

No other people in the history of the world has had such onerous, weighty and sublime problems to solve, as face us now. Backed by the grand power of our sister States of the Union, we shall be able to do more towards the establishment of a true and real Universal Brotherhood of Humanity than was ever before granted to any people known. Australia, New Zealand, the islands of the Pacific, China that is to come, the Peninsula of Hindustan, and Japan, are slowly turning their eyes our way for supplies, and it may be for help. Shall we fail? Never!

It cannot be denied that the trend of civilization is Westward. It is coming fast, not only in material things but also spiritually. California is the center towards which the energies are being directed. One great teacher of humanity has said that the west coast of the United States of America will be the seat of the first prominent development of a new spiritual force in nature.

Events, national and personal, are making steadily for the unfoldment of that one great truth and principle: The unity of all things, "the Universal Brotherhood of mankind."

THREE distinct steps lead to wisdom. These are, a knowledge of

History in the Light of Reincarnation

for the foundations of a new race which will take at least 50,000 years in perfecting.

facts, the knowledge of their relation or meaning, and the putting what we know into practise. History consists of two elements—the faithful record of things and the philosophy of that record. Reincarnation never has been taken into account by historians, and yet nothing has a more direct and important bearing on what we are. History, so-called, is only a disjointed fragment, a few bits out of a wonderful mosaic. At one time it was the custom to give a record of battles, and crimes, and call that history. On the ancient monuments or in the cuneiform inscriptions, we read of kings who waged war and took captives, but hardly ever a word about the varied life of the great mass of the nation and of the world. The perfect history has yet to be written: and only a great adept could write it.

"Science is knowledge systematized," and one reason why a preference is given to the study of physical science, is because of the well-defined field in which that study is carried on. The facts, say in chemistry, are definite, and the laws relating these facts, or explaining them, can be known. But the problem of human life is not so simple. Here, also, it is very important to get at the facts. And, according to Carlyle, the trouble is not so much that many things have not been written, as that they have been *miswritten*. We know how difficult it is in our day to get at the facts. Newspapers are often the mere instruments of political parties, and it would be too much to expect them to state the case of their opponent in the same way that they give their own side of the question. Dr. Johnson said that in reporting the speeches in Parliament he "took care that the Whigs should not have the best of the argument." If it be such a difficult matter to know what is happening in our own time, we can form some estimate of the labor of the historian in trying to find out the facts which happened many centuries ago. But even if this could be done, there would still remain the correct explanation of those facts, or the philosophy of history. "Why did such a man or such a nation act in a certain way?" and "what was the result of such action?"

How can we make any progress in the explanation of events, or in showing the true philosophy of history, if we leave Reincarnation out of account? No doubt, other things, such as fairness, keen penetration, freedom from prejudice and the like, are needful in the historian. Do we not find that those who compile histories of Greece or Rome very often color the life of the past with their own political or religious views? But, while that is so, who can fail to see the vast importance of a knowledge of Reincarnation? If the Romans of the early days of the Empire returned as the Elizabethan English, what a new view it must give us of history. Does "history repeat itself?" If so, it would be an intricate, but most important problem to trace in the present the results of the past. Where should we look for the ancient Egyptians? Under what new names do the old reformers, poets and heroes reappear?

Difficult as these problems are, they are simple in comparison with others. The present is not simply a reproduction of the past. New mixtures of races produce new results, which we see in operation daily. The mingling of various races in America is said to be the care of advanced beings, who are thus preparing the way

The task of the historian and of the wise statesman should be free from all prejudice, and removed above all party lines. In the early days of a country there is much merely local legislation; each section wishing to have more than its share of the public funds. In a more perfect state, the welfare of the whole is paramount. In like manner, as the world advances, universal welfare will be the goal of the true statesman rather than the aggrandizement of any one section of the whole. The dream of the poet, "The individual withers, and the world is more and more," is the soundest philosophy, and will mark the history of humanity as it grows to the measure of the stature of perfect manhood. Yet, each note of that far-off, divine harmony must be developed to individual perfection along its own lines, else there could be no harmony. It is in this way that we must explain many strange problems of history, such as the seclusion, for a time, of a nation or race; and also the strong individualism that youth fosters, whether in nations or in portions of a nation.

It is because of the rebirth of races and nations that "history repeats itself," and that we find the course of time marked off into cycles great and small. H. P. Blavatsky said it was not such a difficult thing to describe the future when you knew the past. But the correct knowledge of the past—"there's the rub!" The astronomer can predict the course of a comet, or the return of an eclipse when certain elements are known. The true prophet is an astronomer on the ethical plane.

We know by experience that we can learn much, if we will, from a knowledge of our own past. Our failures, if wisely used, will serve as finger-posts for the future. This is no new teaching. Longfellow has made us familiar with the thoughts of Saint Augustine—rising on our dead selves we can mount to higher things:

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

If we can learn so much from the years of one short life, how much more should we learn from the many lives through which we have passed! And, how much vaster, still, should the harvest of wisdom be, which the true history of nations and races furnishes, if read in the light of Reincarnation!

There is one cycle of a hundred years, which, though a small one, is regarded by Theosophists as of great importance. We are taught that the Helpers of humanity, during the last twenty-five years of each century, are able to give fresh light to the world in an especial manner. The year 1875 marks the starting of the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood; and we know that the last twenty-five years of the Nineteenth century are of vast importance to the progress of the world. I propose to look into the past, as far as we know it, and try and trace the work of the Light-bringers at the close of one or more of the past centuries.

S. J. N.

THE SIFTING OF PETER

by LONGFELLOW

IN St. Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted;

And now, though ages intervene,
Sia is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;

Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his
Can enter;

No heart hath armor so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow,
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding.

Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;

We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;

Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger.

And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

The Unity of Religions

WHEN, thirty years ago, H. P. Blavatsky argued that all religions were but the varying dresses of one thing—Religion—she became at once anathema to the orthodox. The idea, not then new, but supported in her writings by illustration and proof as never before, gathered from every time and people, has been gaining ground ever since.

In *The North American Review* for April we have noted with pleasure a strong presentation of the same case from the pen of the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton, an article which we should like to see in the hands of every other Reverend in every English-speaking country. Doubtless, coming from within the clerical ranks, and advanced with so much ability, the case will get more consideration at their hands than if it had any other source—especially should that source be Theosophical.

Religion, in Dr. Newton's view, is a growing plant in the heart of humanity; religions, creeds, forms of worship, institutions, are the successive blossoms it periodically produces in successive periods and peoples. "Each," he says, "suberves a use in the evolution of the fruiting religion of humanity; each will find its permanent value preserved and its transient uses discarded in the attained unity of the flowering soul of man."

He points out that the great religions have all in succession evolved the same institutions, used the same symbols of worship, inculcated the same beliefs, and led to the same mode of life. He could have made many more heads of classification, could have expanded indefinitely each of those which he has selected; but doubtless want of space stayed his hand.

As to *institutions*. "The Church (spelled with a capital C) was an institution of Chaldea, India and Egypt millenniums ago, as it is of Italy, England and America, today. A sacred ministry, a class of men set apart for the divine offices of religion, would have been found of old in Babylon and Thebes, as it is found now in Rome and London. The pagan temple was the Christian basilica and cathedral," and like them had its altar on the sacred spot. "Monasticism developed in the East long before it arose in the West. . . . Good Father Huc was utterly astonished to find in the Far East tonsured priests bowing before splendid altars, while acolytes swung the fragrant censers by their side." Everywhere the oneness of Religion generates the same institutions among different religions.

The symbols of worship, too, are everywhere the same. "The circle, the triangle and the trefoil were graven by pagan chisels on the walls of the sacred buildings reared by religions which thought of themselves only as aliens and foes to one another; for the unity of God, signed by the circle and the tri-unity—the oneness in variety—of God, signed by the triangle and trefoil, were truths known to no one religion alone. The cross, which forms the most sacred symbol of our Christian churches—this same cross would have been found in the temples of well-nigh every religion of the past as its most sacred symbol."

As to *beliefs* there is also a profound unity among the creeds. Referring to Dr. Lundy's work, *Monumental Religion*, Dr. Newton says: "In this epoch-marking work, Dr. Lundy, accepting the Apostles' Creed as the norm and type of all creeds, traced, clause by clause, the parallelisms which he had discovered in other religions: showing that every article in the Creed found its counterpart in the various systems of paganism. Dr. Lundy might have meant only to exalt the creed of Christendom; he succeeded in revealing the creed of humanity."

As to the *life* inculcated: "There is no real discord between the ethics of Buddhism and Confucianism and the religions of Greece and Rome, no essential difference between the spirituality of the Hindu and Persian and Egyptian, save as each naturally shows the different coloring of race and environment upon the face of the same soul. The human ideals are one everywhere. Purity and justice and truth and temperance and charity—these need no translation from the speech of the pagan to the tongue of the Christian. The Golden Rule proves the rule of Hindu and Chinaman, as of the Christian. It waited not for Jesus to reveal it. . . . When the soul of man fronts the infinite and eternal Spirit, beneath the bo-tree of India, or amid the rugged fastnesses of Tibet, or in the cloisters of the Christian abbey, it is one and the same God who is seen."

Truly a remarkable presentation of a great idea. As the next few years go by, and more and more correspondences between the religions of the past come to light, this idea will come more and more to the front and at last be unquestioned. Then the wars of creeds will cease, and the exponents of them, recognizing the presence of the unity beneath, will devote themselves to developing that in the service of humanity. In so doing they will gradually lose themselves in their work and in the growing consciousness of the eternal Purpose moving all things onward and upward to the heights of perfect life. And there will be more and more who will, as Dr. Newton phrases it, accept "the law of sacrifice under which the superior souls of earth devote themselves to the saving of their fellows." Yet it will be no sacrifice, for they will have become one with the Force inspiring them.

STUDENT

To Help the Cubans

THE following cable messages with reference to the great Cuban tornado will be read with interest:

Turner, Raja Yoga School, Santiago de Cuba:

I rejoice at your safety. Are any of children's parents suffering from disaster? Are our school interests interfered with?

KATHERINE TINGLEY

Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, Cal.:

Families school children are provided for. Little suffering City, mostly in small towns and country. Could use money to relieve town Cobre, etc. Vegetable seeds useful. Heavy material damage throughout province. Cable communication uncertain.

TURNER

✧ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✧

Three-Color Printing Was Produced in 1730

ONE of the greatest advances made by modern science is the development of the color principles enunciated by Young, Helmholtz and Clerk Maxwell, with their later application in the three-color printing processes. Thus by means of photography excellent reproductions in natural colors from paintings, objects and even landscapes are multiplied daily, culminating in the grand work of the foremost scientists of the day in the United States, Great Britain, France and Germany. In the Charlottenburg Technical School Professor Micthe has even produced fine portraits in natural colors with a total exposure of three or four seconds—perhaps even less by this time. Almost all correct color-work in magazines is produced by this three-color printing method, in which the three primary color sensations are sorted out by selective screens into separate pictures from which etchings are made and prints synthesized with the corresponding inks.

The results of this work are so amazing in their progress that a suspicion arises that, after all, like so many modern inventions, this is but the sign of the awakening of brilliant minds to things known in the remote past—the springing up Minerva-like of all but full grown power. And now the hour-hand of time as to the knowledge of the three-color idea is being pushed back a century. A writer in the present issue of *Camera Craft* now brings to light the fact that three-color prints, apart from photographic processes, were made in London in 1730:

They were printed from steel or copper-mezzotint plates, printed by hand and were very beautiful. And even today to copy one of them the same size would tax any half-tone shop in the country, even though only indifferent results were obtained. The inventor of the original process was T. Ch. Leblond, and he formed his company in London about 1730. He had many troubles, principally financial, and about 1740 moved to France. Here he had many imitators. Some of the colored copperplate prints of that day, which were sold at a few shillings, are now valued at many hundreds of dollars. In 1730 Leblond published a work entitled *Il Colorito; or, the Harmony of Coloring of Painting Reduced to Mechanical Practice under Easy Precepts and Infallible Rules*. Leblond maintained that in painting, all visible subjects can be depicted by the aid of three colors, namely, yellow, red and blue, and expressed himself as follows on the subject: "Various mixtures of the three primary colors produce all conceivable tints, and if they are intermixed black is produced." By Leblond's method a separate plate was used for each color, but as three colors did not give depth enough to the shadows he eventually employed a fourth plate. All of which would seem to indicate that there is little new, after all, under the sun.

As with those other modern triumphs which almost daily we find to be repetitions of Egyptian, Indian, Chinese and other ancient arts and crafts the hand on the dial of time goes back until our primal source of inspiration appears after all to be a fruition of the seed sown by earlier laborers. No sooner has the public mind grown accustomed to regard a great idea as of modern make than a little corner of the veil is lifted and history shows that its past is more ancient than we suspect, until one is gradually led to believe that the ancients possessed the key to all our boasted knowledge. Indeed, H. P. Blavatsky in her writings showed this to be the case and the idea put forth by her that the affairs of the world come round in soaring cycles is become a patent truth. The proverb of Solomon which once everybody quoted and nobody believed, is vindicated daily—there is nothing new under the sun.

P. A. M.

A ROYAL commission was recently appointed in New South Wales to enquire, among other things, into the steady increase in infant mortality. The commission finds a leading cause of this to be the feeding of infants on manufactured foods. It makes a number of suggestions, upon one of which we have already dwelt here, that on registration of the birth of a child the mother should be given a printed slip of elementary instruction on infant feeding, how to sterilize and prepare cow's milk, if necessary, for her child, how to test milk, etc. The ideas of even well-to-do mothers on such matters are often astonishingly crude, and to the majority the fact that infants cannot digest starch, or the amount of cane sugar contained in nearly all brands of condensed milk, is wholly new.

STUDENT

The Red Planet Mars Excites Great Curiosity

OF all our sister planets Mars must always excite the greatest interest and curiosity. It is well placed for observation at frequent intervals so that astronomers have collected an immense amount of information about its markings and changes of aspect as it travels in its long journey round the sun, a journey which takes nearly two of our years to complete. Strange to say, though at times the shadings upon Mars are very easily seen, there is much doubt as to the true interpretation of their meaning. But, anyway, the great resemblance Mars presents to what the earth must look like at the distance of many million miles is striking, though we may not believe that the conditions prevailing there are identical with what exist around us. For instance, though we may be almost certain that the polar ice-caps of the earth are paralleled on Mars, and that the dark shadings on the ruddy planet are strikingly suggestive of oceans, yet there are reasons for still withholding final judgment upon these matters. As an example of the difficulties to be met, the so-called oceans are delicately mottled with fine shadings, which would seem to be inconsistent with their appearance if they are truly large bodies of water. Again, in the late summer these "seas" become lighter in color, thus suggesting the ripening of crops rather than any aqueous cause. Owing to the axis of Mars being tilted at nearly the same angle as our own the Martian seasons resemble ours, though of course they will last longer. Round each polar white cap a dark line is to be seen which increases as spring advances. Most probably this is melting ice or some similar substance, but the mystery of the dark straight lines, the so-called "canals" which intersect the whole surface—even passing over the "seas"—deepens every year. Some skilful observers, using large refracting telescopes profess to be unable to see them at all! Other highly-trained astronomers have mapped them and measured them, and are so firmly convinced of their existence that they have the courage to declare that in some cases they have been seen doubled! They are many hundreds of miles long and fifty or more miles wide. A reasonable explanation has been advanced that they are irrigated and cultivated lands lying on great trade routes between cities, the buff-colored surface between the "canals" being desert.

Whatever may be the cause of these weird markings—and we need a more powerful reflecting telescope than any existing to be certain of their existence—there is no doubt that great solitary clouds are sometimes seen floating in the atmosphere of Mars, clouds of several hundred miles in length, which blur the clear outlines of the "oceans." Not long ago a remarkable one was seen to drift about four hundred miles across the planet in twenty-four hours, and Professor Lowell of the Flagstaff Observatory, Arizona, who watched it carefully, thinks it was not composed of water vapor, but of dust.

RHO

A Curious X-Ray Experiment With a Rat

A CURIOUS echo comes from the laboratory of Professor Elmer Gates, of Chicago. Experimenting with some rays several octaves above the spectrum violet, he found that all substances were transparent to them except the *living* animal body. Holding a living rat between the source of these rays and his screen, the screen exhibited the shadow of the rat. But almost immediately after the rat's death the shadow vanished; the body had become transparent.

But at this moment "a shadow having precisely the same shape as the animal is seen to move upward on the screen. The inference is obvious: in the living body the rays are interrupted by a subtler form of the same shape dwelling within it. At death this form departs, "upward."

"Now if," says Professor Gates in an interview, "in any way this escaping organism could be caught and made to give evidence that it still possessed mind, then we should for the first time have an inductive laboratory proof of the continuity of life after death"—though not, of course, of immortality.

Experiments are in progress to detain this shadow and make it give an account of itself.

STUDENT

Some Confidences and Their Result

"YOU are thoughtful tonight, Mary," said Mr. Edwards to his wife as they finished dinner.

"I was thinking what examples of unselfishness we find sometimes, where we would least expect them," she replied.

"What have you on your mind now?" asked her husband, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I *would* like to talk it over with you, Dick, if you can spare the time," said Mary, with an answering smile, for they were great chums.

"Come into the library," said he, "and I will sit in my armchair and be all attention."

"You may have noticed," his wife commenced, "a little woman I get in to do the washing and scrubbing. Agnes isn't strong enough to manage all the work." He nodded and she went on.

"I often talk to her and she has told me a good deal of her life."

Mr. Edwards smiled broadly; invariably people did tell his wife "their troubles," for they were sure of sympathy and help.

"And such a sad life it is, too, and yet she is always cheerful, only just once or twice I have seen her break down. She makes me feel ashamed to grumble at *anything*—even the everlasting piano next door," she finished with a comical little pucker of her brows.

"I think I have a remedy for that," replied her husband, "but it is a tale that will keep."

She looked an interested inquiry and then returned to her subject.

"She came with her people from Madagascar, where they had been quite well-to-do, until her father and elder brother died suddenly, and then they came over here to some relatives of her mother. And then she married, and her husband died in a few months of consumption, and then his mother, and now there are only she and a married cousin left, and the cousin is as poor as a church-mouse, with half a dozen children, and a husband as often out of work as in. She told me that she took her fortnight's-old baby in her arms and walked from door to door looking for a day's work, till at last some one gave her a day's washing. Oh, Dick, wasn't it awful! And from that time on she has just struggled to keep body and soul together with odd jobs of work. Then about two years ago she married again, and the man couldn't get any work, and told her he would go to another State to find some, and she has never heard from him since, and that's more than a year ago, and now she has two children to keep instead of one. Only the other day she told me they had nothing but water-sago in the house, and her little boy asked her, 'Mammy, haven't we any bread, not *even a dry crust*?' Her cousin is as good to her as she can be. When her last baby came she pawned her only brooch to get a little wood and coal and something to eat. Perhaps you remember me telling you that I went to see the woman and found her sitting by the bed sewing, with a two-days'-old baby lying there! because the landlady had demanded the rent or out she must go!"

Mr. Edwards poked the fire vigorously, and his wife wiped the tears from her eyes. Mary spoke again:

"But the strange thing is, she keeps so cheerful and works so willingly and tries to do things the way *I like* them done and not her own way. She says, 'I like to please ladies and do my work the way *they* want it done.'"

"I wish there were a few more built that way," commented her husband, with the sigh of an employer whose employees were not *quite* ideal and had fairly strong views about their own methods and their excellence.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Edwards, "and whatever I ask her to do, she does with a smile; I have never seen her out of temper. What a difference it makes when people are *cheerful workers*!" "It does," he agreed.

"It makes me think of what that Universal Brotherhood lecturer said,"

she continued, "that we went to hear the other night, that we were all Souls who had gained our experience through countless lives in many different bodies down through the ages, and that our present characters and positions in the social scale were due to that past, and the direct result of our own thoughts and actions, for how else could an unlettered woman with no advantages learn to make the best of things and get the whole happiness possible out of her present unfortunate incarnation?"

"I don't suppose she reasons at all," said Dick.

"She doesn't need to if she *is* a Soul," answered his wife with fine contempt; "she just *feels* she is one, and acts, and that's better; but you cannot do things you haven't learnt; you needn't *talk* about them, but you must have the capacity to do them. I cannot get the idea out of my mind; so many sad things in life would no longer be so sad if it were true, and so many things that puzzle one would be quite clear."

While Mr. Edwards smoked slowly, looking into the fire, he was silent. Presently he turned to his wife and took the pipe from his mouth.

"What does it all mean, little woman?" he asked tenderly.

"It means this, Dick," she answered. "I am no longer satisfied with my old careless, selfish life, just living in the sunlight of your love and sheltered from all trouble, while so many are living such *desperately* hard lives. I want an explanation for it all, and I want to *help*!"

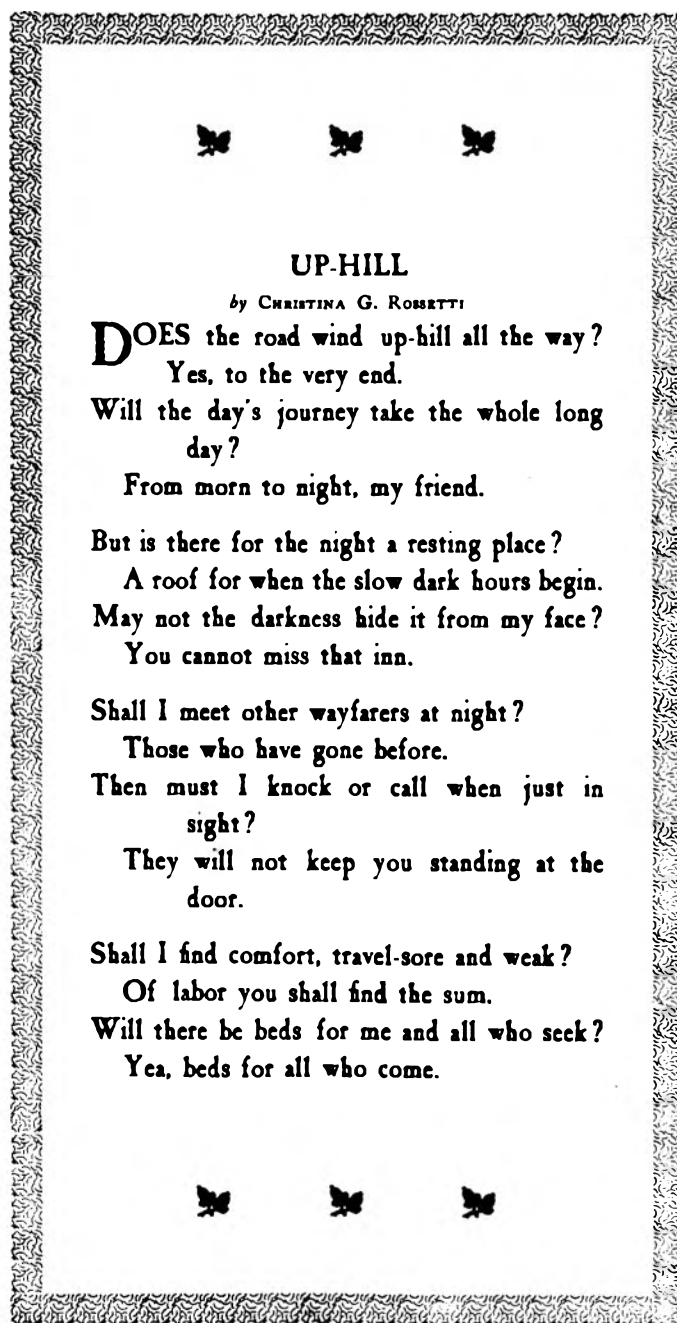
The tears were gone now and a deep earnestness vibrated in her voice. "And to do that wisely, I feel that I want to know more," she added.

"There *is* a destiny that shapes our ends," quoted her husband, turning back to the fire—then to his wife, "Mary, it is very strange, but Ned Carruthers called at my office this morning. It seems he has been a member of the Universal Brotherhood for some time, and seeing us at the lecture the other night, he brought me round a book called *The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine*, which, I must confess, has impressed me even with the glance I have been able to give it, and inclines me to look into Theosophy. I have never yet found a philosophy of life to suit me;—perhaps"

"Oh, Dick, it cannot be for *nothing*, that we both feel like that," cried his wife.

And the future proved her intuition to be true.

E. I. W.



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Isn't it time that we did something?

Year after year, thousands of children, and grown-ups too, celebrate this wonderful day that we call the Fourth of July in very much the same stupid fashion, and, as I said, isn't it time that we reminded them of what the day really means? I know a good many *do* preach silence, but they practise—noise. The Fourth of July, which really stands to us for all that is sacred and all that is truly noble and high, which stands for the higher patriotism itself, has become a day of claptrap and accidents and noise. You know as well as I that people are really tired of it and wish there were a better way to celebrate this day. Perhaps we could help them find the better way if we could remind them of what the day really stands for. You see, there is so much that is wonderful and beautiful in the past, we could easily build all that was best of it into the present and make a picture that would be glorious. It is a shame that with so many, Fourth of July should be a time of just noise and thoughtlessness.

Think what this liberty of ours cost! Think of the Higher Patriotism that fired the hearts of Washington, Franklin, Greene, Jefferson, Adams, Thomas Paine, brave young Lafayette and many others.

Splendid Lafayette came here from France bringing to us the very fire that Joan of Arc lighted in that beautiful land when the light upon her altars had sunk and was almost dying. Lafayette knew about the Higher Patriotism; he loved all mankind, and that is why he stood and shall stand, a living link between his own land and our own.

Franklin was another link. Do you remember his words? "Where liberty is, there is my country;" and the still more inspiring words of his comrade, Thomas Paine, "*Where liberty is not, there is mine.*" Thomas Paine was also a link with France, and isn't it well to remember, when we reflect on the real and beautiful meaning of our Independence Day, that France has an Independence Day, too, in the very same month, July 14th, the day the old Bastille fell? How true were the words of Thomas Paine, "The principles of America opened the Bastille!"

Boys and girls, we are more united with our brothers across the sea than we dream. Some day you will realize it more fully and it is because of this that you have even now a great responsibility in helping people everywhere to find the higher meaning of our Independence Day.

What a picture comes before us of the old days when our hero warriors fought for liberty! "These are the times that try men's souls," said Paine, himself a brave soldier, you remember, marching all day, sharing

Fourth of July

with the soldiers all their hardships, and writing night after night in his little tent those thrilling words which helped to bring us victory. It was Paine who first counseled independence. Why not remember his name on Independence Day? Do you remember what he said? "To yield one right which is inalienable is to betray all other rights, making us slaves and cowards," and when the ministers grew very much frightened at the prospect of having war, even though they knew that it was the only means of gaining true peace, and when they counseled the people to trust in the Lord and wait, Paine again declared, "Throw not the burden of all your hopes upon the Lord, but *show your faith by works.*" He was Washington's comrade for many years. Together they did a work for liberty that neither one could have done

alone. We cannot afford to forget the great names of those who gave up so much for your sake and for mine, and for all who are to come. They stand like great lights along the path.

What is the Higher Patriotism? It is not something new, for they held the same ideal at Thermopylae, Sophocles declared it at Salamis, Joan of Arc at Orleans; and then Lexington! What an inspiration in the very word! Higher Patriotism means the heart life and brotherhood.

It means stepping away from all the thousand ugly passions and selfish thoughts into the beautiful sweet life where everything grows as flowers grow in the sunlight. People are waiting, boys and girls, for you to start this procession, and

you know processions are quite the order of the day on the Fourth of July. Who will be the first to lead off?

Who will step out as Warriors, reaching the hearts of men by music and joy, and love and fearlessness, in a word, by Raja Yoga? Then Fourth of July will reflect the real heart life and the higher peace, the true warrior note will be sounded, and men will come to see that there is a true war as well as a wicked war, and that true peace is worth

having no matter what it costs.

No nation can ever fully understand what true peace is—as distinguished from that false peace which is nothing in the world but slavery—until it declares pure ideals and then lives up to them, until it believes in Brotherhood so utterly, and Liberty and Justice and Purity, that it is willing to fight for these ideals. Then men will know what the Higher Patriotism really means.

Come, boys and girls, let's make Independence Day this year a great crusade, and we'll write on our banner, "Higher Patriotism means Brotherhood."

UNCLE FRED



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
Students of the Raja Yoga School of Point Loma in Historical Drama

GRANT that our songs may reach the waiting world,

Grant that our joy may reach the hearts of men,
Grant that our love may teach and purify,
Teaching men silence when they know but noise,
Teaching them love where even hatred rules,
Teaching all men the Higher Patriotism.

Students'



Path

IF WE KNEW

From the *Chicago Tribune*

COULD we but draw the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spar the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner,
All the while we loathe the sin;
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

Ah, we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source,
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good—
Oh, we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

God Deliver Us From Our Friends!

IN an old prison, somewhere in Italy, visitors may still read the following, deeply scratched upon the walls of one of the dungeons:

Dai nemici miei mi guarderò io;
Dagl'amici miei mi guardi Iddio!

Anglicè: "From my enemies I can protect myself; but God guard me against my friends!"

The lines are half effaced, but are still plainly legible.

What a moral is conveyed to us in this! And what truth! Those whom we trust, those to whom we confide the secret things of our soul, and those who become a part of our inner life and impulse, who are in that way initiated into the nature of our being, become the custodians of our honor. It is given to them in silent confidence, and more often than not our confidence is betrayed. Betrayed perhaps unconsciously, perhaps consciously; but betrayed we are. How many of us are there, who may not, at one or another time, have had the bitter pain of realizing to the fullest what a friend's betrayal means? Imperial Cæsar was not the only one who has had a right to cry, *Et tu, Brute!*

How many reputations have been blasted irrevocably by careless and unthinking speeches made to too willing ears? How many human hearts have ached sorely through the evil irremediable, done by faults of commission and of omission, on the part of those who had been trusted?

Treason and treachery may work very subtly; and there are no set lines of action for them. But beyond, there are other moral crimes as grave. Suspicion is one of them; for who does not know that few are strong enough in the true heart-life to bear another's inmost thoughts, without becoming immediately a victim to doubt as to the character of the one who confides. How truly it has been said by some one, that the man who confides in anybody else, in matters of weighty import, creates a universe of—two fools! The human mind is the most unreliable of things. It sees forever through the lenses of its own especial creation; and when focused on another's affairs, how sadly are these latter distorted out of all resemblance to their real being.

There is a higher faculty men possess, and it is common to us all, and

it does never distort; nor does it ever betray; it is the Heart Power. Its vision is as limitless as thought; and it is as kindly and as charitable as the law itself, for it is the organ through which the Good Law works out man's destiny. Why is it that man will not become the Heart within him? Why will he not recognize that in so doing his power and influence on those around him is more than trebled? Why will he not KNOW that he who allows the Law to lead him cannot wander from his way; or betray a sacred trust; or become a byword among his fellows?

'Tis this mighty Heart Power which brings us back to life from the bourne beyond the tomb; 'tis the subtle nature of its working which builds and fosters our noblest civilizations; 'tis the Heart Life which makes a man strong, clean and faithful in the whirlwind of life. But the brain? Ah! "There's the rub!" 'Tis the brain that leads us astray when it is weaned from the heart, its source of being; 'tis the brain that we allow so pitifully to mould our characters that we become unstable, shifting in purpose and as variable in our moods as the winds!

We respect the man of dominating brain power; but we respect him in much the same way as we do the wild and uncontrolled elements of Nature; there is something akin to the storm and the forces of destruction in him, which we intuitively feel. Whereas the man, infilled with the spirit of the Heart Power, we not only respect, but love; for he recalls to our mind, as it were, the sleeping and mighty hidden potencies of Nature: that Something which causes the growth of the flower, and the flowing of the stream; the upraising of mountain peaks, and the sweep of verdant valleys. For the Heart Man's thought is inter-atomic: it is secret, and dwells in the fire of life; while that of the Brain Man is reflected, deflected, and (in comparison), superficial. He lives on the outer boundary of things.

It is a truism to say that the perfect man, the ideal human, must be an equilibrium of both Heart and Brain, the former leading the way and the latter directing the course. Man lives within; he looks out upon life's phantasmagorical things in sorrow, and does his part on the stage of life; yet does he live a life apart, and plays upon his body, more or less correctly, as one does upon a musical instrument.

What is the moral of all this? It is to honestly face the uncertainty of our lower nature. Let us bathe ourselves in the blood of our slain faults, like as did Siegfried of old; and rise therefrom invulnerable to things baser than we. Let us learn from the old legend to slay our Hagen, lest he slay us through treachery and wile: for our brains are our enemies, say what we will! How noble a thing is man; and how vile a thing is a man un-manned. Hearts enough are broken already; what need to break more?

G. DE P.

The Science of Silence

MARTIN LUTHER somewhere recommends silence as a cure for ignorance. That silence may conceal ignorance is, of course, obvious, but in what way can it remove it?

There is, nevertheless, a philosophy which underlies this counsel of silence. Speech is the outflow of a mental force which would otherwise increase at compound interest. While there are times for its judicious expenditure, there are also times when it should be hoarded as a miser hoards his gold.

The great men of the world have usually been silent men, but were they great because they were silent, or silent because they were great? It was said of Wallenstein that he lived in an atmosphere of silence, and both the Duke of Marlborough and Count von Moltke were hardly less taciturn. From General Grant comes the aphorism that silence is one of the great arts of conversation, while Charlemagne was of opinion that no man ever betrayed himself by silence.

Silence is certainly a part of the science of the mind and capable of tremendous uses by those who understand it. When we have acquired this most profound of all knowledge, we shall be aware that an idea or a fact may be selected and put away in the dark places of the mind, there to grow as crystals are said to grow, in subterranean secretcies. However crude may be the idea thus selected, it will be treated as the oyster treats the grain of sand which is placed within its shell. The Soul will cover it with a lustrous pearl, and we may claim it again after many days.

STUDENT

DOUBT AND FAITH

DOUBT is the city street where, all day long,
Incessant voices call me to and fro,
Uncertain wheresoever I shall go,
One with a heedless throng.

Faith is a little room alight for me
Where not an echo of the street may come;
And here, with but a sup and just a crumb,
Is heaven for one to be. — *Youth's Companion*

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Do Theosophists believe in a devil?

Answer In the theological creature of hoofs and horns, no! most emphatically. Nor, indeed, do modern religionists themselves believe it. But as to the existence of vileness and evil in one's own mind, and in the existence of beings who purposively choose evil rather than right, it may be said that Theosophists do believe that. St. Paul speaks in no uncertain terms of these beings, who choose the path of darkness rather than of Light, and his testimony is endorsed by the voice of the ages.

The various conceptions which exist, concerning the devil, or which have existed, to be truthful, are often most ludicrous, and very dissimilar. Bigots of the old time endowed him with hoofs, horns, tail; and in some cases, he was believed to possess a most offensive human smell! He was supposed to lie in wait, and go about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour. The application, in this sense, can easily be made with regard to human passions; and it is undoubtedly in that sense that the phrase above quoted was meant.

While Theosophists, as individuals, have individual conceptions of the meaning of the evil powers in man and Nature, loosely called "devil," it may be said again that as a body they look upon the ordinary conception as most erroneous and abominably misleading. The effect which this figment of the theological imagination has had upon the human mind, since the establishment of the Christian Church, has been unqualifiedly evil itself; and it may be said that the belief in the "devil," rather, almost, than in Jesus the Christos Himself, has been one of the principal bulwarks of its theologic system.

To free the human mind from error; to give it light; to lead men into nobler and truer paths of thinking and towards Comradeship in Life: this is antagonistic to the very conception of a special prince of evil, in whom one *must* believe to be saved. Evil does exist, and undoubtedly evil beings do exist who choose evil consciously rather than good; but this by no means predicates the devil of our forefathers.

Question Why do Theosophists decry Hypnotism?

Answer They decry it for the simple reason that it is almost limitless in its evil tendencies and results.

Question When did Mme. Blavatsky establish The Theosophical Society in America?

Answer In 1875 Mme. Blavatsky established The Theosophical Society in New York City. Since that time the Society has become a large and influential body, merging its objects into the larger life of The Universal Brotherhood. It has centers all over the world, and reaches all classes of people, for the Preamble to its Constitution states that it is "Ordained and established for the benefit of the People of the earth and all creatures."

The principal purpose of the Organization is, to teach Brotherhood; demonstrate the fact that it is a fact in nature, and make it a living power in the life of Humanity.

The teachings of Theosophy afford an unbounded outlook for Humanity; for these teachings are broad and universal in their scope. They

are based upon the fundamental laws of human life, and when rightly applied, they raise man to the heights of sublime conception. They give him the knowledge to render royal service to his fellows; in compassion they speak to the hearts of all men of that peace which passeth all understanding.

Fear has no place in the heart of one who knows his own Divinity: thus speaks Theosophy.

The Kaffir

A RECENT book on the Kaffir (*The Essential Kaffir*, by Dudley Kidd) gives an instructive picture of a dying race. A race in its maturity, or in its adolescence, has mental vitality enough to evolve new conditions and new institutions. And its individuals can absorb and apply knowledge throughout nearly all the years of their life. But in decaying nations, nations in the bodies of whose individuals the pulse of evolution is no longer throbbing, this mental receptiveness, flexibility and creativity, cease earlier and earlier in life. For long periods the *status quo* is maintained; institutions do not change; much thought and philosophizing may be done, but it is on old lines, it is directed to the past; no new thing or thought is evolved, or if there be one it is frowned upon. At this stage, there is not yet any physical or mental decay; the wave, having reached its furthest, halts. This is perhaps the condition of India. Full recovery is possible. The nation can awaken its slumbering vitality and come again into the procession of advancing peoples, may even at last lead them.

It is the state into which most men fall at or before fifty. In full possession of their faculties and powers, they have no longer that margin of power over what is required by their lives which expends itself in development and the origination of new lines of work and thought. They can seize the still present center of energy and enter upon a new period of developing life; but few do so.

In the following stages in the history of nations, there is retrogression. Not even that effort necessary to keep level with the past is made. Earlier and earlier in the lives of the individuals is the power of acquisition of new facts, of creating any new institution, or of adaptation to any new conditions, seen to be no longer in action.

This is the case of the Kaffirs. Of their mental powers Mr. Kidd notes the fact that the children often show much precocity, and absorb knowledge readily. As they grow toward manhood their brains stop growing, they can assimilate nothing more, and they remain in the state of arrested mental development. The little evolutionary force still pulsing in them has no margin after childhood; there is nothing to spare for mind; all is used up in bodily growth. Later, that, too, begins to suffer.

In a still later stage, as with some Australian and Papuan tribes, no phenomena worth calling mental are to be noted at any stage of the individual's life. Not only is there nothing to spare for mental operations, but there is not enough for physical development, and the race is stunted, deformed and diseased.

In retrogressing peoples, one must see that the souls of the individuals touch their human life less and less. The now only animally conscious organism affords the soul no chance of work. It must be as necessary an experience for it to touch and dip into the descending evolutionary wave, into the trough, as into the wave ascending, into the crest.

We do not therefore mean, when a race is becoming extinct, that its individuals are. The principle of individuality is the soul, not the pulse of animal instinct which we share with the animals proper, and which in the Australian bushman is almost the whole of the person. The extinguishing of these races must represent the punishment of the individuals composing them. We can well imagine that having reached the height of some now forgotten civilization ages ago, a civilization of which no trace remains unburied in sand or sea—just as we have reached such a height—and having failed to grasp the really spiritual center of power and move up to a yet loftier level—as we are in danger of failing—the evolutionary wave went past them. And the individuals who thus failed are doomed to stay by their retrogressing physical types.

Thus the history of a race is but a chapter in the history of the souls composing it, often—perhaps usually—a chapter whose last page is sad enough. But there are other chapters, and the soul is eternal. X.

"A fool's mouth is his destruction."

GIVE ME PATIENCE

by BROWNING

"O DREARY life," we cry, "O dreary life!"
 And still the generations of the birds
 Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and
 herds
 Serenely live while we are keeping strife
 With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife
 Against which we may struggle!
 O thou God of old,
 Grant me some smaller grace than comes to these!
 But so much patience as a blade of grass
 Grows by, contented through the heat and cold.

Mystery in Religion

WHAT position does mystery rightfully hold in religion? The position which it has unrightfully held is a very extensive one and to it is due a superstition far more tyrannical than the power which has ever been wielded by rulers.

Mystery in its truest sense, and as opposed to superstition, is of course inseparable from religion. We are surrounded by the unknown, and it is only the dense intelligence which can gaze upon any phenomenon of nature without being overwhelmed by the mystery of it all. The universe stretches away from our sight into depths so profound that the pursuit even of the imagination is baffled and defeated. If we descend from the infinitely great to the infinitely little there too we find a like barrier, there too we reach a point beyond which we cannot pass. And everywhere there is unending motion which ignorance believes to be in self-conflict but in which the eye of spiritual genius perceives order, intention, design and purpose. We may lay hold of that design, knowing it to be design by the facts which we have seen and learned. We may raise veil after veil but there will always be other veils beyond.

And this perhaps indicates the difference between mystery and superstition. Mystery is the unknown cause, the unfathomed internal explanation of facts which we know to be facts, while religious superstition invents alike the supposed facts and their explanation. When therefore we are told that mystery is a part of religion, and that it must be approached only in an attitude of faith, let us enquire what are the demonstrated facts upon which that mystery rests and let us reject all mystery which stands upon any other foundation.

To take a definite illustration, let us ask ourselves the causes of light

and heat. Science has removed many veils, it has led us back a long way from effects to causes. None the less we finally reach a point where an effect is obvious but of which effect the cause is not obvious, and we are well aware that even if that cause became obvious it would then be an effect or a result of some other cause. This is the point at which we reach the domain of mystery, but it is true and legitimate mystery, and we have reached it truly and legitimately by following along the rigid line of ascertained fact, or such at any rate has been our honest intention. But compare such a mystery as this with the ordinary religious mystery which we are asked to accept upon faith. In vain we demand any single basic fact, any attempt to argue sincerely from a fact to the cause of that fact, any effort whatever to lawfully reach the domain of the unknown, the point at which mental incapacity drops a veil between an effect and its cause. The usual religious mystery is nearly invariably founded upon a dogma which in its turn is founded upon the sands of human folly. To faulty observation of fact, and to erroneous reasoning, all humanity is liable, but it has been left to spurious religion to impose beliefs upon the minds of men which are absolutely and entirely innocent either of facts or of reason.

The Clergyman and the Skylark

A CLERGYMAN in Nebraska, who was holding Lenten services and baptizing babies, found relaxation from these arduous occupations in shooting and killing twenty-one larks, and was fined \$110. The comment of *The Universal Republic* newspaper is contained in the following verses:

He stole a summer song, dear,
 This godly man of mark,
 He made the spring day silent,
 He killed a meadow lark.

And the children off to school, dear,
 Across the fresh turned sod,
 Will seek in vain the songster
 That kept them close to God.

The plow-man in the morn, dear,
 Will miss the dawn-tipped wings
 That soaring upward taught him
 To think of nobler things.

And all the summer long, dear,
 Each day, when it is done,
 We'll wonder who, tomorrow,
 Will welcome up the sun.

For he is dead and cold, dear,
 Our little meadow lark,
 And he sang a song of love to
 That godly man of mark.

We wonder if the clergyman himself had been baptized. It doesn't seem to have "taken."
 STUDENT

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JUNE	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
20	29.678	70	59	62	58	.00	S	6
21	29.730	65	58	62	55	.00	W	4
22	29.728	69	60	64	59	.00	W	5
23	29.700	71	60	65	60	.00	W	5
24	29.742	70	60	65	59	.00	SW	2
25	29.762	68	61	67	61	.00	W	5
26	29.698	71	60	63	59	.00	NW	9

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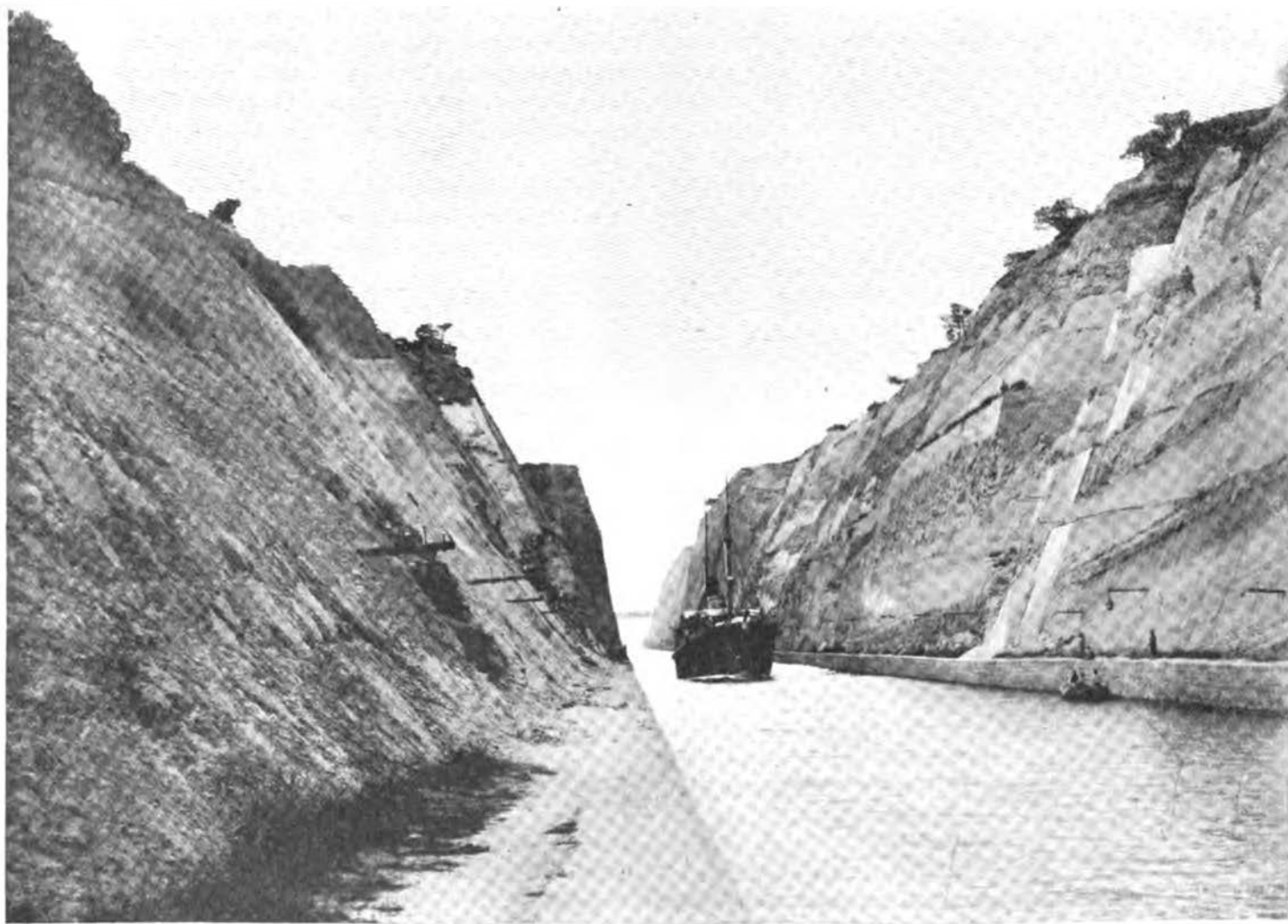
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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Will Theosophy Save
Humanity?
Selfishness the Beset-
ting Sin
They Dread the Powers
Samuel Smiles
Secret of Point Loma
Canal of Corinth—frontispiece

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Sympathy for Boy
Criminals
Boys Who Hate
Their Fathers
The Japanese Spirit

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Has Music Intrinsic or
Absolute Meaning?
Lilli Lehmann on Mu-
sic in the Home
Head of David (illustration)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Helen Keller—illustrated
A Second Helen Keller
Teaching the Blind
Women and Colleges
Madame Roland's Request

Page 8—ARCHEOLOGY, ETC.

Archeology in Music
Norsemen Visited America
900 Years Ago
Prehistoric America
The Navajo a Good Indian

Page 9—NATURE

Can Animals Count?
Thoreau (verse)
Is Form a Sign of
Life Rank?
The Loquat (illustration)
A Point Loma Crow

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Katherine Tingley at Isis Theatre
Theosophy and the Afflicted
Cuban Raja Yoga Chil-
dren (illustration)
The Beauty of Law

Page 12—GENERAL

Live In the Sunshine (verse)
"Strenuousness"
Japanese Art of Self-Defense
Purchase of Louisiana

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Science & Pervading Life
Graft, Heredity and Ac-
quired Characteristics
Human Radiations Show
Condition of Health

Pages 14—FICTION

Amy Stevens' Stand
for Brotherhood

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Story of Babette
Love and the Giant
Selfish
The Busy Child (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

The Noble Nature (verse)
Helpers of Humanity
The Learning of For-
eign Languages
The Hindu Sceptic (verse)
Theosophical Forum

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Three Triolets (verse)
The Ideal
Old Temples in Japan

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Will Theosophy Save Humanity?

THIS question contains at least two inferences: that Humanity needs saving—from something; and that there is a power on earth which can and will do that saving. First, as to humanity's present condition. It is a patent fact that our civilization has by no means attained that point of perfection which is supposed to constitute the ideal life. It is very far from that point, indeed. Cast a rapid glance over the conditions of our modern life, and on every hand you will find the most startling evidences of social disintegration. Discord, disharmony, unbrotherliness, lack of true charity, are gnawing at the very root of our national, our international, life. In the history of Humanity, in that history which has been written, we shall not find so se-

vere a strain upon all that is best in man, as we find it today amongst ourselves. Everywhere there is unrest; everywhere there is an unconscious revolution going forward, against the chafing and shallow customs of our day. Men are turning to each other, and to everything, seeking, aye, clamoring, for a remedy to heal the illnesses we are so sadly afflicted with.

The greatest, perhaps, of these present human illnesses, is the absolute selfishness of the things for which we fight so strenuously. Our day is a time when the measure of success is the measure of one's worldly possessions; and to possess more than the next man, is considered the holiest teaching to instil into the tender minds of our children. To get, and to hold tightly; and to pass on what one has got to one's heirs, for them to increase, or for them to squander: this is the spiritual nourishment which we, in our dreadful blindness, are assiduously feeding to our young. The result is what we see on every side. Now, it is not wrong to get, nor is it wrong to hold; nor is it wrong to pass on to our heirs what we have got and held. But it is wrong, and short-sighted, to make of that the creed of our life.

Selfishness the Besetting Sin Today

How is it that the incendiary torches of anarchism flare so bravely in the countries of the earth? How is it that statistics of crime and of insanity of our children show so alarming an increase in this last quarter of a century that it has called into being new sciences to deal with the question? Professor Lombroso, the great Italian thinker, is a good example of this school. We have a new word, a word which we should hide as our human shame, but which we flaunt proudly in our magazines and newspapers as one of our scientific achievements! That word is "Degeneracy." We speak of it proudly, and feel insensibly puffed up

Our Responsibility for Degeneracy

with our own greatness; we fail to see that this word, and the thing it represents, sounds like the passing bell of our brightest and holiest hopes. For, what are these "degenerates" of whom so much is heard? They are our children; our brothers; and it is we (shall I say the mighty Regenerates!) who incarcerate them, and judge them, and electrocute them! These creatures spring from our loins, from our own blood and bone; and if the poison is in them, it must also be in us. Humanity, as a body, is itself responsible for these things.

Take any invention of universal application; or, if you like the term better, take any discovery applicable in a general way; what is the first use to which we try to make it subserve? Is it to help the poor, and the weak, and the ill? We know that it is not! We know that the most sellable thing in the world today is that thing which is most destructive in its nature. A new engine of warfare, a quicker and more expeditious way to take human life, something that will the most easily destroy human life and property is the thing that commands the readiest market. It has been said that this is true; but, that were some one to discover something that would cure the diseases of man, that that thing would have as ready a sale. Undoubtedly; but has

Pandering to Forces of Destruction

it been discovered? Why has it not been discovered or invented? The answer is as simple as possible: because the great balance of our energies, and our best intellect, has been thrown into another scale, into another field: that of pandering to the forces of destruction which today are doing their best to wreck human life. For centuries past warfare and international antagonism have been like the key-note of our statecraft; and all that subserved that end was fostered and encouraged. Thus we are now reaping the fruit of it all. Look at the almost numberless millions of dollars annually spent by the nations of the earth to build up fighting machines, to foster the warlike spirit, and to breed up soldiers. Then, look at the way in which these millions might go for the positive helping and betterment of the body social in general. What hospitals could we not build? What sciences might we not forward? What new and startling discoveries might we not make? What numberless thousands might we not aid—those numberless thousands who suffer dumbly yet; who are exposed to all shame, and all misery, and all degradation! What things might we not do towards beautifying and cleansing our great cities from the evils that beset them, if we had but a part of this money set aside to disappear in gunpowder smoke? Now that we have these armies and mighty ships, why do we not use them

They Who Dread the Powers

in some holy cause? The nations of Europe stood quietly by, while thousands upon thousands of Armenian peasants were slain and hunted down like dangerous beasts. It is said that it could not be done, because the Powers could not agree among themselves as to who should be the avenger and the protector of the unprotected. Did these United States of America hesitate to unsheath the sword of Justice for the unhappy and hunted Cubans? Was it not then said, as it always is, that the Powers of Europe would object?

Well, the picture is an edifying one, is it not? It is a picture of which we feel proud, is it not? It shows our great and superb intelligence, does it not? Never will there be shown in history another civilization like unto ours, is it not so?

Never before was there so much talk, and so many weighty and ponderous volumes written, to prove that ours is an age of glorious humanitarianism; and never before was there so little done to help the next man!

Our government is firm, stable, and just in principle; our laws are, in general, humane; we are beginning to understand that if a man works for his nation he helps himself. But why all this unrest; why all this national uneasiness, apparent in every newspaper in the land; why this continual silent struggle for something beyond us, we know not quite yet what it is?

Theosophy the Gospel of Hope

In view of all this, Theosophy can, and will indubitably be, of immense practical value to the race. It explains the secret and reason of man's existence, and demonstrates to him the why and wherefore of his well-being or of his misery. It teaches to him the eternal Gospel of Hope; and teaches him that effort directed away from himself, to help another and others, will rebound back to him carrying success and a blessing in its hands. The philosophy of the Theosophical doctrines tends powerfully to strengthen just those qualities in human nature which build; and to destroy, or rather divert, those which are destructive in tendency. Theosophy unravels the riddle of life, and gives to man such an enormous hope for the future, not only of himself, but also of the race, that every nerve is invigorated. It is a manly teaching, and its tendency is to make men of us.

But it depends wholly upon ourselves whether we will take it. It is of such a nature that it cannot be given to anyone, but must be taken and kneaded into man's acts and into his very life. Can a man make his living by listening to fascinating tales of how such a one built up a fortune? Can a child learn its lessons by hearing another recite?

So that is what Theosophy promises to the people of the earth. Its Constitution recites that it is "established for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures." As such it is applicable to everything in life, and to all conditions to which humans are subject. It comes to us as a saving power, and once we take it honestly into ourselves, we shall feel that Theosophy will save Humanity—from Itself. G.D.E.P.

Samuel Smiles

THE death of Samuel Smiles recalls the extraordinary popularity of his book, *Self-Help*. Twenty thousand copies were sold within a year; by this time the sales have mounted to at least five times that number. Moreover, it has been translated into every European language except Turkish. It has even penetrated Asia, for the Japanese have it in their own tongue.

The gospel of the book is simple, almost conveyed by its title, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." The goal of your efforts was to be your own success. There is a higher gospel possible, but the second best is certainly here presented in its most stimulating and beneficial form. That it does not square with the facts, Dr. Smiles never appreciated. He went about as it were with a note-book putting down all the cases he met with in which effort was followed by success. Those in which it was not had to be carefully kept out of view of the theory, so as not to hurt its feelings.

But cases in which effort does not bring success, and those in which success comes without corresponding effort, make a large and perplexing group in human life. And they will never square with our sense of justice until we recognize the fact of Reincarnation. Every cause must

have effects, and no effects can occur without cause—or the universe runs on idiotic principles. But the most persistent and honorable efforts may have to wait for their meed of success till the following birth. For a long time it may be delayed by the effects of other causes. And so, when it does come, it may easily look like reward unearned. Moreover, some people find all the reward they wish or think of, in hard work itself. No outer success in any visible form may come at all, merely that growth of character which work thus done brings about. They get their pleasure in a steady stream, and have no clouds of envy, disappointment or longing. This way of work is one of the roots of that wisdom whose final fruit is almost unknown in our time. The other root is brotherhood.

STUDENT

The Secret of Point Loma

TOURIST visitors sometimes ask what is the secret of Point Loma, where is the source of the peace and inspiration which is in the very atmosphere here. The secret need not remain a secret. It would not be a secret at all if humanity lived aright with itself. For the same peace and inspiration would bathe all the earth.

The secret is natural life, and consequently happy life. The day is well filled with changing work. The students are not working for themselves, have the common aim of serving the race and fitting themselves in all ways to go forth on that highest of errands, and constantly refresh their ideals of the possibilities of human life; and are consequently at harmony with each other. They have a common love for and trust in the Leader who has made possible their assembly here, and whose proved wisdom adjusts to each his work and to each needed work its doer.

The life is indeed as nearly the ideal life as our heredity and acquired habits and human selfishness permit, and it constantly approaches nearer to the ideal. It is a life in which every valuable element in the student's nature and mind is encouraged and developed, in which everything useless and unworthy gradually drops out of sight. The students are consequently happy; they find themselves always moving towards a larger freedom, freedom from those strains of unrest and selfishness which elsewhere so profoundly embitter the world's life, and are so fascinating to some.

The life is complete, requiring full activity of mind and body. The soul is constantly and openly recognized as that factor in consciousness which should dominate all others. There is consequently an ever completer health of body and sanity of mind and feeling.

As to the work itself, one can best view it by the symbol of the tree. It consists of many industries, of agriculture, music, the arts, literature, the drama, science. From the one trunk new branches appear from time to time. From them others; all of them rebranching and subdividing out to the smallest twigs, which, to translate the symbol, are the very special sub-departments into which the general work of the main department distributes itself. Thus the way of growth is the strictly natural one. If anyone finds the activities that fall to his share perplexing in their diversity, he merely waits, knowing that in due course the specializing and redistributing force will come his way. The twigs, of course, do not remain twigs. They steadily enlarge, and in their turn break into lesser shoots. And so on continuously, *because the organism is living*. That is the last word of the matter.

In the writer's view, and in that of all the other students here, that ideal of perfect life, of a new golden age, which every human heart nourishes in its hidden and unvoiced deeps, will at Point Loma ultimately find its realization. And this, moving outward into the world, carried out into the world by those students who have prepared themselves as teachers and exponents, will ultimately redeem human life. More than the adult students now at Point Loma, with all their difficulties of habit and heredity, there are the children of the Raja Yoga School in their midst. And what they fail to do, the children can perfect. So we move forward into the future with absolute confidence, doing our utmost to make Theosophy a living power in the life of humanity.

HERBERT CORYN

POINT LOMA, JULY 4TH, 1904

The Canal of Corinth --- Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week gives a view of the famous Canal of Corinth, which unites the Moera with Greece proper, and is in all ways a blessing to maritime interests. A nearly continuous line of vessels may be seen daily traversing its length.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Peers to me all chilluns good
Ef they are only understood;
Even the bad ones, seems to me,
Is jest as good as they kin be.

Sympathy for the Boy Criminal

THIS sentiment is quoted with apparent approval by Judge Lindsey, of Colorado, who is well known for his successful treatment of the boy criminal. That this just Judge is successful, we can well understand after perusal of an article which he contributes to the *Denver News*. It is vibrant with sympathy and wisdom, strong in appeal, not against the boy criminal, but for him. This, if we remember right, is the Judge who always sends boys to the reformatory *unaccompanied*. He relies upon their honor and has never yet relied in vain.

Judge Lindsey says that no one can sit in the Juvenile Court for three years and not learn many things about children. We wish this were more true than it is. There are some people who seem never to learn anything anywhere. He says:

Such knowledge brings with it an amazing amount of information about parents. Yet I do not claim to be able to give any advice. I can tell some facts. What they are worth and what they mean, others can judge. Only just so far as people think and care will what you say amount to anything, anyway. Of course, I don't expect everyone to agree with all I say, and it is sometimes hard to speak on such a subject without being misunderstood. Every father and mother ought to know more about their own children than anyone else. Perhaps in most cases they do; yet it is amazing how often they do not. There are too many church fathers (and mothers, too) who clamor for the Bible in the schools, who really haven't it yet in their homes. I once noticed the good book in a certain home. The boy told me it was "the big book that I sit on at the table." Can't the church awaken the conscience of the parent? Does the church know that there are in proportion to people above 20 years and those between 9 and 20 from two to four times as many arrests among children as there are among grown people in the cities? There is an amazing amount of work for the church. It is not so much neglect as not knowing how to go at it. The parent is a good place to begin. The father is too willing to transfer his sacred parental duty to the mother, who often has to call in an outsider.

Boys Who Hate Their Fathers

One of the most striking phenomena to which the Judge refers is the extent to which most of these "bad boys" hate their fathers. They certainly have cause. He says:

I once had some boys from the industrial school at my house and one suddenly turned to me and said: "I tell you, Judge, George's 'old man' was just as bad as mine. He used to get drunk and beat my mother, and let me drink, and send me to the saloon, and I hate him, I do. I hate him, I hate him." "Yes," chimed in the other boy, "you don't hate him any worse than I hate my dad. I don't know where he is; I hope the devil will get him; golly, how he used to beat me up!" Talk about a father's curse, what about the child's? What do such boys think of the fifth commandment? Come to our court records, go to the Humane society and ask E. K. Whitehead and Marcus Haines, assistant district attorney (who by the way, are doing such splendid work to make fathers do their duty), ask these splendid officers how many fathers shirk, how many fathers sneak, then you will begin to wake up to why so many children are quite calloused to the fifth commandment. Disrespect for one does not help along respect for others, or for the law, either. I believe that more time and care are devoted to live stock than to the children of our cities. Yet hath the Master not said of him who would do an injury to one of these little ones, that "it were better that a millstone be hanged about his neck and he be cast into the sea." I recently talked to the most notorious murderer in the St. Louis jails. Like nearly all the other murderers and criminals, from New York to California, he was a youth, just 20 years old. He told me how he hated his father, and then the state. When a boy of 13 he was sent to the reform school. The three recent boy murderers in California and the leader of the young train wreckers in Colorado all had their day at the reform school. That did not mean a failure of that school any more than it did the public schools, which they equally had attended. It means the failure of the home.

The last time President Roosevelt was in Colorado, he spoke along these very lines and the Judge does well to remind us of his words:

Just one word on the future of the country—the country as it will be twenty, thirty or forty years hence. A good deal depends upon how we handle business,

how we do our great industrial work, how we handle the farms and ranches; but what counts most is the kind of men and women that there are at that time in the country. No nation is safe unless in the average family there are healthy and happy children. If these children are not brought up well they are not merely a curse to themselves and their parents, but they mean the ruin of the state in the future. Schools can do much, but if the homes do not do their part, the schools cannot at all make good the deficiency. The father and mother have got to do their full part to make the boys and girls such as will assure good citizenship of the future or they are derelict in all good duties of citizenship. There are a good many contemptible creatures in the world, but, on the whole, the most contemptible creature is the one bent on going through life for the easiest time the world can give. Next to him comes the man or woman who from weakness—for it is nothing else—neglects to make the child able to meet and overcome difficulties, but teaches it to shirk them.

Let us not suppose that the children with whom Judge Lindsey has to deal are necessarily slum children. They are nothing of the sort. They belong to all classes. For very poor parents who neglect their children there may be some excuse. For parents with leisure there is none whatever and we shall do well to remember that the selfishness and the appetites which culminate in crime can be, and are, cultivated in the homes of luxury quite as well as in the streets. STUDENT

The Spirit of XXth Cen- tury Japan

EUROPEANS are generally of the opinion that the Japanese of this Twentieth century are sitting modestly at the feet of western learning. This was true up to a certain period, when the country was building itself up along Europeanized lines; but it is so no longer. During the last decade or so, a decided reactionary spirit set in, and foreigners are beginning to learn that they are at a discount in the land. Some fifteen years ago there was a movement throughout Japan, having for object the Romanization of the literature of the country, and one of its fruits was the coining of currency bearing the specific value in Roman letters. Today the Roman letter is being replaced with ancient Mongolian ideographs.

Some time past a lively discussion took place in the Imperial Diet, over the introduction of the metric system into the country; and it was successfully opposed on the ground that such an innovation from Europe, would be equivalent to casting discredit on the mathematical ability and upon the commercial standards of the people. Now, while this may be true sentimentally, it is to be regretted that the metric system was not adopted, for far from being a purely national standard of measurement of any country whatever, it is the simplest and easiest way of computing. It is a system towards the adoption of which the whole world is tending, and Japan will one day see the necessity of doing likewise. However, the opposition of the Japs to being flooded with un-Japanese things and ideas is shown very clearly by this action.

Billy-cock hats, patent leather shoes, silk hats and European trousers are being more tabooed.

The old national games are being revived, and most significant of all is the fact that the Japanese say openly that while they are grateful to us for what we have given them in science and mechanics, they want nothing whatever to do with the essential nature of our civilization. It is antagonistic to the spirit of the nation's genius, and against the age-old ethic of their moral teaching. STUDENT

THOSE who want to live long might with advantage note the uncommon longevity of members of the Society of Friends. Year by year their mortality tables tell nearly the same story. In 1900, for instance, the Society had 300 deaths in Great Britain, and the average age at dying was 61 and a half years. The average for the public in general for that year was, we believe, about 35. The causes lie of course in the habitual state of mind cultivated by the Quaker, his reliance on the "inner light," which he regards as the manifestation of Christ in him—and his regulated life. There is no need to be a Quaker to achieve the same results by the same means. STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Has Music Intrinsic or Absolute Meaning?

MUSIC is a science more exact than most people suppose. You cannot, for instance, say different things with the same tones in music any more than you can say different things with the same words in English or French. "Black" means "black" in English; never under any circumstances can it mean "white." In the same way, in music, a major third expresses an interrogation or an appeal, never anything else, and this appealing quality becomes exceedingly marked in the fourth descending, while the fourth ascending advances from interrogation to affirmation and finally to command. Major and minor fifths travel by regular gradations from prayer to desire, and from desire to menace. Sixths express passion—all love music is written in sixths. To a semitone higher, and this love, this passion, becomes a painful, an ominous, an ill-starred one. Sevenths express grief, tragedy. Perhaps you think I am exaggerating here, but I assure you I am not. What I claim you will find claimed in many treatises on music, and if you will study the works of the composers, you will find that they, too, bear me out.—*Exchange*

The question as to whether or not there is absolute meaning to music, as the writer of the above article contends, is summed up in the universal experience that music suggests more than it actually tells. The effect of the same music is never alike on any two persons, although there are marked correspondences in ideas and sentiments. Music composed to represent the march, the dance, exaltation, hilarity, joy, sorrow, distress, and other sentiments, may be unmistakable in the sentiments intended to be conveyed, but the feeling with which they are received depends upon the capability, the mood, of the listener.

The sincere composer has no uncertainty as to his meaning, but this meaning is never fully expressed on the plane of cold notation. The major part of his ideas must remain musically unexpressed, because they can not be written down on paper. At this point the performer takes up the thread, rehabilitates the ideas of the composer by infusing, so to speak, mental life into the script. Thus it reaches the listener and with him rests the verdict, and the listener himself becomes a creator according to the manner in which he evolves a concept of the ideas, feelings and sentiments of another. To one auditor the music will convey the composer's ideas quite well. To another the whole estimate will be biased by the key-note of the life. To still another the same may be interpreted from the standpoint of frivolity, or what not. Each one receives the music according to the key-note of his own mental and moral life.

It may be true, possibly, that certain musical intervals and progressions have a definite meaning, but the intrinsic meaning of music cannot be determined from its technical form. The subject is elusive. It concerns feeling, not intellect. It is of the soul of things and lies further back than the brain-mind can go. The march is a march always, and yet it blows a breeze of gladness to some and a whirlwind of sadness to others, as it passes.

E. A. NERESHEIMER

Lili Lehmann on Music in the Home

MADAME LEHMANN, according to an exchange, declares that we listen too much and sing too little. We pay enormous sums to bring the greatest singers to our land that we may listen to beautiful singing, but *we do not go home and sing ourselves in our home, or family, life.* She says: "*Mark my words! it is this family singing that makes a great musical nation. Music in the home!*" Referring to France and Germany she says: "Good music is a part of ordinary homespun education, a part of the daily life of the men and women of the family,

who, among themselves, sing all the arias from the operas." What America needs, as Madame Lehmann says, is to imitate those family gatherings abroad, where some member of the household sits down at the piano and all—parents, sisters, brothers and guests—sing together. "They sing as the birds sing, because they love it, and it is their habit. But you Americans! Ambition is so apt to lead astray! If a girl sings—she at once dreams of the stage or the fashionable concert-room. To sing night after night, in the home parlor, or home living-room, just for the sheer love of singing, how she scoffs at the mere suggestion!"

IT was during the year spent at Königsberg, while Richard Wagner was passing through a period of unusual sorrow and stress, that he wrote the *Rule Britannia Overture*. In some mysterious way it was lost and no trace of it was found until recently, when it was discovered among the effects of a musician named Thomas, after his death in a workhouse in North Wales. According to experts, there is no doubt as to the genuineness of the discovery. The overture has parts for the serpent and the ophicleide, and at one place introduces the air of "Rule Britannia" scored for four French horns. It has a finale scored for a full military band in addition to the thirty-one instruments.

THERE is a certain significance today in the researches now being made by folk-lore and musical societies of many names and many descriptions, to gather up the traditional ballads and folk-songs of Ireland. It would seem that this alone would build a bridge that must extend from the past into the future. And yet the link has really never been broken—as a cable which extends across the ocean, from shore to shore, might sink beneath the water and be forgotten, because lost to view for a time. Deep within the Irish nature is an innate love for all that is best in music. It bids fair, at last, to find outlet and expression.

THERE is something sacramental in perfect meter and rhythm. They are outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace, namely, of the self-possessed and victorious temper of one who has so far subdued nature as to be able to hear that universal sphere-music of hers.—*Charles Kingsley*



HEAD OF DAVID, by MICHELANGELO
From the colossal statue sculptured by Michelangelo, Florence. It was cut from a single block of marble. (Reprinted by request)



"A NEW COMMANDMENT I GIVE UNTO YOU, THAT YE LOVE ONE ANOTHER"

Helen Keller

HELEN KELLER, after months of most intense application, broke down completely with nervous prostration, on the eve of her graduation from Radcliffe College. The sympathy of all will be extended to her in this time of suffering.

Mark Twain once said that the two most remarkable characters of the Nineteenth century were Napoleon and Helen Keller. One who looks with sympathetic closeness into the life of either inclines to the belief that the statement is not far from right.

Helen Keller was not two years of age when she became permanently blind and deaf, as the result of a severe illness. When six years old, this forlorn little prisoner, within a world that was as soundless as it was silent, was, to put it plainly, traveling towards melancholia, if not idiocy. In her autobiography, just published, she writes of herself at the age of seven: "Anger and bitterness had preyed on me continually for several weeks. . . . Have you ever been at sea in a dense fog, when it seemed as if a tangible white darkness shut you in, and the great ship, tense and anxious, groped her way toward the shore with plummet and sounding-line, and you waited with beating heart for something to happen? I was like that ship before my education began, only I was without compass and sounding-line, and had no way of knowing how near the harbor was. 'Light! give me light!' was the wordless cry of my soul, and the light of love shone on me in that very hour."

Marvelous indeed must have been the wisdom, as well as the patience, of the teacher, Miss Sullivan, to whom Helen Keller virtually owes all the richness that life holds for her today.

For today finds her a student at one of our leading universities, possessing a good knowledge of the literature of our own and other nations, familiar with several languages and, most remarkable of all, capable of writing a book that leaves nothing to be desired from a literary point of view, and which is a naïve and confiding record of the liberation of a once prisoned soul.

"During the first nineteen months of my life," she writes in her autobiography, "I had caught glimpses of broad green fields and luminous sky, trees and flowers, which the darkness that followed could not wholly blot out."

Music she learned to love, perceiving it by tactile recognition alone, so sensitive did she become to the beating against her of the air waves set in motion by the sound.

From teaching her the names of concrete objects to giving her some comprehension of abstract ideas was a long step, but it was taken.

"Love" was the first to be comprehended, and of this she writes:

"What is love?" I asked.

"She drew me closer to her and said, 'It is here,' pointing to my heart, whose beats I was conscious of for the first time. Her words puzzled me very much because I did not then understand anything unless I touched it.

"I smelt the violets in her hand and asked, half in words, half in signs, a question which meant, 'Is love the sweetness of flowers?'"

"No," said my teacher.

"Again I thought. The warm sun was shining on us.

"Is this not love?" I asked, pointing in the direction from which the heat came, 'Is this not love?'"

Later, on the breaking out of the sun from the clouds:

"Again I asked my teacher, 'Is this not love?'"

"Love is something like the clouds that were in the sky before the sun came out," is the enigmatic reply. At last the beautiful truth burst upon my mind—I felt that *there were invisible lines stretched between my spirit and the spirits of others.*" (Italics mine.—ED.) STUDENT

A Second Helen Keller

THERE is, in the Wisconsin School for the Deaf, a young girl whose remarkable development bids fair to rival that of Helen Keller.

It is Eva Halliday, deaf, dumb and blind, a condition which resulted from catarrhal fever when she was six years of age. Her home was in Wausau, Wis., and, her parents being unable to educate her, she was invited by Superintendent Cary to enter his school.

By a strange chance a Miss Hypatia Boyd had recently entered the school, herself deaf and dumb, for the purpose of learning how to teach those similarly afflicted. The two were thrown together apparently by accident and Miss Boyd was so touched by the settled sadness of Eva's disposition that the superintendent at once consented to her proposal to take Eva as a pupil.

At that time, but little more than a year ago, the young girl knew practically nothing beyond a few signs which expressed the simplest ideas or needs. Miss Boyd began teaching her by placing an object in her slender hands, then placing there the letters spelling its name. The connection was soon made and a new world opened out before the sad-faced girl. Today Eva uses the typewriter easily and correctly, does several kinds of needlework, and has also learned to operate a sewing machine. She reads and writes and the way is at last open to her to receive an education on the highest and most advanced lines.

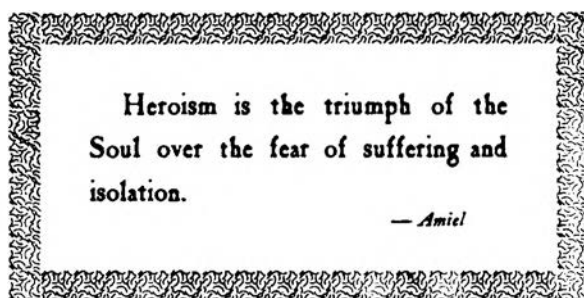
But the greatest change has been the blossoming out in her character of a real joy. It is as if sunshine were at last being let into a beautiful room that had long been kept darkened. Said Miss Boyd recently, in speaking of her pupil, "I can never forget the beautiful change that came to her countenance when she was freed from her prison.

"At first her thoughts, as reflected in her face, were of an indescribably sad and pathetic nature, but from the day that I taught her her first word she began to look out on the world with an affection, an intelligence and even a keen sense of joy that did one's heart good to see. And it is this and other things that convince me that Eva has a mission to fulfil in this world. In a way

that I cannot find words to describe, she awakens all that is sweet and noble in human nature, and gives to those who come in contact with her a strength and courage productive of much good, especially in overcoming obstacles and difficulties. Her happiness never leaves her. *I believe she is the happiest child that I have ever seen.*" (Italics mine.—ED.)

IT is difficult to believe that a sense of color is possessed by the blind, but such has long been proven to be the case. To quote but one instance, that of a Miss Tillman, who makes the most beautiful designs in bead-work, many of them exceedingly complicated, working them out in various colors, which she blends without the least inharmonious. She says she can tell the colors by the "feel." The beads are assorted in boxes of various shapes and sizes, one color in each box, but this is the only help Miss Tillman receives in selecting them. Industrious habits are the rule among the blind; in fact, it is most unusual to meet a blind woman who is not industrious and exceedingly useful in certain ways. Most of them can cook, do many kinds of housework, sew, and even travel without escort.

HELEN KELLER's book, *The Story of My Life*, is being translated into Bohemian. It is to be brought out in an edition cheap enough to be within reach of the poorest Bohemian peasant, the aim of translator and publisher being to interest the poorer classes in the possibilities of education for the blind, deaf and dumb.



Teaching the Blind

A NEW experiment is now being made in Chicago which promises to be successful. Mrs. S. E. Frackleton, so well known as the inventor of the beautiful pottery known as the "Blue and Gray," is teaching the use of the potter's wheel to one of the blind residents of the Industrial Home in that city. This departure is Mrs. Frackleton's own idea. Last year she said: "At a meeting of the Federated Women's Clubs, I was shocked to hear the statement that ninety per cent of deaf mutes are self-supporting, while the blind beggar is always with us, and I asked myself if it can be possible that the loss of any one of the senses should render a person helpless. As it happens, I have a friend who has been blind many years, and no woman is happier or more useful."

"She is at present instructor in a training school for nurses. Her sense of touch is marvelous. Outside of her profession, in which she is markedly excellent, she is a student and a charming woman. Why cannot all blind women be equally happy and equally independent? Surely each has some one talent that might be cultivated. Of course it was then but a step to the thought of my own work, pottery, and it seemed to me that this was a line of work particularly adapted to the blind. This outfit is not expensive, and the product is always in demand, which is not always the case with bead-work, crocheting and knitting, and lace work."

Who shall say that this is not the opening up of a broad, new path?

HELEN KELLER was recently tendered a reception by her old comrades at the Wright Oral School. She was, of course, accompanied by Miss Sullivan, who for sixteen years has been her constant instructor. Most of the time Miss Sullivan interpreted to Miss Keller by the deaf and dumb alphabet, Miss Keller touching her hands. At other times the latter would place her hands on the throat of Miss Sullivan while she repeated to her the greetings and words of her old friends, Miss Keller thus grasping the meaning of all that was said. One of the most remarkable of the Wright School students is Miss Katherine Woodward, who was born deaf and dumb. "I went to see *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the other night," she said. "I had read the play and I understood all that was said. When the actors' faces were toward me I could understand nearly every word, and when I could see their lips only in profile I understood a great deal."

Women and Colleges

IN the year 1836 there were in the United States 120 colleges for young men and not one for young women! Today there are five large women's colleges in the New England and Middle States, while nearly all other colleges and universities are coeducational, opening their class-rooms to women on the same terms as to men. With every year that passes one sees an increasing number of women winning honors and degrees. It was but little more than a hundred years ago that the City Fathers of Northampton voted "not to be at any expense for schooling girls," and one William Woodbridge, a Yale graduate, who in 1780 advocated opening schools for girls, was looked upon as a visionary. He was practical, however, and demonstrated his theories by opening an evening school for girls, the first of the kind in New England.

FEW women of the present day have carried on a work fraught with so much good as Mrs. Hepburn Starey, whose labors among the sightless London poor well entitle her to be called the "mother of the blind." The number of the darkened, poverty-stricken lives that have, thanks to her efforts, received both moral and material amelioration, it would be difficult to reckon. Her genial presence and sympathetic temperament admirably qualify her to be the friend and adviser of a class who, in the "struggle for life" in this great city, are often in danger of being wholly overlooked.—*London News*

Madame Roland's Request

When Madame Roland was on the scaffold she asked for pen and paper to note the peculiar thoughts that hovered about her on the last journey. It is a pity they were refused, for in a tranquil mind thoughts rise up at the close of life hitherto unthinkable, like blessed inward voices alighting in glory on the summits of the past.—*Goethe*

WHAT a contrast is presented to us in the deaths which occurred during the French Revolution of two noted women! One, Madame Roland, the woman of whom Lamartine wrote, "The doors of a prison closed on her, and all the virtues, the faults, the hopes, repentance and heroism of her party seemed to enter the dungeon with her;" the other, Madame du Barry, the courtesan, noted for her great vices as well as beauty.

Of the latter, it is said that when on her way to the execution she displayed the most abject weakness—crying and lamenting, and shrieking to the noisy mob following her cart, "Life! life! life for my repentance! life for all my devotion to the Republic! life for all my riches to the nation!" Without one redeeming virtue apparently—with no guiding purpose to sustain her—she died like a coward.

A contrasting picture of beauty, heroism and lofty purpose was shown in the death of Madame Roland, "the Soul of the Gironde." So imbued was she with her intense patriotism and love for the cause she was sustaining that her captivity seemed to strengthen all the charms and virtues in her character; even more, if possible. On her way to the guillotine, her eyes shone with a deep brilliancy, the color came to her cheeks, and she seemed enveloped in a glorious beauty. Her whole attention was given on that last journey to caring for the comfort of an aged man who was her companion to the guillotine, forgetting her own sorrows. As she stepped lightly up to the scaffold, she bowed before the

Statue of Liberty and exclaimed, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

Madame Roland was said to have had no religion, as was also said of Thomas Paine; yet the following prayer, which was found among her papers, would evidence that she had a deep knowledge of the inner life:

"Divinity! Supreme Being! Spirit of the Universe! great principle of all that I feel great, or good, or immortal within myself, whose existence I believe in, because I must have emanated from something superior to that by which I am surrounded—I am about to reunite myself to thy essence."

Here we have two extreme types of women, both of them instrumental in causing that Revolution: the French courtesan, whose life of extravagance incensed the starving masses to rebellion, and the higher type of womanhood, brilliant, beautiful and brave, ready to sacrifice her own life for what she considered the good of all. E. C. S.

THE law of compensation has rarely shown itself more strikingly than in the case of Mr. Wolstenholme, a performance of whose compositions took place lately at the Steinway hall in New York. Blind from his birth, he has found in music a realm of gold, where he

Sits i' th' center and enjoys bright day.

In Blackburn, where he was born, and where his father was an architect, no one held quite so warm a place in the public heart as the organist-composer, whose child-like passion for music in any form, from a brass band to a ring of bells, was a subject of unfailing delight. It is an interesting fact in Mr. Wolstenholme's career that when he went up to Oxford to take his Mus. Bac. degree, Edward Elgar, then unknown, journeyed with him and played the rôle of amanuensis to his blind friend in the examination.—*Selected*

MADemoiselle BOUSIGNORIO, a young French woman practising in Paris as an oculist, has been lecturing with great success on blindness, arousing much interest and attention.



HELEN KELLER

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Archeology in Music—Practical Applications in Progress

AN interesting application of practical archeology to music, to which we have already referred, is now in full progress. This consists in registering by means of the phonograph the still remaining folk-songs of all the tribes of Indians surviving in the United States.

Though we have heard snatches of Indian music, but little is as yet really known. No serious study of it has been done, and no attempt made to get into touch with the qualities of feeling it represents and reflects. In other words, a whole field of consciousness has remained closed.

In dealing with prehistoric remains, we recently pointed out one never hitherto considered in this light. Educationalists have long noted, without drawing much inference from it, the fact that children from any of the less retrograde classes of American Indian are as susceptible to education, even in its highest forms, as are our own offspring. In other words, the machinery of intellectuality and culture is present, only waiting its call to activity. And we argue that this could not be the case if the tribes had been on the *ascent* from primeval savagery. It could only follow from their being the *remains* of an ancient culture and civilization in which the now silent machinery was in full operation. It belongs to the type of disused organs, and is a true "prehistoric remain."

Why should not the same be true in music? Does it not seem possible or probable that an education in the forms and methods of modern music given to a sufficiently large number of Indian children would unveil in some of them a latent *genius* for music? In such case, the child would be a link between the present and the past. Assimilating whatever the present had to teach, he would add to it from the stores of his race memory, and a wholly new—yet also very ancient—key-note would be sounded in modern music. An old world would have been reborn into the new. A question recently asked by a professor of music would be answered: "What will be the distinctively American characteristics of the future music of America?"

Believing moreover, as we do, in Reincarnation, we believe that among the white races of this continent are reborn many of those who belonged to the civilizations that once flourished here, as well as many who, by their features, show their relationship to one or another tribe of Indians. The folk-songs now being recorded would be their own, would be their link to the past, and will certainly inspire one here and there to the composition of music that to our ears will convey a new and strangely suggestive message.

STUDENT

Visit of Norsemen to America. Nine Hundred Years Ago

THE belief that America was discovered many centuries before Columbus' voyage, by Norsemen who sailed across the northern seas, rests primarily on the stories told in some of the Scandinavian *sagas*. Besides this, archeological remains have been found in the north-east of our continent, which are regarded by some as evidence of occupation by the Norsemen, while others deny this evidence.

Thus the late Professor E. N. Horsford and others found what they regarded as the foundation stones of Norse dwellings, indicating that the Norsemen came to Boston Bay; whilst Professor Fiske was skeptical regarding all these supposed remains.

Dr. Dieserud, of the Library of Congress, reviewed the evidence a year or two ago, in the *Bulletin of the National Geographical Society*. He accepts the theory that the Norsemen came to America about 900 years ago, but rejects all archeological evidence, and relies solely on the *sagas*.

There are two such *sagas*, the *Flatoe-book* and the *Hauks-book*. The first states that Bjarni Herjulfson was the first to discover America, and that it was in 987; and that Leif, son of Red Erik, visited it again fifty years later.

The *Hauks-book* makes Leif the true discoverer, and Bjarni probably only sighted America. Leif is said to have been blown out of his course while returning from Norway to his home in Greenland.

But Thorfin Karlsefni, a later adventurer, set out with the definite purpose of finding Leif's "Wineland," and is said to have taken with him four vessels and 150 men. He remained out several years, lost part of his party, and discovered what he thought to be the original "Wineland," but the identification was not complete.

It is thought Karlsefni struck the coast near Labrador and pushed southwards, down Newfoundland, around Cape Race, and so westward towards Cape Breton, where he wintered in an inlet called Streamfirth.

Later the party started out from Streamfirth to explore further. One of them, Thorhall, went north and was lost. Karlsefni went southwest, and landed in a country he called Hop, finding grapes, grain, animals and fish. Dr. Dieserud thinks this was "Wineland," and locates it on the southern coast of Nova Scotia.

STUDENT

Prehistoric America Had Intercourse With Egypt

IT is astonishing that prehistoric America does not hold the attention of the scientific world more than it does. Geologically, this country is older than Europe, and even Africa; and recent explorations, more especially in the great southwestern states, have brought to light distinct traces of a prehistoric people whose origins are lost in the night of time. All indications go to show that this people was not of what is called the Aztec nations, but was the product of another branch of the human race altogether. And it is not only the southwestern states which still hold evidence of this prehistoric civilization; but traces of it, or of another akin to it, are scattered far and wide from British Columbia down as far south as the straits of Magellan.

Possibly the unknown people who covered Easter Island, for example, with huge and imposing statues, and different remains, were closely allied with the prehistoric Americans proper; and it may even be, and probably is, the fact, that these forgotten ancients of America had intimate intercourse with the Egyptians of untold centuries past. Their architecture was similar; they used the same cement: their pottery was in many ways identical in shape and fabric; while as to the Toltecs and other South and Central Americans, the mode of embalming was the same as that described by Herodotus as used by the Egyptians. It is of the utmost importance to remember that certain peculiar signs, with regard to architecture, temple and domestic, were the same in Egypt as they are now found to be in Central America.

As America is older than Europe and than Africa, why should it be impossible that this continent was formerly covered with flourishing nations from whom spread to the then corners of the earth all that was valuable and useful in civilization?

Z.

The Navajo Is a Good Indian—Chief Manuelito

W. N. WALLACE has lived with the Navajo Indians for nearly twenty years, and he says that the Navajo is a good Indian, in spite of the fact that he prefers a beautiful blanket to hideous trousers. There are 20,000 Navajos on the reservation. They are industrious and thrifty, and their circumstances are therefore good. Mr. Wallace is eloquent in praise of his Indian friends. He says he never tires of them. He knows their language and their habits, and they trust him entirely. Of Manuelito, the great chief, who died some years ago, Mr. Wallace says:

He was one of the greatest men I ever met. He was one of the best friends I ever had, and I could never express my gratitude to him fully.

He saved my life once when it looked as though I didn't have a bare chance to live. I got into an altercation with an Indian one day a few years before the chief died, and should have been stabbed to death but for his timely interference. His name in the Indian language was Tah Hahn Ah Badana. Rather high-sounding, isn't it? Well, he deserved to have a good name, as he was the salt of the earth. If he had been a white man, he would have been considered a great orator.

We hope Mr. Wallace will record his experiences in some permanent form. They would certainly be valuable and humanizing.

X.

Nature

Studies

Can Any of the Lower Animals Count?

MR. ERNESTO MANCINI writes interestingly in the *Revue Scientifique* on "The Arithmetic of Animals," and what is far more to the point, he writes sympathetically. We do not yet fully recognize that sympathy is a means of knowledge sometimes more fruitful than the most analytic intellect which lacks sympathy.

According to a translation made for the *Literary Digest*, Mr. Mancini says: "No matter how slightly developed it may be, and even when it is quite rudimentary, the faculty of enumeration has memory as its principal factor. Now it seems entirely admissible that memory exists even in lower animals, and that it becomes more and more developed as we rise in the scale."

Not knowing exactly what Mr. Mancini means by the "lower animals," it is not easy to comment upon his opinion, except to express the belief that there are very few animals indeed that will not show evidence of memory if properly observed.

The author admits that many animals have a very good idea of concrete numbers, and he cites the case of certain mine horses, who are required to make thirty trips a day, and who return at once to their stable after the last trip, and also of the oxen in the Royal Gardens of Suza, of which Montaigne speaks, who refused to perform more than their daily task of turning the irrigation wheels one hundred times. Mr. Mancini tells us that we must accept those stories with caution, but they do not seem to be more remarkable than other experiences which many animal lovers have encountered.

The power which human beings possess of estimating numbers, is not so great as is usually supposed, and without special training is often very faulty. Mr. Mancini quotes to this effect from Houzeau, who says that if we ask a person to estimate the number of stars visible upon a clear night, we shall probably receive a very exaggerated reply, the actual number thus visible being a little over three thousand. The author sums up:

What is wanting in the animal is general judgment. It lacks the articulate word and, consequently, the explicit exercise of intelligence—in fact, all that contributes to the formation and development of the number concept. On the other hand, it has been sufficiently shown that, up to a certain point, the animal has a notion of number—not of abstract number or of quantity apart from concrete objects, but as a comparison of groups or as simultaneous and consecutive images of things. . . .

THE loquat is one of the fruit trees originally brought from the far East, which were introduced into California by the early missionaries from Spain. It is an evergreen, which blossoms in the autumn and yields its first ripe fruit, in this climate, about the first of April. The fruit is intermediate between the plum and the apple in size, shape and structure as well as in flavor. In hotter climates it is a very fine fruit, but on the cool coast lands the pulp is apt to be thin and stringy, so that the loquat consists principally of the two to four large soft seeds, but it responds well to intelligent care in location and culture. The wood is whitish, soft and very brittle, so that climbing after loquats is likely to result disastrously to both the tree and the climber, for which reason the trees are kept trimmed low. The blossoms, while not very beautiful, have a sweet, rich odor and will keep for a fortnight or more in water. The specimens shown here are from trees on Point Loma. G. W.

THOREAU

by R. A. DOUGLAS-LITHGOW

FAIR Nature loved him, and he worshiped her
With ceaseless homage, in her every mood,
Bearing the impress of her motherhood,
As her own meek devoted minister,
Noting each smile and frown—each pulse's stir—
He sought her wonders as his daily food,
Nor did her beauties e'er his eye elude
E'en in a wild flower, or an insect's whirr!
From aurate morn—from noon to dewy eve
He sought her footprints by each wood and lake—
Followed o'er hill and dale—through grove and brake,
And felt reluctant her fair haunts to leave.
At length, fatigued, he laid him down to rest
And sleepeth still on Nature's loving breast!



THE LOQUAT IN BLOSSOM

Is Form a Sure Sign of Life Rank?

THE now generally recognized fact that each kingdom of visible nature; the mineral, the vegetable, the animal and the human; is each inhabited or pervaded more or less by intelligences and conscious entities of the kingdom next above, will ultimately prove to be a key to some of the most abstruse mysteries of geology, botany, zoology and anthropology. We all know how closely some species of animals approach to human intelligence; some individuals even seeming to have the power of thought; and we know that, almost without exception, those species which have the highest type of intelligent consciousness have also the highest type of physical organization, and those which are deficient in intelligence are physically inferior to related species in physical structure.

We know also that, in spite of apparent exceptions, the truly spiritual man is the physical superior, often very much the superior, of the more animal races.

In view of the above, we venture to predict that these truths will yet be found to be the solution of the problems offered by plant-intelligence, evolution of form, genius, the laws of chemical affinity, degenerate types; and many others of like nature. It may even be discovered that

the mysterious border line between the animal and the vegetable is broader and extends further up the scale of life than is now generally supposed. A finely bred, intelligent horse or dog is easily the superior, to outward appearance, at least, of many tribes of human beings, even to some persons to be found in civilized countries.

May it not be likewise at the other dividing line? An intelligent, active plant like a sensitive plant or an insect catcher, or the acrobatic seeds of some species, certainly seem to be superior to the degenerate medusa and other anomalous forms. May it not be that they really are so? A.R.

Some Reflections on the Life of a Point Loma Crow

WE purposely say *the* crow because there seem to be no companions nor associates for him. Every morning, as soon as it is light he flaps his slow way northward, past the Homestead, often as far as Mission Bay, whence he soon returns laden with provisions for the family at home, southward, toward the lighthouse. His identity is rendered unmistakable by the absence of a feather from the second phalange of his left wing. With the wide soaring buzzards, which visit the Point, he has nothing to do, *his* life does not revolve in their circles.

It is natural to feel a special interest in *the* crow and to suppose that he must have an original and energetic mind. Else why has he separated himself from the numerous company of his kind along the bayshore? A pioneer crow, he has ventured alone into this territory.

We feel a personal companionship with that crow and have occasionally ventured to salute him with his generic password, the historic "C-a-a-w," to which he responds briefly or not at all, as the humor takes him. At other times, however, when matters of more than ordinary import occupy his thoughts, he announces them to us with sonorous regularity of utterance as he passes, totally indifferent to the fact that his verbs and adjectives all sound exactly alike to us, so that to our dull perceptions it seems that he has, like the oracle, only a single answer to all inquiries. N.L.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

ANOTHER large and enthusiastic audience greeted Katherine Tingley, Leader and Official Head of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, at Isis Theatre last Sunday evening. The keynote of her inspiring address was the Declaration of Independence. She pleaded for a broader and higher conception of this wonderful document of human rights, and insisted that one of its most important pronouncements was that which divorced church from state. Particularly in this respect, and indeed throughout her entire address, the audience was in hearty accord with every sentiment expressed, and frequently interrupted the speaker by emphasizing its approval with unstinted applause. She boldly charged the union of church and state with many of the evils under which humanity all over the world is groaning today—and the audience applauded its assent.

The theatre was beautifully and appropriately decorated, and there was a splendid musical program by the Raja Yoga children and students of the Isis Conservatory of Music. One of the bright Raja Yoga boy orators presented a brief but striking address on "Independence Day, 1776."

"So far as we have rightly interpreted the message of independence enunciated by our forefathers," said he, "so far have we prospered in those things which make a nation truly great, and in so far as we have misinterpreted the great message, to that extent have we failed."

The patriots of 1776 were men of heart who gave their lives for true freedom, said the Raja Yoga lad, and he thought we could better show our appreciation of their glorious work by putting more heart-force and less gunpowder into our celebration.

Little Frances Hanson and Master Barborka again charmed the audience by their wonderful piano and violin duets.

Mrs. Tingley's appearance was warmly greeted. Although she spoke under the general title of "Thoughts by the Way," her address began and ended with the forceful, earnest plea for a deeper understanding and appreciation of that historic event which would be celebrated on the morrow. Her address might be termed a Fourth of July oration, but of a broader and more profound scope than that embraced on any other platform. If our forefathers of '76 could be with us today, she said, they would agree that the mighty meaning of the Declaration of Independence has not yet been understood. She spoke feelingly of the sufferings of the early patriots, and then came her declaration that wherever church and state are bound together despotism and in the end, death, are the results. (Applause)

She said she did not want to unsettle anybody in their religious beliefs, however, and that if humanity today followed the essential truths found in all great religions, there would be no need for a Declaration of Independence. "Our very lives would tell of our real independence."

"The Declaration of Independence will be passed down to history as Scripture. One of these days it will be read to the children of the earth as such, sanctified by the sufferings of those who have lived and died and fought and suffered to uphold the mighty principles it gave to man." (Applause)

She hoped that every family at the breakfast table on the morning of the Fourth would read the document, at which suggestion there was renewed applause.

Turning then to other countries where she had studied the conditions of the people during her travels, Mrs. Tingley gave briefly a series of telling word-pictures that will live long in the memory of her audience. She had never known what true patriotism was until she witnessed the suffering of people in other lands. Her travels had given her a new urge toward doing her part to interpret our Declaration of Independence in the light of the heart knowledge, she said. Whenever, in foreign lands, she had found the church and the government united, there she found a stultifying power.

In Sweden the people enjoyed great freedom, she found, but it was the heart of the King and not the church which granted their liberties.

In England one almost lost sight of the fact that church and state were united. The measure of freedom was due to the intelligence of the people and the liberal tendencies of the church.

In Austria she was warned not to use the words "soul" and "spirit" in her public address, under pain of arrest. The audience heartily applauded when she said she had disobeyed these orders, and almost converted the official into becoming a member of The Universal Brotherhood. Austria was a country to make one appreciate free America.

In Rome abject poverty and ignorance existed under the shadow of the Vatican,

KATHERINE TINGLEY AT ISIS THEATRE

The Theosophic Leader's Eloquent Appeal for a Broader Conception of the Declaration of Independence

Reprinted from the San Diego News

but there is throughout Italy, she said, an aspiration for the spirit of the teachings of our Declaration of Independence that will yet save the nation. She saw the signs of a coming Declaration of Independence in Italy. She spoke of the work of Tom Paine in France, and of the bond of sympathy that was created between this country and

France in the early days by the higher patriotism of such men as Lafayette and others. "The seed is growing in France," she declared, and there seemed little doubt of the harvest.

In touching Ireland the speaker referred to a recent book written, she said, by a member of that church which has kept the Irish nation in bondage so long. It was a noble book, and she hoped at some future time to quote from it in a public address. Ireland's close connection with America made the influence of the Declaration felt even there—and more and more as the years go on.

In Egypt she was awed into silence by the evidences of antiquity to be found on every hand. Many of the modern Egyptians were very poor, she said, but they communed with nature, looked at the stars unafraid and had no terror of the theological damnation so apparent in some countries.

In India there was great confusion of thought at present, but find a Hindu of the old type and you found a man with no fear in his face and no missionary at his side. (Applause)

In China there was mental food enough to hold one's attention for a life time. But no matter how many gods and idols the natives may have they are in no terror of the orthodox hell. Their philosophy has suffered from misinterpretation, but it contains the truth, and the nation is united.

In glowing terms Mrs. Tingley spoke of the splendid advance made by Japan since first that nation was touched by America. Commodore Perry did not go there with guns in the name of civilization, but in the spirit of Brotherhood, and in that spirit Japan welcomed him and his nation. Today America has no better friend than Japan, said the speaker, and there was great applause again. "The Japanese have a sublime egotism that I admire. It is toned down when you meet them, but you recognize something in them that we often lack. They believe in themselves."

In concluding her eloquent address Mrs. Tingley said she would preach a higher patriotism. She hoped for a new light, a new force, a new love to sweep away all international barriers—to sweep away the selfishness of the age and replace it with Universal Brotherhood. (Applause)

OBSERVER

How Theosophy Can Help the Afflicted

HOW can one best console a person who is in deep pain or affliction? Not a very easy question to answer. So long as the acute suffering lasts, the sufferer is scarcely calm enough to be reasoned with, and so perhaps the best way is to say little and make things as easy as possible for him until the agony is past. Then will come a period of calm in which his mind will be able to view his case more reasonably and to take consolation. We cannot always see the reason for things while we are suffering; but, after it is over, we may, if we are wise, learn to profit by our experience and even be thankful for it.

One of the chief pains in our suffering is the feeling that we are being unjustly persecuted—by God, by fate, or by some harsh, unreasonable power. In our deep distress we may appeal to this power, and perhaps be rebellious and curse it for ever letting us be born to suffer so. People find it very difficult to hold on to their religious faith sometimes, when they suffer they know not why. In fact this is one of the places where man-made religion breaks down and proves its weakness; but sometimes a man may have enough real religion in his heart to help him through.

Now if humanity had not been misled and disheartened for centuries by false religious ideas, but had always had the light of true knowledge, it would not become so discouraged over trouble and would be able to console itself better. We should then be able to understand how it is that we suffer and why, and should not need to be questioning and wondering and cursing our lot. Let us see what false teaching it is that has made us so weak, and what the true teaching is.

The answer is this: We have been taught to distrust our own self and bow down in spirit before a God who is represented as being separate from us and ruling over us from above. It is not blasphemous to say this; the blasphemy is in the ordinary theological teaching, if anywhere; for it is belittling the Deity to think of Him as an arbitrary judge, punishing people without enlightening them.

What then is the real and original religious truth about God, which is to be found in the recorded words of Christ, and which has been so perverted and misrepresented by people who have undertaken to expound his teachings to us? It is that God dwells in every human heart; and that man himself, in his very inmost self is divine. Is this blasphemy—to say that God is everywhere, in all creatures? Surely it is the largest and noblest and most reverent conception of God we can form.

This view makes all the difference in the world when we come to consider pain and its cause and purpose; for it amounts to this—that we suffer by our own will and choice. We deliberately choose a path of experience that will bring us pain, in order that we may learn. The trouble is that, as we are not (in the present stage of human development) fully conscious of our divine will, it appears to us as if the pain were inflicted by some one else. We have two wills: a divine will which orders our life in accordance with wisdom, and a rebellious personal will.

To take an illustration: An athlete will purposely inflict toil and hardship on himself in order to train his powers and gain strength and skill. The higher will overrules the weaker instincts. In the same way that supreme will that stands behind the scenes of our daily life carries out its own purposes in spite of the opposition of our frail body and impatient temper. But it is not somebody else who puts us through the mill; it is our own real self.

'Tis thou, proud heart, 'tis thou hast willed it so! says Faust, when, in the supreme agony of suffering, the light bursts on him. This teaching of "God in the heart" is like the heliocentric system in astronomy—it throws a clear light on every problem, and makes simple and clear what before was complex and puzzling. It restores our self-respect, and teaches us to take a proud bold stand and face our lot with the confidence of a director and supervisor. It reconciles man with his destiny, and does away with the idea of carping at fate or cringing before it. We are the arbiters of our own destiny.

And there is yet another error we make in considering pain: that is, when we think of it by itself as a separate thing. But in reality pain has no existence apart from pleasure; the two are as inseparable as light and darkness or as the two ends of a stick. *Sensation* is the thing, and pain and pleasure are its two poles. It is sensation that we crave; and we get both kinds. It helps us very much in our endeavor to be calm and self-poised, if we accept (even intellectually) the idea that back of the turmoil of sensation and emotion stands our *true self*, calm and self-possessed. This belief will prevent us from entering too deeply into our sorrow, and draining the cup to the dregs. It will steady us in every kind of experience and prevent us from being carried away by violent ups and downs. And gradually, by time and practise, the intellectual belief gains reality; and the true self, thus recognized, is able to manifest himself and become a prominent factor in our life.

From this it will be seen that the effort to run away from pain and seek pleasure, as most people do, is unintelligent and can only entangle us deeper in the meshes of sensation. But by recognizing pain and pleasure as facts, and learning to understand what they are, and in what relation the self stands toward them, we master pain and pleasure, and cease to be troubled by them.

H. T. E.

The Beauty of Law

Read at a public meeting of Universal Brotherhood Lodge, No. 1, Australia

PEOPLE are suffering a great deal more than they need, and there is a simple way to escape from it. The difficulty is not in *the way*, or finding out what to do, but in giving up the wrong ideas that have formed themselves into habits of thought and feeling, creative of wrong results.

From these wrong ideas held by so many are born the criminality, insanity and misery in which we live and for which we are partly responsible. There is so much wrong, so much misery, in every shape and form in life as it now is, that it is found hard to live honestly, and very hard to live happily; and no one can do so who is dragging out an existence in the usual way.

We all know well enough at heart that a complete change is necessary, and many know that this change is now taking place. This being so, the question is, how can we best get into line with the new conditions, and so help to bring about and hasten the coming of a brighter, better and happier life? I think very few thoughtful, kind-hearted people believe now that it is possible to gain true happiness and enjoyment in working for themselves and following the gratification of their personal desires; and most of us are well aware that our troubles have been caused by this very pursuit and gratification. So some have found, and many are finding, that true happiness and true joy cannot be really had from *external* things, but is an internal condition of the heart and mind that should be always with us.

Some few can extract the kernel of the nut, no matter how hard the shell may be; but though some few are wise enough and strong enough to be able to do this, there are many who require a fine day or softer fruits to enable them to thoroughly enjoy life, and both external and internal conditions have to be in harmony before true happiness for all can be found.

Now, is it not a fact that the best of all conditions for us to be in, is so to feel and see the wrong in the world, that we would do anything to help to make it better? If so, then the first step to get in line with the change that is going on would be to become thoroughly dissatisfied with life as it is; and most of us, I think, are in that condition, so that the world is ready for a change. Then the next step would be to find out what this change is to be, and who is to be changed, and whether or no there is a purpose and a definite plan, and how we can learn to take an active, intelligent part in it.

There is undoubtedly a Great Plan and true knowledge of how human life should be lived to make it perfect, individually and socially, and this Great Plan is now in operation; and it is upon this plan that the change is being molded, and on which the future individual and social life will be permanently established.

We are, most of us, aware that there are great Laws in Nature, and that we are quite helpless when in opposition to them. Whether we fume or fret, or use all our force to stop it, the rain rains, and the sun will shine, whether we like it or not—and not always to suit our convenience. The same laws govern our mental and moral life with the same irresistible power, and all opposition to them, or bodies governed harmoniously by them, is utterly useless, and must in the end, if continued, finally destroy itself when it has expended its pent-up energy. It is not Nature that is to blame; for all her Laws and operations are Divine, ceaselessly working for the intelligent progres-

sion, happiness and enjoyment of not only human life, but for all creatures. It is the individuals themselves, who are going the wrong way, that are at fault, and it is we who have to change first and not Nature before things go well with us.

The beauty of the Law is that we can absolutely depend upon it, for it is eternally fixed for the Perfection of the Earth and all her inhabitants, or children, from the greatest to the least. Civilizations rise and fall; thousands of years and ages go by, yet the Law remains the same; and to gain enlightenment we have to follow exactly the same rules and precepts based on those Laws, that were taught to those willing to learn the Truth, thousands upon thousands of years ago!

We have to come back to the surface of the Earth again and again until we learn these rules and make them a living power in our lives. It takes a long time to teach some of us by experience, that absolute trust in these Laws is the best protection and the truest aid we can possibly have. We say laws, and yet there is only *One Law* acting in many different ways, suitable to the degree and condition of life. We say lives, and yet there is only *One Life* showing itself in many different degrees and aspects, and it depends upon our breadth of comprehension, and depth of feeling, how much of that *One Life*, that one great Universal Life, we can throw for the moment on the screen of time.

T. W. WILLIAMS

MORE than three million people have emigrated from Italy during the last ten years, yet the population is gradually increasing.



CUBAN RAJA YOGA CHILDREN AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA

LIVE IN THE SUNSHINE

by MARGARET E. SANGSTER

LIVE in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom;
 Carry some gladness the world to illumine.
 Live in the brightness, and take this to heart—
 The world will be gay if you'll do your part.
 Live on the housetop, not down in the cell;
 Open-air Christians live nobly and well.
 Live where the joys are, and, scorning defeat,
 Have a good morrow for all whom you meet.
 Live as a victor, and triumphing go
 Through this queer world, beating down every foe.
 Live in the sunshine, God meant it for you!
 Live as the robins, and sing the day through.

"Strenuousness"

A WRITER to a newspaper quotes the views of some medical men and others that there is too much "strenuousness" in our times, and that we are living at a too rapid pace. "We have reached a point," he says, "where we must rest a bit in this mad rush for fortune and fame, else we will find ourselves helpless and hopeless breakdowns." A disease, called arterio-sclerosis, is mentioned as a result of this tension.

But what, we may ask, is the usually recognized alternative to this rush? It is "resting" or "going slowly." It seems to amount to this: that the only choice before the typical busy man of modern life is between rushing madly or doing nothing at all, between hurry and indolence, between excitement and exhaustion, feverish energy and lassitude.

One would think that, with so many people, all working themselves at top-speed, much would be accomplished. But is it so?

The real trouble is, not that we work too hard, but that we work in a wrong manner and from a wrong motive, and therefore wastefully and with the maximum amount of friction and inefficiency. All our energy is in our nerve-ends, and it works itself off in these mad rushes. Then, when the inevitable lassitude follows, there is either inertia or else fresh stimulation by quickly-digesting foods or stimulants, until the body breaks down. We all know what it is to "live on one's nerves."

Civilization is living on its nerves. It lacks real energy, such as is deep-seated, calm and continuous. This real energy springs from a deeper fount of vitality and does not produce either the rush of over-excitement or the reaction of depletion; it remains steady and constant. This is the kind of energy that does the real work; the other kind merely achieves superficial and temporary results and wastes itself in the friction of competition.

Hence, it is a mistake to say that we are working too hard, when our very "strenuousness" is but a form of indolence—one pole of that evil something, of which indolence is the other pole. Real energy would hold in check this feverish activity, as the massive momentum of the fly-wheel holds in check the racing wheels.

A good illustration of our condition in this respect would be that of plants watered by surface-sprinkling. Surface-sprinkling will readily produce a crop of rapidly-growing plants with little or no root, that will die directly the sprinkling is discontinued. But a eucalyptus, with its deep tap-root, laughs at changes of season; it taps an invariable source.

So we would not advocate dawdling as a cure for hurry, nor hurry as a cure for dawdling. Both are merely the alternating phases of a moral and physical fever; they indicate weakness and exhaustion, the one as much as the other; and to encourage either extreme is to equally fortify the other. We would urge an endeavor to get rid of the entire disease by stopping to think—pausing amid the rush of life to ask ourselves what is our purpose and what is our destiny and duty as human beings? We must learn to stand firm, rooted deep in the conviction of man's divinity, immortality and mighty destiny, and to resist the pull of the thought-forces that press in from the mad world and seek to suck us into their vortex.

STUDENT

NEXT week's issue of the NEW CENTURY PATH will contain a very interesting description of the experience of the Raja Yoga teachers in Santiago de Cuba and vicinity during the late terrible tornado on the south coast of Cuba, in which they barely escaped death.

A TRUE woman should always endeavor to make her home a sacred shrine.

The Japanese Art of Self-Defense

PERHAPS one of the most wonderful things in matters Japanese, as far as the Japs' purely national characteristics go, is their marvelous art of self-defense. In it is combined humane feeling and perfect self-protection. They call it Ji-jitsu. While the anglo-saxon knocks out teeth and generally mauls his adversary; and while the Gaul delivers horribly crushing and often mortal blows with his feet, the Jap is enabled by his strange science, to almost instantly convince his adversary, if he be a foreigner, that it is useless to fight with him. Schools for the teaching of Ji-jitsu are now established all over the country; while every soldier, sailor and policeman, is obliged to have attained a certain perfection in this system before he will be passed.

It is related that on one occasion, a Japanese policeman, well versed in the art, was known to have reduced to submission four sturdy sailors of some foreign Asiatic squadron, who had been making themselves more than objectionable when on shore leave.

Now, what is this science called Ji-jitsu? They say that it is based on an accurate knowledge of anatomy, and upon the power of self-control. While some claim for it an origin now lost in remote antiquity, others give the following explanation of its birth as a science.

It sprang from the Samurai, the warrior class of old Japan. These Samurai, or knights, as we would call them, belonged to a military order known under that name; and to them was imparted the breeding, the gentle courtesy, and the learning that mark the gentleman in all countries of the world. They only were allowed to bear arms; they were the Emperor's men, and they studied attack, self-defense, and the arts of war, as their sole occupation. As with the knights of Europe in the middle ages, it was considered derogatory to their caste to engage in other pursuits than that of their order; and as they could not be continually fighting amongst themselves, their attention was turned to athletics. It was soon found, that the human body possesses certain sensitive nerves and muscles; and that play upon them, rendered such a one subject to another. Expert pressure applied to this or to that place, or muscle, does not injure the frame, but produces momentary pain and incapacity to fight. So that, provided the Samurai did not lose his self-control, and kept his presence of mind, he was immeasurably the superior of one ignorant of this most interesting of arts.

One more lesson we have to learn; that it is not always brute force which Mother Nature has decreed shall be invulnerable; but that it is the subtle power of mind, applied intelligently to surroundings, which is the stronger. Thus it is, that one little five-foot Japanese policeman could master four sturdy European sailors, and lead them docilely to the police station.

STUDENT

Purchase of Louisiana

FEW people, even in Louisiana itself, know that the purchase of that State from France arose from a suggestion of Tom Paine's. On Christmas day, 1802, Paine wrote this letter to President Jefferson:

Spain has ceded Louisiana to France, and France has excluded Americans from New Orleans and the navigation of the Mississippi. The people of the Western Territory have complained to their government, and the government is in consequence involved and interested in the affair. The question then is, What is the best step to be taken?

The one is to begin by memorial and remonstrance against an infraction of a right. The other is by accommodation—still keeping the right in view, but not making it a groundwork.

Suppose, then, the government begin by making a proposal to France to repurchase the cession made by Spain of Louisiana, provided it be with the consent of the people of Louisiana, or a majority thereof.

By beginning on this ground anything can be said without carrying the appearance of a threat. The growing power of the Western Territory can be stated as a matter of information, and also the impossibility of restraining them from seizing upon New Orleans, and the equal impossibility of France to prevent it.

Suppose the proposal attended to, the sum to be given comes next on the carpet. This, on the part of America, will be estimated between the value of commerce and the quantity of revenue that Louisiana will produce.

The French treasury is not only empty, but the government has consumed by anticipation a great part of the next year's revenue. A monied proposal will, I believe, be attended to; if it should, the claims upon France can be stipulated as part payment, and that sum can be paid here to the claimants.

I congratulate you on the Birthday of the New Sun, now called Christmas Day; and I make you a present of a thought on Louisiana.

T. P.

✿ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✿

Science Now Recognizes All Pervading Life

WHILST the text-books of chemistry still speak of "organic" and "inorganic," and even of "living" and "dead" matter, the distinction has practically vanished. The world has all become living. The last vestige of the line has vanished with the discovery that crystals live, move, struggle, grow and propagate. The facts are fully developed in a recent paper in the *Revue Scientifique*.

If we dissolve in hot water all the salt it will hold, shining crystals appear through the solution as it cools. Finally the whole becomes solid. What force is at work in the liquid, causing these points of crystallization?

Microscopic study of the early little crystals shows them to be alive. They move about and they rotate. They struggle with each other, and the weaker disappears, absorbed by the stronger. They are subject to occasional disease, becoming eaten away at points on their surface. They are sometimes deformed, bifurcated or twisted on their axis. They reproduce themselves in the three ways common to unicellular plant and animal life: that is, they divide into two parts which swim away from each other; they throw off buds which become detached; and sometimes they give birth to a little crystal, which, having become perfectly formed inside the larger one, comes to the surface of the parent, breaks through and swims away.

In the center of each crystal is a cell, quite comparable to the ordinary animal or vegetable cell, and from this the bulk of the crystal grows out. The cell has a nucleus, or more than one, surrounded by a spherical cell-body. A fine network pervades both, and within the nucleus are spots that may be nucleoli. As the crystal is forming, the cell throws out a promontory on two opposite points of its surface, and a line joining these constitutes the axis. When, as in salicylic acid, the crystal is long and needle-like, the appearance of the cells under the microscope, with long delicate prolongations, is suggestive of some of the brain cells of animals.

There is some dispute as to the origin of the cells. One observer regards their appearance as a case of spontaneous generation. Another thinks that every molecule in nature has its own proper generative faculties, which, under proper conditions, it at once begins to use.

A point arrives at which the crystal is fully formed, ceases to grow, and is fossilized. A very slow disintegration probably then sets in, occupying ages, the "putrefaction" of an organism that has run its life cycle and is dead. In the case of radium we can witness this going on at a comparatively rapid rate.

"All minerals," the paper goes on to say, "being of crystalline formation, . . . it results . . . that all minerals are formed of colonies of beings that either are or have been alive. Every individual of this colony behaves in a way to defend the mass."

A question remains for consideration, to which science can as yet hardly give a reply. Do the individual molecules gain anything from their association together as a crystal? It can be asked at any point in the scale of life. Are the molecules that have gone to make up the brain of a man permanently altered, educated, evolved, by that association; are they, after the brain is dissolved, the more ready and fitted to come together again in like grouping? The question seems almost as unnecessary as it would be to ask if a man is altered by association with others into a community, if he is made the readier for future like groupings.

Nature is forever trying to express the higher through the lower, the ideal through its vesture. And she always has a higher ideal ready. No unit, whether molecule or man, can ever be the same again after forming part of a combination that is an organic whole. And so the types of nature, though in the lower kingdoms they may seem to have been unchanged for ages, must be slowly altering, moving upward. In the mineral, moving plantward; in the plant, rising toward the animal; in the animal, manward; in man, —. Each unit, at whatever grade, must by its association with others, add to its individual life something that could only be got by association. Little by little, science becomes the demonstration of poetry, and lends imagination a new and higher vantage-ground from which she may spread her wings.

STUDENT

Graft, Heredity, and Acquired Characteristics

ONE occasionally sees, as a sort of gardeners' freak or feat, a tree bearing more than one kind of fruit or flower. One branch of an orange-tree, for example, will be bearing seedless oranges, the other branches normal ones.

This, of course, is done by grafting. A twig or bud of one plant is inserted beneath the bark of the other and grows there. But it strictly preserves its own characteristics, behaving as a lodger and utilizing the sap of its host merely as nourishment.

Whilst this statement is nearly true, it is probably not exactly so. In some few cases the tenant actually modifies the host a little. In others the host gradually modifies the tenant, and may even ultimately destroy its special characteristics. Indeed, it seems probable that in all cases there is a slight modification of both kinds, and that after a sufficient length of time a new type would be reached consisting of a compromise between the host and the graft. But the change in the host, though real, would be very slight.

The experiment throws some light upon heredity. In a certain sense the graft is an acquired characteristic, and it is now generally agreed that acquired characteristics are not handed on to the offspring. All that is transmitted is perhaps a slight tendency on the part of the offspring to acquire for itself the characters the parent had acquired. Thus an ordinary orange-tree which bore several grafts of the seedless kind might perhaps bring forth on its own branches, after a considerable lapse of time, fruit containing seeds in fewer number or of smaller size. We do not know whether this has yet been noticed.

The possibilities of grafting, applied to fruit-trees, have a very important bearing upon humanity's future food supply. For it enables us to divert all the energy of fruit-trees from the function of reproduction and cause it to expend itself in the size and nutritive ingredients of their fruits; and then to add these characters to hardy nature-growths in entirely other climates and conditions. So far, we are scarcely more than at the beginning of this important line of work.

STUDENT

Human Radiation That Will Show the Condition of Health

SCIENCE is on the eve of formulating a subtler test of health than any heretofore at her disposal, and not only subtler, but far exacter. A method has been invented for measuring the electric energy given off by the body. Nerves, muscles and organs give off electricity in proportion to their activity. Various instruments already exist for measuring muscular power. But that is hardly an index of health. Health is rather indicated by the condition of the muscles when, so to speak, nobody is looking at them; not when they are being called out by will for special exhibition. The perfectly vigorous man, even when doing nothing, has a certain tension or alertness of muscles, due to the steady flow into them of healthy nerve-energy. This is independent of their actual size. It is readiness for normal activity. Muscles may be large, and yet *slack* when not in use. And so of the whole body. No hitherto existing instrument of diagnosis might detect any flaw in the make-up of an immense number of people who, tested for the electricity they were giving off, would show a general slackness or negativity; and therefore an openness to invasion.

To our thinking, the most important immediate result of all this will be the pictorial demonstration of the general health standard of the poorer parts of our great cities. Men will continue to flock to them in every country till they see for themselves, with absolute certainty, that to do so is to lose something of the health that nature alone can give and maintain. It is in cities that the great evils of life develop. One would have thought that by the mere force of analogy men would long ago have surmised that moral disease is as contagious as physical. Perhaps it will not be a great while before they reach the suspicion that these unseen rays, electric and luminous, of which all of us are generating centers, consist of something more and subtler than vibrations in the ether.

STUDENT

✻ Amy Stevens' Stand for Brotherhood ✻



ND Life *might* be so full of joy!" thought Amy Stevens, rather sadly, "if only we were not so selfish. Nature is bountiful, and there is plenty for all, if only there were more willingness to help and share; more brotherly feeling, in fact." So thinking, she walked along unseeing and nearly came into a collision with a figure coming in the opposite direction, through the gathering twilight.

"Am I so insignificant in your sight, Miss Stevens," called a gay voice from the gloom, "that you intend to walk through me, as something absolutely non-existent?"

"I beg your pardon," replied Amy absently, still absorbed in her own thoughts.

Frank Edwards felt rebuffed. He was a smart, up-to-date young man, just fresh from a college career and a European tour, and he was used to having his advances received with great cordiality by the young people of his native city; but Miss Stevens never seemed to be aware of his superior attainments; indeed, had he but known, the school of her life's experience precluded any ideas as to superiority based on class distinction.

It was but lately that she had come to live with her uncle, the leading doctor of a fashionable suburb, but her early life had been such, that, face to face with poverty and sorrow, she had learnt to see that human nature is much the same whether the form be gowned in satin or cotton.

Suddenly she smiled, and when Amy smiled, she was decidedly attractive, being one of those people whose face a smile alters and brightens almost beyond recognition, and who positively warms you with their cheerfulness.

Frank was a little bewitched, as well he might be, at the change, for how could he know that the thought had flashed into her mind that she would at the first opportunity take a dose of her own medicine?

Brightly she chatted, as they walked on together, and when they reached her uncle's gate as the dinner bell rang, she remembered his mother's absence from home, and asked him to dine with them.

Dr. Stevens was a fine type of man, absorbed in his profession, and it was easy to see that his niece had introduced a home-touch into his life that had before been absent, and that she was the delight of his heart.

"I have an hour to spare tonight, Amy, my dear, so come and sing and play to me. Edwards may go and have his cigar in the hall—you'll find some in that box on the mantel-shelf, my boy—and we'll leave the door open so that he may hear."

Amy assented laughingly, and obediently went to the piano. Frank settled himself down in an easy-chair, and the smoke of an excellent cigar soon floated toward the ceiling, while he listened first in lazy contentment to the exquisite strains flowing from the girl's fingers; but his interest grew, for Amy's playing came straight from the heart, and as such, bore a touch of genius in the sympathetic interpretation of the ideals of the great musicians. As for Amy, she played herself back into hope, and faith and trust, into the heart of humanity, and renewed her

resolve to stand for Brotherhood herself, even if others did not quite yet see the way.

There was a sudden telephone call for the doctor. "I am afraid it is all over with Jones," he said, returning to the room. "What will that poor helpless woman do with all those little children," and he hurried into his overcoat.

"Do let me come with you," said Amy eagerly. "I *might* help."

The rain had descended in one of those sudden storms so well known in the antipodes, and the wind howled and shrieked through the trees. Amy, cloaked and hooded, soon reappeared.

"We can drop you at your door as we pass," said the doctor to Frank, "and better luck to your next visit to us."

"What a blessing a motor car is on a night like this," cried Amy; "no patient horses to wait in the wet," as they dashed up the road through the pelting rain.

Frank Edwards shivered as he stood on the doorstep. "She is a brave girl to face all that trouble and on such a night. 'Hang it all!' with a burst of irritation, 'the Jones' are not her friends, and it did not concern her that the man chose to drink himself to death."

But the harmonies he had heard that evening returned to his mind, and Frank had the grace to feel ashamed of himself.

It was a week or two before Amy returned to the Tennis Club, and when she did there were others besides Frank eager to greet her. Pleasantly she expressed her regret that she had not been at home when he called, and they walked to take their places in the game, where serenely and skilfully she played her part, unruffled whether they won or lost.

As he watched, Frank Edwards dimly felt there was some motive power in her life that he had not; others might struggle and maneuver for petty personal triumphs, but never Amy, and she listened or talked to all with the same courteous interest.

"What do you think?" said Molly Davis to a group at the Club some few weeks later. "When old Jones died, the family were left very badly off, and Amy Stevens has actually undertaken to educate the children herself, and goes there every day. I wonder the doctor allows it, but she cannot do anything wrong in his eyes! I asked her how she could do it, and she said 'Life would not be worth living to me if could not help to lift some of the sorrow and pain of the world; and I look upon it as a great opportunity to be able to help all those poor little mites.' But then she was always peculiar," she added lightly.

There was an uncomfortable pause, an unwonted stir of the heart rendered some kind-hearted but selfish ones, uneasy.

Frank Edwards broke the silence: "It is a pity for the world a few more of us are not a little more *peculiar*. I, for one, honor Miss Stevens with all my heart, and I mean to profit by her example," he finished resolutely.

May it not be that in this friendly defense of an act of brotherhood, shone forth a greater promise for Frank Edwards' future, than in all the honors he had won in class and field?

E. I. W.



HAVE faith, O, ye who suffer for the noble cause: apostles of a truth which the world of today comprehends not; warriors in the sacred fight whom it yet stigmatizes with the name of rebels. Tomorrow, perhaps, this world, now incredulous or indifferent, will bow down before you in holy enthusiasm. Tomorrow victory will bless the banner of your crusade. Walk in faith and fear not. That which Christ has done humanity may do. Believe and you will conquer. Believe, and the people at last will follow you. Action is the Word of God; thought alone is but his shadow. They who disjoin thought and action seek to divide Deity and deny the eternal Unity. Cast them forth from your ranks, for they who are not ready to bear witness to their faith with their blood are no true believers. . . . Child of Humanity raise thy brow to the sun of God, and read upon the heavens: It moves. Faith and action! the future is ours.

—Mazzini



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Story of Babette

DEAR CHILDREN: Once I spent a few days at a house where lived a dear little black and white dog called Babette. She seemed to be nothing more than an ordinary little dog, because her master had not talked to her, and although not unkind he was not loving; and you know that love is the only thing that brings out all the good in animals or children.

When we were going for a walk one day, I called Babette to come with us. "Oh," said the master, "she won't come; she never will follow me beyond the gap." But I encouraged and patted her and said, "Come along; Bab's good doggie."

And wasn't he surprised to see her running beside us, gaily and happily wagging her tail and frisking with the other dog, Laddie, who was much older and always followed.

"Oh!" said Babette's master, "I am afraid I have not winning ways." Now, don't you think that was a lesson in Raja Yoga for him?

Well, we stopped at a factory where they made cocoanuts into oil and meal—for all this happened in far-away Trinidad—and after a time went upstairs, and I, being tired, sat down on the top of the steps. Presently I saw Babette running up and down and round and round, looking for us. I called to her, but she could not see where I was and began to whine sadly; presently I saw her run up to Laddie, stay beside him a little while, and then run round and round again. I called once more, and this time Laddie saw me and came running up the steps. When he had reached nearly half way, I said, "Go down, Laddie; go back and fetch Babs."

And down he went and up to Babette and stood close beside her. Now, I did not see them speaking, neither did I hear them, but Laddie came running back with Babs beside him and up the steps with Babs behind him. And what a happy dog she was when she found me at the top!

Babette's master saw it all, and said it was only a coincidence, but we who know animals and love them, know better; for who can limit the power of unselfish love?

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the good Lord who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

Some time after, all Babette's puppy babies died, and she was very sad indeed; for there was no outlet for the mother-love which filled her little heart. So what do you think she did? If you tried ever so hard you would never guess! She collected all the boots, shoes and slippers she could find, and put them in a big chair, and would lie nearly all the time beside them, with her head resting on some and her paws round others; and if necessity caused the owner of a pair of boots to take them away, she immediately fetched two others. She did not seem to mind whether they were in pairs or not! Were not they funny kind of puppies for a dog to nurse? And what tender mother-love she had! like heart-light—don't you think so? COUSIN BEATRICE.

Love and the Giant Selfish

"WHAT is love, mother?" said Oscar, flinging himself down upon a flat rock, just beyond reach of the ebbing tide. "Jack's song says it is that which 'makes the world go round!'"

It was a glorious afternoon in June and Stella, who had been reveling in the sweet beauty of sky and sea turned and smiled, thinking what a question from the child, of whom it might with truth be said that, so far, love and life were one. "Well, mother?" said he, lifting his merry eyes to her face.

"You are love, dear heart," said she, "and the sky, and the sea, the birds and the flowers help to express love, too. Love is the happiest thing in the world and all beautiful things are love."

"Oh, mother, please tell me a story; I'm too tired to play."

"Once upon a time there was a great king, who lived in a most beautiful country where every one was happy; but some of the king's subjects had forgotten their home and their king, and were wandering, lost, far away in a strange and desert land. So, the king called to him his favorite messenger, who was clad in shining white and was very beautiful, and whose name was 'Love,' and told him to go into that far-off land, to rescue his people from the terrible enemy who was destroying them, and to bring them home."

"So Love went. And when he arrived he found there this enemy, who was an ugly, cruel fiend, named Giant Selfish."

"And this giant had the power to delude the people; so, in order to entice them near him, he would change his appearance and dress himself up to look like Love the great king's messenger, and would even make people believe that he was Love."

"For in some respects Giant Selfish seemed to be much kinder than Love. He would say pleasant things and make people feel comfortable, but in the end he killed them with his poisonous breath."

"Love, on the other hand, was a warrior, and sometimes he would appear in gleaming armor with a sword in his hand, and people, if they were not true-hearted, were afraid of him. And from his helmet there shone forth a wonderful light, which could light up every corner in their hearts."

"But all the people who were true rejoiced when Love, the warrior, approached, because to the true-hearted he brought a joy that was like a song, and even when the rays from the light in his helmet, consuming all the rubbish and dross in their hearts, scorched them, they said nothing; not even when it hurt quite badly, because of the song. It was such a wonderful song. It was like joy and sweet music and heart-light and beautiful color all blended together and it made them feel like being oh! so compassionate and so true! More than that, it woke up old and sweet memories in their hearts. They remembered their king and the beautiful country they had left, and they begged Love to lead them home. And he did."

"And Giant Selfish, mother?"

"Oh, he was left all alone with just himself for company!" M. V. H.



THE BUSY CHILD

by JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY,
in *Harper's Magazine*

I HAVE so many things to do
I don't know when I shall be through.

Today I had to watch the rain
Come sliding down the window-pane.

And I was humming all the time,
Around my head, a kind of rhyme;

And blowing softly on the glass
To see the dimness come and pass.

I made a picture, with my breath
Rubbed out to show the underneath.

I built a city on the floor:
And then I went and was a War.

And I escaped; from square to square
That's greenest in the carpet there.

Until at last I came to Us---
But it was very dangerous!

Because, if I had stepped outside,
I made believe I should have died!

And now I have the boat to mend,
And all our supper to pretend.

I am so busy, every day,
I haven't any time to play.

Students'



Path

THE NOBLE NATURE

IT is not growing like a tree
 In bulk doth make man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred years,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May.

Although it fall and die that night;
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measure Life may perfect be.—Selected

Helpers of Humanity

NOT long ago the President of a certain Missionary Board received a letter from a young woman, recently sent as assistant to older workers, who were establishing a mission school in a remote part of India. This young woman had studied at the Institute with which the President was connected, and he looked upon her, because of her devotion and great enthusiasm, as one of his most promising workers. The first letter received from her opened his eyes. He was used to surprises, and his sense of humor often served to tide him over disappointments. "H'm," he remarked dryly, as he handed the letter to his secretary. "Answer this in time for the next boat. Tell her to come home if she wishes," and the secretary (who happened to be his son), remarked:

"Same old story, father. You ought to have had the country fixed up in advance."

The letter in question detailed the "hardships" the young woman had encountered at "her post of duty," chief of which were the facts that she *didn't* like rice and she never *could* eat custard, and at home she was used to a bathroom with running water! "In fact," she wrote, "I seem to have encountered every one of my pet prejudices here, and you have no idea how trying it is—but don't think I am complaining. Of course, I realize the discipline is good for me." Not a word did the letter contain about the sadness and privation that she had been sent to relieve, and all that beautiful enthusiasm about "devoting herself to humanity" and "doing the Lord's work," appeared to have been left behind her in America.

Yes, the same old story! Those who really love humanity—and they are fewer than one would fain believe—hear this same old story again and again. There are so many who would make *any* sacrifice if only humanity might be helped—save the one indispensable sacrifice, which is that they should do part of the helping! There are so many who would *so* like to see the world's life clean and bright and pure; but to go themselves down into the darkness and impurity in order to make it so, Heavens, no! As a woman—member of a dozen literary and musical clubs—once remarked:

How sorry I feel for those poor forsaken people in the tenement districts! How I long to help them, and I could do so much with my leisure and my wealth. But I just never could stand the dirt!

And so it goes. This woman, the brightest ornament of half her clubs, who was invariably chosen delegate to various State conventions, who lectured on "The Social Evil" and "The Problem of Vice in Our Large Cities," and whose pet shibboleth was "the brotherhood of man"—this woman is a fair type of a certain class who pose as philanthropists, and who would do such great wonders for the Lord—if they only could stand the dirt!

Let me paint another picture. Shortly after the Spanish-American war a certain woman—the most persecuted as she is the most beloved wo-

man of the present day—went to Cuba with a little band of helpers. She carried food, clothing, medicines and cheer. Cuba was literally prostrate, her people dying by hundreds of the famine and fever that always follow in the trail of a war. This woman had been reared in luxury, and since her girlhood had always had wealth and servants at her command. But did "pet prejudices" and selfish personal comfort stand in the way of her helping those who were in sore need? Not a moment. And this was the outlook. The best quarters that could be obtained were guiltless of furniture of any kind, and the floors and even the walls were covered with vermin. One bed was finally procured, which she gave away the next day to a poor, old, sick "Cubana," who needed it more, and the entire party slept on the floor—after thorough fumigation and cleaning, it might be added. And the only food attainable at first, corresponded with the surroundings. But, intent only on her self-imposed task, she often forgot food and rest altogether in her anxiety to relieve the thousands of sick and suffering who crowded about the door. And the result of that work has already blossomed into the promise of a higher freedom and a new life for the entire Cuban people.

Suppose, for example, that the work had not been done. Thousands would have gone to their graves uncheered, unhelped. Suppose this woman had insisted on being comfortable and helping humanity at the same time? Suppose, just suppose, she hadn't been able "to stand the dirt!"

Those who *really want* to help humanity are never bothered very much by "pet prejudices."

Those who think they really want to help, might as well learn in the beginning that "pet prejudices" *must be* quietly suffocated and drowned at the start, and that services which are not given freely, *utterly*, and without any reservations whatever, are no services at all.

The time is rapidly coming when those whose primary care is for their own comfort will recognize themselves as utterly out of place in the ranks of an army that is fighting for humanity's freedom. And those who early realize this will handle their "pet prejudices" as they deserve to be handled, instead of allowing themselves to be made unholy spectacles by personal peculiarities. The world is too full already of well-intentioned people, who "can't stand the dirt!" God pity them. Can't stand inconveniences.

STUDENT

The Learning of Foreign Languages

SOME one who was well accustomed to weigh his words once said that he who has learned a new language has gained a new soul.

Without asking for metaphysical definitions we know very well that there is a sound basis of truth in this dictum. A language is the expression, in a very real sense, of the national soul. It is as sensitive to the touch of a people's sentiment as is a musical instrument to the hand of a skilled player. Language is the audible and visible expression of a nation's virtues and a nation's faults, and of every gradation between them. He who has learned a new language has acquired the power of transferring himself to a point where he can view an entirely new facet of the diamond which we call human life. Such an acquisition, if rightly used, becomes therefore an eternal possession, and is thus removed from the realm of temporary expediency.

Edward Fitzgerald, he who gave Omar Khayyam to a momentarily ungrateful world, left the university with but a scanty classical education. In spite of this, he perfected himself in Latin and Greek so far as to make Tacitus, Seneca and Homer integral parts of his being. Later on he learned Spanish, and translated eight plays of Calderon. Still unsatisfied, at the age of forty-four, he learned Persian, and enriched the world with a knowledge of Omar Khayyam. Fitzgerald was surpassing rich in the treasures which he gave away, the only kind of wealth which we permanently retain.

We are sometimes told that translations are so readily obtainable that it is not worth while to learn a language. We might as well be told that photography has made us independent of landscape and sea. To the city prisoner, a photograph is a boon in the same way that the translation of a classic is a boon to those who cannot acquire the original. We are also told that the power of learning languages is a peculiar gift not shared by all. That is true, in a sense. There are some who have not the energy, nor the mental acquisitiveness, nor the mental control, to acquire a new language, nor anything else, but these are the only exceptions. X.

THE HINDU SCEPTIC

I THINK till I weary with thinking.
Said the sad-eyed Hindu king;
And I see nothing but shadows around me,
Illusion in everything.

What knowest thou aught of God?
His favor or his wrath?
Can the little fish tell what the eagle thinks,
Or map out the eagle's path?

Can the finite the Infinite search;
Did the blind discover the stars?
Is the thought that I think a thought,
Or a throb of the brain in its bars?

For aught my eye can discover,
Your God is what you think good---
Yourself flashed back from the glass
When the light pours on it in flood.

You preach to me to be just;
And this is his realm, you say;
And the good are dying of hunger,
And the bad gorge every day.

You say that he loveth mercy;
And the famine is not yet gone;
That he hateth the shedder of blood,
And he slayeth us every one.

You say that my soul shall live,
That the spirit can never die---
If he were content when I was not,
Why not when I have passed by?

You say I must have a meaning---
So must dirt, and its meaning is flowers;
What if our souls are but aureate
For lives that are greater than ours?

When the fish swims out of the water,
When the birds soar out of the blue,
Man's thoughts may transcend man's knowledge,
And your God be no reflex of you.

—Selected

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

What is the book of the *Secret Doctrine*?

Answer

Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, who wrote the *Secret Doctrine*, called it the "Synthesis of Science, Religion and Philosophy." It was and still remains the strongest refutation of the old idea that there can possibly exist the slightest antagonism between Religion and Science or Philosophy. The Theosophical doctrine does not admit for a moment that there can be anything but the most perfect accord between the essences of these three things, for it says that TRUTH IS ONE, and may not be divided.

Advanced thinkers in all ages have thought that there somewhere existed a system of thought, which if it could be discovered, would give the most rational and sympathetic explanation of the many perplexing problems of life; and that this system of thought would tend to bring men closer together, and weld them into a common unity of purpose. When it is remembered that if TRUTH does exist, it must of necessity be uniform, and that there cannot be two or more truths, then we see at once that such a secret doctrine does indeed exist, for it is the expression of that one TRUTH.

Now the book of the *Secret Doctrine* was given to the world through Madame Blavatsky, a Russian lady of unusual spiritual and mental power who, in her turn, had received the doctrine through and from men wiser than herself. These great souls are the teachers of man in his individual and collective struggle to attain a higher stage of human evolution than he knows now; and these great souls know what man needs, because they themselves have reached the higher knowledge and have done so in other ages by just the same training that man himself is now going through by the laws of life. The existence of these great souls is scarcely questionable; for every religion the world has known, speaks of

them under different names, but all acknowledge them. A Christian might speak of them as Saints, or perfected men; the Hindu and Buddhist would call them Arhats; the Mohammedan would name them Messengers; in the ancient religions of Egypt they would have been called Initiates; the medieval philosophers called them illuminati; they were recognized by the Pythagorean and Platonic systems of philosophy under various names. The list can be indefinitely extended.

These great souls still live and work among men, and have been from immemorial time the custodians of the Secret Doctrine of the Ages; and when there comes upon the world a period of materialism, whenever, in short, man seems to lose his hold on his higher nature, then they give out to the world once again portions of this secret wisdom, so that man may once again recognize his better nature and be governed by it. And this is the Book of the *Secret Doctrine*.
STUDENT

Question

There is a Theosophical Society that does not advance philanthropic work, while your society does. What is the difference between these two societies, as both are called Theosophical societies?

Answer

This question really contains its own answer, for the great difference between The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and the society named, is in the fact that The Universal Brotherhood *advances Theosophic work*, while, as the questioner says, *the other society does not*. That society only can justly claim to be called the Theosophical Society which moves on the lines laid down by the Great Founders, through H. P. Blavatsky; and these lines have been made plain from the first. It should not need to be stated, so very obvious is it, that the founders intended the society to be a living, uplifting power in the world. They meant it to be the active embodiment of Brotherhood, and not a mere club for intellectual talk, and the pursuit of the marvelous. While study should not be neglected it should never be forgotten that, in order to know anything thoroughly we must practise it, we must become it. Knowledge which does not result in action is like food not digested, it is not only no good, it is injurious. The Universal Brotherhood grows naturally and spontaneously as the child grows by activity, for exercise is a law of growth.

The following are a few quotations, out of many, which might be given from H. P. Blavatsky to prove that she meant the Theosophical Society to become a very practical power in the world. In the *Key to Theosophy*, she says: "Theosophical ideas of charity mean *personal* exertion for others; *personal* mercy and kindness; *personal* interest in the welfare of those who suffer; *personal* sympathy, forethought and assistance in their troubles and needs." And again she says: "The first of the Theosophical duties is to do one's duty by *all* men, and especially by those to whom one's *specific* responsibilities are due." "Theosophy teaches self-abnegation, but does not teach rash and useless self-sacrifice, nor does it justify fanaticism." It is the duty of the Theosophist to sacrifice his own comfort, and to work for others if they are unable to work for themselves." "Theosophy is the quintessence of duty." And, "Duty is that which is *due* to Humanity, to our fellowmen, neighbors, family, and especially that which we owe to all those poorer and more helpless than we are ourselves." And in the *Voice of the Silence* we have these remarkable words: "Self-knowledge is of loving deeds the child."

From the words of one of those great Helpers of Humanity whom H. P. Blavatsky called the real Founders of the Theosophical Society we learn, that "The chief object of the Theosophical Society is *not so much to gratify individual aspirations as to serve our fellowmen*." And again he says: "Yet, you have ever discussed, but to put down the idea of a Universal Brotherhood, questioned its usefulness, and advised to remodel the Theosophical Society on the principle of a college for special study." H. P. Blavatsky, in the same connection says: "Those Theosophists then, who in the course of time and events would, or have departed from the original aims, and instead of complying with them have suggested new policies of administration from the depths of their inner consciousness, *are not true to their calling as Theosophists!*" S.J.N.

To LIE under the lash of a false accusation, with trust in the Divine Law, holds the soul of the sufferer close to an undreamed-of victory on a higher plane. Better to be accused of all the crimes in the calendar, than to falsely accuse one's brother.

THREE TRIOLETS

by R. A. DOUGLAS-LITHGOW

WHEN sunbeams at play
Gem the breast of the river,
My love, don't delay
When sunbeams at play
Invite us to stray
Where the green alders quiver---
When sunbeams at play
Gem the breast of the river.

Sweet flower, thy perfume wing
To where my love reclineth;
Where birds around her sing.
Sweet flower, thy perfume wing:
Take thou my offering---
For me her fond heart pineth.
Sweet flower, thy perfume wing
To where my love reclineth.

A bird sang to me
When my heart was care-laden;
Perched up in a tree.
A bird sang to me,
And thrilled me with glee
Like a vision of Aidenn.
A bird sang to me
When my heart was care-laden.

—Selected

The Ideal

LIFT your eyes to the sun, to the stars, to the light in whatever form it shineth, and build a bridge in your fancies to the source of that light. Build it high and ever higher. Step out on it bravely, it is stronger than you may think. Go forward, toward the end of that bridge, for there is your Ideal, beckoning you, yet constantly eluding your grasp, receding as you advance, but growing clearer and brighter all the time.

This ideal is not merely your own creation, it is much more than that. It is verily a part of yourself, the best, the noblest part. It is that which overshadows you, that which inspires you to lofty thoughts, to graceful acts, which bids you see yourself and follow that which is Divine in you. Your Ideal is no fancy, it is the only Real Thing you see, though you do not as yet perceive all that there is to see. What you see now is

only that from which a corner of the veil is lifted, the veil which you yourself have made and must remove. This veil is made of wrongful thoughts and deeds, but fold by fold you can remove it, just as the sculptor cuts away by patient toil the stone in which the Goddess slumbers, awaiting yet his chisel to come forth.

Ideals are no castles in the air, but are our guides and guardians. They shine with a clear light of their own, so clear that we can even see them through the veil and therefore move with greater certitude as we advance along the path. Nothing is finite, nor are our ideals. They are like mountains which we see ahead far in the distance, revealing but the outline of their shape. As we come nearer they take form and show us much we did not see before, but when we reach them they are gone, and from their summit, far ahead, we see another range still grander.

The Ideal is infinity itself in its full greatness; our part thereof is just what merit has in store for us. Our part is like the mountain peak, it grows as we go on, but when we reach it, lo! the Ideal is still far ahead!

E. T. SEDERHOLM

Old Temples in Japan

ELIZA R. SCIDMORE, writing from Uji, Japan, to a Chicago paper, says the temple proper at Uji, the Kondo, contains historical relics of priceless value. Among many others—

A treasure of historic interest to Japanese scholars is the journals of the abbots of the temple for the last 300 years. These precious manuscripts are not opened to the vulgar, but they will show one a book of paintings by Matahei, that first artist of the popular school, who broke from the classic and conventional schools, and painted the life of the common people, city street scenes, country road life, festival crowds, and humble folk at work. Like all his work, these paintings at Daigo are not signed, the fact that has enveloped his personality in so much of mystery, and even made some Oriental art critics declare that Matahei, the individual, never lived—that there never was such a one—an opinion violently combated by certain Boston and New York collectors who have spent their thousands upon paintings that bear such stamp of genius that one cares not to whom they attribute them. Matahei, by any other name, surpassed his contemporaries, and led a movement that resulted in some of the most feeling and appealing works of Japanese art.

Now, nothing makes so much impression on the heart of a man, as the voice of friendship when it is really known to be such; for we are aware that it never speaks to us except for our advantage. We can suppose that a friend is deceived, but not that he wishes to deceive us.

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Average number of hours per day, 7.09

JUNE JULY	BAROM ETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
27	29.722	70	60	62	60	.00	SW	4
28	29.764	69	61	64	60	.00	NW	6
29	29.774	70	59	62	58	.00	W	8
30	29.620	68	60	62	59	.00	NW	7
1	29.732	69	60	65	60	.00	W	5
2	29.650	70	59	63	60	.00	SW	5
3	29.704	70	59	61	58	.00	SW	5

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

A Nation Spiritually Free
Mexico and Its President
The Pessimist Again
Mental Economy
Cremation in Germany
Why Not Reincarnation?
Among Grecian Isles —
frontispiece

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Light on Creeds
Damnatory Clauses
Harmful Medicines
Lives Sacrificed by
Taking Chances
The Use of Oil-Fuel

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy — illustrated
Music (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Theosophy in Sweden
Miss Ellen Bergman (illustrations)
A Word About Psychology
One of Our Women
Composers
Women as Scientists
The Marriage Status

Page 8—ARCHEOLOGY, ETC.

Claims That Votan Located
Colony in South America
Interesting Archeological
Discoveries in Crete

Page 9—NATURE

Ants May Have Emotions
Back to the Woodlands (verse)
Sitting by the Sea
at Point Loma
Botanists Say N-Rays Are
Emitted from Plants

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANISATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Disaster by Cyclone in
Santiago de Cuba
Cuban Raja Yoga Class
(illustration)

Page 12—GENERAL

In Touch With Japan
— Symbolic Fuji-
yama — illustrated

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Earth Shows Signs of
a Living World
Does the Sun Control
the Weather?
Deaths from Consumption
The Hen & Incubators

Pages 14—FICTION

A Silent Service
Deeds (verse)
Sight (verse)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

A Raja Yoga Fourth of July
A Lomaland Picnic (illustration)
Raja Yoga Question Box

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Way to Gossip Town (verse)
Seek the Cause of Evil
Incarnate Messages
Loyalty (verse)
Theosophical Forum
Nothing Is Great or Small

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Common Destiny (verse)
In Touch With Japan — Continued
Human Nature at Congresses

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

» A Nation Spiritually Free » » »

THE coming of the Fourth of July naturally sets one a-thinking about the liberty of nations; and from their political liberty one moves upward to the thought of their spiritual liberty. It may well be doubted whether there has ever yet in historic times been a spiritually free nation; nay: whether in the view of Nature, the divine Law, there has ever yet been a nation. Does a "hive of bees" consist of that many bee units chancing to dwell together in that particular enclosure? Does it not rather mean the principle of integration—a spiritual something—showing itself in perfect cooperation?

Applying that idea to humanity, we do not know that as yet there has been a real nation. History does give no record of such.

In all their behavior, the bees show a common consciousness. And, moreover, each worker, and each queen, knows immediately at birth that which it has to begin doing for the whole. Its work is never for itself. It surrenders its individual liberty in return for a far vaster gift.

Here and there in human history, small groups of individuals have consented to forego a little of their individual liberty in consideration of a larger group life. For a little while they profited; for a little while they gained a profounder thought, a clearer outlook on life, a deeper peace. And in that atmosphere of peace, even against the weight and narcotism of creeds and lifeless formulæ and artificial observances, their souls grew. But ambition insinuated itself; small quarrels and jealousies grew to great; and even when such groups lasted, they were groups no more; merely congeries of units tied perhaps by oath, bound by rules that had lost their meaning, or never had any; failures from the divine—Nature's—standpoint, whatever they may have been from man's.

Nevertheless, what they were, if only for a few days, shows the possibilities for humanity when a real nation shall have even begun to exist. The vast light that will come from heaven upon such a people will make it a savior of the whole race. A new destiny will have opened for humanity, a new era that shall almost blot the old out of memory. Nothing good will be lost; no worker or thinker will work or think the less; men's minds will be universally clarified almost to the point of genius. Every form of art will flourish as never before. But the inspiration to work, to think, to produce, will not be to gather a harvest of laudation, but to enrich and raise the whole.

That is Nature's idea or ideal of a nation, and it is easy to see that it has never yet been realized. Civilizations have reached what seem to us great heights, only to vanish. They had not the one eternal link of cohesion among the units that raised so splendid a banner. Some cohesion there was, or there had been no civilization at all. But when the stress of growth and external conflict was over, the bonds dissolved. Civic and political and social ambition became the undisguised stimulus to work; greed, sensuality and selfishness reigned everywhere among the people.

Will that epitomize the history of our new America, or shall we rise to the glorious possibilities of unity? H. CORYN

Mexico and Its President

IT is easier and safer to libel a country than a man. In rare cases a man can be attacked through a libel on his country, and one of these is now in progress. The name of President Diaz is inseparably associated with his country. He rescued Mexico from comparative chaos, weaned the people from what had almost become a habit of revolution, awakened in them a love of peace, and placed them on the path of commercial prosperity.

Since there is no question that the country is at peace with its neighbors, is prospering commercially, and that no revolution is in hand, the only way open to the enemies of the President in their desire to attack him is to say that with his death will come to an immediate end the conditions he has established. They are contingent on the life of their self-sacrificing and patriotic creator.

This course is being pursued. United States Consul-General Hanna finds it necessary to issue an official report of contradiction.

"Having noticed," he says, "articles in many American papers to the effect that 'Mexico is steeped with a revolutionary spirit,' and that 'it only requires the death of the present President to bring about a condition of instability and political contention such as existed many years ago,' and having received many letters from American business men and prospective investors touching upon this subject, I deem it proper to give expression to my opinion."

His opinion is that the statements of "many American papers" are libels.

Of course, he is right, but whence the libels and why? Why should the life-work of this patriot (and Freemason) be represented as so superficial and temporary? What is the voice speaking through the "many American papers"?

Our readers have not studied the signs of the times to much purpose if they do not know. A disturbed and revolutionary Mexico would be

the opportunity of some people. Power now denied to them would be easily gained under worse social and political conditions, and it would be pleasant to point to these as the result of the policy of Diaz. The first step to *bringing them about* is to predict them.

In the meantime the Mexican National Congress has effected an amendment in the constitution extending the term of presidency from four to six years, and thus adding two more years to the occupancy of that post by Diaz.

OBSERVER

The Pessimists Again

THE world has hardly yet begun to realize that during the last few years its potential food supply has been indefinitely increased and will be indefinitely cheapened. The spectre of Malthusianism, (for it was never more than a spectre), the doctrine that population tends continually to outrun its food supply, has been definitely laid. It always assumed more than it proved, and omitted to consider facts fatal to it.

Most people have now heard of the nitrifying bacteria, those little organisms that can assimilate the raw nitrogen of the air and work it up into plant food. The cost of adding these to soil is, or will be, very minute. The cost of production of cereals and other important food annuals may therefore be lessened almost by that of the nitrifying manures and fertilizers which till now have been necessary. The exhaustion of land will be a vastly slower occurrence and will be only in respect of other saline matters than nitrates.

Other extensions and cheapenings of the food supply are rapidly coming about through the extraordinary development of grafting, cross-fertilization, and selection; in fruit, grain, and vegetable culture. The nutritious elements in these foods are being indefinitely increased; seeds eliminated; worthless husks, fibers, and kernels, reduced to a minimum; and plants and trees trained to climates formerly impossible to them. It is estimated, for instance, that the blend of the American orange with the little sour, worthless, but hardy and frost-defying Japanese wild orange, enables at least eight additional States to produce that fruit.

Some people seem to think that Nature has brought man on to this planet only to leave him ultimately in the lurch. Their glances into the future only afford them reason for gloom. Our machinery was to run down for want of coal. Then came natural oil; electricity from natural power-sources; and we are doubtless on the eve of the direct production of electricity from solar heat and light.

Our wood supply was about to give out. And the eucalyptus tree comes forward smilingly.

The sun was becoming extinct! The recently discovered behavior of radium, and new theories of solar life, seem to be laying *this* spectre.

And to the food question we have already referred.

Why should not pessimism give us a rest, take heart of grace, and no longer regard the solar system as either an unconscious mechanism with man as an accidentally conscious incident in its short history, or as wire-pulled by a monster or idiot?

STUDENT

Mental Economy

FEW of us realize how large a part of thinking is mechanical, and capable of being done—under certain circumstances—without conscious effort. Much of our time is taken up by slow and difficult thinking, often yielding wrong or no results, over matters that we have the mental apparatus to solve instantly and accurately. Our thought crawls between its stations, instead of telegraphing itself. There is therefore no time left for walking to places to which there is no telegraph, and to which the road is utterly beautiful.

The arithmetical prodigies show what the mechanical side of the mind can accomplish. Zerah Colburn at the age of eight could instantly answer such questions as: How many seconds are there in 25 years? Within one minute, at the age of twelve, George Bidder, a laborer's son, answered this question: If the pendulum of a clock swings 9 inches and three quarters in a second of time, how many miles, and also how many inches, will it swing in 7 years, 14 days, 2 hours, 1 minute and 56 seconds, counting a year as consisting of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 55 seconds? A French committee of scientists investigated the case of one Mangiamiele, a Sicilian boy, and among other questions Arago gave him this one: What is that number whose cube, added to 5 times its square, and to 42 times itself, and the number 40 being subtracted from

the result, gives zero as a result? This question was answered as Arago finished.

Nearly or quite all of these people were considerably below the average level of intelligence, and of no emotional range. Nor did they know how they got their results. It is obviously a mechanical bit of work. Given certain data, certain results must follow; there are no two answers; there is no room for feeling, none for originality. Such minds perceive the whole of the facts of a matter at once, the whole conception. There are so many seconds in a year; their number belongs to the full meaning of the word year. But most of us do not grasp a whole conception at once; we take the one end of it and have to toil wearily to the other.

The reason is, of course, the infinite discursiveness of our minds. In considering anything, they not only make wide sweeps away from the path, sometimes not returning at all; but also an uncounted number of small and unnoticed oscillations which multiply by thousands the time which should be necessary to reach a result. The cause of the oscillations great and small, is of course the myriad magnets of desire. We never cease wanting to interfere with the stream of things, wants great and small, wants that cover years, days, seconds, the whole life. And of the whole number, may be but a few—two or three—ought to exist, perhaps not one.

If one considers the matter, it would seem probable that were it not for unnecessary diversions our minds would understand existing phenomena in great masses, with all their implications, and without effort; just as the boy understood a year as not only so many days, but as so many implicated minutes and seconds. Thus freed, we should have time and power to spare, to understand the universe in its living and conscious activity, and time and power to work therein. The secret is *concentration*; and *trust* in the Law that guides the stream.

STUDENT

Cremation in Germany

THE German clergy appear to have a low opinion of the intelligence of their parishioners. Large numbers of them are opposing the practise of cremation on the ground that if it became general the belief of the working classes in the resurrection of the body would be severely maimed. With the disappearance of this belief would go others, and the hold of Christianity, already weakening, be paralyzed.

If the clergy are teaching the resurrection of the body as an integral part of Christianity, we do not wonder at the spread of unbelief. The German working-man does some thinking, and he is not altogether unacquainted with the facts of chemistry relating to the fate of his body after he has ceased to occupy it. He may also have certain pictures in his mind connected with the results of war, accident, and even cannibalism. It is sad that the presentation of religion—badly enough needed—should include insistence upon dogmas which the first breath of science and sense blows into fragments.

STUDENT

Why Not Reincarnation?

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, who was well acquainted with the late Henry M. Stanley, has been giving his impressions of that very remarkable man: "Here in the Nineteenth and Twentieth centuries was a man who seemed a survival of the great and spacious days when the world was still young, and when the explorer was at once the discoverer of new continents and oceans and the conqueror of new empires. If Stanley had lived in the days of Elizabeth he would have been on the Spanish Main, and, possibly, would have been the leader of the ships that broke the strength of the Spanish Armada. If he had been a Spaniard of early days he would have had the career of a Pizarro or a Cortes."

We wonder when the idea of Reincarnation will occur to Mr. O'Connor and his like, the idea that H. M. Stanley *did* perhaps live in the days of Elizabeth or *was* perhaps "a Spaniard of early days."

STUDENT

Among Grecian Isles---Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week gives a glimpse of one of the many entrancing views to be caught in threading one's way among the picturesque Isles of Greece. The view is taken from one of the main islands of the Grecian Archipelago.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Light too Strong for the Creed

A LITTLE ripple of compunction is stirring in the consciences of some of the English clergy. There are fourteen occasions during the year when, according to the law, they have to read with their congregations the curious document known as the Athanasian Creed. But they do not want to read it *publicly* any more. Their consciences are stirred to that extent; but not to the extent of making them disbelieve and reject this document. On the contrary, in a deputation to the highest Church dignitary, the Archbishop of Canterbury, asking to be relieved from the public reading of the Creed, they took care to affirm their acceptance of it, and the Archbishop also affirmed *his*.

Why do they not wish to read it publicly? Because, they said, the bulk of the public do not understand it. Certain parts of it, known as the "damnatory clauses," offensive to the mind of the natural man, become no longer offensive, but even refreshing, after a course of historical and theological study. As the ordinary hearer has not gone through this, it was better not to read the creed to him. The Archbishop said,

That such persons should be called upon to recite the creed seems to me to be not only unfortunate, but capable of being actively mischievous. It was in response to a feeling, *not of a greater laxity of belief*, but of greater intelligence on the part of the worshiper, that the change they asked for was advocated.

We agree: "actively mischievous;" not only the *recitation* of the creed, but the creed itself, so far as anybody believes it. And these clergy do; they will not own to the least "laxity of belief" on that point.

Damnatory Clauses in Church Faith

What, then, are the terms of these "damnatory clauses" which it is not good for the ordinary person to hear or recite? They consist of warnings *directed to this ordinary person*, that this creed, which is to be kept from him, must be subscribed to by him on pain of damnation! Let us quote a little. The creed opens:

Whosoever will be saved: before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic Faith. Which Faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled: *without doubt he shall perish everlastingly*.

The "perishing" is further defined as by "everlasting fire." The "Catholic Faith" is then outlined. It consists of a careful description of the Trinity, and of the being of Christ. The Trinity is accurately defined in twenty-five clauses, although in one of them the description is suspended pending the remark that the whole subject is absolutely incomprehensible:

For there is one Person of the Father; *another* of the Son: and *another* of the Holy Ghost. [Yet] are we forbidden by the Catholic Religion to say, There be three Gods or three Lords. [Again]: The Son is of the Father alone: not made, nor created, but begotten.

The Holy Ghost, on the contrary, is neither "made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding." Yet though two of the numbers of this Trinity are respectively "begotten" and "proceeding," "none is before or after another," "the whole three persons are co-eternal together." And so on, through forty or fifty clauses altogether. And then this amazing production ends:

This is the Catholic Faith: which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved.

And this document, self-admittedly incomprehensible in its statements, *must be accepted*, under an awful penalty, by millions of persons from whom the head of the English church proposes to withhold it! He cannot claim that he wishes them to read it in private, because his objections apply exactly as fully to private as to public reading. The church is no longer trying to keep the daylight out of the room; it recognizes that to be now impossible. So it would fain take the room away from the daylight. This, too, is impossible. The spirit of a New Era is upon us, and the old dogmas and formulas must content themselves with a place on the museum shelves.

STUDENT

Harmful and Fraudulent Medicines

THE post-office has decided to debar the use of the mails to persons and firms selling fraudulent patent medicines, and to newspapers advertising the same. The word fraudulent applies to such medicines and nostrums as chemical analysis shows to be incapable of doing what is claimed for them, or are distinctly harmful.

We are in the fullest sympathy with the department's desire to lessen the cataract of advertisements of patent specifics which deluges the country, and the consumption of the same. But the chemical experts of the department are not capable of saying, in most cases, whether an advertised remedy is a fraud or not. For example, few homeopathic medicines would yield any reaction to chemical tests. Are they therefore all frauds? Moreover medical views as to remedies and their relation to disease change rapidly. Anti-diphtheritic serum may be all the vogue today and ascertained to be pernicious superstition tomorrow. Water charged with some quality of light may refuse to be anything but water so far as the test tube and litmus paper or a luckless rat are concerned, and be therefore today a fraud. Tomorrow it may be the elixir of life.

We suggest to the department to make its laudable crusade only against advertisements offensive to decency, those that hint broadly at, or enumerate, objectionable pathological symptoms of disease, and those containing immoral suggestion. Theoretically, such a line of demarcation might seem difficult to draw. In practise there should be little or no difficulty.

Live Sacrificed by Taking Chances

THE Slocum disaster calls attention once again to the appalling carelessness in respect of human life which men display when the acts of carelessness will be separated by a little time from the probable disaster. The fact that their sins of omission will not bear fruit for a few weeks or months, and *may* by chance not bear fruit at all, seems to lift from them any sense of responsibility. It is not lack of imagination, not deficient power to imagine the direful results of their neglect. The disasters flow from the fact that the imaginations of responsible persons are not stimulated by regard and compassion for mankind. So they are willing to take the chances that *this* voyage, *this* descent of a pit, *this* ascent of an elevator, may somehow pull through. The only remedy for such people is to make them understand that any taking of chances (when a disaster reveals the fact that they did so) shall count as premeditated homicide.

STUDENT

The Use of Oil-Fuel on Steamships

The American-Hawaiian steamship *Nebraskan*, has made a successful trip from San Diego to New York, using crude California oil for fuel. She did the voyage of 12,724 knots in ten days less time than the coal-burning *Nevadan* did it in. She was clean and sweet, her furnaces and boilers were in good condition, the fuel cost less and only one-fourth as many men were required in the furnace-rooms. Thus the sentiment in favor of oil-fuel has been strengthened, as far as mercantile vessels are concerned at any rate.

Oil is dearer than coal on account of the expense of transporting it, but in this case it cost less because the Californian oil was on the spot. The same applies to the Gulf of Mexico, on account of the Texan oil-fields, and it is pointed out that other parts could be supplied by tank-vessels. The Naval Bureau of Steam Engineering sent to investigate the results of the *Nebraskan's* trip, to gain data for determining whether to introduce oil-fuel into the navy.

But, though the same advantages are applicable for war-ships as for the mercantile marine, namely convenience in handling, cleanness and thermal efficiency, there are obvious objections, such as the danger of damage to the tanks by hostile shot, and the accumulation of explosive gases which might be fired by a spark. But Rear Admiral George Melville recommends that oil-fuel be tried for torpedo-boats and destroyers.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

There may come a day when the example of Mendelssohn's life, yet more than that of his works, may be invoked in Germany.

TO those in whom genius has asserted itself in spite of great moral infirmities, the average person invariably attaches a certain romantic interest—not because purity of life is valued less but rather, I fancy, because genius is valued more. The masses are hungry for music and color and flashes of anything that may even hint of soul, and much has always been forgiven, when need be, those who are able to touch the heart-life in poetry or in song.

But for Felix Mendelssohn, whose life was one of simple, religious purity, wholly untainted with jealousy or ambition, there need be no apology.

Seldom, indeed, has a temperament so sensitively artistic been so morally poised, and yet, when one considers his heredity, the nobility of his father and the refined purity and simple moral strength of the four women with whose lives his own was so interblended—his mother, his wife and his two sisters, Fanny and Rebecca—one almost wonders how he could have been different after all, or how he could have accomplished very much less. His father's position—secure both because of his rank as a thinker and patriot, and because of his wealth—gave the young Felix many opportunities, and it would have been strange indeed if a rich, full musical life had not found its center in the family mansion in Leipzigstrasse, Berlin, a magnificent place, whose seven acres of garden joined the estate of the king's brother, and in whose court was erected a glass-enclosed musical pavilion capable of holding several hundred people.

Instead of having to fight his way through fire and pain, young Felix found the way paved for him, and his own nature, innately grateful and pure, seized every opportunity and profited by every advantage. Among those who gathered at the famous "Sunday Mornings," given by his sister Fanny and himself, were Weber, Spohr, Henselt, Gounod, Ernst, Liszt, Schumann, Paganini, the artists Ingres and Vernet, the singers Grisi and Schröder-Devrient, the sculptor Thorwaldsen, the poets Heinrich Heine and LaMotte Fouqué, the scientists Humboldt, Hegel, Jacob Grimm and Lepsius.

Like Schumann, when a mere child, Mendelssohn pored, fascinated, over the writings of Jean Paul Richter. Goethe was his hero, and by him little Felix, so marvelous musically, was passionately loved. "Be careful of him," said the poet, "he is a wonder-child." In one of his letters Felix at one time wrote:

Every afternoon Goethe opens the piano, with the words, "I have not heard you today at all. Now make a little noise;" and then he is accustomed to take his place near me, and . . . I generally improvise at the end. Then I ask of him a kiss, or I take one without permission! You have no conception of his goodness and friendliness, and just as little of the wealth which this polar star of poets possesses in minerals, busts, copper-plates, statuettes, great drawings and the like. His figure does not seem to me imposing, he is not much taller than father,

yet his bearing, his speech, his name, they are rarely imposing. His voice has a wonderful ring.

In another letter the boy Felix writes to Fanny of his beloved Goethe, then seventy-three, but apparently not more than fifty-five:

Every morning I receive from the author of *Faust* and of *Werther* a kiss; every afternoon from Goethe as father and friend two kisses. Think of it! This afternoon I played for him more than two hours, partly fugues by Bach and partly from my own improvisations.

Those who know something of the mysterious causes which serve to deflect this way or that the tides that cleanse and fashion the lives of men, know something of what this association must have meant to a budding, gifted life. Compared with facts like these, dates, places and all events which take their rise in the outer life merely, are insignificant. "Send Felix to me often," Goethe wrote to the young boy's mother. "He refreshes me. . . . I am Saul and he is my David."

Felix Mendelssohn owed much, doubtless more than he fully realized, to his sister Fanny. His sister Rebecca was beautiful, brilliant and affectionate; his mother Leah was an almost perfect mother on higher lines; his wife Cecile was gifted, tender and beautiful, and his short married life of ten years was ideal. But between himself and Fanny there was a tie of peculiar tenderness and the letters that passed between them give us glimpses that no biographer, however sympathetic, has ever been able to give. Her sudden death was a shock to him from which he never fully recovered, and he survived her but a short time. From the days when, as children, they played under the trees of their father's garden, to the later days when she was his confidant and adviser, not alone in music but in all the details of his life, their attachment was serene and unbroken. Such comradeships are rare enough, but why? What is the state of humanity—and wherefore—that such should not be the rule rather than the exception? How comes it that genius is seldom so blessed by fate and so favored by heredity?

Mendelssohn's life, as its events go, is almost as well known as his music. There is, however, a subtle undercurrent of causes that has never been recognized even by his ablest biographers, and yet is more worthy than all the rest, of recognition. So subtle is it that it may not be depicted, it may only be suggested, and those alone who have ventured into the recesses of their own hearts can even glimpse the suggestions and know them to be what they are. STUDENT

THE wonderful E minor Symphony was Brahms's last and greatest work for orchestra. In it he surpasses Beethoven, he even surpasses himself. "As an example of thematic music—

music that from a few simple themes is built up architecturally until it attains the grandeur and symmetry of a cathedral—this symphony is perhaps the greatest in all musical literature."

THE laws of morality are also the laws of art.—Schumann

MUSIC is to me so solemn a matter that I do not feel justified in trying to adapt it to any subject that does not touch my heart and soul.—Mendelssohn



FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

MUSIC

by JOHN VANCE CHENEY

WHOSO at eventfall has heard
The measures of the vesper bird,
Has felt the spirit, heavy, dull,
Rise to the Dwellings Beautiful.

And though ere long the dark, the star,
Whispered, "The birds all silent are,"
The spirit, dreaming deep and long,
Still drank the sweetness of the song.

For, as it vanished with the light,
It sought the spirit in its flight,
And on was sounding, sweeter now
Than when it trembled from the bough.

Such music's blissful ministry:
Champion of immortality,
Faithful it bides, ay, grows in power,
Beyond the seasons' little hour.

WOMAN'S WORK

WHEN WOMEN ARE HONORED, THE DIVINITIES ARE CONTENT: BUT WHEN THEY ARE NOT HONORED ALL UNDERTAKINGS FAIL.

—Hindu Scriptures

Theosophy in Sweden

THEOSOPHY in Sweden stands a beacon light to that great country, as hope for the permanent helpfulness of its people. The great teachings of Theosophy are disseminated through the great Universal Brotherhood Organization which has its center for Sweden in Stockholm. There faithful hearts work continuously for the uplifting of the people, and in many other cities of Sweden there are like activities. The work among the children is considered almost phenomenal, and the Boys' Clubs are great factors in molding the character of our young folks.

I first became interested in Theosophy in 1886. The principles of Karma and Reincarnation appealed to me and I found I had been for many years working on these lines in my musical efforts. Later, it was my privilege and pleasure to help found a Lodge, a Theosophical Lodge, in Stockholm. A great supporter of this work from its very inception, was the noble Doctor Gustav Zander, who still is President of the Lodge. It was he who founded the *Theosophical Society in Sweden* in 1889. Sweden's response to this new light, was evidence that its people were lovers of liberty; that they had learned to love liberty through suffering. Theosophy satisfied their heart longings, gave answer to their questions as to *whence we came and whither we were going*.

In the summer of 1889, with a comrade-worker in Theosophy, I paid a visit to Madame Blavatsky in London. This was one of the greatest privileges in my life. I met her and found her the greatest personality of the Nineteenth century. My interview with Madame Blavatsky gave added impetus to my efforts and that of my comrades in Sweden.

In the summer of 1890, I again met Madame Blavatsky at the inauguration of the Headquarters at 19 Avenue Road, London, and more than ever was I impressed with the greatness of her life and the glory of her work for Humanity.

In 1896 I met our present Leader, Katherine Tingley, while she was in Europe on her first crusade around the world. Others of our Swedish delegates met her in Dublin and again in Berlin. This meeting was a profitable one for our future Theosophic work. We returned to our country, filled with reverent love for Katherine Tingley and fired with a devotion to help her carry out her work for humanity. In 1897 she came to Sweden and there lighted Spiritual Fires which can never be extinguished. Many people not before interested in Theosophy, were attracted to it then. It was at this time that Katherine Tingley met King Oscar of Sweden, receiving from him the most courteous consideration. While King Oscar stands at the head of the State Church of Sweden, faithful to his duties, he has in no way ever manifested unfriendliness to our Theosophic work. His great efforts as a Master Mason have marked his life for good. . . .

Day by day new branches of Theosophical work are being inaugurated in Sweden by Katherine Tingley, and faithful hearts are there, always ready to respond to the call for service.

America, in many ways, is today doing a noble part for the world's good, but more marked to me than all else is the Theosophic and Broth-

erhood work, which has its International Center at Point Loma, California. The world needs the life that it gives, the hope that is implanted in humanity; these brotherly efforts must touch the hearts of the people and make glad the new day.

ELLEN BERGMAN

A Word About Psychology

IN no department of life is a knowledge of psychology needed so much as in the home. If women had a knowledge of the lower and higher psychological forces, they would establish the home on the right basis. A new world and a new life would open to them. They could and would put themselves in their right places everywhere and would sustain the position taken.

This knowledge enables woman to become aware of her own inherent power for good; she awakens to her soul strength and she knows how to use it. She becomes able to detect evil in its very beginnings (whether in her own nature or the natures of others), therefore she can prevent evil from making inroads in her home. With the ability to protect herself against the lower influences, she also has the power to protect others and to lead others to find their own strength.

Many women, with true and conscientious effort, have tried to establish an ideal home life. Why have they failed? Because they were ignorant. They had not the key to the knowledge of human nature. They were blind to the subtlety of evil. They had not the light of a true philosophy of life.

The knowledge of the higher and lower psychological influences makes woman's trust in the Higher Law so strong that no tidal wave of the lower forces can move her from her high purpose. She cannot be swept into the current of the glamour and spell of the lower.

Let us, as women, look with fearless honesty into our own natures. Let us examine our own minds and hearts. What are our thoughts? What are the motives behind our words and acts? Let us shut out of our hearts all despondency and gloom. Why should we be in the sunlight today and in the shadows tomorrow?

Somewhere something is wrong. It is in ourselves, or in others—or in both ourselves and others. The knowledge of the higher and lower

psychological forces leads us to the source of the difficulty, for with insight into our own natures, we also have insight into the natures of others. It enables us to understand the interplay of good and evil all through the warp and woof of human life; the warfare between the high and low. Woman has it in her power to be not only the builder of ideal home life, but its preserver. She is the guardian of its purity and the protector of all that makes it sacred. The very destiny of nations lies in her hands; for as are the homes of a nation, so is the life of that nation. Katherine Tingley has often said that an ideal home life is the basis of an ideal national life.

When women in the home shall be armed with true knowledge of life, homes will become Temples, places of purity and light. Joy will be the life-spring of action, and upon the nation itself will rest the benediction of peace and prosperity.

STUDENT



MISS ELLEN BERGMAN

Assistant Directress of Isis Conservatory of Music, Point Loma. Formerly Teacher and Gold Medalist of the Royal Academy of Music, Stockholm, Sweden

One of Our Women Composers

THE poet who wrote, "Let me write a nation's cradle songs and I care not who makes its laws," sounded the key-note of a great truth. As the voice is the soul's most perfect and intimate means of expression, so it is the song that, of all musical forms, most appeals to the heart life. There are songs and songs, many of them, thousands of them, travesties on all that is uplifting and not a few of them fairly disgraceful in their stupidity. At one pole we have the street singer and the cheap soubrette, and at the other, Antoinette Sterling and those who, like her, have won and lifted the public heart by their singing of simple songs.

Margaret Ruthven Lang of Boston, although the composer of a number of ambitious works—some of which have been performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra—is best known for her songs. They are spontaneous, sometimes elaborate, again intensely dramatic as in "Betrayed" and, the greatest of all, her "Lament." Miss Lang has been fortunate, that is scholarly in her selection of poems and she has fitted the musical setting to the sentiment with a rare appreciation of the underlying unity that should be evident in all songs. "Ghosts," "My Lady Jacqueline," "Maiden and Butterfly," "O What Comes Over the Sea," and "The Spinning Song" are among those best known.

A number of her best works, including one or two concert overtures, which have been performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, have never been published.

JULIA HECHT

Women as Scientists

MRS. AYRTON, of England, who will be remembered as the original of Mira in George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*, has attained wide celebrity as an electrician. At Girton, as a girl, she won high honors as a mathematician, but it was at Cambridge that her inventive faculty first showed itself. It was there that she invented and constructed the sphymograph, an instrument for measuring the beats of the pulse. Later she took out a patent for a line divider, a machine for immediately dividing up a line into any given number of equal parts. After her marriage she assisted her husband in a series of experiments on the electric arc, later giving the results of these in a series of articles in the *Electrician*.

"Women are peculiarly fitted to become scientists," said Mrs. Ayrton, recently, "because they possess minute powers of observation. Unfortunately, the need to earn money prevents many from taking science seriously. When entering into competition with men, however, a woman should take time to make herself a little more eligible than they, in order to counterbalance the sex disadvantage. I have every faith in the capacity of women. They are, I consider, more inventive and original than they know, only, unfortunately, they have hitherto wasted their powers on trivialities."

ALL those who favor the idea of gardening as an occupation for women will be interested to hear that the promoters of the St. Louis Exposition have appointed Miss Eda A. Suttermeister as their assistant landscape architect, in which capacity she is responsible for the "Cascade Gardens" that are to form such a notable ornament to the grounds; for these she will select all the plants and flowers, and will have the help of a staff of assistants.—*Selected*

THERE comes a time when the souls of human beings, women, perhaps, more even than men, begin to faint for the atmosphere of the affections they were made to breathe.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

The Marriage Status

PROPOS the marriage question, one of our readers, an attorney-at-law, sends us the following with regard to the legal status of the married woman:

If the married woman is to be independent of her husband—exactly as before marriage—in thought, words, acts, property, there would be no such thing as the *marriage status* in law. Under such conditions, while there might be a union, spiritually as well as on other lines, it could not be said to be an expression of, nor to rest upon, the laws of the land.

In such a union the voluntary, individual standards of parties concerned would be the only restraints upon discord and the only assurance of virtuous conduct. Yet who, under present conditions, would advocate this doctrine?

Yet there are but three other methods from which to choose: 1 Give husband full authority; 2 Give wife full authority; 3 Give husband and wife joint authority over persons and property of each other and of offspring.

Women vigorously denounce the first, yet must allow that the second is equally unjust. The third would work beautifully—as long as it worked beautifully, that is, as long as husband, wife and children lived in a state of entire harmony—in short, only in cases of those unions founded on justice, purity, sympathy, unselfishness and mutual respect. But these virtues would bring about the same results under either first or second methods.

In case vice, cruelty and injustice became factors in the domestic life, the system of joint authority would but stimulate the discord, and the matter would have to be left to adjust itself without the aid of law, which would mean anarchy. Or, the law being invoked, it would be forced, in adjusting such cases, to adopt either first or second methods. This places us again at the starting point. What is the true solution? I. H.

HER heart is like an outbound ship
That at its anchor swings;
The murmur of the stranded shell
Is in the song she sings.—*Whitier*

BISHOP LAWRENCE, of Massachusetts, recently said:

The whole realm of theology has until the present generation been interpreted to us by men. Women have worshiped and revealed the graces of the saintly life, but it has not been vouchsafed to women to enter deeply into the study of the Bible or its interpretation. Who knows what a different theology we might have had in the past if women's minds had been at work on the problem? Would Mariolatry have taken the form it did? Would Calvinism have captured the intellect of Protestantism? Would any man have dared to say that hell was paved with the skulls of infants?

A SUPREME love, a motive that gives a sublime rhythm to a woman's life and exalts habit into partnership with the soul's highest needs, is not to be had where and how she wills; to know that high initiation she must often tread where it is hard to tread and feel the chill air and walk through darkness. It is not true that love makes all things easy: it makes us choose what is difficult.—*George Eliot*

MME. SEMBRICH, the most noted light soprano of her time, recently wrote that it was fortunate for her that she was not at the beginning of her career. It takes all her genius now to make *Rosina*, *Violetta*, *Marie* and the rest of the old-fashioned repertoire interesting. The future is for the dramatic soprano. This is only one more proof that music, as well as drama, is in a transition stage.



MISS ELLEN BERGMAN

Representative from Sweden of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Legends Claim that Votan Located a Colony in South America.

A NOTE in our last issue discusses the evidence for the discovery or contact of America by Norsemen. It reminds one of a curious mythological connection between South America and Scandinavia. The god or hero, Votan (Wotan, Odin), was common to certain traditions or mythological stories in both countries.

According to the traditions of the Chiapense of Central America, Votan came (like Quetzalcoatl) from eastward (? the then slowly sinking Atlantis), charged with divine instructions to people the country. He brought with him seven families and built a great city, Nachan or Na-Chan, City of the Serpent Family, the family of Chanes or serpents. He claimed that he also visited Spain, northern Africa (perhaps founding Carthage) and Italy. Possibly some of those he brought with him may have been the mysterious Pelasgians or Iapygians connected with the legends from prehistoric Italy.

All the traditional heroes of Central America are represented as coming from the east. And the races looked forward either to the return of these same great figures after their departure whence they came, or to the appearance from the east of new and wise peoples who should give them a new light. From the east came the mysterious Quetzalcoatl and thither he returned. The Nahua followers of the Toltecs in Mexico came from the east. The Yucatan traditions describe that people as coming from the rising sun. Their founder and teacher, Zamna, brought, like Votan and Quetzalcoatl, a colony from the east. From the same quarter came Coxcox to Mexico, and all the Mexican traditions give that origin to the Mexican races. Samé, the hero of Brazilian tradition, another great teacher and founder, came from the east. So strong were these beliefs that the first Spaniards who landed with Cortez were thought to be messengers from Quetzalcoatl, merely because of the direction from whence they came, and were received with great joy. "For a very long time," said Montezuma to Cortez, "has it been handed down that we are not the original possessors of this land, but came hither under the guidance of a ruler who afterwards left us and returned. Inasmuch as you are from that direction, which is toward the rising of the sun, and serve so great a King as you describe, we believe that he is also our natural lord."

The Incas had similar expectations. So, indeed, had the natives of Haiti, and they told Columbus about them. In North America the same expectation was cherished by the Maryland Indians and by the Delawares. There is a Maya chant which, translated by Lizana into Spanish, runs thus in English:

At the close of the thirteenth Age of the world,
The sign of the Lord of the Sky will appear,
The light of the dawn will illumine the land,
And the cross will be seen by the nations.
Father and brother to you will he be, ye natives of Tancah.
Receive ye well the bearded guests who are coming,
Bringing the sign of the Lord from the daybreak,
The strong and merciful Lord of the sky.

We need hardly remind the reader that the cross existed as a symbol among the Mayas ages before our era, and that the complete symbol described in these lines would be the cross in the circle, the circle being "the sign of the Lord of the Sky."

There are other east-coming heroes, teachers, and race-founders in the legends of South America, Sua, Viracocha, and so on. But we have named enough for the point. We can understand it all, the heroes, their powers and knowledge, the reverence they inspired, and the civilization they brought with them, if we accept the teaching of H. P. Blavatsky that America was peopled ages ago by successive outflows from the now vanished continent of Atlantis. Civilization had there reached a great height, vanishing as later ones have vanished. And the outlying traces of its greatness seem to be handed on to us in the traditions of ancient America. When we touch the Indian of North and South America, it is the meeting of Aryan and the far older Atlantean.

And we can also understand that echoes of Atlantis may yet be heard along the west of Europe, and instead of being surprised at the legend of Votan belonging both to Scandinavia and South America, be prepared to find many more such links.

In closing, one may remark the curious recurrence of the number 13 in some of these American legends. There is the Maya chant from which we have quoted, beginning:

At the close of the 13th Age of the world —;

there is the Inca prophecy that in the reign of the 13th Inca, white men would come to them from their father the Sun. The Aztecs had a ceremony on the last night of each cycle of 52 (13x4) years, marking a recurrent point at which they thought the fate of their race hung trembling in the balance. There is a prophecy among the Winnebagoes that their nation shall be annihilated at the close of the 13th generation. STUDENT

Archeological Finds in Crete Are Creating Unusual Interest

WHO and what the Myceneans of Crete were, may be less of a disputed question once that the excavators, now busy in different parts of the island of Crete, have finished their labors. At four separate spots on the island diggings are being rapidly pushed on, and the treasures being daily brought up again to the light of the sun, after reposing in the darkness and oblivion of the bosom of Mother Earth, cannot but be links in the chain of evidence archeology is forging towards proving community of interests and racial affinities between prehistoric peoples now all but forgotten. Italians, English and Americans are the nations represented in this work. Pottery and implements, both of stone and bronze of that far-off time, will yield to us the secret of the ages; and will be strands in the Ariadne's thread to lead us back to the life of our forgotten ancestors. Knossos, Phaistos, Palaikastro and Gournia, on the Gulf of Mirabello, are where this work is being carried on, producing results beyond expectation. At Knossos, a great Mycenaean palace is now cleared, and this place is remarkable for its frescoes, gypsum flooring, drainage system, baths, and for all the signs it gives us of a people loving not merely wealth and ornate architecture, but also one possessed of the spirit of true art. One very interesting thing in the way of finds, is a large rectangular tomb, remarkable because it presents such a striking contrast to the usual bee-hive tombs of Greece proper.

However, as far as the excavations have gone this spring in Crete, it is said that the combined finds from Knossos, Palaikastro and Gournia cannot compare with the archeological value of the sherds of a vase of black steatite, or soapstone, which was uncovered at Agia Triada. This vase, or bowl, became the object of most unusual interest and admiration on the part of archeologists. It shows a new type of the Mycenaean shield, and one of the three figures is so exquisitely carved, that it may truly be looked upon as prophetic of the renaissance of later Greek art, centuries after. On another steatite vase discovered by the same excavator, were figures of unrivaled interest, not only to the archeologists, but to the art student. Three of the zones of ornamentation depict a battle, while the fourth portrays a bull-hunt. The whole subject is treated with a dash, vigor and artistic individuality, which do not suffer by comparison with the best products of artistic skill in our own day. These three evidences of a prehistoric past, just given up to us by the earth, reveal to us a new page in history of the human race. Conservative thinkers say that they date from at least one thousand years before the florid period of the later Greek art; but what is there against the possibility of their coming down to us from a still remoter antiquity? What proof can be brought forward that they do not? In what way would it insult human intelligence if a cipher were added to that period of a thousand years? Were these ancient Myceneans Pelasgic in race, or were they Pelasgic-Hellenic? Sufficient time had elapsed between that unknown period, and the flowery period of Greek art, for the one to fade away into oblivion, nearly; and for the latter to be born, as it were, from the sons of Grecian soil proper. Could this take place in the short space of one thousand years? STUDENT

Nature

Studies

Ants May Have Emotions Like Humans

INSECTS are not often credited with emotions, but a very little study of their life will readily satisfy any observer that in many respects their feelings are just like our own.

The writer conducted two little experiments with two neighboring nests of ants, which evoked some amusing and very human traits of ant feeling. One of these groups occupied a chamber of their own excavation below the surface of a hard road. Down to it led three or four holes, the openings of little descending passages. A small beetle strolled along, and the writer pushed him into one of these. In a moment he reemerged in the grasp of an ant a quarter his size. The ant was obviously furious. He dragged his captive about an inch, then let him go; stood in front of him a moment, clearly using very violent language; re-seized him and dragged him another inch or two; dropped him again and circled around him, still hurling defiance. Then the beetle recovered from his astonishment and hurriedly departed, followed for some little distance by the wrathful ant. Not till the intruder was several inches away did the ant return to the hole. And on the journey back he met a friend to whom he manifestly related the horrid circumstance.

Another group had just set up house. A minute hole had been made leading to a small chamber. Great numbers of ants were busy coming up from below bringing each his grain of earth, and around the entrance hole was now a little encircling mound of these grains. Taking the opportunity when all happened to be below, the writer carefully swept away the mound. In a moment an ant emerged from the hole bearing his grain. To his amazement there was no mound! Letting his grain fall he rushed wildly down into the depths, and with one's eye to the hole one perceived intense excitement below. No ant appeared for some minutes, but at last one deputy cautiously put up his head and finally ventured to emerge. He surveyed the situation and walked around a good while. At length he went to the hole and communicated his discoveries to the multitude below. He said that with reasonable caution there was no danger, and six or eight came up and were taken around by him. Finally all returned. The writer then scraped up the scattered mound with his little finger and replaced it around the hole. Waving antennæ and a little black head appeared in a moment, and then one or two more. The situation was too much for them; the mound had come back! So they instantly fled into the depths. Now a long time elapsed, but finally one and then another appeared, who reported things below. More consultation followed, and at last a steady upward stream began again, each ant with his grain. But this time, for a reason not clear, they did not deposit the grain *on* the mound, but with some care on the far side of it. Probably that seemed somehow safer.

All this was very amusing, considering the minuteness of the creatures. But if one looks at the affair and the actors through a mental microscope and makes them *men*, we shall find their conduct and obvious emotions just what ours would have been.

OBSERVER

It was a kind-hearted farmer in the Michigan fruit belt who turned the nozzle of the insect spraying hose away from a plum in which a robin with an appealing eye had its nest. The husbandman used the hose on all his other plum trees, but when he came to pick his crop, lo, the robin tree yielded four-fold that of the others.

BACK TO THE WOODLANDS

by S. O. SELMAN

BACK to the woodlands again I must go,
For I hear sweet Spring calling me there.
Back to the trees and the soft grass below
That waves in the soft balmy air.

How can I tarry? How can I stay,
When I hear that voice calling to me?
I must off to the woods where the tiny birds play.
There I'm happy as happy can be.

I sit on the grass in the cool fitting breeze
That blithesomely blows o'er the height;
I follow the paths on along through the trees
Till they lead me far on, out of sight.

O woods, how I love these thy trees and thy brooks
And all the sweet things that I see!
How I'd like to live here in thy cool shady nooks,
Where I'm happy as happy can be!

The birds overhead sing their songs bright and gay,
The stream murmurs on at my feet;
And all of my troubles and cares pass away,
Giving place to thoughts good and sweet.

Oh! cities are beautiful, buildings are grand,
But God's woodlands are greater to me
With their trees and their flowers by summer winds fanned,
Where I'm happy as happy can be! — *Selected*

Sitting by the Sea at Point Loma.

SITTING by the sea and listening to its bombardment of the sullen cliffs, or gazing to the confines of sight where the purple haze of far away mountains blends with a misty sky, or out over the ocean to where the curve of the world interrupts the vision, there come strange mental states as though the flow of gentle waters were smoothing the sands of thought and noiselessly submerging the rocks of perplexities and doubts. How, indeed, can we resist the great consciousness of nature or any more defend the barriers of self-will which we have built between ourselves and the vastnesses around us? If we would escape from the assaults of nature we must turn our backs upon the sea and go back once more to the daily pettinesses in which we have made our home. To stay by the sea is to surrender to the sea.

But we will stay and receive whatever good gifts nature may have for us. Have we not indeed a right to be here as those who are self-exiled and for whom the door stands ever open? As we listen and gaze, the sounds of the sea sink ever lower and lower, becoming parts of ourselves as from ages of familiarity.

There is no longer the bombardment upon the cliffs, nor the wash of the waves upon the stones, but only the eternal ebb and flow of thought and the rhythmic pulsation from the caves of memory. There is no more any sound at all but the sound of the inner silences as the soul of the sea broods with a tremendous peace over its mountains and its deeps. We have transfigured nature into an idea. We have created a new heaven and a new earth.

Nature teaches us nothing until we identify ourselves with her, until we gaze upon her so that the outer vision becomes an inner one, until we listen to her so that the outer sound becomes the inner silence. Then indeed she shows to us ineffable things and whispers words that may not be uttered in the speech of man. Then she makes us know that we were with her when time was not, that when she laid the foundations of the world we too were there. She has carried us onward and upward upon the tides of time, hiding within us the pearls of her surpassing wisdom, nourishing us, even in our estrangement, from the veins of her mighty life. Well was it said that "the mind is eternal, in so far as it conceives things under the form of eternity."

Only the eternal recognizes the eternal, only as we die to the transient can we live in the majestic life which moves the seas upon their way and establishes the mountains upon their foundations. STUDENT

Botanists Say N-Rays Are Emitted from Plants

BOTANISTS have recently been investigating the N-rays, and we are told that they are emitted from plants as well as from nerves and muscles, and that the fluorescent screen will glow when brought near to the plant, especially the leaves and the roots, where the effect is more pronounced than in the case of the flower. N-rays are emitted from such plants as onions and mushrooms, so that they do not seem to depend upon the presence of chlorophyll, or green coloring matter, their intensity being apparently due to the activity and condition of the vegetable protoplasm. This was shown by the fact that the N-rays were produced from germinated seedlings, and not from those which had not germinated, while their emission was stopped entirely on using chloroform to suspend the vital activity of the plant. STUDENT

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

AN exceptionally large audience filled Isis Theatre last Sunday evening at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and although illness made it impossible for Katherine Tingley to be present, the Raja Yoga chorus from Lomaland gave several of their best selections, captivating the audience as usual, and there was a highly interesting and instructive address by Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, besides the customary program of instrumental music by the students of Isis Conservatory. Dr. Van Pelt's address was entitled "The Parting of the Ways," and is given entire, as follows:

LOMALAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

"The Parting of the Ways," an Interesting Address by Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt---Raja Yoga Children

Reprinted from the San Diego News

"There is an old story of Hercules, that at a certain point in his life he was shown two wonderful roads, which divided and led in quite different directions. One looked comfortable and easy and was full of attractions. The sun was shining along the path, the flowers were everywhere. The sky was blue. There were many shade trees and beguiling resting places. Fruits and foods were freely offered by the hand of nature, and all needs could be supplied without effort. But in the distance it looked dreary and empty and lonely. The other road was full of difficulties and obstructions. It was rugged and rough. There were burdens to be lifted and faces to be brightened. Plainly he who would travel this road would have to clear his path, and the flowers that were to grow here could only spring up *behind* the feet of the one who should tread it. But beyond, in the distance, there was a great light, and it looked warm and friendly and inviting.

"Which will you choose?" said Athena. And he, being Hercules the great, could not hesitate. He had become what he was, able to do, to bear, to overcome because he had accepted the duties and burdens of life as they came. He had evolved himself into a Hercules, a name which has become a synonym for strength. So that when the great parting of the ways came, his choice was already made.

"Such great partings as these are always coming to individuals, to communities, to nations. They may be called judgment days—days on which those concerned settle their own accounts. The decision is not made at the time of the crisis, but little by little in all the preceding days. The action at that time will be almost automatic. It will be inevitable, and the careless or pessimistic will say it was by fate that the balance tipped as it did, without reflecting that every one involved had thrown his weight in the scale. Or they may be called examination days, when in the school of life, each one reveals himself. They are examinations for which no one can cram, and in which, in spite of himself, each one is bound to lay bare his real motives, and show of what metal he is made. In vain he may plan to appear what he is not. When the moment arrives, he will uncover himself, and reveal to himself and the world his weaknesses and his strength. And these revelations will continue to be surprising, shocking, painful, overwhelming, until it is realized that every moment is a moment of choice, that it is eventful, sacred, and that on its use hangs the fate of empires.

"Every moment the patterns of our lives are being woven, every moment our characters are being molded. Every instant we are giving an impulse of some sort to our bodies, our minds, our hearts.

"People so commonly fail to see what are the real issues in every issue. They fail to see that besides the significance which belongs to any act externally, some sort of tendency has been given to the character of the person who did it. For instance, something is met which ought to be attended to. Shall we do it, or let it pass? It seems of little consequence. The disadvantages to others seem so very slight if we neglect it. The trouble seems out of proportion to the results. The need for it will have passed in a few hours, and the world will go on as well without it. This may be. There must be certain consequences belonging to the doing or not doing of that act per se. And they may or may not be easy to face later.

THE sophism which is my ruin, is that of most men who complain that they want strength of mind; when the time has already gone past for making use of it. Virtue only costs us an effort from our own fault; and if we were always willing to use forethought, seldom would we require any exertion to be virtuous. But inclinations at first easily withstood draw us on without resistance; we yield to slight temptations, the dangers of which we are apt to despise. By degrees we fall into perilous situations from which we might easily have saved ourselves, but from which we are now no longer able to withdraw without heroic efforts which frighten us, and we fall at last into the abyss, saying to God, "Why have you made

But there is another consequence, not so trifling, which is apt to be overlooked. A tendency to laziness has been distinctly formed in that character. If all similar situations in one week, one month, one year, are met in the same way, a strong enough bent has been formed to make one look indolently on matters of much greater moment. And

after a time, suddenly a great crisis occurs, one in which a failure to act may affect the happiness of a lifetime. And lo! the moment passes, and he, who had started simply in thinking it too much trouble to give a passing comfort to a neighbor, has wrecked his own life.

"Even every crime must some time have had a small beginning. A man kills another under the influence of the passion of jealousy. But there must have been a time, however far back in the history of that life, when there was simply a passing thought, a desire to hold a personal affection he had no right to. And this must have been nursed and nursed until finally it became a ruling passion.

"Think of the habits of body and mind that people allow themselves to form every day. If we could only realize that every set of tendencies which we call a habit that is not laid in accordance with the Law is bound some time to be overcome by it, surely we would consider the work we do each moment. Either we must by suffering and toil and weariness, day by day, undo that which we have so carelessly done, or suddenly in some storm of life we will be roughly torn from our ruts and our moorings and swung into line, all bleeding and sore.

"It is not pleasant to face these matters. Our little faults are so little—vanity, a desire to be considered first, a willingness to be a little false, a lack of courage to defend an unpopular truth, a love of ease, a wish to appear always in the right, and many other things, which most people know so well how to cover up with a host of virtues. These are the things we all meet every moment, and we have the choice of turning into the road which leads into them, and there feeding, nourishing and gently covering them from sight, letting the roots run deeper and further, or turning into the other roads which part from these.

"How the choice is made may seem to each rather unimportant, or at least important only to himself. And yet the sum of all these little choices produced once, for instance, the French Revolution. How little they of those days dreamed what flame their choices would one day fan! The sum of the tendencies created burst forth, and none could handle them, but the choice of each foregoing moment had been absolutely free to each.

"The only safety for the world lies in realizing this, in learning the sacredness and the meaning of the moment, and feeling its responsibility. Eternal vigilance is needed, which is a something so difficult to obtain. For though many can be alert when danger is immediately threatened, but few know that danger is certain if they are not alert, and it is so easy to be lulled into a false security.

"The constant sense of warfare is a result of all the wrong tendencies we have formed and the wrong habits of body and mind that have settled into us and become a very part of us. Were these once overcome, one can imagine a state of poise in which it would not be so difficult to keep one's balance. But even the overcoming has its pleasures. Is there any happiness the earth contains which is equal to that which comes to one who has honestly, faithfully, profoundly and without flinching, performed his duty; who has kept a clean heart in the midst of temptation and allowed no thought of self to intrude and deflect his course so much as a hair's breadth? The rugged path which Hercules chose was the one which held the deeper joy. Every step gained on it brought a fresh glow of life and health and the light and glory in the distance penetrated to every part. And the day came when Hercules, who typifies the hero sleeping in every man—the day came when he was able to loosen the chains of Prometheus, the soul who had come to earth to redeem it."

me so weak?" But in spite of us, He answers through our consciences; "I have made you too weak to get out of the pit, because I made you strong enough not to fall into it.

CURE the drunkard, heal the insane, mollify the homicide, civilize the Pawnee, but what lesson can be devised for the debauchee of sentiment? —Emerson

It is as useless to fight against the interpretations of ignorance as to whip the fog. —George Eliot

To TRY to conceal our own heart is a bad means to read that of others.

Disaster Wrought by Cyclone in Santiago de Cuba

LAS CUABAS, CUBA, June 15th, 1904

THE awful cyclone, which brought death and disaster in its train, has passed.

Santiago de Cuba, and the surrounding provinces, suffered most; and the teachers of the Raja Yoga School, and the children under their care, escaped with their lives. Oh! it was a terrible thing; it swept over the hills and valleys like an unseen monster.

Such floods of rain I never saw! We were at our Raja Yoga School, in Santiago, when the storm first began. Even then, the downpour of rain seemed to be washing out the very earth from under our feet. We were preparing to come out here for the night, to get away from the heat, already quite oppressive in the city.

Our twenty minutes' ride from Santiago to our destination seemed like an eternity to us. We fully expected to be washed down the street into the bay, but we all got safely to our school on the top of the hill. The commanding view we had of the city and bay and surrounding provinces, gave us an opportunity to see the larger picture of the storm and the awfulness of the gloomy scene all about. The tall palm trees on the grounds, some 40 feet high, swayed and bent under the force of the wind and the rain, until they were almost uprooted. Soon our big house was flooded, and we began to pile up cots, and place the children on them, to keep them from harm and exposure. The storm increased, and the water came pouring in. Every moment we expected to find the house and ourselves going down the hill, or the roof of the house blown off. General Wood, when he erected this building for his military headquarters in Cuba, must have anticipated storms and hurricanes; for we were spared the awful death we were menaced with. That night was truly a night of horror. You can imagine the teachers when the storm began, wading in the water in their mackintoshes, across the floors, under umbrellas (!) candles in hand, to look about, and keep the rest of the folks from being frightened to death. Even then the wind would sweep in, and we were often in darkness. When daylight broke over the hills, the storm had abated, but the marks of it were everywhere. Shrubby and plants uprooted, trees thrown down, the fences about our extensive grounds out of place, enormous cuts in the roadways. The families in our outbuildings came out alive; but as much terrified as we were. At the time I am writing we have pulled ourselves together, in thanksgiving to the great Law, for the safety of our building, and, most of all, for the safety of our dear children and teachers. I have just learned that the rain swept in to the first floor of our Raja Yoga School at St. Felix St., Santiago, doing some damage; but our library, pianos and most valuable furniture are safe.

The disaster in Santiago was very serious; many of the parents of our children have suffered very much through loss and exposure, which it will take a long time to remedy. The mining districts of El Cobre suffered especially severely, many houses being blown down, and many deaths. Other provinces, quite near by, had serious losses too.

It does seem as if these Cuban people had already had enough of misfortune. Millions of dollars damage to the roads alone! Chickens are

lost, no eggs, fish, fruit or vegetables in the market (we fortunately had a supply of canned goods on hand.)

The island needed assistance and financial help, but now it seems as if something must be done for their immediate relief, or the people never will survive such continued misfortunes.

What can they do alone? They have no farms, orchards, poultry or cattle. The daily supplies at the market seem far less than is necessary for the consumption of a city of much smaller size.

The only means of reaching the world or Havana by wire was by cabling to Jamaica, from there to the British Bermudas, thence to New York. No mail since last Saturday (this is Friday) except from the wrecked train en route from Havana. I believe a steamer has been dispatched from Havana, so we may soon hear something from other parts of the Island and outside.

Is it not possible for something to be done by the Americans, and members of our Society, to help those families who have lost their homes and everything? If you could see the naked children, running about, without even clothing —!

Well, I must leave the picture, and trust to the good hearts of the people whom you may enlist in the interest of these suffering Cubans. I must have food for some of the families of our school children in Santiago.

ALICE BOLTING

Secretary Raja Yoga Schools in Cuba

The children will be the greatest sufferers, for they not only need food and medicine, but they are also prevented from coming to school, for lack of proper clothing.

All moneys contributed for the aid of these sufferers should be addressed to Madame Olivia Peterson, Treasurer of the Cuban Raja Yoga Fund, Point Loma Homestead, Point Loma, California.

Japanese Subtlety

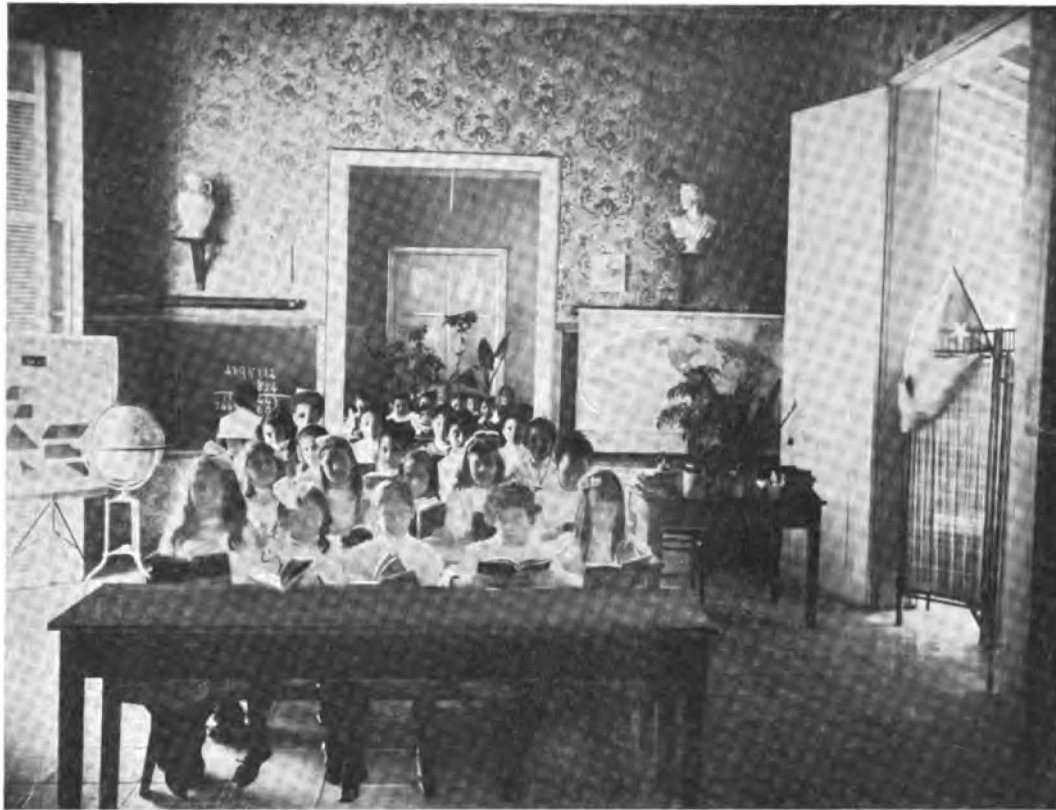
JAPANESE courtesy is famous; but there are certain peculiar shades of understanding in it, which a Westerner takes some time to fully grasp. Nor does the Jap, at first blush, quite grasp the intricacies of our own rules of social and commercial courtesy. To the point is the following:

A Japanese who had secured a situation on trial with some English house, was requested shortly after his appointment, to write to a customer who had been for some time past in debt to the house, and who seemed lacking in desire to settle. "Write briefly and politely, but let him see clearly that he must pay the money without further delay," said the cashier. Our Jap indited his epistle, and the following day brought a check for the money due. So quick a response, evoked the surprise of the Jap's superior, who asked to see the letter which had brought so speedy a settlement of the difficulty. Here it is:

DEAR SIR: — If you do not send us at once the money you owe us we shall be obliged to take steps which will cause you the utmost astonishment.

Respectfully yours

The combination of Oriental subtlety and Western vigor, proved most effectual!



A CLASS IN THE CUBAN RAJA YOGA SCHOOL AT SANTIAGO

In Touch With Japan ❖ Symbolic Fujiyama ❖

by Katherine
Tingley

Tokyo, April 14th, 1904

IN touch with Japan one cannot help sensing its antiquity, obscured as it is, in the historic sense. It is not difficult to believe that there is still lingering in the life-blood of this Japanese people the golden thread of a mighty past—a glorious civilization—a time when soul-life was the mainspring of all their progress. Who these people really are, and from whence they came, specialists in ethnology have failed to discover. The very mystery of their origin inspires one to dare to work out on lines of deep study the serious history of these interesting peoples. In view of known data, we turn our minds to ancient Japan, to about the Sixth century of our era, from which time, approximately, begins the admitted authentic history of the country. Behind that date a veil of obscurity has closed in the prehistoric records.

But does that mean that they are lost? That some day, under the touch of that Law which is the ever-guiding power in all human progress, they shall not be revealed and the missing links restored? As in the history of Egypt, we know that which seems lost there, if recovered, would reveal sacred records of a character to make all that we have of its antiquity seem but the shadow of the real. So it is with Japan today. Much as we have, to fascinate us and to hold us in admiration, in studying the characteristics of these peoples, we are here facing but the shadow of the real. And yet this shadow is one of great promise. As the atoms have their cyclic life, so do nations, and Japan, even in its warlike attitude, is at a cyclic point of its development, moving outward through struggle and death to a broader field, where it shall find that link which binds it to its ancient life. For in the ancient days, the wisdom of righting wrongs was applied to human life without bloodshed.

This, in the tide of human affairs, will bring forth to the world's recognition statesmanship and valor, so significant in their quality as to point only one way, to one fact: a reawakening of intuition. It is like opening *The Book of the Dead*, and reading from its pages of the wisdom of their great ancestors.

Who is there to prove that the sacred records of the origin and growth of these peoples have not been preserved?

We have but to study them seriously, impartially, to find a quality of devotion leading them which is a part of their very blood. And this marks the now hidden influence of the past. In the highest sense, obscured as is now their spiritual teaching, one cannot dispose of some evidences among them of an interior spiritual life: a soul-impress that urges them to do beyond their knowing. Searching the oldest records of the antiquity of some of the Oriental countries, here and there, is recorded testimony of devotion to sacred mountains. What think you of the revelations that the hidden and most ancient records of the Himalayas might reveal? And even some of the old mountains of old America? Or, of those older than all, now buried out of sight in the depths of the seas?

Atlantis and Lemuria are no longer visible to us; but they did exist, and Japanese people may still hold, in their inner courts, some of the wisdom of old passed on by word of mouth from their venerable ancestors. All along the ages, the seeds of truth are sown in the hearts of men. Some fell by the wayside and some on stony ground; but there is enough of these still left in the Japanese to hold them united in trust, in an unspeakable faith of their own divinity; and in a love of Humanity that surpasses in many ways anything that modern history has written.

There is much to learn from the Japanese, especially in their devotion to high ideals. Imperfect as may be the Shinto religion, and the Buddhistic teachings; imperfect as may be all the forms of worship of the Japanese, they have not lost the Heart Doctrine, which is the basic life of all human progress. Today, there does exist in Japan, deep in the mountain forests, those who have preserved some of the real and inner knowledge that belongs to the Japanese people particularly. As far as the Japanese people have wandered from the Light, through the confu-



sion of conflicting religious teachings, so far have they to retrace their steps back to that state of consciousness that brings man face to face with himself, and the laws governing his being.

It is the urge of the old spiritual life that is teeming in the blood of the Japanese today; and a wave of spiritual devo-

tion overshadows them, in their efforts for the real. They are advancing, moving towards a higher state, to the time when there shall come to them, a blend of the mental and the spiritual life.

China, having preserved, more heroically and definitely, some little of its ancient knowledge, has helped Japan, even in these modern days. Let us look behind appearances, and human errors, and find that which is the redeeming quality in all men, and learn therefrom. Still, with a lingering devotion born of the past, they cling to the old; and imperfectly interpreting its teachings, they push on in devotion.

In retracing their steps back and upward to the ancient Light, theirs is an easy path, in comparison to that which many nations must travel ere they reach the height; for the Japanese people are not weighted down with the useless theological luggage of centuries, and with all the heavy Karma of the mistakes made in the holy name of God.

The history of Fujiyama, the mountain, and all its past associations unrecorded, might give the world a startling story, as strange and wonderful as the stories of Biblical lore.

Let us see what the written history is of this wonderful mountain. We quote from a writer on Japan, a Professor of Japanese and Philology in the Imperial University of Tokyo:

Natives and foreigners, artists and holiday-makers, alike fall down in adoration before the wondrous mountain, which stands utterly alone in its union of grace and majesty. During the Middle Ages, when Fuji's volcanic fires were more active than at present, a commonplace of the poets was to liken the ardor of their love to that which lit up the mountain-top with flame. Another poet, earlier still—he lived before the time of King Alfred—sings as follows:

There on the border, where the land of Kai
Doth touch the frontier of Suruga's land,
A beauteous province stretched on either hand,
See Fusiama rear his head on high!

The clouds of heaven in reverent wonder pause,
Nor may the birds those giddy heights essay
Where melt thy snows amid thy fires away,
Or thy fierce fires lie quenched beneath thy snows.

What name might fitly tell, what accent sing,
Thine awful god-like grandeur? 'Tis thy breast
That holdeth Narasawa's flood at rest,
Thy side whence Fujikawa's waters spring.

Great Fusiama, towering to the sky!
A treasure art thou giv'n to mortal man,
A God Protector watching o'er Japan—
On thee forever let me feast mine eye.

"The surveyors tell us Fuji is 12,365 feet high—an altitude easy to remember, if we take for *memoria technica* the twelve months and the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. The geologists inform us that Fuji is a young volcano, to which may be ascribed the as yet almost unbroken regularity of its shape. The beginning of degradation is the hump on the south side called Hoei-zan, from the name of the period when it was formed by the most recent eruption of which history tells. This eruption lasted with intervals from the 16th December, 1707, to the 22d January, 1708. The geologists further assure us that Fuji had several predecessors in the same vicinity, Mounts Futago, Koma-ga-take and others in the Hakone district, being volcanoes long since extinct. Futago, indeed, still has a crater which deserves a visit, so perfect is its shape and so thickly carpeted is it with moss and shrubs.

"Philology is the science that can tell us least; for no agreement of opinion has yet been reached as to the origin of the name of *Fuji*—anciently *Fuzi*, or *Fuzhi*. *Fuji-san*, the current popular (Continued on page 18)

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

The Earth Shows Wonderful Signs of Being a Living World

PLATO never gave us all his reasons for calling the earth a great animal. Perhaps because, since she is continually giving birth to living and conscious creatures, plant and animal, he inferred that she must herself be conscious. Max Nordau, in another way, suggests the same idea:

Nothing proves to us that there is not in nature some vast mind or consciousness, whose extent our circumscribed consciousness is unable to grasp. . . . The same elements that form the body and brain of a human being are also found in enormous quantities outside of the human organism; the forces that produce the vital processes, that is, the chemical and mechanical influences, electricity and other forms of power that are still unknown to us, are also to be seen in operation outside of the human organism. Who then is so bold as to assert that these elements and these forces are unable to produce a consciousness except in the form of a nervous system, except in the form of a human brain? Is it not conceivable and even probable, that the form of the nervous system is something accidental, and that the elements composing it, the forces operating in it, are all that is really essential? and that they can also serve for the foundation of a consciousness when they operate upon each other in a manner entirely different from that which prevails in the organisms accessible to the observation?

In other words, every molecule of this earth may be part of the ganglionic system of a vast earth-consciousness.

Assuredly, the earth does not behave like a dead thing, apart from the fact that she is the constant progenitrix of living creatures. Her surface is never still. The occasional earthquake is but an extreme degree of the ceaseless tremor going on everywhere.

Along with the earthquakes and tremors there are slower movements also always at work. A continent is slowly rising there, another becoming submerged here. And from time to time volcanoes tear their way through the crust.

The poles are in constant motion, apparently in some relation to earthquakes. It has been found that during the last eight years the axis of rotation moves through the earth's mass almost proportionately to the number of earthquakes per year. A man who desired to retain his place on the North Pole would have to do a good deal of walking around in small irregular circles.

And, as everyone knows, the magnetic poles periodically execute wide swerves from side to side. We must give up using the phrase *terra firma*.

So there are plenty of signs of life about the earth, and if our spiritual perceptions were not so dead we might perhaps *know* that she was alive, apart from any scientific considerations whatever. STUDENT

Does the Sun Control and Have Influence on the Weather?

FOR many years it has been the "correct thing" to deride the ancient belief that the heavenly bodies have any influence on the weather, but lately a change has taken place, for the eleven-year period of the sun spots and its probable connection with the weather, has become an important subject of research on the part of the United States Weather Bureau at Washington.

Professor Bigelow says:

We have been studying the problem for more than thirty years, and if we can give a satisfactory answer at the end of thirty more, I shall consider a great discovery has been made.

We are passing through a period of sun-spot maxima, and it is noteworthy that nearly the whole of the United States has been suffering from abnormal weather, too much or too little rain or sunshine according to the local circumstances. Also in England an extraordinary amount of rain has fallen during the past eighteen months, and in Egypt and other countries the crops are delayed.

Professor Bigelow suggests, rightly, that the whole earth should be affected by the solar changes, supposing they do control the weather. But it does not necessarily follow that they should produce rain or low temperatures in every region. The same cause may give rise to very opposite effects. It is quite possible that this dry spring in California may

have its origin in the sun's action, as well as the inclement weather of other parts.

But we know that the outbursts of sun-spots are accompanied by terrestrial auroras and magnetic storms, even to the interference with the telegraph and telephone systems, and as the synchronism of solar magnetic variations with our cold waves, variations of atmospheric pressure, and storm tracks is established, it follows that there must be a close connection between the weather and the sun-spots. Further, if it be true that the eleven-year period of Jupiter's revolution round the sun is the cause of the sun-spots, as is reasonably advanced, we are coming very near the position held by the wise men of old. The law of cycles governs in every department of nature, as we are rapidly rediscovering. The importance of the recognition of this law is immeasurable, for it will help us to anticipate events in our own life-cycle as well as in the wide fields of nature. R.

Consumption Is the Cause of the Largest Number of Deaths

THE Tuberculosis Symposium before the Illinois State Medical Society gave birth to some remarkable statistics illustrating the penalties we pay for town life.

Consumption causes about 12 per cent of the total deaths in that State, and considerably more in some others. The bulk of these deaths occurs in towns and cities. And the consumption death rate is highest in that part of any city which is most crowded. Of all occupations, it is highest among clerks, men who spend a long day in close offices—higher than among the wives of the same men. For the women, on the whole, go out more than their husbands, and the clerk's residence is often in the suburbs.

Throughout the United States, out of 2000 deaths from consumption, 160 will be of whites, 470 of negroes, 490 of Indians, and 640 of Chinese. Excepting in the case of Indians, this would probably represent something like the relative congestions of their residential quarters, though other factors are also concerned. The Japanese rate is hardly higher than the white.

The disease is in fact among chronic maladies that one which takes quickest advantage of depressed vitality; and the most universal cause of depressed vitality, operative in cities continuously and from infancy onward, is vitiated air and excluded sunlight.

It was generally recognized that the open air regime without intermission is the necessity; and that for the victim of consumption, tent life throughout the year, even in Illinois, is his best chance. The next point is diet; the last—if anywhere, medicines. HERBERT CORYN, M.D.

Incubators Are Not Better "Hatchers" Than the Mother-Hen

ASCIENTIST has been making himself merry over the "popular superstition" that a hen, in incubating her eggs, furnishes them with any "mysterious life magnetism." In his view, it is simply the warmth of her body that effects the egg changes. He rests his contention on the fact that eggs submitted to the action of an incubator, and thus mechanically mothered, hatch in as large numbers and as healthily as those under the care of the hen.

If this is true, it is obvious that the hen does furnish nothing but warmth. And it is true as regards the actual numbers and apparent health of the chicken. But beyond that, facts and figures are lacking. We do not know the relative length of life or future health, or egg-laying capacity, of chicks hatched respectively in the natural and artificial manner. And until we have sets of such figures carefully obtained, any assertions are mere dogmatism. The probabilities certainly are—considering what we have lately learned of the invisible emanations of living bodies—that something more than warmth is furnished to her eggs by the hen, and that the lack of this is manifested some way further on in the chicken's life. Science will have to get over its horror at the idea of "mysterious emanations." There is a good deal of unlearning as well as of learning awaiting its students, and the epithet of "charlatan" will have to be reconsidered in more than one case. STUDENT

A Silent Service

"It is such a pleasant house to go to!" said Mrs. Howard to her cousin. "You are so sure of a welcome, and the girls always seem to have something interesting to say or do. Esme is the musician of the family, Gertrude the artist, and Alice an all-round sort of girl. Mrs. Morris is an invalid, so Alice mostly acts as hostess, and though calling usually bores you, Lydia, I think you will enjoy meeting the Morris girls."

A faint gleam of amusement lit up the girl's tired eyes, then, stifling a yawn, she replied, "Don't expect me to be too enthusiastic over your protégées, Lisbeth; I have lost the capacity for any violent interest in people these days."

Lisbeth was used to her cousin's ways, and remained unruffled in the face of the lack of interest in the entertainment provided. So different were the two in character, that their friends used to say their friendship must be the result of "attraction by opposites."

The afternoon saw the energetic little lady and her visitor on their way to visit the Morris family. The relief of dropping into a comfortably-cushioned chair on the cool veranda, after their walk through the sunny streets, was at first sufficient for languid Lydia, and the feeling of relaxation absorbed all her energies. To Gertrude and Esme she was the subject of a good deal of interest, for Mrs. Howard was a great favorite of theirs, and her traveled cousin, on a fleeting visit, might be expected to be a welcome addition to the limited society of the quiet little mountain village.

Lydia's polite aloofness was rather a disappointment, for they were natural, open-hearted, friendly girls; but being in addition unselfish, and more given to making things pleasant for other people than expecting others to do so for them, they quickly fell in with her mood, and turned their attention to Mrs. Howard.

"Did she know their mother was away on a visit to their uncle? She went yesterday. Such dissipation for an old woman!"

"Frank was home for a few weeks, and what fun it was to have a full-fledged M. D. in the house! Alice is quite an adept at bandages already," and so on.

The tea was fragrant and the cakes delicious.

Esme, dropping out of the conversation, sat silhouetted against the open doorway of the semi-darkened room beyond, softly playing on her guitar. Lydia, rested and refreshed, turned observing eyes upon the scene before her.

Quiet Alice was sitting by the tea-tray, her fingers busy with her knitting-needles; Gertrude sat on a low seat at Mrs. Howard's feet, gayly chatting to her. There was a lull in the gay chatter, and suddenly

the player struck a chord; then the voices of the sisters blended in sweetest harmony in one of those beautiful old songs which go straight to the heart.

It was an idyllic scene, the slowly sinking sun throwing long glints of light between the softly rustling leaves of the beautiful camphor laurels, and the sweet insistent perfume of the mignonette and roses, which bordered the veranda, wafted towards them in the wings of a gentle sunset breeze just springing up, a veritable zephyr.

Lydia took in the whole tone of the picture, and felt the witchery of the hour sink into her soul—a peace so different from apathy—a feeling of nearness to something good she had not felt since childhood. Her thoughts passed swiftly over the events of the last few years, years passed in travel and full of enjoyment.

The simple beauty of the scene before her, the pure affection that spoke in the sister's looks and words, caused her own life to stand out in bold contrast, and she thought with a tightening at her heart how her own growing love of luxury and ease had almost persuaded her to cut herself off from the joys of unselfish love and effort. She felt her mood

soften. Unbidden, tears rose to her eyes, she became aware of undefined longings in her heart, she felt that there was in her something better than she showed, better than she lived, a dim vista of possibilities unfulfilled and the vision of their fulfilment.

Mrs. Howard was warm and voluble in her praise and thanks as they rose to go.

Lydia's glance and handshake were eloquent of gratitude to Esme, though her lips were mute, and her smiling graciousness of farewell went far to remove the former impressions of her aloofness from the other sister's mind.

"I shall probably never see your friends again, Lisbeth," said Lydia on the morning of her departure, "but I shall never forget my visit to them."

Then, to her cousin's further surprise, "It has come home to me that life is a far nobler and more responsible thing than I had ever realized before," and stooping to kiss her farewell, she whispered with a happy little laugh, "I shall send you the largest slice of my wedding-cake—and please give them some

—I have decided to marry Jack Evans after all, and take my chance of making a good poor man's wife."

"And that is all she told me," said Lisbeth to her husband as she repeated the news to him, "but then Lydia never *did* explain herself. And she might have married a millionaire—or a title!"

ETHNE

DEEDS

by A. LAMPMAN

'TIS well with words, oh masters, ye have sought
To turn men's yearning to the great and true.
Yet first take heed to what your own hands do:
By deeds, not words, the souls of men are taught:
Good lives alone are fruitful: they are caught
Into the fountain of all life (where through
Men's souls that drink are broken or made new)
Like drops of heavenly elixir fraught
With the clear essence of eternal youth.
Even one little deed of weak untruth
Is like a drop of quenchless venom cast,
A liquid thread, into life's feeding stream,
Woven forever with its crystal gleam.
Bearing the seed of death and woe at last.

SIGHT

by A. LAMPMAN

THE world is bright with beauty and its days
Are filled with music: could we only know
True ends from false, and lofty things from low;
Could we but tear away the walls that graze
Our very elbows in life's frosty ways:
Behold the width beyond us with its flow,
Its knowledge and its murmur and its glow,
Where doubt itself is but a golden haze.

Ah brothers, still upon our pathway lies
The shadow of dim weariness and fear,
Yet if we could but lift our earthward eyes
To see, and open our dull ears to hear,
Then should the wonder of this world draw near
And life's innumerable harmonies.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: A little bird told me that you are all wondering how the Raja

A Raja Yoga Fourth of July

Yogas spend July 4th in Lomaland, and especially how they spent it this year. Well, another little bird has just told me something about it, and I'll pass the song-message on to you. Just before Independence Day Mrs. Tingley received a note from the boys and girls of the Raja Yoga School which read something like this:

DEAR MRS. TINGLEY: We know that you know what is in our hearts but we wish to tell you that Raja Yoga has taught us that firecrackers and a lot of noise are not at all necessary for our Fourth of July celebration. It would make us feel badly to burn up the money that could be made so useful in teaching Raja Yoga to other children. We can spell "picnic" in the air, and a bath in the old Pacific with lunch on the beach would be a fine celebration. With much love,

YOUR RAJA YOGA BOYS AND GIRLS

And that is how it came about that early last Fourth of July morning all the Raja Yogas climbed into the big tally-hos and bundled the tiny tots in with them and went off on a glorious ride to Ocean Beach. Was there ever such a beach anywhere else? No. Were there ever such children as the Raja Yoga children? Could one even imagine a more glorious day? The skies were as blue as California skies always are, with little fleecy clouds here and there, just enough to save the sunshine from being too warm, and a fine breeze came up about nine o'clock, which made the day as beautiful as Point Loma days always are, and that is saying a great deal. The Pacific never looked so beautiful and when it came time for the big ocean bath—and that is such a luxury to Raja Yogas, you know—you would have thought you were looking at a section of fairy-land with dozens of frolicsome brownies scampering about and running in and out of the breakers. And then after that splendid bath—for ocean bathing is one of the delights of the Raja Yoga children and one secret, I dare say, of their remarkable health—then came lunch time and the baskets were opened. There were extra good things in these baskets, as a matter of course, for these are extra good children, and their bodies are extra splendid and extra strong and they carry every day of their life extra responsibilities and, in fact, all felt that Independence Day was the opening of a year of glorious pioneer work. But the little letter tells you the real story. I do not need to dilate on the advantages of Raja Yoga after speaking of that.

The key-note of the whole sweet day was sounded in the speech made at Isis Theatre by one of the Raja Yoga boys, and this is it:

In 1776 this song for liberty-loving people resounded through America, and the people rejoiced. Hearts were made glad then; for in the thought of liberty there were entwined the sweet notes of peace and good will to men. *It was a glorious time.* Since that early day, America, Independent America, has swung itself into line on the onward march of progress with other nations.

As far as this word of Independence, and the spirit that lies back of it, has worked for right action, so far has our beloved America advanced; and no farther. Just as far as the word *liberty* has been misinterpreted and misapplied, so far has America retrograded. While we ever keep in mind all of our glorious achievements, we must not be unmindful of that which is in it, and yet not a part of it, that is, false ideas of liberty. It would be wise, would it not, for us today to get a new grasp of ourselves, so that we can mentally place ourselves where we can look out over

our broad and beautiful land, and discern its possibilities as well as its dangers. If we do this, cannot we make this day for ourselves

the most glorious of all the Fourths of July we have ever known? Behind liberty and independence, the spirit of unity must be the urging power: or else we grow not well to that point of progress which our forefathers prophesied by their noble work.

Look at the chances boys today have to build for the future on a solid foundation of fraternity! How my blood warms in me, when I recall those old heroic days, when a few American patriots became united in a fraternal effort for the benefit of the people! These patriots were men of heart; they loved their fellows, and they bent their energies to this mighty work of true freedom on the Fourth of July which we tomorrow shall celebrate.

Is it not time that we felt the need of making it more in accord with the spirit of the old days? Is there not too much of the gunpowder and firecracker odor about some of our celebrations? Might we not lessen up a bit, in this way, and be just as happy? I think that the Fourth of July should be to every American the beginning of something new in his life, for the betterment of himself and his country.

Let our celebration be one of recognition of the glorious work of our forefathers, this to become a breathing power to push us on to greater things! A hundred years from now we shall better know the meaning of the work of these great men: for knowledge will make the people of America find their way to a broader and more beneficent path of service in the name of liberty.

Peace, peace! Sound it through the land. Call up the people to do homage to the memory of our glorified ancestors! *For by their works even ye shall know them.*

Isn't there inspiration in this and isn't there promise that something better than America has ever yet known shall take its place yet at the center of things and at the helm?

Do you wonder that Raja Yogas are happy and strong and contented, that they go about their duties as joyfully as if they were birds? Do you

wonder that they are working hard and finding every duty and every lesson a joy, and that they are looking forward with absolute inspiration to the time when they shall carry to other children the splendid help and courage and devotion and common sense and heroism that Raja Yoga has brought to them?

UNCLE FRED



A RAJA YOGA PICNIC LUNCH AT LOMALAND

THE RAJA YOGA QUESTION BOX

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: What do you say to a Question Box, to be opened once a week during our Children's Hour? Let us hear from you about it. And how's this for a beginning?

1 Who was Josephus?

ANSWER—Josephus was a Jewish historian. He was born 37 A. D. At the age of fourteen he was very learned in law, and astonished the people by his learning. He wrote many books.

2 Who was Herodotus?

ANSWER—Herodotus was a great historian who lived in Greece and Italy 484-424 B. C. He read all the Greek books of his time and traveled in every land about which he wrote. His books give a picture of the life of the Greeks, Persians, Egyptians, and many other nations.

3 Who was Joan of Arc?

ANSWER—Joan of Arc was a poor village girl, born in France, 1412 A. D. Her country had long been oppressed by the English and had lost heart and hope. When a girl of seventeen Joan of Arc roused them to action, and led the French soldiers from victory to victory. She was called the Deliverer of France. But the people were ungrateful and let her fall into the enemy's hands. She was tried and condemned by the church, and was burned at the stake.

Students'



Path

THE WAY TO GOSSIP TOWN

HAVE you ever heard of Gossip Town,
On the shore of Falschood Bay,
Where old Dame Rumor, with rustling gown,
Is going the livelong day?
It isn't far to Gossip Town,
For people who want to go.
The Idleness train will take you down
In just an hour or so.

The Thoughtless Road is a popular route,
And most folks start that way;
But it's steep down grade; if you don't look out,
You'll land in Falschood Bay.
You glide through the valley of Vicious Talk,
And into the tunnel of Hate;
Then, crossing the Add-To Bridge, you walk
Right into the city gate.

The principal street is called They Say,
And I've Heard is the public well,
And the breezes that blow from Falschood Bay
Are laden with Don't You Tell.
In the midst of the town is Telltale Park,
You're never quite safe while there,
For its owner is Madame Suspicious Remark,
Who lives on the street Don't Care.

Just back of the Park is Slanderer's Row;
'Twas there that Good Name died,
Pierced by a shaft from Jealousy's bow,
In the hands of Envious Pride.
From Gossip Town, Peace long since fled,
But Trouble, and Grief, and Woe,
And Sorrow and Care, you'll meet instead,
If ever you chance to go.

Seek the Cause of Evil in Your Own Heart

TO say that perfectly wise and just Law determines everything that happens to us; that a chain of cause and effect connects our fortune with our deserts, though most of its links may be unseen; and that consequently it is impossible for anyone to get more or less than he deserves; to say this is easy. But to so realize its truth as to render it a real consolation and a valued guiding principle in all the affairs of our life is a question of time and labor. Nevertheless this latter can surely be done, and is done with steps that are sure if slow, as we daily advance along our chosen path of realizing Theosophical truths.

It is said in writings on Reincarnation and the law of Karma that many of the things which we undergo are the result of causes set going in *past* lives. But we must bear in mind that the germs or seeds which were sown in those past lives, and which are coming to fruition in the present life, were sown in the soil of our constitution and exist now as definite things in some part of our complex organism. It is perhaps not too much to say that all past tendencies and qualities are stamped into the very substance of our bones. Such a theory, at all events, provides a meaning for all the infinite variety of shapes which our bodies have, which otherwise would be an effect without a cause and a symbol without a significance.

And to accept such a theory merely requires that we should enlarge our present theories. It is easy to see how the Karma of a drunkard is impressed on the enfeebled body which he inherits, so that he enters this world branded with the stigma of his past mistakes. And the same with a person of fortunate heredity; and, in short, one could enumerate many cases in which the self-generated fate of a man is obviously stamped on his physique. Extending the application of this theory, may we not infer that all the various traits of character with which we are endowed

have their counterpart somewhere in our bodily mechanism, and that we all go about carrying, not only the stamp of our past, but the influences which tend to mold our future?

If this be so, we can understand that the things which happen to us in this life may be the natural consequence of our peculiarities of organization.

We do not know, in most cases, what it is that directs the so-called casual or fortuitous actions and events of our life; but there must be some cause for every effect, and to say that a thing happens "by chance," means nothing. Is there not perhaps something in our make-up that impels or attracts us to those places, those circumstances, and those people who will bring about our appointed destiny? If so, then a man who has sown (let us say) the seeds of marital unhappiness, will be drawn by this unseen something in his make-up to the very person best qualified to fulfil his self-made destiny for him. Or a person who has earned for himself the fate of being misled by false friends, will always attract or be attracted to such a circle of acquaintance.

Carried still further, this theory means that, when other people do anything to us, they merely give us what we ought to have—in fact what we ask for, or what some part of our nature is calling out for.

Though this is the extreme case, and is as hard to realize all at once as it is easy to write down, yet if we accept it as a truth we shall immediately begin to proceed along the path of its gradual verification. Starting from the opposite extreme of blaming somebody else for all that happens to us, we may come to see that *some* of our experiences at least are due to faults in ourselves. And practise will enable us, whenever we are ill-used, to more and more readily perceive where the fault in us lies that causes this ill-treatment.

But let us now abandon the wrong old way of regarding misfortune as a *punishment*, an idea fostered by the theological notion of a vengeful Deity. And let us regard affliction as a natural medicine, administered by that beneficent force in nature which heals and adjusts. Then we come to recognize that the treatment we receive from persons and circumstances is absolutely necessary to us, so long as we continue to harbor the germs in our character that cause and merit such treatment. We can acquire in this way a detached, philosophical, impersonal way of contemplating life, that will take the bitterness out of what we call misfortune.

To look at the matter from an opposite point of view, let us consider how we treat others and why. Has not each person we meet got an atmosphere of his own which absolutely compels us to treat him in a certain manner?

The summing up of the whole question is the familiar truth that we can find the key to the whole universe within ourselves; and that, by attending to our own heart and mind we can shape our whole life, modify all outward circumstances, and determine our relations with our neighbors. He who blames another, wrongly affixes the guilt; he should have blamed himself.

H. T. E.

CONSCIENCE is the voice of the Soul, the passions are the voice of the body. Is it astonishing that often these two languages contradict each other, and then, to which must we listen?

Incarnate Messages

THE mere existence of some people constitutes of itself a message of encouragement to those who think themselves too crippled and hampered by the unkindness of nature to fill *any* place in life. Think of Helen Keller, blind and deaf. Apparently almost absolutely cut off from relationship with the world and her kin, apparently doomed to a lifelong silence, to the existence of a vegetable, she learns to speak and write perfect English, becomes a university graduate, swims, rows and bicycles. Her temperament secures her more joy in life than nine out of ten people who are born with every sense and faculty. It would almost seem that her buoyant will and refusal to be conquered have compelled the development in her of subtle senses which do much to take the place of those she lacks.

Think of the negro, Blind Tom the pianist; and of that armless artist who held his brush and palette with his feet.

It would seem as if these souls purposely incarnated, voluntarily assumed their obstacles, in order to teach the rest of us that difficulties are made to be conquered, and that there are no difficulties that cannot be conquered.

STUDENT

LOYALTY

by GRACE H. BOUTELLE

WHAT is true friendship? Hear the answer, then!
 True friendship does not doubt, or fail, or fear;
 It turns to calumny a deafened ear;
 Its strength must needs be as the strength of ten
 Because it is so pure and selfless, free
 From morbid fancies and from vain alarms.
 His honor questioned? Quick! a call to arms
 To fight for him with might of loyalty!
 And when his world seems dark, through grief and care,
 Let friendship spread for him her wide, strong wings
 And bear him up so swift and far and high
 That every breath of clear, life giving air
 Brings rest and courage, hopes of better things,
 A healing calm, a great serenity.—*Selected*

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Of what value is prayer?

Answer First, we must understand what prayer is. Prayer is an appeal which we make to some inner power in ourselves. If the prayer is selfish, then we merely invoke our own selfish will-power; and if the prayer is unselfish, then it is our spiritual nature that we invoke. It is not reasonable to suppose that the supreme God of the universe is a personality who attends to each and every supplication, selfish and silly, or unselfish, that is addressed to him. This notion belongs to the narrow *theological* idea of God, as a person who is subject to caprice and moods. The Theosophical conception of God is far vaster and more reverent; it regards God as the eternal omnipresent Spirit of Life, Light and Wisdom, from whom all creatures have their origin. To address prayers to such a Spirit is ridiculous.

We are all under the rule of infinite wisdom, goodness and power; and to presume to make suggestions or petitions, in accordance with our little notions of what is good for us, is useless and shows lack of trust and faith in the Divine Law, as well as in ourselves.

The facts that warring nations pray against each other, and that individuals pray for themselves regardless of the general good, show that prayer (as ordinarily understood) is a personal matter. Needless to say no such selfish, ignorant prayer can reach any throne of grace. What we do, when we make such a prayer, is merely to strengthen our impatient desires; and the result, if any, is not likely to benefit us.

But now, is there such a thing as real Prayer, and, if so, what is it?

Yes; real Prayer is an earnest aspiration to reach to the Divinity in ourselves, and to discern the working of Divine Law, and to unite our own will with that Divine Will. In real Prayer, we do not desire anything specific, but feel a deep aspiration for the good of all—an acknowledgment of the perfect wisdom and justice of the Law. It is what Christ speaks of as "Praying to thy Father in secret;" and we may remember how he rebuked those who prayed in public.

To sum up, I would say that it is quite useless to pray in the ordinary, ignorant selfish way. True, the prayers of truly religious people may often contain an element of pure devotion mingled with the personal longings and ignorant ideas, and may thus to some extent elevate and purify the nature. But we should try to make our prayers all pure. To do this, *we must pray all the time; pray with our every action*—let each action be a prayer—not to throw oneself into some mental state, but simply to do our duty in the right spirit, and then each action will become Prayer. For, while mind and body are engaged with the right performance of duty, the Soul can instil wisdom and power into them. The best prayer is a constant trust in the Law and charity to all. H.T.E.

Question How can one enter the astral form and become conscious of it?

Answer I don't know, I have enough to do to try to be fully conscious in my physical form and while working on the physical plane. However, there are some self-styled Theosophists who will tell you all about it, with all its colors and tints and changes, but who nevertheless will not be responsible for the ill-health, shattered ner-

vous system, physical or mental break down that may follow your attempt to practically acquire such knowledge which they themselves more often than not merely pretend to. And we do not hear from them very much about the first step or the second, which our teachers have always insisted upon as leading to higher development.

H. P. Blavatsky said, "To live to benefit mankind is the first step; to practise the six glorious virtues is the second," and W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley say the same. No doubt, in the ordinary course of evolution we shall some day be fully conscious on all the planes of our being. Indeed, we are at times partly conscious now in the way referred to in the question, *e. g.*, in our dreams, and some of the so-called Theosophists referred to will give you all sorts of rules or practises to follow to attain such consciousness, but believe me, if you wish to retain a sane mind and a healthy body, beware of all such!

And while I still hold to my first answer, "I don't know," I can also say the opposite, I do know, at least so far as the preliminary steps which are the same for all true development, for the answer is given in the words quoted from H. P. Blavatsky. Our teachers have also taught us that it is unwise to push our investigations abnormally into the realms of thought of which we know so little, for we do not know the dangers that are there; and the only armor which is impenetrable in that realm is purity of life, and all absence of self-seeking.

We do not yet know one half of the marvels of the present life with its possibilities and powers and we never shall know them until we have purified our whole nature. So do you not agree with me that it is best to gain a little more experience in this realm before we push on unprepared into dangers we know not of? Have we not yet got a little more to do in this life first? Then it is sometimes well to ask, why do we want to acquire such experience? Are we quite sure it is not mere curiosity, or selfishness, or love of power? I assure you, friends, that when we can use what power we now have *rightly* and for the benefit of others, we shall have all these other powers, so far as they are right and useful, added to us. But have we yet made the armor of our souls impenetrable through purity and unselfishness?

Another answer was given to the question 2000 years ago by the teacher who said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you."

So if you want to know, if you really desire true knowledge, "seek first the kingdom of God." But this must be *first*, not second or third or in any other place.

"Nothing Is Great or Small in the Divine Economy"

PERHAPS the impossibility of mentally grasping a conception of space is never more forcibly impressed upon us than when we try to adjust our ideas of bulk to the microscopic life with which the world teems. We learn with awed astonishment of the number and complexity of the items which aggregate in a human, bovine, or other large animal body, and we unconsciously form an idea that so many organs fill so much physical space. Then we find some tiny parasite upon this large body, and the idea more or less definitely occurs that, because it is smaller, it must be a "simpler" form of life. But the microscope shows its structure to be even more complex than that of its comparatively gigantic host, and that it has organs as delicate in proportion to its size as are those of the greater creature. And then, wonder upon wonder, we find that it also has parasites upon a similar scale of relative size, but not perceptibly simpler. Indeed, we believe that the microscope has never revealed the utmost extreme of minuteness in living form, and no positive assurance can be given that the smallest microbe ever seen does not have its bacteria and germs to guard against.

On the other hand, we find that we ourselves are cells or parasites(?) of a national body with its organic life; and it, in turn, of the race, and so on; worlds combining into systems, and systems into universes, until the mind loses itself in the stupendous query propounded by some modern astronomers, whether the whole visible stellar creation is not a living unit; one among other units, which, in turn— At the other end of the scale we find ourselves trying to understand how molecules and atoms can pass through the veins and arteries of an infusorium.

Nothing remains to us but to recognize our standards of comparison and our limits of perception. Perhaps Space is only an aspect or phase of matter and not an attribute of it. R. W.

A COMMON DESTINY

from HORACE

WHATEVER our rank may be,
 We all partake one common destiny!
 In fair expanse of soil,
 Teeming with rich returns of wine and oil,
 His neighbor one outvies;
 Another claims to rise
 To civic dignities,
 Because of ancestry and noble birth,
 Or fame, or proved pre-eminence of worth,
 Or troops of clients, clamorous in his cause:
 Still Faith doth grimly stand,
 And with impartial hand
 The lots of lofty and of lowly draws
 From that capacious urn
 Whence every name that lives is shaken in its turn.

In Touch With Japan---Symbolic Fujiyama

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

name, simply means 'Mount Fuji,' *san* being Chinese for 'mountain.' *Fuji-no-yama*, the form preferred in poetry, means 'the mountain of Fuji' in pure Japanese, and the Europeanized form *Fusi-yama* is a corruption of this. But what is the etymology of 'Fuji' itself? The Chinese characters give us no clue. Sometimes the name is written 'not two,' that is, 'unrivaled,' 'peerless'; sometimes 'not dying,' 'deathless'; and with this latter transcription is connected a pretty legend about the elixir of life having been taken to the summit of the mountain in days of yore. Others write it 'rich scholar,' (Students of Theosophy please note) a more prosaic rendering, but no whit more trustworthy. Probably *Fuji* is not Japanese at all. It might be a corruption of *Huchi*, or *Fuchi*, the Aino name of the Goddess of Fire; for down to times almost historical the country round *Fuji* formed part of Aino-land, and all eastern Japan is strewn with names of Aino origin."

We quote again:

The Japanese are fond of saying *Fuji* is inhabited by a lovely goddess named *Kono-hanna-saku-wa-hime*, which, being interpreted, means "the Princess who makes the Blossoms of the Trees to Flower." She is also called *Sengen*, or *Asama*, and numerous shrines are dedicated to her in many provinces. The peasants of the neighboring country-side often speak of *Fuji* simply as *O Yama*, "the Honorable Mountain," or "the Mountain," instead of mentioning its proper name. One of *Hokusai's* best picture-books is his *Fuji Hyakkei*, or "Hundred Views of *Fuji*,"

executed when he had reached the age of seventy-six. In it the grand mountain stands depicted from every point of view and under every possible circumstance and a few impossible ones; for instance, the artist gives us *Fuji* in process of being ascended by a dragon. (Students note). According to a popular superstition, the ashes brought down during the day by the tread of pilgrims' feet reascend spontaneously at night. The mountain is divided into ten stations, and formerly no woman was allowed to climb higher than the eighth. (!)

Is it the spirit of devotion, shown by the Japanese people to this beautiful symbolic mountain, impressed into the very atmosphere of its surroundings, that makes one feel its mystic charm? Or is it that somewhere near or about that mountain, at times, are found teachers sent forth to help the people by lifting the veil, little by little, according to their understanding; lifting the veil that shuts out the light of Japan's ancient glory?

May it not be that this delicate thread of spiritual devotion of the Japanese people, will bring them ere long to another cycle, when shall be revealed through them, truths undefiled? A Master of Wisdom has said it shall be so.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

Human Nature at Religious Congresses

WHAT weird side-lights upon human character are sometimes thrown by the denominational congresses which are now so prominent! At one of these recent congresses the delegates were for a time convulsed by the world-shaking problem of theatres and card playing. One of the speakers is represented as saying, "For thirty-two years I have not gone to dances nor played cards. I have kept up my spirituality by living up to the rules of the church."

There are, no doubt, many ways of doing the same thing, even of keeping up one's spirituality. Christ's way of doing this may be found in the Sermon on the Mount, but those who follow him do not unobtrusively call attention to their own spirituality. In the early days of Christianity there was some kind of prejudice against those who stood at street corners and thanked God that they were not as other men.

Another speaker appealed to the Congress as "a woman and a mother." Another woman had told her that she had a son, 17 years of age, who was waiting for the decision of the Congress before making up his mind whether or not to go to the theatre. Why, there are children in the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, not yet three years of age, who can discriminate between right and wrong without asking any one. This young man has evidently exchanged his conscience for a Congress and we fear he has made a very bad bargain.

STUDENT

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JULY	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
4	29.732	68	59	62	58	.00	SW	5
5	29.738	67	60	65	59	.00	W	3
6	29.746	68	58	62	58	.00	SW	4
7	29.726	69	60	65	60	.00	W	gentle
8	29.772	69	60	65	60	.00	SW	4
9	29.828	71	60	65	60	.00	SW	5
10	29.808	69	61	66	62	.00	NW	12

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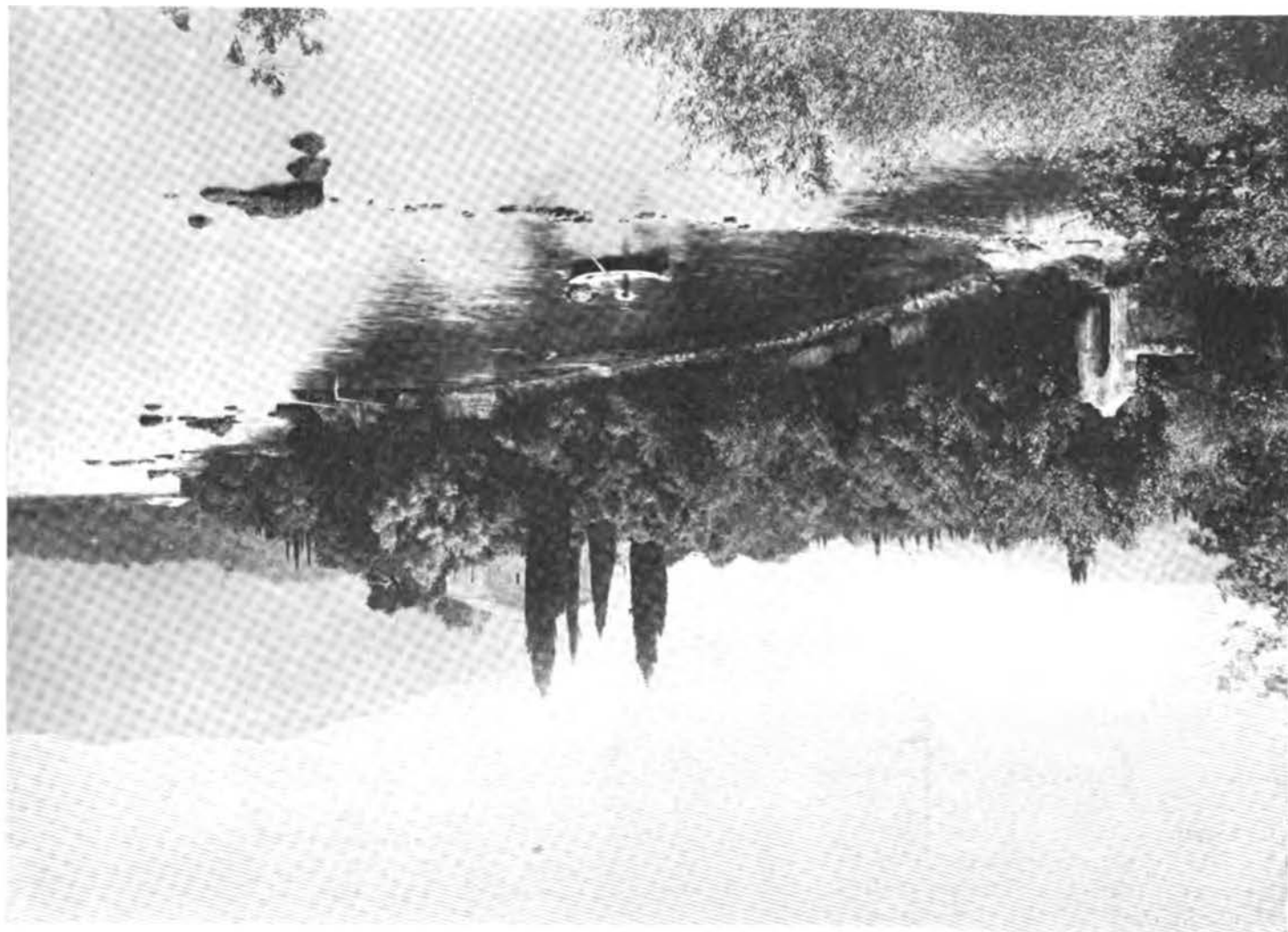
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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Credit for Some Sermons
Coming Southwest Metropolis
Mysticism vs. Theology
The Sun
American Bible Society
Italian Lake Scene—frontispiece

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Indifference of Powers
Hypnotism of Children
Humanity's Organism
Lead Astray by Costumes
Danger by Proxy
Arbitration Treaties
Scarcity of Frogs' Legs

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Music Misunderstood
An Artist's Words
Franz Liszt (illustration)
Japanese Color Print

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

What Does It Mean?
"Holy Mother" of Asia
Russian Courtesy
Work and Contemplation (verse)
Nerves & Spinning-wheel
Women Sanitary Inspectors
Greek Peasant (illustration)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

A Senile Race
Ancient Syrian Irrigation
Skill of Ancient Craftsmen
Restoration of Athenian Stadium
Logos and Red Indians

Page 9—NATURE

Judge by the Blossom
Meaning of Color in Flowers
Chameleon's Changing Colors
San Luis Obispo's Fruits
Little Gypsy Moth

Pages 10 & 11—GENERAL

Sydney, Australia—illustrated
Fourth of July at
Point Loma
Who Shall Unlock
the Truth?

Page 12—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Katherine Tingley's Address at Isis Theatre

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Age of Science—Bolder
& Broader Investigations
Research in the Right
Direction for Cancer
Chemical Calculations as to
the Earth's Age

Pages 14—FICTION

The Sorrow of Dyfed
Fragment (verse)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Growing
A Prisoner
American and Cuban Raja
Yoga Children in the
Flower Gardens of
Lomaland (illustration)
Raja Yoga Question Box

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

The Optimist (verse)
Day-Dreaming a Dangerous
Self-Indulgence
The Dead Past
An Offer to Infidels
Theosophical Forum
National Festival Education

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

The Power of Silence

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Credit Due for Some Pulpit Remarks

FOR a long time past we have been aware that some of the matter in the NEW CENTURY PATH is being more or less regularly annexed, and uttered from certain pulpits, without acknowledgment. Sometimes the annexed matter is reissued nearly verbatim; sometimes diluted and colored a little.

This may be a compliment, but we are willing to forego it. We have no objection to furnishing the reverend gentlemen concerned with new ideas, nor to their uttering the same from their safe seats of authority, were but the rest of their matter in the like spirit with that which they annex. For the question of conscience in this sort of literary "conveyance" is for themselves to settle. But those who settle it in the con-

venient way we have said happen to be also those to whose annexations we have an objection quite otherwise founded. It is precisely these persons whose other utterances are absolutely out of tune with the matter which they "lift" from our columns.

In certain spheres the NEW CENTURY PATH is the enemy of dogma, the enemy of every attempt to cripple the human mind by forcing it to assent to statements which have no meaning, or whose meaning it cannot understand, or which outrage its sense of justice.

Sermons of Little Benefit if Mixed

And it is with such statements and dogmas that the annexed paragraphs from our columns and columns from our pages are forcibly allied. The mixture is administered as a whole, the poison with that which under these circumstances is not its antidote but its sustainer. We have no remedy. We seek none—save the widening circulation of the NEW CENTURY PATH. For when, in the libraries of every town, this journal is to be found, the most "liberal-conscienced" of this class of reverend will hardly venture to submit as his own that which his hearers will have read elsewhere.

And beside this—already rapidly coming about—the passage of the years and months is providing another remedy. The days of dogma are now few, as few as those of its ally and enemy, materialism. The shadows of medievalism are dissipating. A new consciousness is waking in the human heart to which old formulas and old systems of thought have simply no application. It is to voice this that the NEW CENTURY PATH exists, to render it in terms of thought, to show its cleansing and vivifying power over every worthy department of human activity. We hold that human life is about to be reborn on a new and higher level; that it will presently be apulse with a new joy; that the attempted reign of

Philosophy Very Old & Practical

Brotherhood which dissolved into such awful chaos at the end of the Eighteenth century will now prevail and order all things into a new cosmos. In that belief, and in its spirit, every word of our columns is written. They will keep steadily apace with the new heart-consciousness dawning, translating it into speech intelligible of all. We propound no new philosophy; it is a very old one; and no new religion. We try to express the spirit beneath all religions, that makes them one, and that will presently also shine its quickening rays into all arts, activities and sciences. For its cyclically recurrent period of action has come. All may find it in their hearts, and all lovers of humanity will try to give it expression in thought, feeling and deed. STUDENT

The Coming Metropolis of the Great Southwest

THIS metropolis, so many thinkers say, is to be the city of San Diego, California. And there are reasons innumerable why this should be so. Its even, temperate and exquisite climate; its more than ideal natural surroundings, unsurpassed by the far-famed bay of Naples, or by the historic and romantic isles of Greece; its natural position with respect to the coming nations of the Greater Pacific, and the débouchement thereof into of more than one system of railroads for that very end and for that very reason—these are a few of the causes which will inevitably tend to draw the millions, of people, as well as of money.

On the waters of this beautiful bay will be seen at no very distant period, the shipping of all maritime nations, and the bay offers to such perfect protection from the dangers both of wind and sea.

Today, this city on the bay offers a haven of rest and quiet for the overworked, and for the invalid; and thousands annually come to it for those things. The surrounding country is productive, water is plentiful, and the land is not too expensive, even for the man of little means. Here is where the ideal home-life may be found; for Nature and man have combined to produce results which are now daily paving the way towards a realization of that dream of the average American citizen.

Has it not been said that "Westward the course of Empire takes its way?" And are the signs not already plainly apparent that the wave of Empire has already touched these Californian shores? Bancroft, in a remarkable volume published some two or three years ago, *The New Pacific*, writes most intuitively and most interestingly of what the countries bordering on the greatest of oceans are coming to be, and the chances that lie before them: chances which they simply must take, for it is their manifest destiny to do so.

California was first settled at San Diego, and may we not look forward

to the time when it shall be San Diego also—Port Orient may be its name then—which will lead this great State of ours? Leading it not only in all that tends to the greater destiny of man, but also in all that pertains to man's material existence? The hope does indeed not seem too vain, nor too sanguine, if we may judge by the shadows cast daily before our vision of the things that are to come.

It is today the International Center of one of the most remarkable Organizations which the World has ever seen: The Universal Brotherhood of Humanity; and thousands upon thousands, the World over, daily repeat the name of our beautiful city by the sea, as they link their thought with ours, for the uplifting of the Race.

STUDENT

Mysticism Versus Theology

A WRITER in a religious contemporary detects a steadily mounting current of mysticism in the thought of the day. This he regards as very curious in an age that is otherwise intensely commercial, materialistic and sensual. Mysticism he defines as the immediate communion of the soul with God.

Another religious paper laments the decline of theology, "the grandest of sciences." Accepting the first writer's definition of mysticism and his assertion of the growth of mysticism in our midst, we seem to see the cause of the fact lamented by the second. The soul that is "in communion with God," and in proportion to that communion, is in possession of a wisdom or knowledge with which words have nothing to do. The mind has no business to try to make formulas and definitions in that sphere. The mind's plane of action is quite other and lower. Yet these formulas and definitions of the utterly transcendental constitute the matter of theology. It is only in the *silence* of thought that any communion with the divine is possible; and the fulness of that silence cannot be rendered in any sort of thought that the brain can effect. Where is the world, after centuries of theologizing, and the production of thousands of tons of books about it?

Theology cannot now be revived, nor the current of mysticism stayed. We doubt whether, in another fifty years, there will be any theological colleges. The world will have outgrown them; it will not look to them for its teachers. They will arise in some more natural way, and will not find their teaching warrant in parchment diplomas. The man who has known in its fulness what the silence contains will carry his diploma in his bearing, in his manner of life, in his way of doing his duties, in the quality of that invisible radiation that in all cases constitutes our real and deeper knowledge of each other.

The silence in which the soul touches the divine, gathers strength from it, obtains wisdom and light from it, is like that which follows the ceasing of lofty music or the words of a supreme and inspired orator. The mind has ceased for a moment to obtrude upon our attention, and another consciousness has begun to be born in us. This consciousness is the crown of our humanity. Once struck into being, as on such occasions as we have said, its effect remains for hours. We have been, as it were, in the presence of something greater than the personal self, and the hush of a benediction rests upon thought and speech and act. Sometime, humanity will live entirely in that light, and then its proper life will begin. Those who have touched it often and fully are its real teachers. But they will not teach theology. They may teach art, music, science, history, agriculture. But whatever they teach, they will convey something of the spirit that was born for them in the silence, and they will give to all things a new meaning.

STUDENT

The Sun

THE Sun—the Light—rises in the East! Light is a simply self-involved existence; but though possessing thus in itself universality, it exists at the same time as an individuality in the Sun. Imagination has often pictured to itself the emotions of a blind man suddenly becoming possessed of sight, beholding the bright glimmering of the dawn, the growing Light, and the flaming glory of the ascending Sun. The boundless forgetfulness of his individuality in this pure splendor, is his first feeling—utter astonishment. But when the Sun is risen, this astonishment is diminished; objects around are perceived, and from them the individual proceeds to the contemplation of his own inner being, and thereby the advance is made to the perception of the relation between the two. Then inactive contemplation is quitted for activity;

by the close of day man has erected a building constructed from his own inner Sun; and when in the evening he contemplates this, he esteems it more highly than the original external Sun. For now he stands in a *conscious relation* to his Spirit, and thereby a *free* relation. If we hold this image fast in mind, we shall find it symbolizing the course of history, the great Day's work of Spirit.—*From Hegel's Philosophy of History*

American Bible Society

IT was a part of the advice of Christ to his disciples that they should "Take no thought for the morrow." Their "Heavenly Father" knew their needs and would supply them. This, it would seem, is no longer the case, if we may judge from the financial condition of the American Bible Society. Its assets, it appears, amount to more than two millions of dollars. And yet it reports its financial affairs as at a crisis, saying that unless there are more contributions it must do less work. To this official statement the Rev. Dr. Philip Moxom, a well-known Congregational preacher of Springfield, Mass., opposes the question:

Can it be true that the American Bible Society is needing any increase of its present receipts when, for many years it has not used its income?

The 1903 report shows funds of nearly \$90,000 not used last year, while the 1902 report shows nearly \$150,000 carried over. Dr. Moxom points out one or two other things: The society has three secretaries and a treasurer, each getting a salary of \$5000. "Office expenses" come to \$18,000 more. "Salaries and expenses of field agents" add a further \$16,000, making a total of \$54,000. As it appears from the report of 1903 that the total collections from all the churches of the country amounted to over \$10,000 less than this, a natural inquiry arises as to whether *fewer officials* might not get through the same work?

In Massachusetts, the financial agent employed by the American Bible Society, collected during the past four years from all the churches and individuals in the State \$6327. His salary during this time, without counting his expenses, we find to have been a total of \$7200.

Is Massachusetts satisfied? May not the falling off of the society's funds be due to the fact that intending contributors are taking to studying the report before they contribute? One wonders what would have been Christ's comment if the "seventy" whom he sent out had returned, not "with joy," but plaintively reporting that they had hardly been able to collect the amount of their own salaries? Dr. Moxom quotes from the society's last report this statement:

The society has no established agency in Europe. It, however, makes generous appropriations to many missionary bodies, and to some of the European Bible societies.

But the same report shows that the "generous appropriations" to the "many missionary bodies" throughout 1902 was only \$5642! One wonders how much each of the "many" got. To the Bible societies the value of the donated Bibles was \$4000—altogether less than \$10,000; less, that is to say, than the salary of two of the secretaries.

We would respectfully suggest to the society to go ahead and use up some of its assets, "taking no thought for the morrow;" to live up to its income, and to reduce the salaries, or at any rate the number of those receiving them.

OBSERVER

Release of Mrs. Maybrick

THERE are thousands of people throughout America who will rejoice to hear that Mrs. Maybrick has at last been released from her English prison. Those who have most thoroughly and impartially studied her case are of the same opinion as ourselves: that she was innocent of the crime of which she was accused.

Italian Lake Scene—Frontispiece

THE cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week gives a view of one of the famous Italian lakes. Many a similar nook, unparalleled in beauty, may be found in little known localities, in countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

To the Members of The Universal Brotherhood Throughout the World: In order to expedite improvements in the different Departments of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, it is necessary that all communications, connected with the work of the Universal Brotherhood, should be directed to Katherine Tingley, Loma Homestead, Point Loma, California.

(Signea)

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Leader and Official Head*

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Indifference of Powers to Massacres

THERE is now no doubt that the hideous Armenian massacres have begun again. We are getting the usual lists of crimes on a vast scale with which the last twenty years have made us so familiar—villages destroyed; men, women, children and infants, outraged, tortured and killed. The usual amiable remonstrances from the great Powers are being rendered through their ambassadors. But we all know that nothing will be done. The "Concert of Europe" must be maintained. An earnest threat, the movement of a warship, would suffice to make Abdul Hamid utter the single word that would stay the lawless tragedy. But he knows that there will be no such threat; no battleship will move nearer by an inch. He is safe in the middle of the ring of protecting, jealous, "concerting" powers. They know each other.

Some day we shall begin to demand that our collective action, focused in the executive government, shall not fall short in morality and humanity of the standard we set up for our individual conduct. Ten men would not permit a woman to be stabbed to death by a ruffian in their midst, nor, if one of them rushed in to her aid, would the others suppose that his real objective was her watch or her purse. Yet in the case of governments, under corresponding circumstances, the suspicion would be well based. When shall we require that our national executive, in its diplomatic relations with the executive of other powers, shall at least reflect the average moral standard of the people? The question may be asked in every country. And when the peoples say—*Now!* the end of war will be at hand.

STUDENT

Practice of Hypnotism on Children

A DENVER newspaper devotes considerable space to an account of the clairvoyant performances of a boy of 17, son of a physician in South Braintree. The father began to hypnotize this boy at the age of 8! "I found he was a splendid subject for hypnotic work," says the doctor as reported in the newspaper, "and as fast as I learned to do a thing"—the doctor was studying hypnotism—"I put him through the experiment. I finally brought him under such control that a mere word would send him into the hypnotic condition——!"

We were going to say that comment was needless, but we are not so sure. Here is a doctor, presumably a man of some education, and presumably accustomed to do some thinking, who does not see that the repeated hypnotism of a child little more than an infant, carried so far that "a mere word" induces the hypnotic state, is an error so great as to amount to a crime.

From the age of 8 to 17, the years during which the child's own soul should be molding its brain and body for its purposes, the father is instead molding the brain for his purposes!

Does he know the tremendous responsibility he has assumed? Did it never occur to him that one day the boy may come to an appreciation of the mental vivisection practised on him throughout those years? And may then—thank him accordingly?

STUDENT

Humanity's Organism Is Sensitive

ENGLAND is just finding out that war is by no means merely an affair of the countries engaged in it. At the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war—nay, at the very rumor of the outbreak—the price of all cereals leaped up and has stayed up. So marked was this phenomenon that a Royal Commission to inquire into causes and remedies was appointed, and the formation of vast national granaries urged. The fact is that humanity has now begun to know that it is an organism with an acutely sensitive nervous system which telegraphs everywhere disturbance anywhere.

War is an outbreak of inflammatory neuralgia. And this integration will go on till all nations have become veritably one body with one heart and one mind. Then, and long ere then, war will have become impossible. But the present transition stages are painful, though if we learn from the pain we can hasten the process, and more quickly work for Universal Brotherhood.

STUDENT

Our Costumes Lead Us Astray

CANON WILBERFORCE once asserted that he saw affixed to some stylish hats in the window of a millinery store the legend, "With this style the mouth is worn a little open." He was generally regarded as having delivered himself of a joke. We do not know, but we *do* know that in a Parisian fashion-plate dealing with the latest designs of skirts for this season occurs the sentence, "With this shape of skirt the walk must be carefully studied." Reading further we find that a special gait must actually be devised and practised for this skirt, if the danger of falling down is to be avoided. It is not necessary to reproduce the description of it; and indeed no possible description could do justice to the shapes of hats that are figured as going with that skirt.

Our age seems to be getting further and further away from the old Greek ideals of beauty, in the dress alike of men and women. We think ourselves artistic because we look at pictures. Could the sexes tolerate each other's dress for a moment if we were really so; if a large proportion of us were not at heart, in matters of beauty, flaunting barbarians? In color we are a little nearer the mark than in form; but all classes assuredly need "art missions."

STUDENT

Danger by Proxy Is Fascinating

IN this age we gratify our love of danger and of conflict and bloodshed, by proxy. We love bull-fights, prize-fights, dog-fights and executions. Thus we get the pleasant stimulus to our jaded nerves without any pain or after-effects. The other day, at Limoges, an enormous crowd watched a butcher slaughter a sheep and dress its carcass in the den of an African lion. The lion-tamer's presence gave just that ingredient of chance which makes the spice of these things. Some, however, are not particular about spice; they like the mere shedding of blood as such. To this class belong, for instance, the crowds who make up the long daily procession through the slaughter-houses at Chicago and elsewhere. Even the savage lust for battle is more respect-worthy than this. Truly, do we need reawakening to an almost bygone manhood.

STUDENT

Arbitration Treaties Numerous

THE treaties of arbitration are coming so thickly that nobody notices them. The latest have been effected between Spain and Portugal, and Holland and Denmark. Their terms are very guarded; they may not seem to mean much. But they do; they represent the spirit of the peoples, at last finding expression in international relations. And they indicate a dividing line between the nations that have been touched by the spirit of the new era, and those still under the domination of the old. On one or the other side the nations are taking their stand and writing down their own future on the pages of the book called Destiny. They do the writing; they must abide by the reading. And the time for that is not far away.

STUDENT

Frogs' Legs Becoming a Rare Diet

WE regret to note that frogs' legs are scarce this season, the demand being greater than the supply. Our sympathy goes out to those of limited means who find themselves deprived of such a necessary as this. They can now feel for the patricians of dying Rome when the supply of peacocks' brains ran low in the markets. Live frogs of merely ordinary size are now quoted at nothing less than 25 cents each, and large ones at 50 cents. And even the largest have but four legs! Perhaps those who are starving for lack of bread will now be able to see that even the rich have their sorrows. The only suggestion we can offer to the victims of the scarcity is to try toads.

STUDENT

WE are told that there is to be a "thorough investigation" of the Slocum disaster. Good. And we would suggest that a part of the court's work should be an investigation of the men whose investigations and "inspections" should have made the disaster impossible.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Music, an Art Long Misunderstood

THE various forms of music are really the truest landmarks that we possess of the real heart-life lived by our forefathers. Music itself has been one of the least understood of all the legacies that have been bequeathed us by the past. It is partly because we have stepped so far outward along the path of the intellect and have so nearly forgotten the inner life and the inner light. Music, the language of human feeling, the expression of the deepest aspirations of the heart, how little do we understand it! How little meaning for us has the simple statement that among the ancient Egyptians the songs in use among the people were sometimes determined upon by decree! How utterly we fail to understand why it was that in ancient India music was restricted to certain forms that were considered magical; why it was recognized and used by those who stood as teachers as a revivifying power in the life of the people. The ancients may not have possessed the complex knowledge of musical theory that we possess today, yet they far more truly understood its deeper meaning and power. The priests of ancient Egypt conducted great singing classes, at the head of each being a singer called "Ata," who taught the people chorus singing. Great attention was paid by the ancients to the cultivation of the voice. In old Greece Galen, the "father of medicine," mentions facts about voice and vocal training that are only just being rediscovered by the leading singing teachers of Europe.

Verily, music is something more than a mere accomplishment. The real mastery is never attained by dextrous use of fingers nor dextrous control of vocal chords, nor does all that goes by the name of music exercise an ennobling and harmonizing influence over the moral nature.

There are two kinds of music, just as there are two kinds of nearly everything in this evolving world—one which speaks to the soul, which feeds the aspirations and warms and nourishes the heart-life; the other, which appeals directly to the passional and sensation-loving side of the nature, which degrades and disintegrates. It is little wonder that, in the separateness and un-fraternity of our life today, music has refused to reveal its deeper meaning. As our ideals are lifted into practical realization, then personal selfish differences between man and man shall disappear and then the music of life will be listened to and understood. Then will we listen to undertones and overtones of surprising beauty that will translate all things into nobility and will be, in their turn, translated by us into living that is pure. Then will we know that life itself is not a cry but a glorious song.

MAN must reap and sow and sing; trade and traffic and sing; love and forgive and sing; rear the young with tenderness and sing; then silently step forward to meet whatever is—and sing.—*Thomas Tapper*

NEITHER are we to value ourselves upon a day or an hour, or any one action, but upon the whole habit of the mind. Some men do one thing bravely, but not another. See that ye be men who are courageous in all things.

The Words of One Artist About Another

EUGENE D'ALBERT, the well-known virtuoso, said recently in an article in the *Neue Rundschau*:

The artist, who formerly lived only for his ideals and held material goods in little esteem, has now reached the conclusion that he shall not be the only one left behind in the general scramble for wealth. Accordingly no means are disdained, neither the most vulgar advertising nor the most absurd craze for dazzling external effects, if they only help to fill the hall or theatre. This is true of reproductive as well as productive art. The piano teacher with us, too, has become only a man of business, like in America or England. His pupils are his stock in trade, and his eye is directed chiefly toward getting good customers.

At the same time no art is more difficult to learn than to play the piano with style. The acquisition of technical facility is an easy matter for anyone who has industry and patience; but the magnetic fluid that establishes the contact between the artist and his public can only proceed from the soul of the born artist and cannot be acquired. The teacher can awaken this divine spark and fan it to brightest flame if he has the fine gift of the born teacher.

Undoubtedly very few possess it, and none in the same measure as Franz Liszt, the great artist of the soul. Therefore both teacher and taught should turn more and more to this mighty teacher as a model—the teacher, by seeking to influence the soul-life of the pupil and guide him into the right paths, not by crushing it with an excess of dry, unnecessary pedagogics that clip the wings of his genius—the pupil, by taking as his model the unselfishness of Liszt's life and his ideal conception of art.

Let him keep himself free from all pettiness, narrowness of mind, and prosaic living. Let him not limit his knowledge to the piano. Let him mature himself, gather experience, take an interest in everything, in the fine arts and in literature.

A well-known piano teacher was asked by the father of a not especially talented pupil what the young man should do to make progress in playing. "Let him diligently read Schopenhauer," was the professor's only answer. Was it irony, or did he mean it literally?

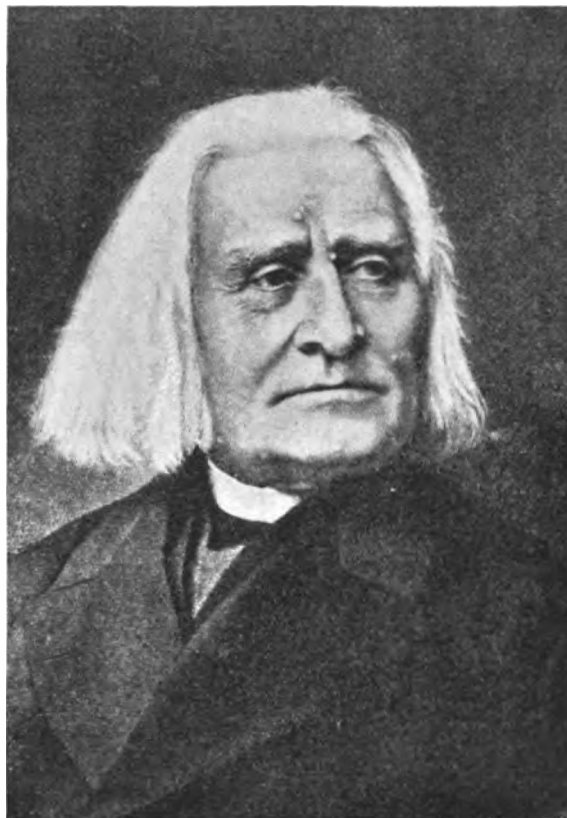
The Japanese Color Print

NOW, as a century ago, the Japanese color print serves its purpose of instructing and amusing the people.

Tourists say that, since the recent war, street crowds stand before the omnipresent and highly colored posters and that, while the decay of a noble art is written on every hand, something that a people can ill afford to miss is, in a certain sense, supplied by these bits of pigment and ink. The genuine color print is nowadays rarely met with in Japan, thanks chiefly to the enterprising French dealer who

introduced it into Europe not many years ago, fairly ransacking Japan and dazzling the art world of Paris by these glimpses of something marvelous and new, the priceless color prints of Outamaru, Kiyonaga, Hokusai and others. The connoisseurs bought up all they could find in their turn, and after that came forgeries bogus prints galore. But one need not become grave over that. It is not likely that a country which is today witnessing a revival on every line shall fail of a revival in art. The Japanese have much to teach us—far more than we in our occidental egotism are willing to admit—on lines of art, and the day is not far distant when we shall realize this more fully. S. M.

I HOLD every man a debtor to his profession, from the which, as men do of course seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and an ornament thereunto.—*Lord Bacon*



FRANZ LISZT

FOR, as it is dislocation and detachment from the life of God that makes things ugly, the poet, who re-attaches things to nature and the Whole—re-attaching even artificial things, and violations of nature, to nature, by a deeper insight—disposes very easily of the most disagreeable facts. Readers of poetry see the factory village and the railway, and fancy that the poetry of the landscape is broken up by these; for these works of art are not yet consecrated in their reading; but the poet sees them fall within the great Order not less than the beehive, or the spider's geometrical web.

—*Emerson*

STUDENT

WOMAN'S WORK

"WHEN THE SILENCE FALLS UPON US, WE CAN HEAR THE VOICES OF THE GODS, POINTING OUT IN THE QUIET LIGHT OF DIVINE LAW THE TRUE PATH FOR US TO FOLLOW."

What Does It Mean?



At this time, when the heart of Humanity is pained with the sorrows of war, confusion of thoughts, and strange unrest, it brings a great hope to one's soul to know that there does exist a peaceful spot like Lomaland.

Peace and good-will to man is written here in the silence of the activities of the Universal Brotherhood.

Peace one finds in companionship with his fellows; differences of mind often play a part in the daily doings, but differences in the Heart Life cannot be found.

No wonder the world stands amazed at the progress of this practical work; and it is not a matter to wonder at, when one realizes that the secret of the advancement of the great institutions here is based on altruistic endeavor.

Sitting at eventide on the slope of the hills close to the great Pacific Ocean, my thoughts go back to the beginning of things, connected with the efforts of William Q. Judge and H. P. Blavatsky. In those days, I lived in the throbbing life of a great city, where one sees in a day the tragedies of a lifetime written on the faces of those who pass. Then I longed for a sign in the world's doing, of a definite something that marked a contrast, and held a promise to the sad hearts of the world.

The promise is here! And one knows, if he be here but a day, and sees only the surface of things, that H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge did not lay their lives down in vain.

Just over the way, in the great garden of the Raja Yoga School, many happy children are at play, drinking in the sweet air from the ocean and mountains, timing their gentle lives to the world's needs, even in childhood. Over a hundred of them, boys and girls, from all parts of the world, here are daily working out life's mystery, surrounded by all that goes to make a beautiful and useful life.

If nothing more than this had been done, I said, it would be enough to satisfy those who have dreamed of these things: of a strong, sweet life in the world's selfishness.

Seven years ago, this great stretch of land, running down to the sea for miles and miles, was covered with brush: sage, manzanita, yerba santa; while under every stone, so it seemed, lay the dreaded "rattler," now gone. High up the cliffs we see the great white buildings of the Homestead, Aryan Temple, Industrial buildings, Raja Yoga Group houses, bungalows, and beautiful private residences, not to speak of house-tents, music halls, and the superb open-air theatre, built on the model of those of ancient Hellas.

Just under the great brown cliffs, where the golf links are, young men and women, students of Lomaland, are making ready for an hour's recreation. Of the world they seem, yet not of the world. Watching their movements, and listening to their merry voices, which reach me here in my solitude, again I say: What a wonderful work is this practical life of Theosophists: they study and work, and work and study; and with it all, they have time to sing and be merry; and time to serve Humanity, too. Some day, can we not believe that all over the land, we may see pictures of joyous life everywhere—with the young folk and the old folk; among the rich and the poor?

Universal Brotherhood is no misnomer; it is not a dream, for before my eyes I see its beginning. In this beginning is the promise of greater and greater things; of real happiness for those who expect and have not yet found; who seek and seek in vain for that comfort which is promised in the Divine Law.

"Greater things than these shall ye do," said Christ. He knew.

POINT LOMA, California, July 13th, 1904

KATHERINE TINGLEY

The "Holy Mother" of Asia

NOW since we would have those who speak of our womanhood remember Our Lady of Sorrows, let us not forget "Compassionate Kwan-Yin." No purer impersonation of mercy is known to poetry, hagiology or mythology, and it comes in the form of a woman to the mystics and thinkers, the poets and dreamers, of Asia.

Kwan-Yin has refused Nirvana that she may remain forever on earth to suffer and struggle with all sentient beings. Like Mary, she, too, has her wayside shrines, where mothers kneel for blessings before a female figure upon a lotus-blossom.

Legends childish, grotesque, mystic, and overrefined, and legends profound, are floating like incense around her. Sometimes Kwan-Yin figures as a mother, but in other conceptions her tenderness has come without such human aid. Sometimes she is crudely represented with many pairs of hands; because she has sacrificed both her hands to save her family, behold her reward! This, of course, is a primitive expression of the power of Deity.

Sometimes she is sitting in state, but she is smiling upon the birds and children that attend her.

Kwan-Yin has visited all the hells, but as she enters flowers spring up around her, sin vanishes and the spot becomes beautiful. She would if she could, reach the lost, but the beautiful intervenes, hell recedes from her and the arch-fiend Yamma forces her from his domain.

Old prayers, like old violins, gather sweetness from every soul that vibrates through them. Oh, if the noble liturgies of Orient and Occident could be guarded from desecrators, as are fine violins! But even a prayer can seldom do its best in this "conditioned being." And yet in the incense bowl the ashes of the incense burned by the thoughtless, the superstitious, by worldlings and other-worldlings, support the fragrant stick which the simple believer reverently lights to Him before whom all men come in prayer.

The interaction of literature and life is common law of the mind. Let us have faith in these incomprehensible women of Asia, whose better self many times magnified is immortal in Kwan-Yin, the sweetest goddess of story.

"All hail, great compassionate Kwan-Yin Budhisattva!"—Minnie D. Kellogg, in the *Book-Lover*

Russian Courtesy

IN their unwritten Russian code the most exacting of all clauses is that pertaining to courtesy. Rob the Russian and he may overlook your crime, but any breach of courtesy he regards as unpardonable. In a St. Petersburg tram-car, when a workingwoman entered, every man in the car arose and proffered his seat. When later another woman of the people boarded the car, the scene was repeated. As you drive through a Russian village or along the highway, every peasant you meet doffs his cap and bends at the waist. "How servile these people are! It's disgusting!" said an American traveler, who never once deigned to acknowledge the salute of the passing peasants. "You were never more mistaken," said his guide. "What you think is servility is common politeness. Those peasants perceive that you are a stranger, and each regards you as his particular guest so long as you are in his country. His bow is his form of welcome."—*The Outlook*

AMONG the papers of Herbert Spencer's father was found this memorandum regarding the son: "One day when a very little child, I noticed as he was sitting quietly by the fireside, a sudden titter. On saying, 'Herbert, what are you laughing at?' he said, 'I was thinking how it would have been if there had been nothing besides myself.'"

WORK AND CONTEMPLATION

by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

THE woman singeth at her spinning-wheel
 A pleasant chant, ballad or barcarole;
 She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,
 Far more than of the flax; and yet the reel
 Is full, and artfully her fingers feel
 With quick adjustment, provident control,
 The lines, too subtly twisted to unravel,
 Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal
 To the dear Christian church—that we may do
 Our Father's business in these temples mirk
 Thus swift and steadfast; thus intent and strong,
 While thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue
 Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our work
 The better for the sweetness of our song.

Nerves and the Spinning-Wheel

ONE wonders why there is so much poetry woven about the spinning-wheel, and one fancies it must be because the pendulum has swung to the other extreme, and people are trying, through romance, to forget the days when the spinning-wheel stood for nothing but drudgery. At last it seems destined to strike a middle line of usefulness, and, according to report, certain English physicians are advising nervous and hysterical women to learn how to spin. In support of their theories they point to certain cures.

With all due respect to the physicians there is probably no virtue in the spinning-wheel itself. The women are cured because they are interested in something besides their own aches and pains and imaginings; because they acquire a certain degree of concentration—they have to or the thread breaks—and because the novelty holds their attention. Anything else that would have this effect would do equally well. Hysteria results from a lack of nervous control. The spinning-wheel forces a certain amount of self-control, while a mere social call does not, and even a feather-brained person can do something toward sweeping a room without concentrating, providing the work is that which she is accustomed to.

But women will never get over their "nerves" until they develop, of their own free will and plain intention, the very qualities that now the little spinning-wheel is getting the credit for. Suppose each of us were to enter upon each task as if it were something entirely new. Novelty itself has a charm which holds one's attention. Then suppose we should concentrate, that is to say, pay attention to what we are doing while we are doing it. Suppose, in addition, we should exercise continued self-control, forgetting all about our nerves in the meantime. Where is "hysteria" then, and how can our nerves make an exhibition of us under such circumstances?

"Hysteria" and "melancholia" and nervousness generally are the labels that men and women wear which proclaim that they have been somewhere or sometime or everywhere or all the time breakers of some of Nature's laws. The time is coming when many of our nervous diseases will be as much of a reproach to us as the bloated skin is to the drunkard or the swollen eyes and coarsened mouth to the sensualist.

STUDENT

FOR the first time in history a married woman has received the degree of "Doctor of Philosophy" at the Berlin University, Mrs. Helene Hermann. Mrs. Hermann is a daughter of the authoress, Maria Hellmuth, and began her studies in the University, while still a young woman. Dr. Max Hermann was one of her professors. At the close of the first semester the professor and his pupil were married, but the wife continued her studies with the above result. In so conservative a country as Germany this means more than we can easily realize.

STUDENT

Women Sanitary Inspectors

THE experiment of trying women as sanitary inspectors among the very poor of London has met with marked success. The work is somewhat laborious and requires tact and sympathy. The duties can scarcely be laid out in detail—so multitudinous are they. For example, the woman inspector has to visit all houses in which death or disease are registered. There she invariably finds conditions that make it necessary for her to give homely and practical advice. She has to visit houses in which infectious diseases are recorded to exist and to do whatever lies in her power to prevent their spread. Usually the sufferer has to be removed to a hospital. At other times a little good advice along hygienic lines, on cleanliness, ventilation, disinfection, etc., is all that may be needed. All deaths of children under one year of age have to be investigated and also cases in which older children have died of preventable diseases. Factories and all workshops where women are employed have to be visited to see that provisions are made for comfort and for health. Not only does work of this nature require all the tact in the world, but without the sympathetic touch—which certainly the majority of politicians do not possess—such work might almost better be left undone.

Sanitary work was long ago undertaken by the women of England. At a session of the Congress of the Sanitary Institute, Mrs. Escombe spoke on this subject saying, among other things:

"There can be no doubt that sanitary work is woman's work—pre-eminently woman's work—and women have, unconsciously perhaps, always more or less directly acknowledged this.

"First, as housewives, we have watched over and protected the health of our families, of those dwelling under our roofs; by degrees we extended our work to those living around us, to our neighbors, to those with whom we came in contact in our parochial work as district visitors. The knowledge thus acquired of the suffering caused by ignorance and defective sanitation led us further. We endeavored by simple lectures and short, easy leaflets to teach the ignorant, and we came forward to take our share of public work on sanitary bodies.

"Nearly half a century ago, in 1857, a few ladies founded the Ladies' Sanitary Association; they issued leaflets and cards, gave lectures and held cottage meetings. Later, but more than twenty years ago, the National Health Society was established by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell. The Society also issued leaflets and, furthermore, trained teachers and lecturers.

"By degrees women realized that the office of Guardians of the Poor, with, in rural districts, its allied work on Sanitary and Highway Boards, was open to them. In 1875 a lady allowed herself to be elected Guardian, and others soon followed in her footsteps." M.



GREEK PEASANT

EVEN India has her woman lawyer, one Cornelia Sorabji, a Parsee lady, who at one time studied at Oxford. Her

life work is to defend women, particularly the child-widows of India, who have fallen victims to the rapacity of relatives through their lack of legal knowledge. The average child-widow is so ignorant and helpless as to constantly stand in need of advice, and the women of India live so much in retirement that it is a simple impossibility for them to have men as legal advisers.

Since the French bar has been opened to women there are a number who have taken advantage of the new privilege accorded to them to plead at the Palais de Justice. The pioneer was Mlle. Chauvin. Her debut as *Avocate* in 1889, made quite a sensation at the Palais, but so far no particularly bad results have been brought to public notice, and a very great deal of good has been accomplished.

STUDENT

THAT only which we have within can we see without. If we meet no gods be sure it is because we harbor none.—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Said to Be an Senile Race of Ape-like People in New Guinea

VERY extraordinary set of tribes has been discovered in the interior and almost unexplored regions of New Guinea. The report comes from the Rev. Copland King, who has just returned to England, after thirteen years work among the cannibals there. He does not explain how he has managed to get away.

The cannibal population, it appears, is still very large, but the peculiar tribes to which part of his report is devoted, live in the far interior. They are ape-like swamp-dwellers who, owing to the nature of their homes, pass most of their time in canoes. Their arms and chests are powerfully developed, but the legs stunted and almost useless. Other and somewhat similar tribes were seen by Sir Francis Winter and Mr. Monckton, raft-dwellers, also almost without legs and generally dwarfish. The chief of one of these was but four feet in height, with a chest measurement of twenty-six inches. The intelligence of them all was of the lowest and most animal character.

All these are doubtless Lemurian remains, for the western portion of Africa was the east wing of Lemuria, and the chain of great lakes were part of the Lemurian coast. East of these lakes must have been the border of the succeeding great continent, Atlantis. Africa proper has never really received archeological investigation, and it may easily be that there is much hidden in its forests and beneath its sands, which will throw light on vast periods of human history hitherto not even suspected by the self-complacent Twentieth century.

STUDENT

Ancient Syrian Irrigation Described in Consular Report

IT is not often that Consular reports can be admitted to rank as interesting literature. But the account of ancient irrigation systems in Syria, Palestine and Chaldea, given by our Consul at Beirut, must certainly come under that head.

"In these deserts," he says, "one finds ruins of aqueducts led along frightful cliffs where goats can scarcely keep their feet, and carried for miles across ravines and rivers on lofty arches; over there in the wilderness traces of subterranean canals of astounding length and nicety of construction." These canals were fed by means of deep wells. A number were dug in a half circle, and from the fan, so to speak, thus formed, the collected water was either gathered into great artificial lakes or led away below ground to immense distances. Now and then explorers chance to open one of these channels and find water still running. Palmyra was thus watered from the Baalbec springs, 120 miles away. This long canal was covered in nearly all the way, and lined with cut rock. Streams were also led down into the great cities from the artificial lakes.

Most of the ancient orange, olive and fig-growers probably had their own wells, and they got the water up by means of wheels or drums over which ran ropes with buckets. These were turned by horses, mules or oxen. This method is in full use today, and in that land customs do not change. Men do as their fathers did millenniums ago. Along the Orontes the wheels are of enormous size, even 90 feet in diameter, and make most picturesque objects for eye and ear. "These wheels, with their enormous loads, slowly revolve on their groaning axles, and all day and all night each one sings a different tune with every imaginable variation of tone, loud, louder, loudest, down to the bottom of the gamut—a concert wholly unique and half infernal in the night, which, once heard, will never be forgotten."

Modern machinery is to replace all these. American engines are entering in ever greater numbers. A railway, parent of others, will run from Europe to Bagdad. And in time that great district which saw the civilizations of Assyria, Chaldea, Babylon and Phœnicia rise and wax and wane through countless centuries back to the days of the mysterious Accadians, civilizations of a peculiar magnificence unparalleled since, will be rewatered as of old, repopled—but not as of old—and its silence roughly broken by the voice of the Twentieth century. Many a forgotten city may yield up its secrets under the touch of the modern engineer and excavator.

STUDENT

Remarkable Patience and Skill of Ancient Craftsmen

EVERY day fresh evidence is forthcoming of the pre-eminence of ancient races in so many things wherein we have been supposed to excel above all previous times; and the claims of H. P. Blavatsky are vindicated. For did she not passionately urge the title of bygone civilizations to be the possessors of a knowledge and a prowess beside which our vaunted modern enlightenment is but a faint glimmer in the darkness? Since she wrote, much has been learnt by explorations and discoveries, and the world is beginning to realize that the fragmentary records we have of races in their periods of decline do not constitute a history of antiquity, and that modern progress only marks the beginning of an emergence from dark ages and the recovery of a little of the vast sciences that were before.

In years to come we shall obtain further and further vindication of ancient wisdom and glory.

It is no new fact that the ancients were able to accomplish engineering feats which we cannot perform now, and that their craftsmen possessed secrets which have since been lost. The transporting of colossal monoliths from the distant quarries in Egypt, and the unfading colors in ancient Egyptian decoration, are familiar examples. Undoubtedly one of their secrets was patience, the same quality of unhurried greatness of soul which prompted the medieval cathedral builders, or enables a Chinaman to commence sinking a well which will not be completed in his lifetime. This is a quality that we have not at our command in this age of hurry and superficiality, of desire for quick returns, and of scamped workmanship.

In working thus patiently and majestically, these ancient craftsmen walked hand in hand with their great teacher, Nature, whose processes are vast and unhurried. A minute fragment of the characteristic rock of Barbados is seen under the microscope to be composed of exquisite shells, and as this rock is 1100 feet in thickness, the mind fails to form any conception of the period required to deposit it.

Speaking of the ancient craftsmen, at a conversazione of the University of London, Mr. Randolph Berens exhibited a collection of pre-historic Egyptian stone vases, attributed to 6,000 B. C. In looking at these beautiful forms, fashioned out of hard materials, one is divided between admiration of the artistic sense of the workers—equal to the best later and present day examples—and wonder at their command over such intractable materials. We know not what means they had, further than that they polished with dust of precious stones, but they must have had extraordinary patience whatever their methods may have been. In the case was a curious little ivory figure found in an ancient Egyptian tomb. The face is Mongolian. Now, how did the old Egyptians come to know the Mongolian physiognomy?

STUDENT

Restoration of the Famous Nearly Complete Athenian Stadion

IN 1895 a patriotic Greek merchant gave a large sum of money which was to be spent in the restoration of the famous Stadion or Stadium, at Athens. The work was at once begun and is now nearly finished. The last of the 52,000 marble seats of the vast amphitheater are now going in, the white marble coming from the Pentelikon mountain. A marble propylæa or entrance, on the model of the ancient one, will be added. And the opening will be marked by a restoration of the ancient games for which Athens was famous. Four days will be given to the celebrations, and the athletes of all Greece will participate.

The Greek patriot to whom all this is due may have done more than he knows, in thus making a link between his country's past and present.

The Logos Among the Red Indians

THE Klamaths, a Red Indian tribe, of Northern California, believe in a Supreme God, whom they call "The Most Ancient." Being asked by what means the Ancient Father created the world, a Klamath replied: "By thinking and willing." According to Max Müller, we have here the germs of the Greek Logos and of the "Word" of St. John's Gospel.



To Judge by the Blossom—Other Factors to Be Considered

FAMILIAR as we all are with the modern botanical system, based wholly upon the structure of the flower which any plant may chance to bear, and the almost total disregard for other factors of plant structure except as incidental aids to hasty identification, it yet strikes us with a certain sense of absurdity when practically applied.

We are all acquainted with the sunflower and its large bushy habit of growth, but what about sunflowers which grow directly from the crowns of a perennial root? There is such a flower, indistinguishable in appearance from the ordinary sunflower, having leaves which closely resemble those of a sunflower, and yet is of a wholly different family. It is quite possible that microscopic differences might be detected in the blossom which would guide a skilled botanist with a good instrument, but in the lack of a microscope the observer would be obliged to class it as a sunflower.

Or, to take another instance, there are two shrubs with much difference in the leaves, and in the size and manner of growth of the plants, but no difference in the flowers, and we are assured that they are identical and that no botanical distinction can be made. This is an actual fact. There appears to be an utter disregard of the fact that there are other factors of plant structure. It is as though one were to classify a city crowd by its neckties and overlook the rest of the clothes. Taking the *Rosaceæ* family for example, we will find perfectly roseate flowers upon every possible kind of plant, with every other factor different, yet they are "related" by the microscopical analysis of their flowers!

If such must be the case we should be extremely thankful that we have microscopes to classify with or we would not be able to tell which plants are alike and which are different from one another. **STUDENT**

NATURE is the chart of God, mapping out all His attributes; art is the shadow of His wisdom, and copyeth His resources. — *Martin Tupper*

The Meaning of Color in Flowers—Can Earth Be Dead?

WHENCE the peculiar charm of flowers, their power of elevating, purifying and sweetening consciousness? The first appeal they make is to the sense of color. Each flower is a harmony in itself. It has a keynote, but there are infinitely numerous subsidiary tones. The white rose, however white, begins to show the tenderest of rose-blush towards its center. And the more one educates one's sense of color by the study of flowers, the more readily and fully will the eye detect the color-harmonies running up from the obvious keynote. Even the reddest of red petals has its suggestions of orange and yellow, and even—more faintly—of blue and violet.

Then there is the consciousness that it is *living* color, not paint. Not only do we know this as an intellectual fact, but we sense it in some subtle and indescribable way. It awakes our feelings of companionship and also of protectorship.

There is the scent, doubtless also a harmony, as complex as the color. Probably no flower is without scent. We may not detect it as definitely as we do that of the lily or the violet, but it does its work upon us nevertheless, clears the brain and delicately harmonizes feeling.

And there is another radiation to which as yet no name has been given, except "N." We know now that all flowers throw off an invisible emanation which is yet a form of light, and this may also, like the scent and color, be a manifold. There is the form, a geometry at once concealed and revealed; concealed, because softened; irregularized, yet obvious; a set of protecting circles about a center.

And underlying all these is the sense we have that we are looking at living things, quiet, passionless, waiting on air and winds and sun for their gifts, linking sky and earth, children of the living heart of earth held up to the light. Can the earth be "dead" when her whole vast surface is ready to break into bloom at the touch of rain and sun? **S.**

The Chameleon Famous for Its Changes of Colors

THE wonderful changes of color which chameleons are able to display have always made these creatures famous. The way in which it is brought about is interesting. The outer layer of the skin is colorless, but beneath this, at varying distances from the surface, are certain iridescent cells, then some containing drops of oil, others with crystal granules, and still others with brownish and reddish pigment. When the crystal-filled cells are brought near the surface, they refract the light and make the creature very pale—almost white; the oil-drop cells, in turn, cause a yellow color; when all the pigment is forced upward, a dark hue is imparted to the skin, and, when the light is diffracted through the yellow oil and iridescent cells, a green tint results. These pigment cells are under the control of the chameleon and thus he can copy his surroundings so perfectly and immediately that when one portion of his body is in shadow and the other in sunshine he is bicolored.

There are many more strange things about a chameleon, but the tongue and the eye seem beyond belief in a living creature. The former is club-shaped at the tip and covered with a sticky substance. Ordinarily when a chameleon opens its mouth the tongue is not especially conspicuous, but when six or seven inches from a fly this organ will be shot forth so quickly that the eye can scarcely follow it, and yet with unerring aim the tip strikes and snatches the fly down the chameleon's throat. The secret of this little bit of magic is the elastic stem or base of the tongue, which telescopes upon itself when not in use.—*Selected*

San Luis Obispo County's Gigantic Fruits

IN other districts one expects to find the familiar castor-bean upon a shrub perhaps two or three feet high, a garden plant to adorn a corner. But in the favoring air of Southern California it sets new limits to itself and becomes a stately tree fifteen feet, or more, in height, and supporting on its massive trunk a wide-spreading wealth of foliage.

In like manner has the humble "immortelle" exalted itself from the lowly grass-herb of the northern fields, to be an upright shrub six or eight feet high, bearing its white, strong-scented flowers in perennial succession.

Other things have set themselves to the same Brobdingnagian scale of size. We hear reports from San Luis Obispo county, of potatoes weighing ten pounds each, carrots twenty-five, mangel-wurzels one hundred and fifty, and apples three pounds. Geraniums clamber up the poles and entangle themselves among the telephone wires. Mulberries grow as large as a man's whole thumb, and, in fact, everything seems to need only water to attain to sizes undreamt of elsewhere. Not far from the Point is an elderberry bush of which the principal stem is more than a foot in diameter, and the tangled branches form now, in blossoming time, a green-mottled snowbank twenty feet high and forty-five across. One is forced to have a respect for a soil and climate which can produce such things without deterioration in quality. **OBSERVER**

The Menace of the Little Gypsy Moth

BESIDES the war of which every one is talking, Russia has one in hand of an even more serious nature. This is with the gypsy moth, and unless she wins, no conflict in which mere cannon and rifles are the chief destroyers will approach the loss of life that the little moth will inflict. For it is a destroyer of everything that grows green on earth. It lays many hundreds of eggs at a time, and each, becoming a caterpillar, eats—as do all caterpillars—for dear life. In some provinces they have eaten hundreds of square miles, leaving not a leaf or blade. The pest is not many years old in Russia, but it is already a formidable menace, and much money is yearly expended in fighting it.

Unfortunately the United States is in some degree threatened. Some years ago an experimenting naturalist permitted a few to escape from his live collection. The result is that Massachusetts has since had to spend \$100,000 a year in conflict with the progeny of these few. **STUDENT**



REMARKABLE BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA, TAKEN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ONE NEGATIVE

THIS photograph was taken from a balloon 600 feet in the air at Crow's Nest in the suburb of North Sydney. The center of the city lies in the middle of the photograph across the water (harbor.) The tower in shadow with the clock face is the general post-office, and the dome-topped building close by on the right looking at the picture is the

markets. The streak of water in the far distance over these buildings is Botany Bay where Captain Cook, the discoverer of Australia, landed. The jutting headland on the extreme left in the far distance is North Head at the north side of the entrance to Sydney harbor. The long point at the opposite side of the entrance is South Head and the white building crown-

The Fourth of July at Point Loma

THE Fourth of July was celebrated with all the honors at Point Loma, both by the children of the Raja Yoga School and the elders.

The day before, the children sent a note to Mrs. Tingley, of their own motion and composition. It was to the effect that Raja Yoga had taught them a better way in the celebration of "American Liberty Day" than fire-crackers, and that they did not desire to burn up money which would find a higher and more lasting use in extending the blessings of Raja Yoga to other children. Instead, they suggested a bathing picnic.

The Leader's reply, addressed to the children themselves, expressed her pleasure at their letter, which, she said, breathed a higher spirit of patriotism. She fell in cordially with their suggestion, adding that she would enjoy it with them in memory of her own childhood days.

Next day they all rose early (unnecessarily so, one need hardly say) enthusiastically went through their usual household tidying, and got away in large tallyhoses by 10 o'clock, only the very babies remaining. Lunch was carried with them; Mrs. Pennell, who presides at the refectory, and her staff of helpers, entering into the spirit of the occasion with much energy and correspondingly generous results.

After this meal, taken on the rocks at Ocean Beach, patriotic orations were in order and supplied accordingly. The prevailing opinion indicated therein was that the spirit of the signatories of the Declaration of Independence had come again and was proposing to remain and increase.

Then came the bathing, and as most of the children can swim and the

day was calm, the water looked as if a shoal of hilarious seals was holding a public meeting.

In the evening, the adults—along with the elder boys of the school—held their somewhat graver celebration. At once after dinner, just before evening began to touch the hills, all assembled in the open-air Greek theatre. The long tiers of seats face down the great amphitheatre cañon as it opens toward the sea on the west, and the cool sunset breezes wandered lazily up the hollow and lost themselves in the wide arena. A committee had spent part of the day in making green decorations about the seats, the wings and the central altar; and the effect was very refreshing.

The choir, under Mr. Dunn's direction, opened the proceedings with an old English song, "Hail, smiling morn!" and at intervals gave several other songs, among which was an adaptation of appropriate words to the air of the "March of the Men of Harlech," the whole finishing with the National Anthem, in which the whole audience of course joined.

Short addresses were given by Clark Thurston, Frank M. Pierce, Walter Hanson (all of Katherine Tingley's Cabinet), Dr. H. Coryn, Dr. Wood, Mr. Philip Fabra, Mrs. Stewart (till lately Miss Fabra), and Miss Lester. Miss Lester and Mr. Hanson having lately returned from Cuba, their speeches, like that of Mrs. Stewart, naturally bore reference to that country and her newly achieved national life and independence.

The patriotism of Mrs. Stewart and her brother is very deep and sincere, and this fact, so apparent to all who hear them, lends a real eloquence and even pathos to all that they say of their country.



BALLOON, AT AN ALTITUDE OF SIX HUNDRED FEET, ON EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL THIRD, NINETEEN HUNDRED & FOUR

ing the highest part is the great electric light house which when put up a few years ago was one of the most powerful lights in the world; following the harbor and its several islands to the extreme right of the view is Parramatta river upon which is the great champion rowing course and is really for many miles a continuance of the harbor, like a broad winding

river with almost numberless points and bays. At the head of this inlet is a small fresh water stream where the town of Parramatta is situated. The foreground of the picture is the suburb of North Sydney. In the far distance all along the horizon from Botany Heads to North Head Sydney harbor is the South Pacific Ocean. The view is looking south.

After the speeches were over, just as the sun sank below the horizon of the great ocean lying below our eyes, the assembly left the theatre in procession, the choir leading and singing a beautiful Swedish marching song.

All the residents at Point Loma have learned to look forward to the Fourth of July for more than the ordinary reasons. Their association as representatives of many nations, and their annual interchange of ideas connected with this day, brings about each year a deeper comprehension of real liberty, and of that higher patriotism which loves not its country less, but more, because this love is blended with love of humanity as a whole. It is strong enough to look beyond its national borders and see that in the blending of nations into one vast family lies the hope not only of all, but of each.

Later in the day a message of greetings was received from Brother A. E. Neresheimer, Chairman of the Cabinet, now in Colorado on a short leave of absence.

All the students at Point Loma this day sounded a new note of unity for the world's children.

H. CORYN

THE changes of the season are full of things which arouse our souls to deep emotion.—*From the Japanese*

THE language of courtesy and politeness of Japan is a unifying power, of a most refined character.

THE Japanese have an extensive mythology and folklore.

JAPAN is not a land where one need pray, for 'tis itself divine.—*From Japanese*

Who Shall Unlock the Truth?

MUCH paper is used in the effort to interpret past history; but who unlocks the truth? We, with ideas bound and stained in worldly limitations, propose to make known and explain the life, the ceremonies, the writings, of people whose thoughts and actions were based on a knowledge of nature's universal laws!

One wonders when we shall become great enough to follow the wisdom of the wise, and turn for a space from books, to first seek the key, which will liberate from written records the true and living heart-light that shines within the words. Does the quickening touch of Autumn, the seed-time, a season ever sacred to the wise, not strike a guiding chord in our truant hearts and minds—to nature herself?

Need it remain the privilege of only the few to ponder and reflect on the great, silent, pulsating stream of life, returning to the source which sent it forth? How in the tree, the sparks of life which unfolded the leaves and matured the seeds, restrain and conquer the outbreathing impulse, and blending with the inbreathing stream are united once again with the parent flame! And that which is subservient to change and decay, receiving no renewing force, falls to earth! Would not that law alone present a key? Nature's laws being universal, act in human nature as surely as elsewhere. Man cannot be separated from the universe, from the seasons. Of what use to us is history if we cannot glean from it the knowledge and the power to rise into ever greater and mightier thoughts and deeds?

STUDENT

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE large audience at Isis Theatre last Sunday night showed its appreciation of the wonderfully eloquent and forceful address of Katherine Tingley by the most enthusiastic applause. For nearly an hour the founder and head of the Point Loma Institution and Leader and Official Head of The Theosophical Movement throughout the world, held her audience as if spellbound, the applause frequently being so loud and prolonged as to interrupt the speaker for several seconds. One enthusiastic voice in the gallery, being completely carried away with the glowing word pictures of the orator, could not restrain itself from calling out "Amen!"

Isis Theatre audiences are composed of the thoughtful and intelligent people of San Diego and vicinity, with always a heavy sprinkling of the better class of tourists that come here. Taken as a whole they comprise the culture and refinement and education and wealth and earnestness of this southwestern metropolis. They are tolerably familiar with the eloquence and earnestness of the woman who sometimes comes over from her home on the Hill to talk to them and with them, and they expect much from her. They are never disappointed, save when the press of work becomes too great, or the hand of illness operates as a bar to prevent her from speaking; but on this occasion their best anticipations were more than realized. Katherine Tingley really outdid herself, and before she had been speaking five minutes the audience realized something of what was in store for them, and they listened almost breathlessly to her every word, the intense concentration being broken only by the thunders of applause that seemed to come reluctantly, as though drawn from the audience by sheer force of the speaker's words and sentiments, and in spite of their evident desire not to lose a single word from her forceful and glowing periods. Her clear, resonant voice was never heard to better advantage than on this occasion, and the earnestness and vigor of her manner were no less powerful in their effect upon her hearers than were the lofty and noble thoughts which she expressed.

Under the general head of "Fanaticism" she roundly scored many of the abuses of today, some of which might be characterized by much harsher designations. She was not sparing in her sarcasm, least of all of those "Fanatics of Theosophy who have sacrificed the truth, stultified themselves and put stumbling blocks in the way of humanity by giving vent to their own fanatical interpretations of Theosophy."

Her appearance on the stage was the signal for a warm, friendly greeting. "Theosophy is optimistic in all its teachings," she began, "It has that in it which is hopeful and comforting all through life."

But for all its optimism it did not blind one to the dark spots in civilization—to the fanatics and fanaticism of the age. "Fanaticism is a lack of mental balance," she said. The fanatic was one in whose nature the extremes were uncontrolled and these extremes, running free, sowed disaster on every hand. If we sat quietly and in fear, giving the fanatics free rein, we were ourselves to blame for the evil consequences. Beginning at home, Theosophy itself had been held down by the fanaticism of the age, and by its false and self-constituted teachers.

In denouncing the fanaticism of the church she declared that in the old days when the Romans burned the Christians at the stake it was not only the fanaticism of the Romans, but the fanatics among the Christians themselves that brought disaster to Christianity. She characterized the Christian church, as it exists today, as an excrescence and a violation of the teachings of Christos. Her sentiment, that "Man is divine and in his divinity needs no savior but himself," was applauded to the echo.

Briefly, the orator painted a little picture of the famine in India and the widespread suffering it entailed. Then she told of one who, in the midst of all this suffering, proposed to "burn butter to the gods" as a remedy, one who was not, however, a member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

In Egypt she had traveled on the Upper Nile with a fanatic—a woman who beat the donkey boy because he asked for more than four cents for leading her donkey eighteen miles, and the native lad bore it meekly because milady was a missionary! (Applause)

She told of a long-haired, greasy-coated fanatic in Theosophy whom, in the early days of her connection with the movement, she had mortally offended by advising him to quit lecturing on Theosophy and go to work. He had never forgiven her. (Applause)

She knew of a woman intensely interested in clubs and in prayer-meetings. This woman lectured on a variety of topics, especially on the "Home," on "Home Life" and "Devotion to Husband." One day the speaker obtained a glimpse of this woman's home—"the poorest apology for a home I have ever seen."

In literature the fanatics were especially rampant, said Mrs. Tingley. She reverted to "Books of the Mysteries" containing an invocation to the ruling deity on one page, and on the next, "Please send \$5 for a full course in hypnotism"

KATHERINE TINGLEY AT ISIS THEATRE

Fanatics and Fanaticism in Theosophy and Christianity Shown in True Colors by Theosophic Leader

Reprinted from the San Diego News

—of books that contained pages of quotations from Christ teachings, and at the bottom of each page "send \$5 to learn how to heal by magnetism." (Applause)

She told of a lecturing fanatic who (for certain considerations) taught his dupes how to develop psychic powers, and who furnished charts of the seven auras, etc.

(Applause) Reverting again to the fanatics of the churches, she said "Christianity is being sold every day for the almighty dollar by people who profess to be teachers of humanity."

Fanaticism in the drama, she said, was the fault of the people and not of the stage. There was scarcely a theatrical man in the country who would not "thank God" for some lofty, exalted production that would please the theatre-going public—but the public wanted fanaticism, and worse, and got it. (Applause)

In politics, in the home life, on every hand, look where we might, was to be seen the devastating hand of the fanatic. "I am pleading to you for reformation from this unbalanced fanaticism," she said, "and for a return to that mien of sanity wherein men and women will cleave to the middle lines of common-sense and justice."

Of San Diego and its natural beauty she spoke in the most happy vein, evoking the greatest enthusiasm. Nowhere, in her travels around the world, not even in Italy or in Greece, had she seen "such a blessed land as this." She painted the future of San Diego in glowing colors, predicting the establishment here of a greater Athens. (Great applause)

Mrs. Tingley told how her predecessor, William Q. Judge, had been comforted on his death-bed by a prophecy of the Theosophical institutions at Point Loma, which, said this prophet, should be established before the year 1904.

Referring again to the future, she said that within fifteen years the city of San Diego would be a new city and a veritable Elysium. There would be no need for a Purity League, for vice will have been expunged; there will be no drunkards, for men will care no longer for strong drink; there will be no prison, no reformatory, no defective city charter—universal brotherhood will prevail and institutions of learning, of art, and of music, will absorb the attention of the people.

"We have been working at the wrong end of the line, attacking all these evils of our civilization from the wrong standpoint," she said, "because we don't know how to go at our problems; and how can we learn the right way until we know ourselves—until we know, until we realize, our own divinity. We cannot have a pure city without a pure charter, and we cannot have a pure charter until we have men of blameless lives and motives to draw a pure document for us. The need is for less fanaticism in public and in private life. We need to keep to the middle lines and establish a sane atmosphere in which purity and unselfishness can grow. We cannot get good politics until we have good homes. Good men are the product of good homes, and good homes grow and multiply best in that pure atmosphere which noble women alone can create. (Applause, and a voice from the gallery, "Amen!")

"And the first step," continued the speaker, "is to know yourself. Get down on your knees to yourselves—to the god within each one of you." (Applause)

"Away with the false and the untrue, away with the hypocrisy and the license of the fanatic. Let men look themselves squarely in the face! Kill out the unselfishness, the unbrotherliness, and as a united people, on a simple platform of common sense, let us prepare for the coming of that new and brighter day whose dawn is even now upon us!" (Applause)

"How much time is wasted, alas, in wrong methods; in dwelling on our failures! We must take a deeper and truer view of life and its possibilities. I should like to see Christ and his disciples walking on your streets among you and teaching and practising the simple truths that were witnessed by them in the early days. No need of more churches for this. Christ had no church. If all the churches in the world should disappear, would you know less of the teachings of Christ, of the plain and simple truths of Christianity? (Applause)

"Fear has helped to build the church. A pure but mistaken sense of religion and devotion has played its part in establishing the reign of the churches, no doubt, but thousands upon thousands of dollars have gone into their edifices and their treasures, wrung from the people by the power of fear. Thousands upon thousands have been put into the churches to appease the wrath of God! (Applause) If we could take the money spent in teaching fear and build great educational institutions with it, in which the little children would be taught to walk upright and un-fearing before God and man, in which the children would be taught their own divinity, what a Paradise might we not make of earth! (Applause)

"I appeal to you to evoke the divinity in yourselves, in your homes, in your children, to evoke it in the infant, letting it be enfolded in the arms of our father, the great law, in its own simple, pure divinity." (Applause)

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

"The Age of Science"—Signs of Bolder and Broader Investigations

PRESIDENT IRA REMSEN of John Hopkins University, who gave a commencement address at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, is reported as having said that scientific work in its highest form does not pay. It does not appeal to the capitalist, because there are no immediate profits in it; yet our commercial and industrial opulence has sprung from it. The capitalist is interested in science that pays and leads direct to dividends; but pecuniary motives do not inspire discovery, which comes rather from disinterested devotion to knowledge. He hoped that in the future the endowment of research would render discoverers more independent, but feared it would make them less enthusiastic.

Some of the remarks found in a newspaper report of his speech, and in the editorial paraphrase or comment thereon, are as follows:

The speaker's subject was "The Age of Science," meaning the last hundred years and particularly the latter fifty.

Science has hitherto largely run its race and won its triumphs by the impulse that comes from "the joy of work," from that unquenchable thirst for truth that has distinguished its votaries. The thought of reward in the purely material sense probably never inspired a fresh discovery and never will.

May not this age have to surrender its claim to a subsequent one, according to the logic of the present movement? We are as yet hardly more than at the threshold of nature's inexhaustible mysteries, and as the portals open wider and wider even present achievement in another century or two will appear dwarfish.

In these remarks there is clearly outlined the usual gap in thought, the usual absence of the real key to the situation, which one finds in the discussions of people who have not the clue which Theosophy affords to all problems. This gap in thought gives a lack of cohesion in the logic, and unresolved dilemmas. Disinterested love of knowledge is the real inspirer of discovery (we are told), and yet the pursuit of unapplied science will not satisfy a practical age. But the only form of applied science we know is the commercial—that which appeals to the capitalist. So we shall have unpractical enthusiasts discovering things, and greedy capitalists coining the discoveries into money.

But what is the right incentive for discovery, and what is the true application of science? These are the missing links in the problem. For want of these links the chain of human life is separated with two parts which do not pull together. We have unpractical intellectual curiosity on the one hand, and on the other practicality enslaved to money-greed.

Science is properly the eye of wisdom, the beacon light of life; the incentive to its pursuit should be love of the truth; and its aim and outcome should be the ennobling and illuminating of life. Modern science has never risen to that height. Its pioneers may have had more or less genuine desire to promote human welfare; but, even so, their researches have been restricted almost entirely to the material side of nature. Deeper and more important studies have been left to other departments of speculation which, not being scientific, were otherwise.

The higher things which the professor anticipates for the future will, we believe, more truly represent Science in her original and undefiled garb. For the signs of the times show that we are tired of sciences and philosophies and creeds which only amuse the mind and let actual life flounder about in ignorance and helplessness, and that we are thirsting for a science that has a human side, a science that will show us how to live happily together.

STUDENT

BY the analysis of nineteen great magnetic terrestrial storms, Mr. Maunder recently worked out their connection with the transit of sun-spots. He found that such storms begin about twenty-six hours after the transit of a great spot across the sun's central meridian. They reach their maximum in about twenty hours, and die away during the next thirteen. The explanation of the connection now in favor is that the sun-spot is a point of enormously intensified radiation. From it streams of ions or units of electrified matter are driven out and bathe the earth and her atmosphere. "Ion" is a modern chemical term, meaning an ultimate particle of substance, carrying a charge of electricity; or, as others regard it, consisting of that charge.

STUDENT

Cancer Research—Commencing to Look in the Right Direction

THERE is perhaps no disease the cause of which has been more extensively sought in the past decade than that of cancer. The frequent failure to control this class of cases, even by surgical means, makes it an ever-present problem which grows more imperative since it is well proven that cancer is progressively increasing.

In keeping with the materialistic trend of modern science, the exhaustive investigations of cancer pathology have been focused upon the patient's environment, to the neglect of the subtle forces of thought and feeling which react upon the physical body. Care and anxiety have been incidentally mentioned as causative factors; but research has been generally along the lines of diet, hygiene, climate, etc., and especially has it been turned toward bacteriology. That the race at large has developed a nervous system and a mental susceptibility which is more sensitive to surroundings than that of our ancestors, seems to be overlooked in examining hygienic and general conditions which, however faulty, have never been better than under our modern methods.

In view of this popular emphasis on the patient's environment, broadly speaking, there is a significant note of doubt in an editorial of a recent number of a representative medical magazine. The editor speaks of the lamentable failure in cancer research which is everywhere recognized and deplored. He quotes the report of Dr. Herbert Snow, of the London Cancer Hospital, who states that he and his associates have studied the disease as it has probably been studied nowhere else in the world, using every known means at command, yet they have utterly and miserably failed to find the cause. Dr. Snow thought that proper scientific investigation of the action of the "lymph glands on the cancer protoplasm would advance this practical knowledge of cancer and might even lead up eventually to the ideal non-surgical cure."

The above is a hint worth following, for glandular action is controlled by the sympathetic nervous system, which is the organ of involuntary sub-conscious man, dictating tissue changes whether asleep or awake, and working apart from the conscious brain mind. The editorial in question voices the doubt now developing in some medical minds as to the adequacy of the popular materialistic methods which ignore the more subtle and powerful influences that touch the patient through his inner sensibilities. The writer asks:

Is there then something wrong with the methods of research of the pathologists? Has there been too great reliance upon bacteriologic and laboratory ways and too little upon clinical and physiologic observations? It seems as if some obscure country practitioner stands as good a chance to solve the enigma as the most famed and erudite. Perhaps the bacillus is not, after all, the arbiter of health and destiny.

M. D.

The Earth's Age—Calculations Now from Chemical Data

FOR the first time, science is beginning to try to calculate the age of the earth from chemical data. From theological, astronomical and geological data, a large number of estimates have of course already been made, varying from thousands of years to hundreds of millions.

Radium, as usual, prompts the new attempts. Uranium, it is assumed, gradually "decays" down into radium; radium "decays" on further into other things, helium, ions of protyle or what not. From guesses at the rate of decay of radium, which is not known, further guesses are made at the requirements of uranium, and from these two generations of guesses the conclusion is reached that the life of uranium is 10,000,000,000 years long. Another guess is then necessary as to the time required for uranium—as a type of matter in general—to come into existence as such.

Of course it is all wildly hypothetical, but considering that according to Theosophical calculation the earth's age is about 2,000,000,000 years, it is obvious that Theosophy and modern science are not standing quite so far apart as once they did.

If science will now kindly extend her views as to the length of time man has resided on the planet, and extend them very greatly, the approximation will be closer.

STUDENT

❖ ❖ The Sorrow of Dyfed ❖ ❖

ON THE HILL OF GORSEDD ARBERTH



It is a sad story that must be told now, because you might have thought there would have been no sorrow there after Rhianon, the immortal Princess, became the Queen in Dyfed. But there was: a dark thing came into the land; and what it was you shall be hearing.

At first, when Pwyll came back from the country of Hefeydd Hen, everything seemed to be going well. For one thing, the illusion was lifted from Gorsedd Arberth, and whoever wished to take his place there, could do so at certain times. Then those who were wise and noble never came away without seeing something that made them even wiser and nobler than before; and any that were foolish or cowardly, if they went there, could not escape without blows and violence.

And it was always found that strange things happened to those that went on the Gorsedd, the marvelous Gorsedd Arberth, that spot about which no man may disclose the whole truth save unto those who know it already. It was upon Gorsedd Arberth that he who wished might take his place and stand as he chose before his trial. And many among the warriors of the land went there because of the clarion call within their own hearts, nor did they reveal its mystery—the miracle of Gorsedd Arberth—to any save only, as I have said, unto those who knew it already.

And they came back changed, with a new light in their eyes, a new radiance in their faces, a new courage in their hearts. Unto the noble the Hill of Gorsedd Arberth became a holy place, but unto those who loved the darkness better than they loved the light, it chanced quite otherwise. For whatever might before have been hidden in a man's mind, or in his heart, or in his imagination, that thing would surely become revealed, because of the wonder of Gorsedd Arberth.

You know that when Pwyll went there, who was strong and noble, and who had always desired to be a true King to his people, the end of his going was that Rhianon became his wife, and with her help he could have done more good than ever without her; indeed, it seemed to him that he could do then what he could only dream of doing before. And so it was with the princes and lords and with all the men of Dyfed. None were quite the same, after seeing the marvel on Gorsedd Arberth. The things they dreamed before, they accomplished after. There were many among the warriors who had never thought well within themselves; nor did they know why it was that they wished to be noble and to do great deeds in battle. But they could not see the marvel from the top of that hill without all those things becoming clear to them. For to the man that had no wish except to be a stronger helper of the people and a truer servant of his lord, there would appear the vision that would help him to become what he wished to be. But whoever wanted to be noble that people might honor him and count him among the Pillars of the Island of the Mighty, or that he might gain anything for himself,

then the thing that happened to him would be such as to call forth the demon thing that had been sleeping in him, and soon he himself and those around him would see clearly the evil and selfish thing that he really was.

And many of the true in heart took all their being in their hands and fought, and those who did that, found they had gained something on the hill and were the stronger for having been there. But others had no will to fight the darkness in themselves. And so they left the Miracle Hill with all their wickedness revealed and with the sign of their madness and their folly written plain upon the brow. For temptations did then exist,

and those who walked with their eyes upon the ground saw not the stars by night nor the sunlight by day, and they stumbled. There was one rich Lord to whom it seemed as if a serpent came to him as he sat on the throne, and coiled itself around him. And it whispered to him that if he would let it rest its head upon his heart, he should have pleasure and kingship and such wisdom as it had itself, and he should obtain success in all that he sought to do for himself. And although he knew that it was evil, he was not willing to fight against it strongly and in a little while its head was on his heart.

And it gave him such things as it had promised; but his kingship was not in Britain, and he had no place among the golden chained princes with the chosen king in London. And as the time passed there came a pain upon him, and it seemed to him as if the serpent's teeth were in his heart. And at last he lost all he had gained, and only the pain remained to him; and it was owing to this that he died, and no one knew when or where, and no one cared.

And there was another prince that took his seat on Gorsedd Arberth. Pendaran Dyfed was his name, and he was Pwyll's champion. And while he was there a darkness came around him and in a little time he became aware of a lurid and flaming dragon in the air, and this was for destroying him. And it was striking at him with long, blood-red, wounding claws, and biting at him with terrible, venomous teeth. Like the ninth wave of a stormy sea in its falling, was that dragon as it reared over Pendaran. But there was no fear in this man, and it seemed to him that whether he should come away a living man, or be carried away a dead one, he would certainly not

die until he had freed the world from the monster, nor wish for a greater joy than the doing of it. And his sword was for swiftness like the lightning of heaven; and whatever blow of the dragon hit anything else than the earth or the air, fell on the nail-studded leather shield of him; and it could gain no advantage over him. And he went forward and he was as swift as the swiftest and as strong as the strongest. And unwounded he was at the last, and singing for joy that there was one evil the less to oppress the world; one cloud gone from the sky; one sorrow that never again was to come into the heart of any man. For the dragon had died when his sword had wounded it a thousand times. And as for Pendaran Dyfed, there was not one thought for himself in him at all. STUDENT

FRAGMENT

by GEORGE ELIOT

O MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order, that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man,
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude:
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
Unread forever.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Growing

A CROSS little boy went to bed one night after a long day spent very unhappily. He had been naughty and unkind, and had said shameful things and shaped ugly thoughts; but he was tired and so he went to sleep. In the night he awoke. It was dark, and at first he could hear nothing. He thought of the day he had spoiled, and he was afraid. He called for his mother, but she was sleeping. He became angry, and then he began to cry. Still no one came, and it was very dark.

Suddenly he grew calm. He listened quietly and heard the river flowing, and it seemed to him it was singing as he had never heard it sing by day. The wind was blowing in the trees and it seemed, too, as if they were singing. He listened more and more attentively and all the time he heard other strange, soft sounds, and he began to feel peaceful. He thought he could distinguish the voices of the different growing things. He listened still more closely. Perhaps he fell asleep and dreamed; or perhaps he was very wide-awake; I really don't know. All I know is that all the tiny growing things were piping aloud:

"Growing, g-r-o-w-i-n-g, g-r-o-w-i-n-g!" They were the baby plants and the thin grasses and the wee weeds, the latter noisier than all the rest.

The rose-bushes and the vines and climbing ones seemed to be singing:

"Just a little higher, just a little higher today than yesterday!"

The trees were singing the prettiest song of all. "Peace, peace!"

Then the boy thought of how the tiny seeds in the dark ground grew.

"That's like me," he thought. "I'm all alone in the dark."

"G-r-o-w-i-n-g, g-r-o-w-i-n-g!" cooed the baby shoots.

"Perhaps boys grow most in the quiet; when it's dark, too, seeds do."

"Climbing, climbing, a little higher," sang the rose-bush at his window.

"I could climb, too," thought he.

"Peace, peace," whispered the trees to the morning breezes, and the boy sprang up and hurried out to see the rising sun. There was a new and joyous light on his face. How beautiful was the new day! W.D.

THE little children of the International Brotherhood League Colony, Point Loma, which is an activity of the Universal Brotherhood Organization, spent a joyous Fourth of July. At breakfast-time they had a fine surprise for each of the grown-ups in the shape of a dainty garland with a little brotherhood sentiment attached. One of the children made a speech and the glorious Declaration of Independence was read. There were papers by some of the others, and altogether the day was very beautiful. Some weeks ago one of them conceived a plan for a rose pillow for some one whom they loved best of all, and day after day little hands have been gathering the full-blown roses and carefully saving the rose petals. On Fourth of July day the pillow was complete and made up and sent over to the big International Headquarters at Lomaland to its destination. M.M.



AMERICAN AND CUBAN RAJA YOGA CHILDREN IN THE FLOWER GARDENS OF LOMALAND

A Prisoner

DEAR CHILDREN: Did you ever see one of our beautiful wild birds shut up in a cage, and did you feel sorry for it? Why?

You were sorry because it is so hard to be a prisoner. Whenever I see one I am very, very sad, and I do see prisoners every day. Every time I see a naughty child I see a prisoner, for the naughty part is the jailer that locks up the *real* child and holds him fast so that he

cannot even look out of the windows. The eyes are the windows, you know. Sometimes the jailer is the little selfish boy that wants everything for himself, and so he locks up the little good boy in a cold, cold prison and puts a big stone in front of the door. And the "cry-baby" who feels so sorry for himself and never the least bit sorry for other children, is another jailer, too, and then there is the child who does not always tell just the truth, and the silly child who wants everybody to admire her all the time, and then the naughty child who kicks and scratches, and the boy who doesn't want to mind. All these are jailers, and what a hard time the dear little good boys and good girls have when they are locked up!

When your eyes shine then I know that the good

little boy is out of that prison, looking out of his windows, and then how happy you are, just like a sunbeam; then you are brave, like a knight, and strong. Then you are not a prisoner. But when you are unhappy and cross, then the jailer comes and shuts out all the light and draws down the curtains, and *isn't* it dreadful, and *aren't* you glad when you just walk right out of that prison and smile and let your whole face shine? E. E. O.

THE RAJA YOGA QUESTION BOX

1. Who was Alexander the Great?

ANSWER—Alexander the Great was a famous Greek king. He was bold as a lion, and conquered many countries. He loved knowledge and gathered learned men about him even when on the march. In 332 B. C. he founded the city of Alexandria in Egypt where were many schools and a great museum and library.

2. Who was Hypatia?

ANSWER—Hypatia was the daughter of Cleon, a learned man of Alexandria. She studied with her father and also in Athens. While still a beautiful young woman she became a great and wise teacher, and about 415 B. C. she had many pupils who loved her and followed her teachings. This made Cyril, the archbishop of the church, jealous of Hypatia, and he roused a mob of ignorant people against her. They tore her body to pieces and burned it.

3. Who was Michelangelo?

ANSWER—Michelangelo was a great Italian painter and sculptor, who lived from 1475 to 1564. He was also an architect and a poet. His works are of such grandeur and beauty that all artists since his time owe much to him. He lived simply and purely and worked unselfishly for love of his art and not for money.



THE OPTIMIST

by FRANK WALCOTT HUTT

IT'S well to meet the man of whom they say
He bears good news with him where'er he goes,
Whether it be upon the world's highway,
Or just beside a poor man's garden-close,
It's good, I say, to meet with such a man,
For he can set things right, if any can.

A man of wholesome greetings anywhere
Who brings with him good wishes and good will,
Finds steadfast friends enough—the sort that care
And stand by him through good report and ill.
It's well to meet with such a man—to know
The world is not all bad, come weal or woe.—*Selected*

Day-Dreaming a Dangerous Self-Indulgence

THE habit of day-dreaming or castle-building is an insidious and dangerous form of self-indulgence which is too little considered. If it were more considered, it would probably be found to be the root and cause of many of the more obvious and generally recognized forms of self-indulgence. In many cases, too, these vices are found impossible to overcome, because their subtle cause, day-dreaming, is still persisted in.

To the majority of people day-dreaming is nothing more than a waste of time, occasionally indulged in; and to them our remarks will not apply, and may seem uncalled for. But there is an ever-growing class of persons of a highly developed mental and nervous organization, in whom the practise has grown into a habit of morbid and dangerous dimensions. Of these a few may be recognized by their marked absence of mind and gibberings as they rush blindly along the street; but with the majority the habit is a secret one, and its only outward signs (to the ordinary observer) are abstraction, dullness and awkwardness.

In a bad case of day-dreaming, the patient passes the greater part of his life in an imaginary world of his own, in which he carries on imaginary conversations and passes through imaginary adventures. The habit grows until he is liable at all times to become oblivious of the outer world, and pass into his state of abstraction. The causes of this disease are weakness and self-indulgence. The victim is a person of deficient animal spirits and courage, over-sensitive and shy. These defects prevent him from mingling amicably with his fellows, and from participating successfully in the affairs of outer life. His energies and enthusiasms therefore, find vent in an imaginary world wherein he can, of course, reign supreme and uncontradicted. The pleasure which he derives from this fictitious life causes him to indulge the habit until it acquires the strength of a vice.

The evil effects of this habit, when carried to such an excess, are many, subtle and great. In the first place, there is no greater waster of vitality and energy than this habit, for it dissipates the finest essences of the nervous organization which are the founts of life. It withdraws all this high-grade energy from the body and wastes it in unprofitable excitement. This inevitably leads to debility, and is usually the direct cause of some physical defect or depravity, and of slovenly and weakening habits in general. The victim becomes more nervous and debilitated, more bashful and retiring, more awkward and unsociable than ever.

In the next place the habit induces a complete loss of control over the mind, the emotions, the vital forces and the organism generally. It tends to produce a being unbraced, base and unself-possessed; a being whose nature is so unprotected that it is readily invaded by malefic thought-forces or diseases. Again this habit is too often made the occasion for an indulgence of vanity, egotism and other forms of desire; and the victim thus ruins his character in secret while passing outwardly for quite a

saint. From the causes, characteristics and effects of day-dreaming, it will be seen that it is a vice of precisely the same nature as opium eating and its tribe. That is, it is a means of shirking the social duties of active life and retiring to an utterly selfish world of sensuous illusion; whereby the whole nature is gradually ruined, morally, mentally and physically. And it is the root and cause of many of these more obvious vices, for a vicious habit of mind soon generates a vicious habit of body.

The remedies for such a disease are easily seen. They may be briefly enumerated as follows:

First, a lively conviction that the habit is selfish, vicious and destructive. Next, an intense desire to get rid of it and become a well-balanced member of society. Third, time and patience; for what took years to do cannot be undone in a day. Fourth, an attack on the enemy on all planes at once: on the moral plane, the cultivation of social interests; on the mental plane, constant watchfulness; on the physical plane, a reform of regimen.

In speaking thus strongly on the habit of day-dreaming, we may seem to be making mountains out of mole-hills, and to be unnecessarily severe on a class of amiable and absent-minded philosophers and dreamers. But we believe that the very plausibility and secrecy of the vice constitutes its chief danger. It is one of those things which evade attack and which yet do more mischief than anything else—one of those secret, hypocritical plausible evils that do all the mischief and get none of the blame. And it enables one to be outwardly respectable and inwardly otherwise, thus constituting him a hypocrite though usually a self-deceived one.

We would ask, Should an evil that is known to be most pernicious be spared because it assumes an unostentatious and amiable guise? Should we spare it in ourselves, and would it be kind to indulge it in others? E.

The Dead Past

THE power of remembering past events is one which should be exercised with great discrimination, and a faculty for selection which very few possess. This is, of course, a spiritual memory which consists in the changes wrought in our characters by the experiences through which we have passed, and this is so much a part of ourselves that it can never be relinquished. But to live through past events in memory, to recall the days that are gone with their worn out freight of joys and sorrows, is nearly always harmful. They have done their work, they have delivered up their fragrance and nothing remains for them but unprofitable shadows.

And so if we would enter once more these waste gardens, from which all flowers have been plucked, let us do so only when we are strong and positive in the present and anchored to the future by hope. Otherwise we shall surely fall under the glamour of dead events which were once palpitating with life and wisdom, but which have long ago delivered up whatever of value in the way of experience that they possess. There is neither life nor virtue in them now and their pretended charms are subtle and deceptive. As we look upon them we lend to them our own vitality for which the present and the future so earnestly call. These waters of memory carry us backward into the night and away from the sun. Our lives belong to the present and to the future; let us not bury them in ancient graveyards already haunted by the regrets and the reproaches which need so slight a signal to fasten once again upon us. S.

An Offer to Infidels

THE pastor of a Baptist church in Provo, Utah, has made a public offer to pay infidels one dollar per hour to sit in church and listen to him. There must be no nonsense about their infidelity; applicants must submit to a searching examination. We would suggest that a certificate from a clergyman should be accepted in lieu of the examination. We are not acquainted with the author of this ingenious scheme for calling attention to his church. But though emphatically claiming for ourselves the constant advocacy of true Christianity, we are of opinion that we could pass the examination and honestly claim as many dollars as this gentleman shall hereafter preach hours. We are not, however, proposing to try. We are somehow reminded of the anecdote of the condemned criminal who was offered his choice between death and the reading of —'s *History of England*. He read a page or two and then sadly put the book down and laid his head on the block. S.

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Why are the sins—virtues—diseases, etc., of parents inherited by their children if, as we believe, each child is the molder of his own destiny? How can the child grow and improve when he returns, if he must bear the burden of his parents' faults?

Answer (1) Because they are the child's due, because they are the sins, virtues, diseases, which the child has earned for itself in the past, and it has come into that environment which will provide for it the best conditions for its progress and welfare. Why are these inherited? So that the child, the man or woman may overcome them, in the case of the sins, and may make more beautiful still the virtues.

Why does a child bear the burden of his parents' faults? Partly because of the above, but also because in greater or less degree we all must bear the burden of one another's faults, because humanity is not made up of separate, distinct units, but that these units are all linked together, and the closer the ties, the more do we share in the burdens and joys of others. The links that bind parent and child are not simply of one life, but of many lives and it may be, nay, must be that in the past, the burden was heaped up by each on whom it now presses and must be borne until higher endeavor, purer living, unselfish service shall remove it.

(2) Does it not seem probable that the failings and virtues are only inherited because they are also the property of the child? He would naturally be attracted to parents of somewhat like nature with himself. The same would apply to inherited diseases. The child has also, like the parent, a lesson to learn from them. And if the faults of the parents' are also the child's, one could readily imagine the Law bringing them together precisely to be mirrors to each other, helps to each other, even when years of strife had to wear away before the lesson was learned, charity and forbearance reached, and the plan of the Law realized. H.C.

(3) In studying a large and unfamiliar subject, many questions will arise which cannot be fully answered at once, but which demand further study; and, after the student has mastered the elements of the subject, he will be in a position to answer his own questions.

Generally speaking, then, when we come to a difficulty which obviously depends on our small acquaintance with our subject, we should bide our time until further study clears it up.

The teachings as to Reincarnation show us that the Soul chooses or is assigned a body in accordance with its merits and needs. The defects which we inherit from our parents, therefore, are those defects which we ourselves created in our past lives; and it is because we created them that we were fated to be born in such environments. Thus a man who in his past lives has cultivated habits of self-indulgence, is born of parentage vitiated by that fault. In short, the Soul is to blame for its bad heredity. But we are not bound down by that or any other tendency, because our divine nature gives us a power of resisting tendencies, altering our own character, and sowing better crops for the future.

Let us therefore make the best of what we have, in the assurance that our lot was shaped by perfect justice; let us, instead of deploring that lot, turn it to good account by learning the valuable lessons it can teach; and let us take care, by our behavior now, that we do not earn another such bad heredity in the future. H. T. E.

Question How are man's life and evolution governed by cycles? How can there be progress if we continually come back to the same point? (Continued from the issue of June 26, 1904.)

Answer The following extracts are in continuation of those previously given from an address by William Q. Judge on the subject of "Cyclic Impression and Return and Our Evolution." In the quotations here given, he takes up the subject from a practical, personal standpoint, and gives many hints which, if followed, would do much to make life brighter for those who find it hard to bear up against trouble and depression. He says, speaking of cycles:

Now this has the greatest possible bearing upon our evolution as particular individuals, and that is the only way in which I wish to consider the question of evolution here;

not the broad question of the evolution of the universe, but our own evolution, which means our bodily life, as Madame Blavatsky, repeating the ancients, said to us so often, and as we found said by so many of the same school. An opportunity will arise for you to do something; you do not do it; you may not have it again for one hundred years. It is the return before you of some old thing that was good, if it is a good one, along the line of the cycles. You neglect it, as you may, and the same opportunity will return, mind you, but it may not return for many hundred years. It may not return until another life, but it will return under the same law.

Now take another case. I have a friend who is trying to find out all about Theosophy, and about man's inner nature, but I have discovered that he is not paying the slightest attention to this subject of the inevitable return upon himself of these impressions which he creates. I discovered he had periods of depression (and this will answer for everybody), when he had a despondency that he could not explain. I said to him, you have had the same despondency maybe seven weeks ago, maybe eight weeks ago, maybe five weeks ago. He examined his diary and his recollection, and he found that he had actual recurrence of despondency about the same distance apart. Well, I said, that explains to me how it is coming back. But what am I to do? Do what the old Theosophists taught us; that is, we can only have these good results by producing opposite impressions to bad ones. So, take this occasion of despondency. What he should have done was, that being the return of an old impression, to have compelled himself to feel joyous, even against his will, and if he could not have done that, then to have tried to feel the joy of others. By doing that, he would have implanted in himself another impression, that is of joy, so that when this thing returned once more, instead of being of the same quality and extension, it would have been changed by the impression of joy or elation, and the two things coming together would have counteracted each other, just as two billiard balls coming together tend to counteract each other's movements. This applies to every person who has the blues. This does not apply to me, and I think it must be due to the fact that in some other life I have had the blues. I have other things, but the blues never.

I have friends and acquaintances who have these desponding spells. It is the return of old cyclic impressions, or the cyclic return of impressions. What are you to do? Some people say, I just sit down and let it go; that is to say, you sit there and create it once more. You cannot rub it out if it has been coming, but when it comes start up something else, start up cheerfulness, be good to some one, then try to relieve some other person who is despondent, and you will have started another impression, which will return at the same time. It does not make any difference if you wait a day or two to do this. The next day, or a few days after, will do, for when the old cyclic impression returns, it will have dragged up the new one, because it is related to it by association. This has a bearing also on the question of the civilization in which we are a point ourselves.

TO BE CONTINUED

A National Festival of Education

ON the 19th of June, Paris and the twenty-five thousand communes held high festival, commemorating for the first time the presentation to the Assembly at Versailles, thirty-two years ago, of a monster petition, bearing a million and a half of names, for free, universal and unsectarian education. Tens of thousands of Parisian children took part in the celebration, and the President, with the high officials of State, was also present. The organizing body was the French Educational League, founded in 1866, for conflict with dogmatic and reactionary forces. It has nearly won its battle, and the victory was marked by the vast crowd with repeated cheers for M. Combes.

For the first time the decorations of the Legion of Honor have been awarded to teachers. Fifty of these were bestowed, eight to women, twenty-eight to elementary teachers.

Such an affair would be impossible in any other country but France, that land of living ideals. Could a wild wave of national enthusiasm for education, culminating in a national festival, sweep through this country or through England?

We note that in a recent book by Dr. Emil Reich, the distinguished Hungarian historian, he practically assigns to France the front place in the ranks of civilization. No country, he thinks, has been so thoroughly demedievalized as France.

The barriers of class and caste have there been leveled almost to the earth. . . . Very few men in France find it desirable to conceal their social origin.

The catastrophe of 1870 was a tonic, if a bitter one, an awakener; and since then France has gained a new consciousness. To those who know her otherwise than as a fashionable holiday resort, this is obvious. She is alive to the last cell, and throbs with the spirit of the new era.

STUDENT

The Power of Silence

"WHAT impressed me most," said Smith, "in the address last night, was what the lecturer said of the power of silence. It never struck me before what an awful waste of force goes on in talk. I should think Charlie and I sat up last night for two hours discussing that very thing. I was trying to point out to him, indirectly you know, that *he* talks too much, but I don't believe he caught the idea."

"Isn't he —" began Jones.

"He's a good fellow," went on Smith, "but his brain is a perfect mush of half-boiled talk. Thinks aloud, that's what he does. One of those people who never talk about *things*, but always chatter, chatter, about *people*. I hear he's engaged, or as good as that, to that girl Robinson. Nice girl, but an awful chatterer; don't wonder she and Brown couldn't hit it off. They'd have talked each other to death."

"But —" interposed Jones.

"By Jove though, it was a fine lecture. Last night after I got to bed the thing got bigger and bigger. I could just *feel* what we lose by this incessant talking. I believe I could have made a girls' school see the thing if I'd had them there. The ideas were just ramping. Why look here. Suppose a man's brain just goes on *piling* up force, got out of his soul you know, the dynamic energy of thought—that's not a bad phrase, by the bye—and if he'd only *keep* it, he could think things worth thinking. But if he can't get anyone else to talk to, he'll talk to himself, by Jove. I've watched Charlie's lips moving when he did not know I was looking.

"Now this thing's got to stop. I do it myself to some extent. I went round to see Frank the other night—hadn't much to do and wanted to swap ideas a bit with someone—I don't see why you should smile merely because I mention Frank; he isn't much, but a man can't stop by himself all the time; and he's a nice quiet fellow—and while I was talking to him a great idea struck me. Why shouldn't you and I and Frank and Charlie—that is till Charlie's married, if he ever does marry—room together and take a sort of pledge not to speak anything but necessary things for a month? Pythagoras kept his pupils silent for seven years, and I guess they were just such fellows as you and I. Once a week we'd have an off night and tell all the things we'd been thinking about."

"What did Frank —" said Jones.

"Oh! you know Frank. Didn't *say* much; just sat and smoked—thought it *might* work—laughed a bit to himself and asked what you said. I told him I knew you were all right. Another thing occurred to me, a

great invention, scientific instrument which I would call a tacitometer. Weigh a fellow's head while he sleeps; then when he wakes keep his head in the instrument, and make it keep recording the weight as he goes on thinking. See if he could still his mind so thoroughly—without going to sleep, mind you—as to have his head weigh as little as if he *was* asleep. Queer revelations we should get. The way to do, you know, would be to fix the mind on one thing only and hold it there without a move. I tried the experiment after I left Frank and got it down fine. Never thought a single thing. While I was in that state it seemed to me as if I could see the brains of Charlie and Frank and you and lots of others, all crowded with perfectly nonsensical things, no good to anybody. Of course Charlie was thinking of Miss Robinson, and the whole thing was a perfect whirl. I tell you, Jones, humanity's in a tough situation. A League like I proposed is sadly wanted. I wrote to that lecturer—what's his name?—Gunga-charya, forty pages, and then hadn't said all I wanted. Wonder if he'll answer. Well I must be off; think it over."

"Think over what?" said Jones.

"Oh! everything; the League and the instrument and all the rest; and if any other ideas occur to me I'll let you know."

"Smith," said Jones, "Carlyle wrote forty volumes on the necessity for silence."

"Of course he did, but he couldn't *keep* it. Never was such a failure. But our League—here's Frank; let's talk it all over with him."

STUDENT

HOPE and love and enthusiasm never die. We think in youth that we bury them in the graveyard of our hearts, but the grass never yet grew over them. How then can life be sad, when they walk beside us, always in the growing light, towards the perfect day?

THE only sin which we never forgive in each other is a difference of opinion.

—Emerson

¶ BROTHER FRED DICK, Ireland's representative of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, arrived at Loma Homestead Saturday, July 16th. His account of the progress of our work there, and the devotion of the members of Dublin Lodge is most encouraging.

¶ 19 AVENUE ROAD, REGENT'S PARK, N. W., LONDON, June 29th, 1904.—The sun is shining here continuously, and the little Raja Yoga children are running about the beautiful lawn, while H. P. Blavatsky's tree, which you will remember, is in full bloom, and makes a most delightful picture in the very heart of this dense and crowded London.

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JULY	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
11	29.808	69	61	66	62	.00	NW	12
12	29.800	70	63	67	63	.00	NW	fresh
13	29.748	73	61	65	60	.00	SW	4
14	29.634	70	58	64	61	.00	SW	3
15	29.664	71	58	60	58	.00	SE	8
16	29.724	71	60	63	59	.00	W	5
17	29.744	69	60	66	91	.00	SW	3

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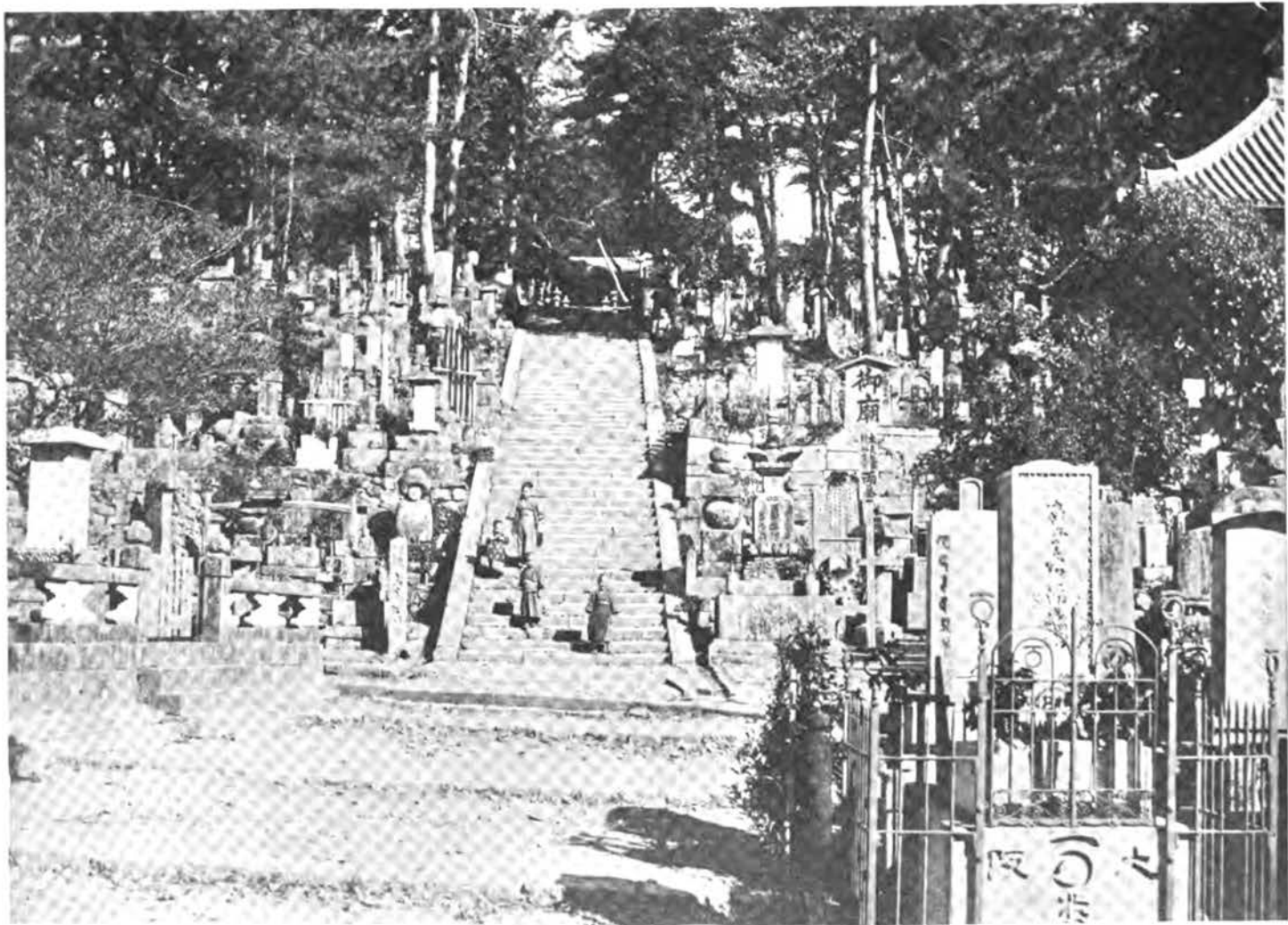
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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

When Truth Convinces
Man the Microcosm
The City of Eternal
Spring
A Visitor's View of
Point Loma
Kurodani Graveyard—frontispiece
English & American Masons

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Divinity Student as
Journalist
Limitlessness of Mod-
ern Credulity
Higher Criticism and
Textual Criticism
What Are "the Classics"?

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Need of True Philosophy
The Motives of Millet
Head by Guercino (illustration)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Point Loma, California
Our Experiment
Dress
Corean Women
Lomaland Women
Students (illustration)
Women Ride Donkeys

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Extinction of Tonkawa
Indians
Repose Shown in the
Statuary of Egypt

Page 9—NATURE

Intelligence of Sand-Wasps
Rosetime (verse)
Hardiness in Plants
Deforestation
Flight of Birds

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Katherine Tingley's Ad-
dress at Isis Theatre
Australasia
Greetings from
E. A. Neresheimer

Page 12—GENERAL

Glimpses in the Philippine
Islands (illustrations)
Ideals in Northern
Legends
The Theosophical Searchlight

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Modern Science Is Abstract
Conceptions of Matter
Alcohol as Food
Ore Radiating X-Rays
for One Hundred Years

Pages 14—FICTION

The Good News Spreads
Work (verse)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Raja Yoga Question Box
Two Fairies
A Sensitive Cat
Lotus Bud of Ireland (illustration)
Be Good (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Faith of Roses (verse)
Religion of the Schoolboy
Teacher and Disciple
Secret of Life (verse)
What We Can Do (verse)
Theosophical Forum
Saying from Epictetus

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Irish Legends

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

We Realize When Truth Convinces

IT is easy to say that Theosophy is the key to the problems of life, or that Brotherhood is the solution of all human difficulties. And we may think we believe it. Nevertheless, however strong may be our intellectual conviction of the truth of a thing, it is always a surprise when we begin to realize its truth. We then see that what we previously imagined to be belief was only opinion, and we say, "It is really true after all!"

Now, if Theosophy and Brotherhood are the key to all human life and to all problems, then they must be able to throw light on every vexed subject: on science for instance, and on music, and on medicine, and so on. And this is what we are beginning to realize in Lomaland—with so much gratified surprise in spite of our supposed previous convictions

to the same effect. We see light being thrown on all questions. It is because we have gotten right back to the very heart and center of things, and can therefore view things from the only true view-point.

If we consider the various systems of thought that are in the world, we shall see that none of them begin at the center of things. Thus physical science takes the precepts of our sense-consciousness as its data, and does not go back of these. Consequently, though admirable as a set of formulæ for solving questions of physical science, it is useless as a philosophy of life. And great thinkers are telling us we must go beyond the field of modern science and study our senses, our emotions, our minds, and so on. If we do this we get a system of metaphysics or a moral philosophy; it takes us back a bit further, but again we find we have not reached the center, and again we must search still deeper.

All current speculation is vitiated by the lack of centralization, just as astronomy was complex and obscure before the heliocentric theory simplified the problem of the planetary motions.

Theosophy applies a heliocentric system to the problems of life generally, and so simplifies them all. It is in its way of regarding the nature of Man that Theosophy strikes the key-note which reveals the harmony throughout. A false view of man's nature is what has been confounding speculation all this time. A true view of Man's nature puts all problems in a new light; and the application of this correction extends downwards to the smallest details, infusing order into everything.

Ordinary speculation is all based, avowedly or tacitly, on the assumption that a man's personal consciousness is the highest he can attain to, and hence self-interest becomes the mainspring. We

Self-Interest the Basis of Sociology

have sociologists arguing that every man will act in his own interests, except in so far as he is constrained by other people acting in their own respective interests. And, finding that a social philosophy based on this works out wrong, other philosophers have tried to substitute a pooling of interests, a compromising of selfish wills, as the basis of sociology. But, though they perceive from patent facts that men do habitually act from other motives than self-interest, there is no science or philosophy of human nature at hand which can tell them *why* people so act.

This is where Theosophy steps in with its declaration, that the personal consciousness is a mere subsidiary function of man's nature; and the real Man, at the present stage of development only very partially revealed, is a Being who does not act selfishly. It is this real Man behind the scenes that prompts those actions which contradict the self-interest theory. If we began by recognizing the unselfish man as the real being, and the personal man as only a subordinate phase, we should never make the mistake of formulating absurd theories which do not fit the facts, and then trying to persuade people to live according to our theories. Once accept the idea that man, as we know him now, is not in possession of his best faculties; add to it the conviction

Theosophy and Brotherhood the Key

that he can acquire the use of these superior faculties; and end by showing that the Theosophical teachings as to Brotherhood and the unity of life are the key to that acquisition:—and what becomes of current speculation, based, as it is, upon an ignoring of these ideas? It will change and the disarranged ideas will fall into line and be seen in their correct relation as we view them from our new vantage ground.

But this truth of the Higher Self must be a reality, an experienced fact, before it can be fully effectual; so long as it remains a mere theory we shall get beautiful words and no more. In Lomaland, however, where the life of one and all is daily based on Theosophy, and every regulation and method down to the smallest detail is founded on Theosophical principles; and where students are required to make their conduct approximate to the best of their ability, to these ideals; the reality of the Higher Self begins to dawn as a fact of experience. The presence of a Soul, common to all and belonging not to any individual but to the community, becomes manifest. And, as people come to realize that there is this larger life with its nobler incentives and deeper joys, their motives change and they do everything from a different inspiration and with a new purpose. These present remarks are intended to be general; but the various pages of the NEW CENTURY PATH are showing how Theosophy throws a new and a powerful light on each special subject as it arises.

Expression of the Uni- versal Soul

Thus, in science, instead of viewing the universe as dead and trying to make a reality out of a mere system of mathematics with equations expressing the relation between unknown factors, such as space and time and motion, we see in everything an expression of the universal Soul. A crystal is no longer an assemblage of inconceivable molecules, arranged according to a purposeless law by a causeless force; but it is a living soul of some kind, and its properties can be understood and explained on this hypothesis. Modern science has so far not contributed to the real interests of man, but has only complicated his external life; and this is because it deals only with the mathematics of Nature, viewing the universe as a mindless mechanism. But, taking conscious and intelligent life as the basis of all creation, we shall find that difficulties and contradictions disappear, and have a science that will be at once beneficial (in the true sense) and consistent.

Or take music. Instead of being a form of sensuous pleasure, or an incentive pursued instinctively in ignorance of the real source and meaning of that incentive, music appears as one of the arts by which the beauties and harmonies of soul-life may be revealed. It thus acquires a purpose and can be cultivated and used intelligently instead of being a chaos as at present.

And so we might go on enumerating the various departments of culture and enterprise and indicating the way in which they are illuminated by being viewed from the Theosophical view-point. All work, in fact, acquires a new meaning when done in the spirit of a craftsman using a divine art of creation, and not for bread or money. H. T. E.

Man the Microcosm*

EVERY man who seeks to obey the golden aphorism, "Know thyself," finds in his own nature reiteration of the world at large; he finds it, both physiologically, in his body, and spiritually, in his soul. Man's body contains the elements of all knowledge. Its chemistry is wonderful, and embraces all chemistry. Its geography is equally so; its seas and rivers are even more wonderful than those of the earth; its temperature contains the whole theory of combustion. All knowledge, all taste, all sense of right and wrong, is comprehended within the sphere of the microcosm, man. He who knows man thoroughly, is both learned and scientific, and what is better than either, he is truly the wise man. In man, all the powers and realities of the universe are concentrated, all developments united, all forms associated. Man is the bearer of all the dignities of nature.

There is in nature no tone to which his being is not the response, no form of which he is not the type. The human organism is the whole Kosmos, with its life infused into the individual. Man's organization embraces all; he is the world's self-surveying eye, the world's self-hearing ear, the world's self-renouncing voice. Hence he is termed by Goethe the plan of creation; by Novalis, the systematic index to nature; by Oken, the complex of all organizations.

Of all subjects open to the human mind, it follows that the unity of man with Nature is the most lofty and instructive. If true that he is one with it, then the study of man must needs be the study of all nature; and conversely, that of nature must be a microscopic view of man, free access to every side and aspect of him. No subject defines so vast a circle. It embraces the whole of metaphysics, and the whole of the philosophy of language, which is equivalent to saying the entire range of the correspondence of things spiritual with things material. It embraces the whole of zoology, of botany, and of the sciences of nature in general, making all things fill with life, and bringing all into an unexhausted fellowship. In every sense of the word, it is self-knowledge.

* *Life, Its Nature*, etc., by Leo H. Grindon, Lecturer on Botany at the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester.

The City of Eternal Spring

Reports from many of our eastern and central cities speak of a wave of prostrating heat passing over certain districts. Californians always feel that they have an unusually good share of Nature's blessings when such reports arrive. A country of perennial spring time has always been the dream of most men, and our southern Californian climate is practically that. The changes in temperature are so small, that a fit name for San Diego might well be the "City of Eternal Spring." STUDENT

A Visitor's View of Point Loma

MR. F. J. DICK, correspondent for several publications in Europe, is now visiting Point Loma. In one of his recent publications, he speaks most enthusiastically of the Point Loma Bungalow and Tent Village. Mr. Dick says:

"The Point Loma Bungalow and Tent Village is beautifully situated on spacious grounds, commanding extensive views of San Diego, the bay, mountains and ocean. Here are large, commodious tents, laid out with ample space between them, and a large Recreation Hall near the entrance, with upper promenades and galleries. It is hardly possible to convey an adequate idea of the beauty of this interesting tent-home and its surroundings. One noticeable feature on the Village Grounds, is the refectory, nestling in a wood of cypress and mulberry trees. On the grounds there are lawn tennis, basket-ball, and croquet courts, and garden seats and swings. The grounds are laid out in such a way as to afford all possible comfort to the people who occupy these pretty little homes. One finds here a refined and ideal home-life awaiting him, with the added charm of the most beautiful situation, the purest air, and the most equable climate obtaining anywhere in the world. The boulevard, running down from the hilltop, leading to San Diego, has been broadened and greatly improved. Mr. A. G. Spalding, who occupies his beautiful home on the Point Loma Homestead grounds, has, at his own expense, for the benefit of Point Loma and San Diego residents, greatly enhanced the beauty and service of this road, by adding to the width of it, to such an extent, that it is now 40 feet wide. The oil-hardening process is being used on this road. The pleasures of driving and cycling will thus be added to the amenities, for this means perfect freedom from dust. Loma Homestead, just across the boulevard, stands out as a most imposing structure. Its background of blue sky and Pacific Ocean, with its beautiful gardens and drives, makes a picture an artist might dream of.

"It is plain that Point Loma and San Diego are united in a common interest. The city of San Diego is undergoing a great change; an increase of population and general commercial activity are advancing by leaps and bounds. There surely is a great future for this part of California."

Kurodani Graveyard, Tokyo, Japan --- Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows a view of the Kurodani Graveyard at Tokyo, Japan. In studying Japan, and the customs of the Japanese people, one finds so many interesting points for consideration. The contrast between an European or American graveyard, and one in Japan, is striking. The gruesome and drear picture of mounds, under which lie the bodies of the so-called dead, was always an unwholesome suggestion.

The idea of putting the remains of a beloved one under the ground, and closing it in, never did appeal to man's spiritual hopes. Now, while the Japanese do bury their dead, sometimes, they have a way of suggesting companionship in memory. Close to the suburbs of the cities of this people, on high terraces, out at the foot of their woodland hills, they place their carved tributes in stone, in memory of their so-called dead. There are no suggestions in these Japanese burial places, of the form beneath the ground. There is, even in the cold marble and granite they erect here, more suggestion of the unbroken link with their loved ones.

Just down the hillside is the city of Tokyo, with its simple busy life of sunshine and happiness. Here, at the Kurodani graveyard, the birds sing all day; and there is very little in the whole picture to make one feel the atmosphere of death.

English and American Masons Foregather

THE fittingly cordial relationship between the Masonic Lodges of Great Britain and America will be much strengthened by an official visit that is about to be paid to the Grand Commandery of the United States, at its Triennial Conclave, by some of the highest officers of the Grand Priory of England and Wales. The visitors are also personal representatives of King Edward and the Duke of Connaught. They will be guests of the Grand Commandery of California, and will receive the fine hospitality and courtesy for which that body is famous.

Masonry has a great work awaiting it in the future, as it has a great record from the past. And the closer that Masons everywhere now draw together, the sooner will that work be reached and the more effectively will it be accomplished.

ENGLISH MASON

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Divinity Student as Journalist

THE President of the Chicago Theological Seminary thinks it would be a good thing if divinity students took a short course as journalist reporters, so as to get a badly-lacking touch of practical human needs. The idea seems good. But would the best of them, the most practical and energetic, consent in due time to leave their vivid journalistic life for the cloistered pulpit atmosphere—which is, nevertheless, exactly where they are needed? If they would, then the pulpits which they subsequently filled would hear sermons very unlike the ordinary, sermons that touched practical life and its needs at every point, and owed not one item of their contents to the nightmare-reveries of Athanasius or Calvin. And we should look for some startling changes in The Creed if these men met as a Synod to revise it.

They would probably spend little time in telling their hearers how they, as individuals, were to be “saved,” but much in telling them *how to save the people outside*. They would teach that the Christian life required seven days in every week to live it properly, and that it required its professors to give time, money and work to the betterment of any and every condition about them that needed bettering, to be a special kind of business man, a special kind of voter and citizen, a special and most remarkable kind of politician. And they would express in strong terms a well-based opinion that no one would ever get “hereafter” any more of Heaven than he had previously made around him, or tried to make around him, *for others*, here. They might even be so inconveniently minded as to require that members of *their* churches should give evidence of filling this bill.

How many of such members there would be is another question. The pulpits must touch the living world of men with its needs and pains, or the world will presently pass them by as a belated institution.

It is *this* world whose needs are so urgent. And whoever will work to relieve them will find a creed growing up in his heart which, because it is beyond all utterance, is forever safe from crystallization into dogma.

C.

The Limitlessness of Modern Credulity

THE English clergyman claiming to be a Reincarnation of Jesus Christ, the Rev. John Smyth-Pigott, is still able to command a fit circle of worshipers. He has just re-emerged upon public attention by holding a séance of the believers, who seem to have gathered from many quarters of the globe.

Is there *no* limit to human credulity? We can understand that as there was already an Elijah and a John the Baptist (indeed, two; one, we noted, subsided into a lunatic asylum about a week ago), it was necessary to “go one better.” But that the man should be *accepted* at this valuation—!

We await the claimant to a still Higher Identity. There was one such, but he died about a quarter of a century ago.

Claimants who have no other claim to greatness than that of their pretensions are posing as reappearances on earth of this or that great personality of the past. We have met many Marys (of Scotland), many Joans of Arc, and two Shelleys. H. P. Blavatsky was not dead a year before an Englishwoman of some notoriety, who calls herself a Theosophist and permits her worshipers to regard her as Hypatia, professed that she knew a youth (in India) in whom that great teacher had incarnated—which, by the way, would seem to the uninitiated to imply two souls in the same body. Since then it has been reported that H. P. Blavatsky has incarnated in three other persons and been born as an infant in at least two places! The admiring world is invited to believe this on the authority of the three persons and the two pairs of proud parents. We doubt not that all of these claimants will in due course have a circle of abject worshipers, abject listeners to rubbish talked in the name of one of the world’s wisest and strongest teachers and reformers, and that they themselves will ultimately find a home in an insane asylum. Every good and great thing has its counterfeits; but is the great thing itself responsible for them?

STUDENT

Higher Criticism and Textual Criticism

IT is no uncommon thing to find these two confounded by those who know better; and the misuse permeates largely our periodicals and newspapers. A liberal attitude toward the criticism of the text is sometimes spoken of as the “higher criticism”; and in like manner a liberal, advanced, unprejudiced treatment of the subject matter goes by the same name. The object of textual criticism is to find out the actual words of the author, by detecting and removing errors in the text. The higher criticism has to do with the subject matter, whether the manner of treating this be ultra-orthodox, or ultra-rationalistic.

In the matter of textual criticism we find a very strange state of things. Those called conservatives are the advocates of modern manuscripts; whereas the advanced or liberal critics are the real conservatives, *i. e.*, they place more value on a few early manuscripts than on a basket full of copies, full of errors in transcription, which show a suspicious agreement with each other, and which belong to the Tenth century, instead of the Fourth or Fifth. If the words of Jesus and of his early followers have any value, one would think that those copies of their sayings which bring us near to the apostolic age should be prized more highly than those made during the Dark Ages. Yet we find, ever since the first printed copy, that the great preponderance of ecclesiastical influence has been in favor of the corrupt manuscripts of recent date, rather than the early manuscripts which must represent approximately the original text.

In regard to the criticism of the subject matter (the higher criticism) we find a similar state of things. The liberal scholar, the advanced critic, who seeks to restore the Christianity of the First century—the teachings of Jesus—is regarded as an innovator by those who call themselves Christian, but who prefer the creeds, the decrees of councils, or bulls of popes, to the words of the great founder of Christianity.

Textual criticism must prepare the way for the higher criticism, that of the subject matter; for we must know what an author says before we can discuss what he means. According to a well-known authority (Westcott and Hort) textual criticism is “always secondary and always negative”; by which it is meant that the work of the critic begins only where different readings are to be found, or where there is some manifest and undoubted mistake, and that the process is to detect and eliminate errors. It has nothing to do with what the author should have said, but only with what he did say, as the best text records it.

The higher criticism, that of the subject matter, should rest on the basis of a pure text to begin with; and from that proceed to discuss the author’s meaning. If the critic is learned, and seeks, without prejudice, to bring all the resources of modern knowledge to bear upon the elucidation of the author in question, he deserves the name of advanced critic. But if he tries to make everything fit into some creed or church teaching, then we say he is an unprogressive or orthodox man.

S. J. N.

What Are “the Classics”?

“THE Classical Association” has been formed in England to defend the menaced position of the classics—meaning Greek and Latin—in modern higher education. The classics, said Mr. Mackail, speaking for the Association, appeared before the world “not, as once, candidate and crowned, but in a garb, an attitude of humility, almost of supplication.” This the Association proposes to correct:

The classics included certain specific things which were unique in the world, and without which human culture was, and always must be, incomplete.

To a certain extent we agree, but have two comments to make: First, that the *spirit* of the classics is not got at by, nor taught to, the average student of them. He is usually too absorbed in, and wearied by, the technicalities of the grammar of the languages, to get beyond and live in the consciousness of the writers and people that used them. The barbs are made unnecessarily numerous and repellant in the fences. Indeed the fences seem to be often regarded as the very goal.

And secondly, why should not “the classics” include *Sanskrit*, the elder and more august sister of Greek and Latin, the key to a far vaster and profounder literature?

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Need of a True Philosophy in the World of Art

IN all days, because artists as a whole have not lived up to their possibilities, the impress which they might leave upon their generation and their time has been forgotten or overlooked. Why? Mainly because there has been such lack of true fraternity among them. There have always been noble souls and many of them, but, it must be confessed, also many, just as is the case in all professions, who have been swayed by ambition, whose motive power has been to gain money, or fame, and who are swept off the right path every day and sometimes every hour, by jealousy. There are few indeed whose motives are really selfless and who live so wholly in the higher phases of their art that the lower has no hold upon them. Looking at these one can readily see why some who have had magnificent command of technique have left so little real impress upon their age.

Hogarth comes before us as one of those who might have done so much more for his fellowmen than he did, had his point of view been something different. He has always seemed to me a sort of artistic Voltaire, a cynic, a man whose hand was stretched out, not in compassion, but to point the finger at his fellowmen as if they were so many targets. He himself preferred to be called author rather than painter, and yet in spite of the deep protest of both his life and his work against the follies of the time, he is remembered not for his compassion but for his cynicism.

Sensitive to beauty, it was Hogarth who wrote a work entitled *The Analysis of Beauty*, and it was he who declared the serpentine line to be the "line of beauty," you remember. Yet he was above all a cynic. His battle with the art brokers and so-called art connoisseurs of the day was a splendid one, but the results were insignificant because of his positive genius for rubbing people the wrong way. He had a great message for humanity, but he knew not how to impart it. Exceedingly shrewd in his estimate of human nature on certain lines, he was exceedingly stupid on others. "The gentle art of making enemies" he learned at an early age, and characteristic was his method both of attack and of defense.

His life, looked at in the light of Theosophy, gives us the key to many a problem, and the answer to the old, old question, "Why do not our artists exercise a greater influence upon all life than is the case?" The world is waiting for the inspiration of a new art spirit. The hearts of men are hungering and thirsting for the Beautiful. Yet, so shut in are we by outworn habits of thought, so veiled are our eyes by misconceptions and by fears, so dulled is our perception to pure beauty, we no longer have the power to discriminate between the true in art and the false. We need not more schools of art, but we do need more souls aflame with a great compassion. We need not more technique, but we do need more fraternity. We need not more splendor, more glamour, but we do need more discrimination, that man may better understand his brother man—that the soul of things may not wait too long for its revealing.

STUDENT

BENEATH these flowers I dream, a silent chord. I cannot wake my own strings to music; but under the hands of those who comprehend me, I become an eloquent friend. Wanderer, ere thou goest, try me. The more trouble thou takest with me, the more lovely will be the tones with which I shall reward thee. — Schumann

The Motives of Millet, Painter of the "Angelus"

WILLIAM M. HUNT, one of our great American artists, has the following to say of Millet, who was at one time his teacher. Comment is needless. The life is the real commentary—the Soul gives forth its own lesson:

Millet's pictures have infinity beyond them. Couture's have a limit. I am grateful to Couture for what he taught me, but it was well that I left him. I took broader ideas of humanity, of the world, of life, when I came to know Millet and his works. His subjects were real people who had work to do. If he painted a haystack, it suggested life, animal as well as vegetable, and the life of man. His fields

were fields in which men and animals worked; where both laid down their lives; where the bones of the animal were ground up to nourish the soil, and the endless turning of the wheel of existence went on.

He was the greatest man in Europe. I give you his poetical side; but he was immense, tremendous—so great that very few could ever get near him. He read only such things as would help him; knew Shakespeare and Homer by heart. He was like Abraham Lincoln in caring for only a few books. He loved *Hamlet*. I've found him laughing over the *Clouds of Aristophanes*. It was splendid to hear him read the Bible: "*Now the famine was great throughout all the land.*" "What a description that is!" he would say. "What breadth there is in it! It could be expressed in no other way." And yet people say that the Bible cannot be translated into French! And to hear him read the Book of Ruth! He saw it all from a painter's standpoint. He is the only man, since the Bible was written, who has expressed things in a biblical way.

When I first saw his pictures in Paris I was walking through the exhibition with one of my friends, and we were delighted with them. No one else cared for them. They were called "*des tristes affaires*." I was in Couture's studio at that time. He cared nothing for them. I went to Barbizon, where Millet lived, staid there for two years, and was with him all the time. I found him working in a cellar, three feet under ground, his pictures mildewing from the dampness. . . . It will give you some idea of the low prices at which his work at that time was sold to know that for "The Sheep-Shearers," the most expensive picture of his that I bought, I gave ninety dollars. . . .



FROM DRAWING BY GUERCINO
Academy of Fine Arts, Venice

FOR, break through Art, and rise to Poetry.
Bring Art to tremble nearer, touch enough
The verge of vastness to inform our soul
What orb makes transit through the dark above,
And there's the triumph!—there the incomplete,
More than completion, matches the immense.—
Then Michelangelo against the world! — Browning

ACCORDING to one of our daily papers, Biondi's plastic group, "Saturnalia," has been rejected by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, not on the ground that it was not good art, but that it was an offense to public morality. The rejection was based on the opinion of a committee of the National Sculpture Society. It is stated that the group was on exhibition in Paris for some time and was there awarded a prize. There is food for reflection here. Technically, the work of the sculptor—as far as a photograph is able to reveal—leaves little to be desired. Morally, the whole group is very, very far from elevating in its influence. It represents a drunken and bestial crowd of revelers, so bestial that there is not remaining even a vestige of a hint of that inspirational something which wine sometimes, by certain poets, has been supposed to stand for. The figures are fully draped, so that one who criticises could not be accused of prejudice against the nude in art. "Saturnalia" may have been awarded a prize by a jury of technicians, but is there not something more to art than mere technique? Is there not a higher morality for which art should stand, the laws of which no artist should dare to offend? And is it not glorious that the key-note has been sounded at last? The time has come. STUDENT



OUR LIGHT MUST SO SHINE THAT THE EVIL IN LIFE WILL FLEE AWAY. & OUR BROTHERS, WHO WALK IN DARKNESS, WILL SEEK OUR PATH, BECOMING A LIGHT UNTO THEMSELVES & HUMANITY.—*Katherine Tingley*

This Point Loma in California

BUT now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—

To the island-valley of Avalon;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly.—“The Passing of Arthur,” *Tennyson*

EASIER it is to believe that we are down in the land of the Arabian Nights! This brilliant sky and these snowy walls belong to the land of Pittsburg and Chicago! Why, look at the ground at your feet, and see the Magical Carpet on which you have been brought into this land of wonder and mystery. There you have the true Persian color and design: the deep rich crimson and the soft dust-gray and the pale yellows and greens, close-cut and close-clipt. There is no mistaking that design. And look at those domes of light swelling up into the turquoise sky! If those are not the domes of the Grand Vizier—and yonder Aladdin's lantern—may my eyes never behold them!

It is a land of wonder. The old Indians felt its beauty, and told it to their children when they handed down the legend of the Grand Canyon. Death had taken away his best-beloved, and the old chief mourned and would not be comforted. Finally even the gods had pity for him, and told him if he would never show another the way, they would lead him to the Happy Land where lived his long-departed. So down the canyon they led him, with eyes bound, where no other human foot had ever trod, and at last he was brought in safety to—California.

Not even in these later days has all of poetry vanished from life. Other seekers for the Happy Land have come and have found it at Point Loma. Here are ideal conditions. Earth and sky and sea pour forth their treasures of flowers and fruit and sunshine and wine-rich air. All that the senses need is given in beauty and fragrance. And that other necessity for happy living, a busy life—not strenuous nor overcrowded, but full of healthy human interest, is furnished in the work of the school. For each there is a part and a place. Teacher and pupil alike seem imbued with helpfulness, so that the interest centers in the thing done, and the doer and his manner of doing become subordinate.

Such souls find it easy to express themselves in melody since all is attuned to harmony. Perhaps this is why even the children at Raja Yoga can render with such exquisite taste and melody these songs which seem to come forth as naturally as the birds sing.

One being human, and recently from the outer world, looks for some slip of taste, for some poor workmanship, but it is not in the Temple nor in the Mart. Through it all there has been at work an Artist, and artist-souls have been attracted hither, as like draws unto like.

The early day has a Greek beginning. First comes the culture of the body callisthenics in an amphitheatre so placed in a cleft running down to the sea, one wonders if he has not been translated back to Greece in Homeric days. Then follows the busy day of healthy, wholesome work of hand and brain, work done for the love of doing, and beautiful and perfect because of the pleasure in its doing. At nightfall there is the hour of music, and such music as seems impossible for amateurs—many of these mere children. Delicacy of expression, musical instinct and perfect blending of voices—all this do these little ones exhibit. Then comes the long, restful night, with pure air, brilliant stars and sky, and perfect peace. This is Point Loma. ANNA L. HILLIS

MRS. ANNA L. HILLIS, a gifted woman, wife of the distinguished preacher Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis visited for several days at Lomaland. Mrs. Hillis was so thoroughly in sympathy with the life and work of the students and teachers here that she gave voice to it in above article. Mrs. Hillis won the love of all with whom she came in contact during her brief sojourn, and it is their sincere wish that she may repeat her visit.

Our Experiment

WHILE metaphysicians are wrangling over what mind is and what it is not, some declaring thought to be the result of the vibrations of brain matter and others denying it; while scientists are “measuring” thought-force, brain fatigue or trying to weigh the amount of energy used in thinking, memorizing, etc., while the scientific world, in short, is experimenting with mind and its functions much as a vivisectionist might with the entrails of his victim, an experiment of a very different order is going on in Lomaland, an experiment in which the mind is recognized as the servant, not the master, as most of our scientists now regard it.

Theosophy is a new science, the Science of the Soul. Our experiment, as students, consists in making a constant appeal to the soul, while in life as it is usually lived there is a constant appeal, first of all, to the intellect. The effect is not to decrease the strength of the mind, even though we are not engaged in so many “mental gymnastics,” but to increase its power, to open it to the influence of a new force, to bring it under the sway of the higher nature. As the powers of the soul are infinite, a mind dominated by this new force gradually develops capacities as yet unknown. The Theosophist well knows the occult law that nothing can rise to a higher level save through the assistance of something that is already on that higher level. If the world continues to regard mind as the highest faculty, and its cultivation, separate from the moral and spiritual being, as the most important object in education, it will never reach a higher than a brain-mind level. That is self-evident. The further cultivation of the brain-mind may give us new facts, new comforts, new discoveries, new inventions, new confusions and complexities, but of what avail will they be if we keep on using them for the same selfish purposes as of old, for mere personal indulgence?

The mind is “the slayer of real knowledge,” strange as it may seem, and as we turn the light of self-examination upon it, too often we find it full of the cobwebs of preconceived ideas, woven by the errors and indolence of the past. We find ourselves unable to receive a single new truth or a higher idea without examining it by the light of our old mental notions and previous misinterpreted experiences. Is it any wonder that we are unfit to receive the real truth?

If this could be overcome by the race as a whole, genius would become universal, instead of the exception, for the soul would have a free healthy brain-mind as its instrument. We would not have to blunder and worry our way along the path of knowledge, as we now do, taking years to learn what we might quickly and infallibly know by intuition. We would not have to wait centuries before some genius here and there makes a new discovery or gives us a new music or a better school of art. That is what Raja Yoga training does for the children, but we students may share this if we will take the mental “kingdom of heaven” by violence, stop weaving new mental cobwebs, stop living in old mental pictures, stop listening to the echo of old and erroneous ideas and open the mind to the stream of new ideas constantly endeavoring to flow into it from their source, the soul.

STUDENT

PROFESSOR ASO, Dean of the Japanese Women's University of Tokio, is in America for the purpose of studying the educational methods in use here. The dean is reported to have said: “The Japanese have learned that a weak and sickly woman must be an object of misfortune. It is my purpose to learn the methods employed in America in developing the superb specimens of womanhood for which this country is noted.” The Japanese Women's University was founded in 1901 by President Nruise and Dean Aso. It is under the special patronage of the Empress who donated 2000 yen towards its establishment. This was the first contribution for such an educational work ever made by a Japanese ruler. Some of the Japanese women the Empress sent to this county to be educated, on their return to Japan have proved most efficient teachers.

Dress

IT has been said that woman's dress mirrors the thought of the age. Surely, today, nothing better pictures the world's unrest, its triviality and even sensuality. The tyranny of Fashion is responsible—Fashion and her twin sister, Commercial Interest. And the two are adepts at degrading art, drama, even our social life in most of its phases. Fashion and Art have not always been sworn foes. They were friends and allies in Egypt and in ancient Greece and in ancient America, but that is not the case today, save among occasional primitive peoples whom we are wont to call "savages."

Fashionable dress today concedes nothing to art or to simple beauty, but concedes everything to novelty and display.

As women of Lomaland we are working out in our dress a two-fold ideal, that of the Unity of Soul, and that of its Individuality. The first may be expressed, as it was expressed in Greece and Egypt, by a dress which, foundationally, is uniform. This we have in our "Students'

Corean Women

MANY of the tales which come to us regarding the Corean women are extremely interesting. One of the most attractive is given by Captain Casserly, relating to the military cloak which every Corean woman wears. It is a long green cloak thrown over the head hanging down over the shoulders.

A former King of Corea once gave a banquet in the palace of Seoul to some of the officers of his army. Among them, unknown to the King, were a band of conspirators who aimed to take the life of the King at this banquet, and seize the throne. A number of loyal Corean women, hearing of the plot, went in a body together, gained admittance to the palace, and managed to secure the military cloaks of the officers, which had been left in an antechamber. Wrapping themselves in these cloaks, they stole into the banquet hall unperceived by the officers, and while some of the women threw the cloaks over the heads of the officers and held them securely, the other women seized the King and hurried him



WOMEN STUDENTS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA—EARLY MORNING CALLISTHENICS IN THE AMPHITHEATRE

Dress," our "Students' Hat," our "Drill Costume." The latter ideal each must work out by adapting the simple and uniform dress to herself, making it in some way expressive of her individuality; and also by the designing of other gowns which, though not uniform, still follow the lines that the artist loves and do not betray all that we hope for in the future.

Richard Wagner designed the costumes of the actors in his great dramas down to the minutest details. That is the secret of the unity that he achieved. Lohengrin, Elsa, and the rest, so perfectly adapted to the characters is the dress, that if one thinks of it at all one feels that they could not possibly have been dressed otherwise.

Less of individuality and more of unity was expressed by the pure Greek style, which fails to satisfy us today, because it demands perfect physical health and beauty on the part of those who wear it. Where is this to be found among the womanhood of the world today? Where, save in Lomaland? Here a beginning has been made, based upon a knowledge of the divine laws which govern mental, physical and spiritual growth. It is in Lomaland that the true ideal of dress shall become a living realization. It is out of Lomaland that a higher type of woman, a nobler womanhood, shall go forth into the world to restore Pure Art to the place which Fashion so long ago usurped. STUDENT

THERE are many standards of beauty as the world goes. In New Holland a unique standard exists, out of respect to which the women cut their faces and arms with shells and, keeping the wounds open, thereby assist nature in forming great scars which are considered very ornamental.

to a place of safety. The King out of gratitude to these brave, loyal women, decreed that from henceforth all women should wear the military cloak thrown over the head as a mark of honor. E.

Women Ride Donkeys in Egypt

THE ancient custom of riding on donkeys is still followed by the women of Egypt. While the animals are not large, still they are well trained and manage to carry their riders long distances with considerable speed, and safety. The women especially use the donkeys for all sorts of conveniences. They ride them to market, to do their shopping, and on long journeys.

Especially fine asses command as high prices as good horses, and are used by the wealthiest citizens. Donkeys are able to get about the narrow streets more easily than horses, and on the broad highway can outstrip the carriages. And what is of paramount importance is that no great skill is needed on the part of the rider, as the donkeys are docile, and easily handled. This would peculiarly attract women who are not experienced riders. M.

THE daughter of the Chinese Ambassador is quoted as having said:

In my country all girls of good family spend years studying the classics. There is a text-book called *The Three Hundred Poems*, which every school girl is expected to know by heart. So it will be seen that we devote a great deal of time to literature, and perhaps this tends to give us a taste for letter writing. My greatest pleasure is in writing letters to my friends in China.

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

The Extinction of the Tonkawa Tribe of Indians

A NEW YORK journal is lamenting the coming extinction of the Tonkawa tribe of Indians. For various reasons, their numbers have now come down to about a thousand. According to their own traditions, the earth was once covered with men of their race. But a great flood came, and so scattered even the remnants that they have never been able to come together again.

When the first European explorers came, it is true that the Tonkawas were the most powerful tribe of Indians in the southwest of the continent, a fact in line with their own legends. And they also appear to have been the most civilized. They were fine weavers, and they kept lengthy and most curious historic records by means of strands of many-colored beads. Of marriage they held the strictest views. Infidelity was punished by loss of the ears; if it occurred again, by cutting off the nose; and for the third offense, death.

Like nearly all peoples, they believed that the earth arose out of water. And as we have seen, they had the other as common legend of a great deluge. Hardly a tribe of Indians is without this latter. Is it a legendary reminiscence of the sinking of Atlantis? According to some of these accounts, nothing living escaped. This was the belief of the Dakotas, the Nicaraguans, and a tribe of Brazilian Indians, as also the Aschochimi of California. In other accounts, more or fewer people succeeded by various means in escaping, so that the human race was continued. Some of these legends have a very curious resemblance to the ark story of Genesis. So, for that matter, have many of the Indian legends of the origination of the earth from water. These and other parallels to both Old and New Testament Christianity greatly horrified the early proselytizing Catholic Fathers, and caused them to accuse the Devil of plagiarizing from Christianity in anticipation! For example: In Genesis we have the Spirit of God moving on the face of the waters. The Hebrew word translated "Spirit" is *Ruach*, literally *wind*. Here is the Quiché account:

This is the first word. (?Logos.) There were neither men nor brutes; neither birds, fish, nor crabs, stick nor stone, valley nor mountain, stubble nor forest; nothing but the sky, nothing but sea and sky. There was nothing joined, nor any sound, nor thing that stirred; only the silent waters, only the quiet ocean, only it in its peace. Nothing was but stillness, and rest, and darkness, and the night, nothing but the Maker and Molder, the Hurler (of the thunderbolt), the Bird-Serpent.

Over this sea came a mighty wind, Hurakan (hence our word *hurricane*), and the earth arose. The Nahuatl of Mexico not only had a deluge, but an ark in which only one man and his wife (Nata and Nena) were saved. Some of these myths are very finely couched, with more than a touch of philosophy. Indeed, Brinton remarks:

Is it that hitherto, in the pride of intellectual culture, we have never done justice to the thinking faculties of those whom we call barbarians? Or shall we accept the alternative, that these are the unappreciated heirlooms bequeathed a rude race by a period of higher civilization, long since extinguished by constant wars and ceaseless fear? Or that they have been passed from hand to hand to America from the famed and ancient centers of civilization in Asia and Egypt?

And he quotes Schoolcraft, who, speaking of American Indians, says:

There is a subtlety in some of their modes of thought and belief on life and the existence of spiritual and creative power which would seem to have been eliminated from some intellectual crucible without the limits of their present sphere.

In other words, they are the remains of forgotten civilizations. And if, in the strife of perhaps centuries of centuries, they have lost the art of writing, their wampum belts, their knotted cords, and their other mnemonic devices have enabled them to hand down from generation to generation no small number of scraps and indices of history dressed as myth or legend, from which we can recover something of their past.

Nor are the races, as a whole, dying out. Tribes like the Tonkawas and others are disappearing, but the latest investigations show that as a whole their numbers are at worst stationary. Some increase, to keep pace with those that are diminishing. As a whole, they do not show this

infallible mark of a worn-out race. In time, some of them may yet lend their special note to the chord of civilization. STUDENT

The Sublime Repose Shown in the Statuary of Egypt

READING in my Ancient History I find the following remarks about the painted scenes on ancient Egyptian sarcophagi and temple walls:

The proportion, form, color and expression of every statue were fixed by laws prescribed by the priests, the effect most sought being that of immovable repose. All Egyptian statues have a stiff, rigid pose.

And in another Ancient History:

A strange immobility, at an early period, attached itself to Egyptian art, due to the influence of religion. The artist, in the portrayal of the figures of the Gods, was not allowed to change a single line in the sacred form. Hence the impossibility of improvement in sacred sculpture. Wilkinson says that Menes would have recognized the statue of Osiris in the Temple of Amasis. Plato complained that the pictures and statues in the temples in his day were no better than those made "ten thousand years" before.

A better appreciation is, however, given of the size of the statues; for instance, of the two colossi of Amunoph III at Thebes, forty-seven feet high, each hewn from a single block of granite, it is said:

The appearance of these gigantic figures, upon the solitary plain is peculiarly impressive. "There they sit together, yet apart, in the midst of the plain, serene and vigilant, still keeping their untired watch over the lapse of ages and the eclipse of Egypt."

It is evident that this fixedness and changelessness was the very genius of the Egyptian art. Can we regard it as a defect? Perhaps, in later degenerate times the sublime virtue of constancy may have dwindled into unintelligent conservatism, and eternal duration into stolid inertia; but repose and eternal vigilance were the original ideals. And even now, when this vast spirit has long vanished from the earth, antiquarian enterprise, conscientious and faithful if unintelligent, preserves the forms in which it was expressed; so that any aspirant possessing a germ of aspiration to those sublime ideals may feel his spirit quickened by contemplating the forms and endeavoring to identify himself in imagination with the feeling of the sculptor.

In museums we have the opportunity, right in the midst of the meanness and din of modern life, to retire and regard those mighty emblems of ancient Egypt, or the Assyrian sphinxes that gaze out sublimely with their great calm eyes; and they speak to us of a life that was deep and steadfast and knew not the restlessness and disease of what we now call life.

It is customary in books on history to regard the Greek art and spirit as an improvement on the Egyptian, and to trace, through Rome up to modern times, a path of progress and enlightenment. But we take, in great measure, an opposite view. Though the destinies of mankind continually advance as the cycles roll, and though races pass through periods of darkness that they may finally emerge into still greater light; yet we can trace the gradual diminution of glory, and the shrinking of ideals, and the loss of knowledge, from the time when this Aryan race first appeared in its God-like glory on the planet, to the nadir of its life-cycle.

Thus the ancient Greeks, though they may have excelled in beauty, in elaboration and in the portrayal of motion, had lost the sublimity and massiveness of the Egyptians.

We are the heirs of all past ages and can regain from each what was best in each. May the relics of ancient Egypt inspire us with a greater patience and steadfastness, and remind us of the profound serenity of the Soul. H. T. E.

UNDER date of June 28th a London correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* writes that excavators in the Egyptian city of Oxyrhynchus "came upon a manuscript which contained some further sayings of Jesus. These, together with a 'fragment of a lost gospel,' they have now given to the world in a popular form abridged from the publication of the texts in the Oxyrhynchus papyri, part 4. The newly discovered manuscript of the sayings of Jesus differs in form from the earlier one. The earlier manuscript consisted of a leaf belonging to a well-written volume. The recent one has a less worthy setting, and the sayings are written on the back."

Nature

Studies

Intelligence Displayed by the Sand-Wasp

AN English writer describes—in *The Pilot*—a little nature-scene which any one who lives within range of a sand-stretch may easily see for himself. It is the conduct of a sand-wasp arranging for the well-being of her egg or eggs. There are several species of these, and each has its own ways of working.

The largest, the *Ammophila* (sand-wasp), excavates a hole in the sand about three inches in depth. It occupies her a good hour, and is hard work. The sand is carried out from the burrow in her mouth, and laid down at either side of the hole—never above, for it would then merely fall in again. The orifice of the little channel is wide, and the path inward steadily narrows. The object of this is presently clear, for when the hole is finished to her satisfaction—for she is very particular about details—she searches about for, and finally discovers, a little flat stone smaller than the opening. Carrying this in, she makes a lid of it, closing the channel about an inch from the mouth.

This inch she fills up with sand-bits; then walks swiftly round and round the hole, scattering the loose sand so as to make it look exactly like the rest of the neighborhood; and finally she cuts little bits of dried grass to lay them about promiscuously, so as still further to complete the deception. She now takes a minute survey of the spot for a radius of about a yard, that there may be no difficulty in finding it again—and departs, it may be for half an hour. When you are beginning to think she has forgotten all about it, she suddenly whirls into view carrying a grub or caterpillar, often much larger than herself. The hole is carefully reopened, the lid removed, the grub crammed to the bottom along with an egg, the lid replaced and all is finished as before. When the egg hatches, the wasp-grub finds a copiously-supplied larder that will last him as long as he needs it.

Two or three of these holes are made, and then the mother, having done her full duty by a posterity she never thinks of again, departs to enjoy life.

Pompilus Viaticus, another and smaller sand-wasp, and not perhaps so handsome as the flashing black and gold *Ammophila*, pursues a set of similar maneuvers. But she shovels the sand out from her hole in a shower behind her, exhibiting however the same incessant energy as her cousin. And in place of a grub she procures a certain spider as food for the product of her egg. She does not usually need to go so far to find it as *Ammophila* her grub, and consequently does not provisionally close up the hole. But she returns every three or four minutes to make sure that it is all right. Moreover, she stops a moment now and then to gossip and play with any other *Pompili* that may be about. This human touch somehow arouses a friendly feeling in us as we watch.

The Oxybelus is much the smallest of the group, and closely resembles a small black fly. This admirably serves her purpose, for it is flies with which she stocks the larder of her future grub. The casual flies sunning themselves on the sand do not notice the enemy at work among them.

Believers in the omnipotence of Natural Selection might do worse than consider the case of these spiders, and especially the first. What possible agency short of intelligence could cause this insect to go through her elaborate set of operations? Natural Selection is of course a factor in evolution; but unless it be supplemented with intelligence as another, evolution must remain an incomprehensible process. We have no right to assume that our own kind of mind and intelligence is the only one that can exist. Insects may have designs and purposes in this life of which we can form no conception, and H. P. Blavatsky indeed states that they have different perceptions of space and time.

ENTOMOLOGIST

ROSETIME

by FRANK W. HUNT

TUNE'S in the world, and now 'tis time
The rosetrees through the porches climb.
The rosetrees that are near as old,
With memories as manifold
As ancient porch and roof-tree where
They breathe again the Junetime air.
White roses and red roses, they
Are comrades gossiping today;
Next to the caves they love and woo,
Ah, nearer than their forebears grew.
All through the year, in sun and rain,
Old thresholds never yet in vain
Await the rosetime, and the rose
The advent of the Junetime knows.

—Selected

Hardiness in Plants—Is It a Soul Quality?

AMONG a thousand seedling pea plants exposed to a frost, it may be that as we look down the blighted rows on the following morning, we discover just one which stands up green and vigorous. If now we take the hardy survivor and examine it with the most powerful microscope, we shall find nothing which distinguishes it from those that have died, neither will a chemical analysis reveal the slightest difference in its composition. All we can say about it is that it has a frost-resisting quality, but as to the nature of this quality nothing is known.

Mr. H. Gilson Gardner in the July *Cosmopolitan*, suggests that we are at liberty to assume that the hardy survivor has "the courageous resistant soul," and that the weaklings that succumbed were

lacking in this. The possession of this robustness is of incalculable value to mankind, for by selecting the seeds from such hardy plants and sowing them again, we may gradually develop a variety of pea that can flourish in regions far more northerly than those which can produce the common pea. In a similar way we can produce a drouth-resisting wheat, and thus bring vast areas of semi-arid land into profitable cultivation, changing deserts into wheat fields, and all because of a peculiar something called hardiness, which eludes all physical tests. Truly there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our materialistic philosophy.

STUDENT

Deforestation Results in Cyclones and Floods

CYCLONES, floods and climatic changes generally are variously regarded as the effect of the inscrutable will of Providence, or as the working of unalterable natural laws. The search into the meaning of statistics, going on so energetically for many years, has at last taught us the lesson of these calamities. They are penalties for our reckless destruction of forests, and for that reason recur with ever increasing frequency in the west and southwest of this country. In Brazil, as a United States Consul points out, this wanton devastation has gone even further and produced almost the ruin of large tracts of country. Famine and depopulation have necessarily followed and relief measures on a large scale have been rendered necessary. The *Brazilian Review* points out that "the drought is almost entirely confined to places where no trees now exist; while in Brejos, where trees still exist, there have been rains almost constantly throughout the year."

A good deal of this destruction of trees is wasteful and unnecessary, due to total disregard of the larger welfare. And the same selfishness stands in the way of the replantation of bared districts. "Why should I plant to benefit people I shall never see?"

AGRICULTURIST

Birds Guided in Their Flight by the Stars

DO you ever venture any conjecture as to how migratory birds manage to keep up their flight in a due north direction after night?

It has been proved that on clear nights they often "wing their northern flight" in the rarified atmosphere at an altitude of from two to three miles above the earth's surface, and in some rare cases of larger birds, at an even greater distance.

This being true, it is then clear that guidance by the topography of the country is out of the question; how, then, are they able to keep their beaks pointing towards the north pole? The scientific ornithologist comes to the rescue with the declaration that they are guided by the stars, and in support of his opinion cites as evidence the fact that when the stars are obscured by clouds the birds become bewildered and seek the ground. But, even so, we have yet to explain how pigeons, dogs, and cats, find their way home across unknown regions.—*St. Louis Republic*

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE large audience that greeted Katherine Tingley, last Sunday evening, at Isis Theatre, showed a keen appreciation of her interesting discourse. She accentuated, in a very strong way, that it was the half views of man's mind that limited his conception of the real issues of life.

Mrs. Tingley referred to how Humanity was living today, in contrast to the way Humanity lived in ancient times. A most vivid and charming picture was made by her of the old Teachers and their disciples, studying in the Temple Groves in Egypt and Athens, showing that these were close students of Nature; that they brought light and inspiration into their studies in this way. The speaker pictured in glowing colors modern Athens, in Southern California, close to the Bay of San Diego. She said that the time was coming when we should see this in full reality; that the climate and surroundings made open-air study-life practicable and attractive. The word pictures of this brilliant speaker are intensely vivid and hold the thought of the listeners spellbound.

Mrs. Tingley, in referring to the innocence of Mrs. Florence Maybrick, who has recently been freed from an English prison, pointed to the half-view side of the common law; its many imperfections; and the outrageous way in which it is sometimes applied to right wrongs. She said that the Divine Law is written in the silences that are all about us; carved in the very air we breathe; that it was in the hearts of men, but that its speech was not yet interpreted; for selfishness, cruelty and ignorance still held sway over the minds of men.

With her being deeply stirred in sympathy for Mrs. Maybrick, she said: "You who love freedom and you who have freedom, picture the suffering of this mother, shut in an English prison for fifteen years, separated from her little children—an innocent woman! Twentieth century suffering; twentieth century justice; and twentieth century religion! Oh! the pathos of it all; the cruelty and injustice of it all! Can we conceive of anything that can efface from this suffering heart the mem-

KATHERINE TINGLEY AT ISIS THEATRE

**Brilliant and Vivid Word Pictures
by the Theosophic Leader---Sym-
pathy for Mrs. Maybrick---Music**

Reprinted from the San Diego News

ory of all she has undergone? We may declare her innocent; we may send our heart's sympathy to her; we may protest and protest against the crime that has been done her—but we cannot free her from the mental bondage of those fifteen years; we cannot undo the evil which has been done her.

"This evil began in gossip and slander; the result of these cruelties today thrills the world with horror."

Mrs. Tingley inferred that such errors would continue, injustices would be repeated, human hearts would be crucified, until Humanity realized the responsibility of life, and its divinity. Theosophy, she said, was the messenger of light and peace which would help to undo these evils, and bring man to a knowledge of his higher self.

The speaker said that Theosophy was interpreting the Higher Law for the benefit of mankind. Most forcibly and clearly, did Mrs. Tingley interpret the same; "Oh God! My God! Thy will, not mine, be done," from a Theosophical standpoint.

Leaving her audience deeply impressed with the earnestness of her life-work, the speaker closed.

One of the pleasing features of the evening was the chorus singing of the Raja Yoga children from Lomaland. Their appearance on the stage at Isis Theatre is always the signal for hearty applause. As living witnesses for the work that is being done at Point Loma by Katherine Tingley and her students of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, these children, whether in singing, in instrumental music, or in reading papers and making impromptu addresses, are uniformly successful and pleasing. Last Sunday evening their singing was even more heartily enjoyed than usual, and their part of the program added not a little to the general interest of what proved to be one of the most pleasing meetings of the season.

The instrumental music rendered by the students of Isis Conservatory was appreciated by the large audience, and its numbers warmly applauded.



Australasia



by the Rev. S. J. Neill
of Point Loma.



THE Universal Brotherhood, if true to its name and aims, must be international in its interests. It is concerned with the welfare of all nations and peoples, and not with one or two only. It seeks to make unity a reality in ordinary life, for Life is One. It is opposed to, and it is opposed by all "the forces" that tend to separateness and disintegration. There is nothing more conducive to amity and unity than a correct knowledge of ourselves, and of our brothers all over the world. The age in which we live, in spite of many drawbacks, tends to bring men closer together.

It would seem, from what we know of the past, that the method by which Nature works, in perfecting mankind, is to build up a nation or race; then to send forth colonists; and, finally, to bring them together again in a more highly developed life. The time and distance-annihilating inventions of the last fifty years aid powerfully in bringing men together. They are made to feel a closer community of interests, and to see that what affects one affects all.

From the dawn of history we find that the colonies, sent forth by the motherland to inhabit lands sparsely populated, developed a life of their own. In the course of time changes take place in the customs, laws, and even in the language of the new settlers. It is the family-life on a larger scale: the parents influence the children, and then as the children grow up they exert a modifying influence on the parents. The Greek colonies in Asia and Italy exerted a powerful influence on Greece. And, today, there is no doubt that Canada, America and Australasia are exerting a great influence on the parent stock.

Australasia includes Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and many smaller islands in the South Pacific. It is very large; it is far removed from the rest of the world; it is solving the old problems of life under somewhat new conditions; it is a portion of the world compared with which most other parts are geologically new.

Australia, before the making of the Suez Canal, was by far the largest island-

continent in the world. Australasia is nearly as large as Canada or the United States, and almost twice as large as Europe, if we omit Russia. It is the only large portion of the earth wholly in the southern hemisphere. According to the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, with which science is coming into agreement, there once existed a great Continent in the Pacific and Indian Oceans; part of which stretched from Madagascar to Ceylon, and eastward to Australia and New Zealand.

The old forms of animal and plant life in Australia indicate its great age. An eminent geologist once told me that Australia had been separated from the rest of the world from a remote past. "It sat there in the Pacific, the sea in the heart of it, like a tub half full of water, while New Zealand sank and rose from the ocean at least twelve or thirteen times." Consequently New Zealand has a different fauna and flora from Australia, and is also as free from snakes as if it had been the home of St. Patrick! The aborigines of Australia differ very much from the aborigines of New Zealand. The New Zealand Maori arrived in his present home after many wanderings, and sojourns in island after island of the Pacific. He is supposed to have started originally from India or Egypt, and he differs much from the Australian native. The Maori resembles a fine old Roman of the days of the Republic. The Australian native is said to be a much degenerated remnant of a part of the great Third Race that inhabited Lemuria, when much of the Pacific was dry land. And, though very low in the scale of humanity, he has some psychic powers which ordinary people have not. The native of Australia was not well treated by the whites, and is rapidly becoming extinct; whereas, the native of New Zealand, in many cases, rents his lands to the white man, and lives an easy life, some even keeping a carriage. The Maoris also elect their own members of Parliament, and have some of their chiefs in the Legislative Council, or Senate, or House of Lords of New Zealand. In most countries the aborigines vanish before the advancing white settlers, but the Maori is holding his own, and shows a slight

increase. A few years before I went to New Zealand there had been wars between some tribes of the natives and the white settlers, but the races now live together in peace, and the Maori King, Mahutu, is a member of the Government. The Maori does not take the European religions very seriously. When the Leader and Official Head of The Universal Brotherhood, Katherine Tingley, was in New Zealand in 1897, she had a very important interview in Auckland with the Maori King and some of the heads of the Maori people, from which good results have sprung. The Maoris had, and perhaps have still, a form of religion of their own, which is said to be a remnant of the ancient Wisdom Religion.

It is generally believed that geographical and climatic influences act powerfully on people in every part of the world. If this be so the future of Australia will be different from the future of New Zealand, and the people of Australasia, taken as a whole, will no doubt add something of value to the growth of humanity. Several facts may be mentioned in this connection as full of interest and significance. There is first, the isolated position of Australasia, and the thousands of miles of water separating it from Europe and America. From this it comes about that Australia and New Zealand have a stream of Colonists from the "Old Country," both smaller and less mixed than has ever flowed to any part of the English speaking world. Canada was largely French for a long time, and both it and the United States, owing to their proximity to Europe, absorbed and continue to receive vast numbers from Europe, as well as from Great Britain and Ireland.

In Australasia, and especially in New Zealand, that is not the case. And although Australia is comparatively near to Asia, very few Asiatics are to be found in Australia, except in the northern portions; and still fewer in New Zealand. I know that it has been the fear of some in Australasia that no matter which side gains the victory in the Russo-Japanese war, Australasia would suffer. Asiatics would pour into these colonies. But if it be the design of Nature, as it appears to be, that a people of a special type should spring up in these colonies, we may hope that Nature will find means for carrying out her plan.

The people of Australasia are, perhaps, as truly cosmopolitan as men can be found anywhere; and yet they have a strong leaning to the Mother Country. Their position between Europe and America has made it possible for them to see both the excellencies and the defects of those countries. And while the old influences ecclesiastical and political have been carried with the colonists, or followed them, the inhabitants of "Greater Britain" have, by the mere fact of having journeyed so far, left much of what was effete behind them. Maybe they have left some good things, too, but, on the whole, it has been a gain to start life in a new hemisphere, where even the heavens are different. The struggle with the elements, with difficulties and with new conditions, has always tended to develop mankind. The changing of the wilderness into a fruitful field has always had an enriching influence mentally apart from all outward results. As the lever needs a fulcrum on which to rest, so the human mind has always shown its best development where the environments of life called forth patience, industry and energy, in order to master them. The temperate regions of the earth have always given birth to the dominant races. Thus it has resulted that while the colonists in Australasia had many difficulties to meet, and still have, they started life not handicapped with many things which older nations find it difficult to carry or to lay aside.

In both the political and religious life this new spirit is manifest. While it is true that with the first colonist, or even in advance of him, the inevitable missionary landed, yet the new settlers were agreed that there should be no State religion, and that all the sects should be on an equal footing in the new land. On the whole, this has been adhered to, though the Methodist, Anglican, and I think also the Roman Catholic churches, were clever enough, in the early days, to get large tracts of land from the natives or from the government, which are now of considerable value. And, notwithstanding the fact that there is no State church, and all sects are equal in the eyes of the law, the Anglican and Roman Catholic clergy keep to the old country practise of calling their bishops "My Lord."

I have begun by mentioning that in which the new colonies differ but little from the old country—though the placing of all the churches on the same legal footing is by no means an unimportant matter. In the matter of education the difference is greater, and in political affairs greater still.

Education is unsectarian, free, and obligatory on all. And in the colonies there is growing up a new generation which has been educated under this system; one result of which is that all the combined assaults of the Anglicans, Roman Catholics and Presbyterians to introduce the Bible into the public schools, and gradually make them sectarian, has been set aside by the great mass of the electors. In New Zealand, and I believe in Australia, too, the schools are supported out of the consolidated revenue of the country, and not left to local rates, as in America. But local interest is maintained through the schools being managed by provincial boards and local committees.

It is on the more material lines of political life that the colonies, and especially New Zealand, deserve attention. When the new settlers arrived at their home, like all people in a new country, they had everything to do. Roads, and bridges, and railways, had to be made. Harbors had to be constructed, houses built and the forest cleared. Money had to be borrowed, but all the works done belonged to the whole people. The total debt may seem large, but then the assets are productive works owned by the people, and managed for them by those whom they themselves have chosen. In this way the Australian colonies started life without having so many vested interests to contend with as we find in other countries. Roads, railways, post-office, telegraph and telephone—almost all the great public utilities, except shipping and the coal mines, belong to the whole people. Then the public service is non-political. A high standard of excellence is necessary before any one can enter the civil service, but when admitted it is for life, as long as the person has

good conduct. It matters not to the men in public service what political party may be in power. This tends to national stability, and it tends, in no small degree, to honesty and general excellence. And if the civil servant should fancy he can be uncivil, or negligent, there is a quick appeal in the local member of parliament who can bring the matter "before the government" in a few days or hours.

The "advanced legislation" of New Zealand is watched with much interest by people in the older countries, and by none more so than the American workman. After all, it is the patient, long-suffering "people" which is the chief end of legislation, and not any one group of people, whether rich bankers or trades unionists. There are boards of Conciliation where, without interrupting work, employers and laborers can have their differences settled. It is felt that fair play to both is the best thing for the State. There is not much chance of making a very large fortune, except in mining, nor is there so much danger of losing a fortune. The State is itself, practically, a great bank, giving absolute security to the children who put in their pennies and to the settler who wishes interest on his savings. The farmer, in certain cases, can borrow at a low rate of interest from the State, a thing very displeasing to the banks, who always charged a high rate, and often closed on the mortgage at the most inconvenient time for the farmer. This is one of the most "forward movements" made in New Zealand which is not likely to be spoken well of by some people.

Another forward move in legislation has been the "probation act for first offenses." This has saved many a young, thoughtless boy; and has been followed with keen interest in the older countries.

For sometime New Zealand has had universal suffrage, and it has been found that the women have voted quite as wisely as the men. There is also Government Life Assurance. This is managed at very little cost through the ordinary post-offices, and it gives State security at a very low rate of insurance. All persons of good character, and who have not sufficient means of their own, can have a pension from the State after attaining a certain age. This is looked upon as their right and not a matter of charity. Many cried out against the bill before it became a law, but it has worked well and other nations are likely to follow the good example.

In regard to one matter, the liquor traffic, the colonies have not made much advance, although they have local option; and the people, if they really wished it, could close all the hotels in the country, to the sale of intoxicating drinks. In spite of much talk, the liquor traffic holds on its way—a few houses have been closed, that is all.

A study of colonial legislation is very interesting and instructive, and shows, among other things, that you cannot legislate much ahead of the people—you may, a little, but the best laws cannot avail much if the people are not ready for them. Laws cannot make men honest, but they can hinder stealing—and a "big steal" which sometimes takes place in other countries, is hardly possible in New Zealand.

In my opinion, all new colonies are on the material plane to a large degree. The people have gone to the new land, leaving friends and conveniences behind, in order to "better themselves." Making money, and not soul-development, is the chief end. No doubt the higher parts of man's nature will develop though the bent of the life is to things material, but the process is slow.

A few years ago the various colonies of Australia came together and formed themselves into a united body known as the "Australian Commonwealth." This includes Tasmania, but does not, at present, include New Zealand. Thus the struggle of the American colonists for self-government, one hundred years ago, has given birth, on the other side of the world, to a commonwealth as large in population, and much larger in area, than the original federation of American States. And is it not a hopeful sign—a sign of the new age—that this took place amid the congratulations of the whole world? Surely it marks another forward step towards "the parliament of man, the federation of the world." As we trust in Nature, and have hope for the future, we believe that our brothers in this new land, which is the old, in the far south, will, at no distant date, bring their life-work as a new note into the great harmony; and be able to say, "What we have done, what we have suffered, what we have learnt, we lay gladly on the altar of the world's life for the enrichment of all, and the good of all."

S. J. NEILL

Greetings From E. A. Neresheimer

THE following letter has been received from Brother E. A. Neresheimer, now on a leave of absence concerning his mining business in Colorado. The letter will be of interest to all the members of The Universal Brotherhood Organization:

NEDERLAND, COLORADO, July 21, 1904

Dear Comrades in Lomaland:

It is nearly one month since my departure from Lomaland, and, though my occupation has been eventful and exciting, I have never lost sight for one single day of my tie to the great work of which I am no less a part in spite of the great distance which separates me temporarily from personal contact with my comrades.

One need only to go away for a short space of time to appreciate by comparison the gulf that exists between the world *outside*, which is at best only thinly-covered sham, and the *inside*, at the coming center of the Golden Age, where men are men, and women are women, more nearly as they should be when time shall have ripened a better race. I know now that the regenerative work, at last so grandly begun, was not commenced one moment too soon, for the downward sweep of the *Rajasic* trend, must be stemmed by a powerful center from whence radiates *Satwic* force. I long to be back at Lomaland, the land so full of promise and help, to add my mite of power to the assured vehicle for liberation.

Greeting,

E. A. NERESHEIMER

GLIMPSES
OF LIFE IN THE
PHILIPPINE
ISLANDS



A
NATIVE
BAND
NEAR
MANILA



IN
THE RICE
PADDIES
OF
LUZON

✧ ✧ Ideals in Northern Legend ✧ ✧

MIGHT not the Gods of Olympus now give place in our schools to the Gods of Asgard, the Homeric legends to the Arthurian and Scandinavian, and the seekers of the Golden Fleece to those of the Holy Grail?

The question is asked by Dr. G. S. Hall in his great work on *The Psychology of Adolescence*. He agrees with everyone else that young people should be encouraged to read great epics; but why, he asks, must we necessarily go to Greece and Rome for them? If the Northern myths and legends have less artistic beauty than the Southern, they have qualities of greater moment which the Southern lack. They teach "the highest reverence for womanhood, piety, valor, loyalty, courtesy, munificence, justice and obedience. The very life-blood of chivalry is heroism. Here we find the origin of most of the modern ideas of a gentleman, who is tender, generous and helpful, as well as brave; the spirit which has given us Bayard and Sidney, as well as the pure, spotless, ideal Knight, Sir Galahad. These stories are not mechanically manufactured, but they grew slowly and naturally in the soul of the race."

Here are two important points. The legends give an ideal of a *gentleman*, and it is an ideal which belongs to the very center of consciousness of the races from which the English-speaking student springs. He will find in the North-Europe legends *his own*—perhaps unconscious or unpictured—ideals of a hero and a gentleman. The characters in these legends are drawn on a great scale, and the touch, even when it is crude, is firm and human. The effect on the mind of reading the Norse stories is that which comes from the contemplation of great spaces and the play of great nature-forces. They appeal to the sense of grandeur as those of Greece do not. Why are the latter "classic," and the former not? Why is it a disgrace to a gentleman to be ignorant of the Muses and Graces, and none to have ever heard of the Norns? Why must you know the wanderings of Ulysses, yet may safely remain in perfect ignorance of the wanderings of Odin through the world? We read Greek mythology and afterwards are interested to find its parallels in the Norse. Why should we not begin with the Norse and get our interest subsequently in finding parallels in the Greek? If anything like the same attention had been concentrated on the former as we have for centuries given to the latter, the whole dim field of Celtic and Teutonic history might be in daylight.

The legends and myths to which Dr. Hall calls our attention are in two groups, the Arthurian and Scandinavian-Teutonic. King Arthur gives us the Celtic ideal of a hero, and he is, in addition, our ideal of a gentleman. The Grail is the Christian form of the object of the mystic quest of his Knights. Behind Arthur stands another King, and another form of the quest. Then it was an elixir that conferred the spiritual vision upon him who found it. The older figure, the magician-King, Lemenitz, stands unplaced in dim pre-Christian time. Of him Arthur was accounted the reappearance. The ancient heroes did not die. Like Arthur and Quetzalcoatl, they departed, or were wrapped in

slumber in the heart of some mountain. And their people always expected their return in an hour of greatest need. Arthur was the returned Lemenitz, and he was fabled to have done what perhaps he attempted and perhaps Lemenitz *did*—established a reign of peace and justice and gathered a circle of Knights vowed to pure and perfect life.

Let us stop there a moment, and consider what manner of people was that which could evolve such an ideal. They were "barbarians," of course; we all know that; for do not the antiquarians say so? But they had an ideal, reflected in their lore, which as a people *we have not*. And they not only looked forward with hope to its realizations—peace, justice, chivalry—but backward with regret to its disappearance. If we could give wireless telegraphy, radium and the typewriter, in exchange for that ideal, we should not do badly.

Siegfried, who may be accounted the Norse hero and ideal, is not so perfect a picture as the Celtic Arthur, cruder, not so much of a gentleman. But he *is* a hero, knows nothing of fear or meanness, and is utterly true to his friends.

This is Dr. Hall's ideal of the modern treatment of these legends for school and other use:

I believe a great duty is laid upon high-school teachers now—namely, that of re-editing this matter into form that shall be no less than canonical for their pupils.

Excrescences must be eliminated, the gold recoined, its culture power brought out, till, if the ideal were fully realized, the teacher would almost become a bard of these heroic tales, with a mind saturated with all available literature, pictures, and even music, bearing on it. Some would measure the progress of culture by the work of reinterpreting on even higher planes the mythic traditions of a race, and how this is done for youth is a good criterion of pedagogic progress.

That the mythic traditions of a race can be "reinterpreted on *even* higher planes," can be interpreted at all as otherwise than solar myths or personifications of the winds and stars, is an idea which, if pressed into practise, will lead into the very consciousness of a past we now think of but as barbarism and infancy.

STUDENT

THE Hindus consider every twelfth year most propitious for the beginning of their religious fairs, or festivals. These gatherings attract the representatives of all sects, from princes down to the last fakir. The twelfth year is called "Kumbha."

The Theosophical Searchlight

ON the 15th of August, there will be issued the first of a series of Bulletins from the Leader's Office, bearing the well-known name of "THE THEOSOPHICAL SEARCHLIGHT," containing general information of the work of the Theosophical Movement throughout the World; and also important instructions necessary for the advancement of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in all Departments. The first number of this series will be sold at 15 cents per copy; succeeding issues of the SEARCHLIGHT, 10 cents per copy. Mail your address and 15 cents, to Clark Thurston, Esq., Manager; NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, California.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Modern Science Is Abstract, Dealing With Points and Dimensions

THE attitude of Theosophy towards modern science is one that needs to be constantly kept before the mind. Theosophy recognizes to the full the value of modern science *within its limits*, and its utter futility outside of those limits. Thus there is ample scope in these pages both for recording the achievements of science when it fulfils its own self-assigned duty, and for calling it down when it attempts to supplant Divine Law. Professor Karl Pearson says—

That all science is description and not explanation, that the mystery of change in the inorganic world is just as great and just as omnipresent as in the organic world, are statements which will appear platitudes to the next generation.

In fact, science is abstract, dealing with points and dimensions and forces and accelerations, a set of formulas for calculating and classifying; whereas, the real world is the world of our experiences, sensational, mental, emotional, etc. It is forces like these that actuate the mechanism of the universe alike, in stone, plant, animal and man.

Take, for illustration, the case of "gravitation." We know *that* a stone rushes to earth, and we know *how* it so rushes; but we do not know *why*. That mystery is a mystery still. The answer is probably that the stone seeks the earth because it *wants* to be near it. Every action must be prompted by a motive. This may sound like insanity, but that is only because it is bluntly put and not couched in a learned jargon. We can understand what a *desire* is, and how it may impel to an action, because we have experience of it in ourselves. But as to what is meant in physics by a "force," we can only say that it has no more real existence as a pure cause of anything than heredity or expansion or any other mere formulation of events.

The problem of explaining the causes of things does not belong to material science at all. Real existence is personal, conscious, intelligent; a higher science must interpret it—a philosophy rather.

There is one more point which must also be mentioned here; one that, like the other, is being recognized now by men of science themselves. This is that the laws laid down as defining the limits and possibilities of nature are not exact, but only approximations. To make a law that will fit all cases is as impossible as it is to draw a straight line on a globe. It will fit for a short distance, but then it begins to deviate.

And, since laws do not remain invariable when spread over a large number of cases, is it not also likely that they change in time, and that what is a law of nature today may not have been so for the ancients and may not be so for posterity? Do laws of nature gradually change as seasons roll?

H. T. EDGE

New Conceptions of Matter—Centers of Radiation

AS one stands looking down upon the dry baked earth, and scanty dead-looking shrubs, it all seems as if life were extinct, as if the hot sunshine had extinguished it forever. Then one notices a little movement; a hitherto unobserved procession of ants is crossing the path. They are of fair size; one or two walking alone, quite large.

Soon, on closer watch of the earth, it becomes clear that there is much more life. Minute spiders are running about, and there is a spattering of little ants, so little as to be almost at the limit of visibility.

Then, with a hand glass, another plane of still minuter life comes into view, insects of which only specialists know even the names. We know further that if we took up a pinch of the earth, and gave it microscopical examination, still another plane of life would come into view, bacterial, unicellular life, in its way as vivid and purposeful as the others.

And modern research of the last year or two has shown us that beyond the visible bacterial world is another, invisible, known to us only in its effects. And lastly, modern research of the last few weeks has demonstrated that the very crystals of "inorganic" nature are also alive; when in water and at their earliest stages they move about, subdivide, give birth, struggle, grow, consume each other, are even subject to disease. And there is no doubt that the erosions and other forms of disease are also due to yet minuter and so far inconceivable forms of life.

We have nearly got to the molecules and atoms. And, even here, nothing is dead. They too are constantly radiating yet minuter "ultimates"—"ions" and what not.

If analogy goes for anything, the last centers of streaming life are not yet reached. "In life we are in death," ran the old saying. Let us reverse it: In "death" we are in life. The dead silent earth we were looking at turns out to be shining with life. "Shining" is the proper word, no metaphor. For so thoroughly do we now know that every active cell, whether of crystal, ("cell" is here also the proper word) plant, or animal, is radiating electricity and (to us) invisible light, that there is a question in science whether matter is anything *but* centers of radiation.

It would surely help the growth of our minds, keep them clear from clouds and promote a deeper insight into the meaning of our own bodies, if we habitually regarded both them and the earth as light. *Grey weight* is too much our conception of matter. Let us try *light* and *life*. It may seem rather like poetry, but in certain lines of investigation we are finding it more and more true that the poetry of yesterday is the science of today. Whereupon poetry begins to write the science of tomorrow. What we call imagination is often intuition, a looking into. STUDENT

Prof. Atwater's Position Regarding Alcohol as Food and Poison

SMALL numbers of scientists, inside and outside the ranks of medicine, still make an occasional deliverance in favor of the use of alcohol as a food. And these utterances are always noisily welcomed by a certain section of the public, which has its own reasons for wishing them accepted.

The statements rest on the fact that up to a certain small quantity (1 ½ ounces), alcohol taken into the body is not recoverable as such. It is therefore assumed that its services have been retained in the role of food. But what a food! One might as well argue that a mass of pneumonia bacilli have acted as food because, in a given case, taken into the blood, they did not cause pneumonia, having been consumed by the white blood-cells. It is doubtless these cells that consume the ounce-and-a-half of alcohol, sacrificing *their* health that *we* may remain unpoisoned.

The well-known Professor Atwater was one of the scientists we refer to, and a recent utterance of his excites much attention rather, however, on account of his eminence than its novelty. Although he only took the old view that a certain quantity of alcohol acts as a food, he has been as much applauded and quoted as if he had said it was the only food worthy of civilized beings. Since then he has defined his position. Paying a recent visit to Paris, he was congratulated on his courage by the few physicians who also regard alcohol as a food. In reply to the plaudits of M. Duclaux and others, he said:

We affirm that alcohol is an aliment. But whereas M. Duclaux affirms that it is a good and excellent aliment, I say that it is an evil and detestable aliment.

It was thereupon concluded by his French defenders that such pressure had been brought to bear upon him at home that he was forced into a practical recantation. He had, of course, recanted nothing, but his supposed change of attitude, we learn, "destroyed their faith in American science and American teachers."

We are glad that Professor Atwater's position is now clear, for his original words have been used in support of contentions to which they had evidently no relation. STUDENT

One Radiating X-Rays for One Hundred Years

SPECIMENS of uranium-pitchblende ores taken from the mines in 1806 exist at Vienna. After 100 years they show no inferiority in radio-activity to specimens removed today.

These radiations, formerly known as Becquerel rays, are really a compound of several kinds of rays. As a whole, they are easily detected, even by the amateur. They possess photographic efficiency, even after passing through thin metal, paper, paraffin and other substances. They make air electro-conductive, and if damp and free from dust cause it to deposit its damp as a mist. They consist of a mixture of Cathode Rays, X-Rays, N-Rays and various others, all with separate sets of properties.

✧ The Good News Spreads ✧

"SYLVIA," said Rose, as the two girls walked home together one autumn afternoon, "do you remember your Aunt Ella telling us of a wonderful place that she once visited in California, where

all the people believed that Universal Brotherhood was a fact in nature, and were so unselfish, and the lovely amphitheatre like the old Greeks had, and the little homeless children who are cared for there, and the beautiful way the children sing and play? I so often think of it, did she ever tell you anything more about it?"

"No," replied Sylvia, "I remember now you mention it, how enthusiastic she was that night, but she was not with us very long and so many people called to see her that we had not much time to talk of anything just by ourselves."

Some few months later, Sylvia Watson called to see Rose Dare who was confined to the house by a badly sprained ankle.

"Aunt Ella sent us these papers and photographs by the last American mail," she said, "and remembering that you were interested in what she said, I have brought them for you to see."

"How very kind of you!" replied Rose, kissing her visitor. "My poor lame foot keeps me a close prisoner still, and it will be so delightful to have something really interesting to read, one gets so tired of novels and you cannot sew all day."

"I should think not," exclaimed Sylvia, whose needlework was not her strong point.

"I like to be busy and feel that I am doing something useful," continued Rose reflectively, "for I have always longed to be of some use in the world since I was quite a child, but it is difficult to know what one can do, and I don't seem to get much nearer the goal," she finished with a little sigh.

"How strange that you should speak like that," Sylvia said, opening wide her eyes, "Aunt Ella wrote to mother when she sent these papers, saying that at last she had found her ideal realized in a community where people lived an unselfish life, and where everything was so beautiful and simple and soulful, and that she intended to settle in San Diego, and that she hoped in time if found worthy, to become a member herself."

"Mother was so astonished, for we were always accustomed to look upon Aunt Ella as a woman who just lived for pleasure, she has always been wealthy and since her husband's death has well-nigh traveled the whole world over, apparently caring nothing to be of any use in the world.

"Father wasn't so surprised, she has always been his favorite sister and he said even when she was a tiny child, she always shared her toys with others and gave up her plans for play if the others wished it otherwise, saying, 'you all be happy and baby'll be happy.'

"Of course we have all read about Lomaland in the NEW CENTURY PATH now, and father seems quite taken with the idea, but I must go now, dear. Good-by, and I hope you will soon be well enough for us to resume our walks together, I miss them so."

"And so do I," returned Rose heartily "but it doesn't do to forget that the sun still shines behind the clouds, when our days are dull and gloomy."

"May be I needed just this little rest in the shade, and when the clouds pass, the days will be brighter than ever by contrast."

Sylvia left and Rose settled herself down for "a good read" of the NEW CENTURY PATHS. Absorbed, she read on until the light grew too dim to see by, and then she lay back on her pillows and thought.

Of a surety, some picture of a life she barely dreamed possible lay spread out before her, a life that would realize her highest ideals of usefulness. She saw again Mrs. Murray's pretty, earnest face, as she described her visit and told them of what she saw in Lomaland and felt again the thrill that went through her heart as she listened; then she followed in thought the story of the activities and the glories of the place of which she had just read, and the hints of a broader, deeper life to be realized; but how describe in words the wonderful, beautiful feeling of expansion that comes to those, when, for the first time in this life, they hear of the larger life that is the heritage of all, that does not separate but binds in a living tie of brotherhood all nationalities and races, tracing with a wide comprehensive sweep, a prehistoric past and a future brilliant with promise for all that lives.

"Are you all alone in the dark, dear child?" said her mother, coming into the room, "your father was unexpectedly detained, and that made us late. No fire either, you must be frozen!" and so saying she swiftly lit the gas and put a match to the fire.

"I am neither cold nor lonely, mother dear," answered the girl with an exultant tone in her voice. "I think I can never be that any more, for I know now, life is full of such immense possibilities of usefulness, and we all have a work to do."

EMILY I. WILLANS

WORK

by E. B. BROWNLOW

WORK! use all thy will, give all thy might,
Ply all thy strength
Until the golden dawn of early light
Shall change at length
Into soft purple shades, soft, pure and bright,
That bring glad tidings of the peaceful night.

Work! while the subtle seasons onward roll,
In certain course
The ways of this frail world to help control:
That keen remorse
In life's last moment---ere thy deeds unroll
May strike no sudden anguish to thy soul.

Work! taking lessons for the mighty Past,
What men have done:
Yet let not those old masters hold thee fast,
They have begun
What later souls must finish. They have cast
The first stones at earth's evil---not the last.

Work! but seek not false Ambition's flame
To light thee on:
Not so the men of wisdom ever came
In days long gone:
No sordid dream---no bare desire for fame
Has left on Memory's lips one worthy name.

Work! in the hope of sowing seedlings great:
Let others reap---
That when stern Nature bids thy step abate,
Thy body sleep.
Thy soul shall tremble not at Death's dark gate,
But calm and sure shall meet its After-Fate.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

THE RAJA YOGA QUESTION BOX

HISTORY teaches us that there is a magic in environment. We learn by studying the lives of the great characters who have made history, how to look beneath results and effects and see causes.

1. Who was Lao-tze?

ANSWER—Lao-tze was the librarian of the Emperor of China, and was also a Teacher. He lived in the Sixth century before Christ. He wrote a history of the events of his time and also a wonderful book on religion in which he taught simple living, compassion, and that we should love one another.

2. Who was Socrates?

ANSWER—Socrates was a Teacher who called forth the soul in those whom he taught. He was born in Athens, 470 B. C., and spent his whole life in helping men to become wise. He was greatly persecuted and at last unjustly condemned to die.

3. Who was Isabella of Spain?

ANSWER—Isabella was a good and wise queen who ruled her country so well that Spain became more prosperous than ever before. She was a friend of Columbus and it was through her help that Columbus was able to discover America.

Two Fairies

"I WILL tell you the one Granny told me," answered Hester, in reply to a pleading request for a story.

"Please! please!" exclaimed Gertrude and Fanny.

"Granny told me about two fairies, very strange and wonderful fairies! They are almost hidden behind shining veils! And one records little deeds that don't seem to matter much, and the other records great and heroic ones.

"And the very strangest thing about these fairies is, that people can not see them with their eyes; but if they have overcome many naughty thoughts and feelings, they become beautiful within, and that beauty lifts the shining veils.

"And, when Granny was quite a little girl, she wondered a whole lot about these fairies, and she longed to know them; and one night she did, in a dream! She just found herself beside them, and the shining veils were so beautiful, she was almost afraid to breathe. Then, one by one, the veils lifted and she saw the fairies!

"They didn't talk, but they allowed her to know what they were doing—she just knew, she couldn't remember how. And one fairy was weaving together kind little deeds, and when a boy or girl had many of these, a great heroic deed blossomed from them, and then somehow it seemed to belong to the other fairy! And the very instant Granny thought so, she suddenly saw far, far away into a city, and she knew some one had done a grand and noble action, and she could see others striving to do something great, too, so that they might be talked about, but somehow they never did—they couldn't, because they hadn't given the fairy enough little deeds to weave into a great one. And then she turned to the fairies again, but—everything had changed! The two fairies had disappeared, and in their place was a still more wonderful shining veil. And slowly that, too, changed and became a golden light, and in it one of the fairies.

"The beauty and the silence was so great that she was dazzled and awed, and she bowed her head. But she knew the fairy was trying to tell her something, and it was, 'To those who think little deeds of little importance and great deeds of great importance, there are two fairies; but those who grow beautiful within, and learn that little loving deeds are the petals to the perfect flower that we call 'Heart-life,' will see the golden glorious beauty of the Joy-life.'"

A LOTUS BUD OF IRELAND

BE GOOD

by CHARLES KINGSLEY

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray.
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down,
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

A. P. D.

A Sensitive Cat

THERE are some people who think that kindness to animals does not make much difference, because the animals, these people say, cannot feel what we think about them. But they do know, and a story told to me by a Raja Yoga girl, shows how much some of them can feel.

At her home, far away, there are several cats who are always kindly treated, and are always happy to be with the grown-ups. But once the cats were left at home for some days, and they missed their friends very much indeed. They were so sad that the groom, a kind-hearted old negro, made them little paper collars which he hung with bells.

"Why did you do that?" he was asked.

"I had to do something to distract their attention!" he said. *He must have known that the best way to be happy is not to have idle thoughts.*

When the cats' mistress returned home the bells were taken off, but her own favorite cat still proudly wore his white collar. All night he wore it, and the next morning it was still there, as he sat on the carpet by her door, quite happy to be near her.

But a thoughtless visitor in the house passed by and saw the collar. It made him laugh aloud—because it *did* look funny. He never thought the cat would care whether he laughed or not. But in a minute the collar was on the floor. The cat was so hurt from being laughed at that he tore his collar off at once as if he were ashamed of it.

In the same house was a little black chicken, whose mother died when it was very young. In many places the cats would have eaten the chicken, because they would not have learned what it is to help others and to be kind. But here, where all were kindly treated, the cat took the little black chicken to play with her kitten; and at night the little black head would look out from under the cat's white fur and say "Peep! peep! peep!" It was very pretty. They called the chicken Richard, and even now that it has grown to be a big hen, it will look up when "Richard" is called, as if to say, "Here I am!"

But Richard seems a funny name for a hen, doesn't it?
BROTHER PHILIP

THERE are wonderful happenings in the Raja Yoga School in Lomaland these days. One is the forming of several new classes in clay modeling in the Art Studio of the Aryan Temple. Before long the children themselves may have something to tell you about this.

Students'



Path

THE PATH OF ROSES

by PRISCILLA LEONARD

BEFORE some happy feet
 The roses blossom all along the way
 In fragrance summer-sweet.
 O careless path of joy!—yet happier they
 Who, toiling on alone
 Where never has the road been aught but rough,
 And never rose has grown,
 Find, even in their stumbling, strength enough
 To plant with patient hand
 The seeds of gladness, till behind them spring
 Flowers in the desert land,
 Roses more rich than careless joy can bring!

—Selected

Past and future are the wings on whose support, harmoniously conjoined, moves the great spirit of human knowledge.—*Wordsworth*

In defiance of infamy and misunderstanding, one must stand on his honor.

The Religion of the Schoolboy

A CURRENT *Contemporary Review* article asks what is the religion of the schoolboy, and answers the question by concluding that he has none. At any rate his creed can be fully summed up in the phrase, "Honor among thieves." Religious matters, in the ordinary sense, wholly bore him and have neither place in his thoughts nor effect on his conduct.

We may lament this state of things, but no one with any knowledge of public schools, and especially boarding schools, will question that it obtains. For one boy to mention religion to another as a practical matter would be as intolerably opposed to schoolboy etiquette as it would be contrary to social etiquette to do so in a drawing-room.

But religion of a certain very practical kind the average schoolboy assuredly has. The code of conduct covered by the words "Honor among thieves" is often—within its limits—a high one, requiring much self-sacrifice and constant attention. Boys who follow it could just as well follow a better, and with no more cost of moral energy.

But they do not know a better. The better has not been comprehensively taught them. To teach a child about God, the Kingdom of Heaven, the soul, redemption and Jesus Christ, is to begin at the wrong end, the end which is furthest from his personal consciousness, his personal knowledge of himself. To begin a child's religious education by instructing him that he is essentially sinful is to open the campaign with an affront. He feels this affront, it may be without knowing that he does so, and is repelled from all that is subsequently told him. The impression of something unpleasant never leaves his consciousness again.

Why not take him into your confidence, and get him to feel that he is co-worker with you against an alien element of evil in his nature which need not and shall not be there? He will become interested in the problem, interested, as an infant, in an "abstruse" piece of practical psychology. His sense of honor can be easily evoked as an aid in the work and the satisfaction of this sense will give him a steady source of pleasure. When he has begun to understand himself, there will be no trouble about deeper concerns.

The real block in the way is the ignorance of parents and teachers, of their own nature. They do not know the battle, the combatants, nor the reward of victory. How can they teach what they have not learned? They must use the formulas of the pulpits to cover their ignorance of themselves and of life. Truly the world is urgently in need of that psychology which is based on Theosophy, psychology which is self-knowledge and which brings mastery over every evil and limitation in the whole nature of him who learns it.

STUDENT

The Teacher and Disciple of Old—Study in Ancient Tradition

FREEDOM of one part of our nature always requires the bondage of another part. In the old schools about the temples of ancient peoples, the teachers and disciples fully recognized this, and the latter voluntarily submitted to a most stringent control and regulation of their habits and outer life. They submitted voluntarily; they offered themselves to the discipline because they knew that through it alone could come freedom for their higher natures, the flowering of their finer possibilities. So they handed themselves over to a teacher whom they had learned absolutely to trust. This relation of teacher and pupil became at once unique. It was no domination of mind by mind; the teacher never sought that, was careful that it should not occur. It would not be so that the pupil could ripen his possibilities. It was his aim to grow up to and assimilate the mind of his teacher, but the relation never approached that of hypnotizer and subject; of that there was no element. The pupil remained himself, wove his own pattern of himself, achieved an ever completer spiritual freedom.

As to the daily life. Once the pupil was enrolled, he had no more concern with the earning of his living. His daily work was set him, and it had a dual relation to him. It had relation to his existing capacities, previous habits and temperament: and alternatively with this, it was designed to call forth capacities he needed but lacked. As to his assignment of work, he was expected to trust the teacher; and not only to do the work faithfully, not only with entire peace and content, not only with the utmost use of every faculty concerned, but also with a quality of enthusiasm. And he was expected to be always ready to leave it regretlessly for any other. And his daily habits were so gathered in under rules that he needed to expend a minimum of mental energy in arranging them for himself. This economy he effected by the simple process of obeying the rules. His mind was therefore freed for other matters.

The trust he had in the teacher, and—as he proved worthy—the teacher in him, begot an intimate and sacred mental relationship with which space and verbal communion had nothing to do. In a certain sense, the mind of the teacher was opened to him, that he might take what he could. Threads to weave into his own mind and to dye with his own color were thus offered to him ready for the weaving, threads necessary for the pattern, which, under any other circumstances, might have cost him years or lifetimes of experience and pain to extract and spin for himself from the raw mass which life offers. And in return the teacher received energy for his work, and even protection, from the atmosphere of trust and love kept about him by his pupils.

The whole arrangement was therefore one of economy, both of time and energy. The pupil was, so to speak, in a spiritual forcing house. The experiences of a whole ordinary, slow-passing lifetime were compressed into a year, a month, a day. For the relation of the pupils to each other was under the teacher's direction, and was constantly changed, groups being formed and dissolved, new combinations constantly produced, so as to afford a maximum of experience in the least time. When we remember that almost all that we get out of life, all our experience, all our pleasure and pain, comes from our association with each other, we can see that in the great temple schools it was possible for the teacher to compress into a short period all the experiences of any deeply educative value which a whole slow lifetime in the world would hardly give. Much of it, to the pupil, would seem unjust and unnecessary. But he had only to recollect how much of his life incidents in the world, were he there, would also seem unjust and unnecessary. Yet he would have trusted to the Law for their value, for their profound justice and necessity. Here, he also trusts in the Law as manifested in the teacher, focalized, made swift, undiluted with resting places.

The teacher's credentials were only the intuition of the pupil; he offered no other. If the pupil once recognized in the teacher a soul far in advance of his own, the relation became established and sacred. And both knew that if at any future time the pupil should lose his trust, his whole nature would fall into confusion. He accepted the danger open-eyed, because of the possible reward—the attained goal. And the teacher was willing to accept the care, knowing that if the pupil did win on to the goal, another helper and teacher of humanity, another Guardian of the Mysteries, would have been born, born and baptized in the fire of experience. HERBERT CORYN, *Camp Karnak, Point Loma, July 11th*

THE SECRET OF LIFE

DEATH has no power th' immortal soul to slay.
That, when its present body turns to clay,
Seeks a fresh home, and with unlesened might
Inspires another frame with life and light.
So I myself (well I the past recall),
When the fierce Greeks begirt Troy's holy wall,
Was brave Euphorbus: and in conflict drear,
Poured forth my blood beneath Atreides' spear.
The shield this arm did bear I lately saw
In Juao's shrine, a trophy of that war.

—Pythagoras in Dryden's "Ovid"

WHAT WE CAN DO

OF old things, all are over old,
Of good things, none are good enough; ---
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

—Wordsworth

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question What is the aim and object of the Raja Yoga School, and what is Raja Yoga?

Answer The object of the Raja Yoga system, or, rather, of its foundress, is the same as that of the Great Teachers of all times, which is, plainly, to help the soul express itself; but, unfortunately for humanity, those who have had charge of education in the ordinary sense of the word have not been philosophers, nor have they known very much about the soul-life. They have, indeed, too often been the first to persecute the Great Teachers when such an one comes with a larger message of education. But today we are beginning to realize that the real life is the heart-life, not the life of the brain-mind, and that real education is not the education of the head alone, but of head and heart together.

The object of the Raja Yoga School is not to fill the child's head with a heterogeneous collection of facts, but to build up a store of love in his heart. If brain-mind education is enough, then I ask you, why is it that our penitentiaries are filled with men of power and men of education? We well know that physical education alone goes but a little way. We are beginning to learn that intellectual education goes but very little further. And yet the education of the heart alone is not enough. This gives us a magnificent workman, but no tools with which to work, a glorious builder, but no materials with which to build. By the simplest logic in the world, the true education would be a union of all three, mental, physical and spiritual, and this is the meaning of Raja Yoga.

The word itself is from the Sanskrit, meaning "royal union;" Raja—"royal," and Yoga—"union." And it stands for that ideal which expresses itself in a threefold, perfectly-balanced education, for knowledge that is not of the head alone, but of head and heart and hand, is truly the kingly knowledge, the royal key to complete life. As Katherine Tingley says: "Raja Yoga is the perfect balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral, and true comradeship is the one condition of its fulfillment."

The Raja Yoga system comprises all that the world calls educational and very much more. Raja Yoga children not only become acquainted with art, music, and with mathematics and the sciences, but they get also an acquaintance with courage and fearlessness and compassion and joy, those glorious qualities of the heart which have been for so many centuries little more than possibilities. To the Raja Yoga child duty becomes the greatest privilege, because he has not only a knowledge of his own nature, but a grasp of himself. He lives not according to this or that rule, but by the highest law of his own being, and his life is wholesome. He not only knows *how* to dominate his body, but *why* it should be dominated, and conquests over appetite which are made in the world at heavy cost, when they are made at all, are here easy and natural, because of the daily régime. The aim of the Raja Yoga system is to provide the ideal environment and to give the soul room to grow.

How absurd, anyhow, are some of our educational methods! What

gardener would expect to get results if he twisted and worried and bothered little growing plants, and pulled them up by the roots every now and then to see how they were getting on? And yet how many mothers and fathers and teachers do just this and then wonder why they graduate boys into penitentiaries and girls into sanitariums!

The Raja Yoga system is unique in one particular: that it requires of its teachers not only high ideals, but the power to make these ideals actual. It requires not only pure lives, for the schools of the world, in general, require that, but right motives; not only a knowledge of the arts, of letters, of the sciences, but a knowledge of human nature.

The object of the Raja Yoga School is to give the child a chance to live according to the highest law of its own nature. As an educational system it is absolutely scientific and perfectly practical. Over all and through all is the heart touch, for Raja Yoga is the science of heart-life.

G. K.

Question

What constitutes or defines a Christian?

Answer

There should be no difficulty in answering this question. I would say that a Christian is a follower of the teachings of Christ, and this means a *doer*, not a mere believer. But Theosophy has thrown new light on Christ's teaching and everyone who has carefully studied the matter, knows that Christ's teachings are essentially the same as the teachings of the other saviors of the world. He himself said, "My doctrine is not mine but his that sent me." And the doctrine of all the great helpers of humanity is from the same divine source. Furthermore, we know that what we have of Christ's actual teaching is a very small part of what he must have said. It is very fragmentary and incomplete, and deals only with certain phases of human life—by no means with all.

Then again, what do we mean by "Christ"? This was not his name, his name was Jesus, and he is so spoken of all through the Gospels. He is also called "Jesus the Christ"—*i. e.*, the anointed. Jesus said, "Greater works than these shall ye do;" he laid this injunction also upon us, "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," and St. Paul spoke of our becoming like him.

Does this mean that we also may become the Christ, Christos? What else can it mean?

We can then give a deeper meaning to the term Christian and define it as "a follower of *the Christos*," and that Christos is the divine light within each, it is, to quote again from the Gospels, "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," it is the very Light of Divinity itself, one with the Source of all Light.

Is not this in perfect consonance with the teachings of Jesus, and if we took this as the meaning of the term Christian, if we followed the example and the life of Jesus the Christ, would not all the discords and divisions of Christendom cease? Would not Christianity come to mean "living and doing," and not mere belief and dogma, or the acceptance of a creed? We can do much if we are more careful in our use of words, giving them their true meaning and full significance. It sets other people thinking, and once that people begin to think what it *means* to be a Christian, they have taken the first step towards actually becoming such and towards realizing that it is more than a mere profession.

One word more, the teaching concerning the Christos was not only the teaching of Jesus, but of all the great teachers; it is, in fact, the teaching of Theosophy. We thus get a broader and deeper conception and this must by so much make our life fuller and richer and make it more possible to become like him and all other great teachers who have come as messengers of truth, as helpers of suffering humanity. J. H. F.

SOME men think they are in tune with the infinite merely because they are out of tune with the definite.—*Selected*

A Saying from Epictetus

"EVERY matter," says the Roman Stoic, "has two handles, one of which will bear taking hold of, the other not. If thy brother sin against thee, lay not hold of the matter by this, that he sins against thee; for by this handle the matter will not bear taking hold of. But rather lay hold of it by this, that he is thy brother, thy born mate; and thou wilt take hold of it by what will bear handling." And we call Epictetus a pagan!

Sentence Sermons

THERE is no short cut to happiness.

Virtue is not a matter of vocabulary.

Nothing succeeds where the soul fails.

A little silence may save a lot of sorrow.

With God life and love are synonymous.

A sharp man always cuts his own fingers.

Repentance cannot tear up the roots of the past.

No man reaches the stage of triumph but by the steps of trial.

The man who takes life as a dose always finds it a bitter one.

A man makes no particular progress by patting himself on the back.

Virtue may be its own reward, but it is not its own advertising agent.

Some men expect to acquire all their good habits in their second childhood.

— Chicago Tribune

Irish Legends and Irish Imagination

LADY GREGORY'S new book of Irish legends, *Gods and Fighting Men*, is a welcome addition to the translated literature of Gaelic antiquity. The tales are full of the breathing life of nature, and of the celestial power of the Imagination, the heritage of the Celt, weaving a magic spell round the simplest events. No! the imagination does not *conceal* anything; in truth, it *reveals* that which is within—the inner luminosity which all things and events emit. It is a teacher—a builder. All great men have been richly endowed with it. The creators or narrators of these romances had their minds “hitched to a star.” The commonplace did not exist for them, as it need not exist for us. It is but one of the limitations of our own making. They lived in the eternal; they felt the inward sweetness; they heard the music of life's rippling current, which is hidden from most men by their killing selfishness; they knew that this world was no vale of tears to be gotten out of as quickly as possible, but a place of glorious possibilities, a place for strong, joyous work, rich with promise, waiting for men to awake to the knowledge of their godlike nature.

An essential part of the Theosophical movement is the quickening of the power of the imagination leading to a higher appreciation of the beauty of nature. Dull reason has held sway too long. If we turn to the wonder tales of long ago and enter into the thoughts of the ancients, as learners, we shall feel ashamed of our unhealthy, morbid, artificial life of over-pressure. Sir Philip Burne-Jones, an English artist, who has been studying American life very closely, quotes a remark from a wealthy and leading New York society woman, who complains that in spite of

all her privileges and possessions, her gaities and luxuries, life is positively not worth living! She wishes she had never been born! The writers of the quaint and poetical Irish legends had, and the readers who can enter into their natural magic have, too, some knowledge within that makes such thoughts seem almost incredible. To such, as to the students of Katherine Tingley, life is a song of joy, every sunrise brings a new opportunity for service to man, a new opportunity to get nearer the center of being, whence personal possessions of mind or body are seen at their true worth. The time is approaching when it will be as well known as the multiplication table, that the only real happiness is found in getting out of the habit of ceaselessly dwelling on our personal interests, and into the habit of actively thinking of and working for the welfare of others. Enormous and delightful surprises await those daring souls who have the courage to do this and face their lower nature, thus making a commencement at the life of brotherhood.

The following extract from Lady Gregory's book gives a fair idea of the inspiration of the epics. It is from a description of Emhain, the ideal world of peace:

I bring a branch of the apple-tree from Emhain, from the far island around which are the shining horses of the son of Lir. A delight of the eyes is the plain where the hosts hold their games; curragh racing against chariot in the White Silver Plain to the south.

There are feet of white bronze under it, shining through life and time; a comely level land through the length of the world's age, and many blossoms falling on it.

There is an old tree there with blossoms, and birds calling from among them; every color is shining there, delight is common, and music, in the Gentle-Voiced Plain, in the Silver Cloud Plain to the south.

Keening is not used, or treachery, in the tilled familiar land; there is nothing hard or rough, but sweet music striking on the ear.

To be without grief, without sorrow, without death, without any sickness, without weakness; that is the sign of Emhain; it is not common wonder that is.

Golden chariots in the Plain of the Sea, rising up to the sun with the tide; silver chariots and bronze chariots on the Plain of Sports.

Gold-yellow horses on the strand, and crimson horses, and others with wool on their backs, blue like the color of the sky.

The host race over the Plain of Sports: it is beautiful and not weak their game is: death or the ebbing of the tide will not come to them in the Many-Colored Land.

CASHEL

TRANSPARENT glass is traced back, as an article in use, to at least 721 B. C. It was used in, and its invention is assigned to, Egypt, whence the most ancient specimens of colored glass have been derived. The earliest object was a bottle.

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Total number of hours of sunshine recorded during JUNE, 212.65
Average number of hours per day, 7.09

JULY	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
18	29.716	72	60	64	61	.00	SW	4
19	29.720	70	61	63	62	.00	W	5
20	29.714	71	62	65	62	.00	SW	5
21	29.784	70	63	66	63	.00	SW	4
22	29.794	72	64	68	66	.00	NW	7
23	29.792	73	63	67	94	.00	NW	7
24	29.736	73	63	67	94	.00	W	5

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

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by KATHERINE TINGLEY
WEEKLY

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CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Signs of the Times
A New Age
Sayings of Christ
Prophecy of San Diego
Acropolis Theatre—frontispiece
Mr. Neresheimer's Letter

Page 4—XIXth CENTURY PROBLEMS

Physical Degeneration
English & American
Stimulants
Law vs. Whim
Gardens for Children

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Origin of Music
Japanese Craftsmen
L'ancien Regime (illustration)
Work of a Pioneer

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Margaret Fuller Ossoli
—illustrated
The Emotions
Mrs. Maybrick's
Release
A XXth Century Martyr
An American Woman
The Indian Drama

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Who Were the Ancient
Egyptians?
Sacred Mountains
of all Nations

Page 9—NATURE

Hygienic Properties
of the Eucalyptus
Who Kills the Birds (verse)
Almond Branch (illustration)
Humming-Bird Moth (illustration)
Plant Communities
The Whistling Tree

Page 10—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Bits of Wisdom from
the Writings of
H. P. Blavatsky

Page 11—XIXth CENTURY SCIENCE

Disappearing Kanakas of
the Pacific Islands
The Latest Comet Is Re-
ceding from the Earth
The Bacillus of Age—Is
Old Age Contagious?
Interesting Facts About
Deep Sea Monsters

Page 12—CHILDREN'S HOME

Raja Yoga Question Box
The Story of a Little
Cubana—illustrated
Festivals of Japan
My Fox Terrier (verse)

Pages 13, 14 & 15—GENERAL

Some Glimpses of the
Private Offices of the
International Theosophic
Activities at Point Loma,
California—illustrated

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Invocation (verse)
Learning a Factor in
Religious Growth
After Music (verse)
Theosophical Forum
Consistency

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Silence
The Festival of
the Sun

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Signs of the Times Simple & Apparent

THE times are full of signs; but not always correctly may they read. They are both simple and apparent to the very casual observer, and the recondite and difficult to follow. The destiny of several of our greatest nations is today hanging in the balance of Divine Justice; and yet the warning cry of more than one modern Jeremiah has sounded in vain. They will not listen, these nations, and it would seem as if the bitter fruit of repentance must of necessity be mixed with their tears.

But jeremiads, of whatsoever kind they may be, are rarely listened to with respect. The state of our poor human mind at this stage of the evolutionary development of ourselves is, after all, one which needs comfort, not condemnation; compassion, not anger; brotherhood, not separa-

tion of individual interests; the practise of altruism instead of *laissez faire*.

What a curious commentary on our civilization is, indeed, our manner of viewing the offspring of that civilization! Unanimously we decry any attempt to belittle the achievements attained in this our epoch, and point with searching finger towards the shadowy past, asking silently whether those who have preceded us had risen to the heights we now occupy. We have deified material attainment; and the apotheosis of

Have Sold Ourselves as Bondsmen

Yet those ancients had, as we now have (in theory), ideals which made them great. To them, life was not an insolvable mystery; nor was the individual existence of man lost in the maze of spiritual and mental uncertainties, which to us moderns is a veritable Cretan labyrinth. We have lost the Ariadne's thread thereof, and wander purblindly hither and thither seeking the light we have lost.

It was the moral qualities in man which the ancients gave formal place to. With them the apotheosis bestowed was not on things, but on the man himself. A noble and dignified manhood, and a true and strong womanhood, were their standards of attainment; and those quickening powers in the human breast which raise from death into the life of the ages, were the inspiration of those deeds of heroism concerning which so much has been echoed and so little understood. The Roman Augurs, so it is said, once declared that only Rome's choicest and most precious treasure could close the yawning gulf in their Forum. The Patrician

Spirit of He- roism Makes Men Great

That spirit in man which impels to deeds of self-sacrifice in times when need is great, is the spirit which saves a nation; it is the soulful power which makes a people sublime in achievement, and splendid in act; which raises the clay of the body to electric life, and sets upon the brow of him it inspires, the crown of the hero.

Such, truly, were the moral ideals of the ancients; but as man is yet but man, and as the destiny of peoples runs upward and then downward again, each epoch registers itself in the Book of Eternity as one of growth, of maturity, and of decadence of the power of this immortal spirit in man.

It would seem, therefore, that it is Things which we today worship, and not qualities. And as it is the inevitable fate of Things to find an eternal rest in dust, why what feeble strands have we woven into the anchors of our hopes!

Man is in truth not bound; his higher will is the will of Eternity, and

Sin, Suffer- ing and Hu- man Misery

all shall dissolve like a morning's mist before It. His higher purposes are those of the god within his breast, and if man would but surrender the reins of his temporal power, to grasp those of his spiritual nature, the things he would do, and leave undone, would very quickly lift the heavy weight of the world, a weight of sin, and of suffering, and of human misery.

There is a lost art: it is the Art of Self-control. He who possessed it fully might rule the world, for the world would be prone before him; and if this control of self were that of gentle divinity and of simple altruism, such a one would pass to posterity as a savior of his fellows.

Our citizenship compares ill with that of many of the peoples of the past; and were our national ideals judged by the Higher Law in contrast with those of some of the ancients, the comparison, possibly, would not flatter us.

Therefore, what has the future for us? What individual and national legacy are we now in process of bequeathing to our posterity? Is it one for which we shall receive grateful remembrance? Or is it one which will lay so burthensome a responsibility, and so chafing a destiny upon our descendants, that our memory will be thought of with aversion?

The signs of the times, which are now so many, what story do they tell us? They are vocal with menace, yet vocal with hope. How shall we interpret them? What lesson will we learn from them? G. DE P.

"A New Age Is Not Far Away"

WE implicitly believe that in this curve of the cycle, the final authority is *the man himself*. In former times the disclosed Vedas, and later, the teachings of the great Buddha, were the right authority, in whose authoritative teachings and enjoined practises were found the necessary steps to raise man to an upright position. But the grand clock of the universe points to another hour, and now man must seize the key in his hands and himself, as a whole, open the gate. Hitherto he has depended upon the great souls whose hands have stayed impending doom. Let us then together enter upon another year, fearing nothing, assured of strength in the Union of Brotherhood. For how can we fear death, or life, or any horror or evil, at any place or time, when we well know that even death itself is a part of the dream which we are weaving before our eyes?—W. Q. Judge

The "Sayings" of Christ

EVERYONE will remember the discovery, seven years ago, by Drs. Grenfell and Hunt, at Oxyrhynchus, of a fragment of papyrus containing eight non-canonical "sayings" of Jesus. They have repeated this discovery, and five more "sayings" arouse an even keener longing for the whole papyrus.

The second of the new group is the most important. Unfortunately it is so mutilated that many gaps have had to be bridged by guesswork. The discoverers thus restore it, the attempted restorations being in italics:

Jesus saith, *Ye ask who are those that draw us to the Kingdom if the Kingdom is in Heaven.*

... the fowls of the air, and all beasts that are under the earth or upon the earth, and the fishes of the sea, these are they which draw you, and the Kingdom of Heaven is within you; and whosoever shall know himself shall find it. Strive therefore to know yourselves, and ye shall be aware that ye are the sons of the almighty Father.

There is another clause, "And ye shall know that ye are in the city of God, and ye are the city," but the restorations necessary to complete it are regarded as exceedingly conjectural. But for the rest, excepting perhaps the word "almighty," it is hard to see what other words than those supplied in italics could possibly have been used by Jesus.

Of the first series, the fifth is the one that most people would least wish to forget:

Jesus saith, Wherever there are *two*, they are not without God, and wherever there is one alone, I say I am with him. Raise the stone and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I.

"Raising the stone," and "cleaving the wood," strike one as mystical and symbolical expressions, rather than indoctrinations of Pantheism. The first certainly, the second probably, would find interpretation in the rituals of the old *Mysteries*. "Raising the stone" (of the sepulchre), was often used as a symbol of the purificatory efforts made by the neophyte in order to free his own higher nature. "Cleaving the wood" (or trunk) of the Tree of Life, might symbolize the separation of the lower and higher ("right" and "left") currents of impulse.

The sayings are preceded by an introductory passage which Drs. Grenfell and Hunt thus very reasonably restore:

These are the *wonderful* words which Jesus the living *Lord* spake to . . . and Thomas; and he said *unto them*, *Every one that bearkens* to these words shall never taste of *death*.

If no more than these thirteen sayings are ever discovered, they are worth the labor they cost. But we think that much more will follow. The fields of discovery are yet but partially explored, and what remains to be found will undoubtedly clear up many obscure passages and dark meanings in the present well-known standards. The spirit of Christ lives yet as a perfect dream in man's mind; yet how have not the teachings of the man Jesus been distorted? We do not believe in chance, nor that the cry of modern humanity for a closer touch with the spirit of Christ and for a far fuller knowledge of his teaching will go unanswered. If that which has now come, and will hereafter come, had been known fifteen hundred years, it would have shared the fate of the Gospels, would have been tampered with by some pious early father, would have been the nucleus of a dense casing of dogma, would have been ill-redolent of centuries of controversy, and would have been hackneyed almost beyond the possibility of attracting fresh interest and attention. STUDENT

A Prophecy of San Diego

From the San Diego News

THE *News* is in possession of a file of the Southern California *Informant*, a weekly newspaper published in San Diego sixteen years ago. In the issue of July 28, 1888, appears an article which closes with the following prophecy of San Diego. The author still resides here, and though too modest, apparently, to permit the republishing of his name, sees no reason to amend what he then wrote:

SAN DIEGO THE METROPOLIS

In and out through the Silver Gate will pass the laden vessels, bearing to many a port the varied products of this semi-tropic land and bringing in cargoes for distribution. Here will ship and car meet and exchange their burdens. This will be the distributing point.

Here will be the bonded warehouses and the banks. This will be the financial and commercial center of this extensive and rapidly developing section.

In the whole history of the world we find the highest civilization to have been attained in semi-tropical latitudes.

The Atlantians, Aryans, Phoenicians, Jews, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, the Incas of Peru, Mayas of Yucatan and Aztecs of Mexico are familiar illustrations. At one time—thousands of years ago, probably—the Southwest was the most civilized portion of what is now the United States.

When New England and the Middle and Western States were inhabited only by bands of roving barbarians, who, clothed only in the skins of wild animals, hunted their game in the dense forests or over the snowy prairies, there dwelt upon the sunny plains of Arizona a people far advanced in civilization. The East is now the most advanced because it has been longest settled by the Caucasian. But now the Southwest is rapidly settling up with the best class of people from beyond the Rocky Mountains. Every Eastern community has contributed one or more of its most active and wideawake citizens to aid in the development of this section.

The flowers of music, poetry and art seem to spring spontaneously from the soil where grows the orange and the palm. Beneath these sunny skies shall come again a golden age, such as made Greece famous for learning and for art. Here shall the poet sing his sweetest song; here shall

Fame forsake the camp and blade
And turn from purple fields,
Again to wreath her meads for those
Who bid the canvas glow, the marble breathe.

With the grand mountains and the beautiful sea ever present, and sun and cloud forever displaying upon them new effects of light and shade, there will here be bred an esthetic race from which will sometime spring a second Phidias who will delight all future ages with his inimitable art. Here will be born a poet who will weave the legends of the mysterious ruined cities of the plains into a grand epic that will go "down the corridors of time" side by side with the *Iliad*.

Entrance to Acropolis Theatre --- Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week, is a view of the entrance to the Theatre at foot of the Acropolis, Athens. This was the grand entrance to the building; but in olden days a winding path-stairway led to the tiers of seats from the Acropolis itself. The acoustics of this venerable Theatre are wonderful; the human voice being heard distinctly on the topmost tier. One of the fashionable boulevards of present-day Athens runs along the structure's front.

Greeting from E. A. Neresheimer

THE following letter has just been received from Brother E. A. Neresheimer. His devotion to the great Cause of human fraternity and to The Universal Brotherhood Organization is so well known that this letter will be of very real interest to all members of The Universal Brotherhood:

NEDERLAND, Colorado, July 28th, 1904

DEAR COMRADES IN LOMALAND: The longer I stay in Colorado, the more I appreciate dear old Lomaland to an extent I did not think I would, much as I loved it before. While this is a beautiful country, a country still in the making, and full of great things for the future, I feel that I belong with those at our Headquarters. While my body is here I, truly, am with those at the Point.

Although I shall be detained here for some months with my important business obligations, I shall count the weeks until I get back home again. I consider the plan for the International Congress, a very unique one; and as especially adapted to enlarge our Work for all countries. I am heart and soul with you and the Leader, in all your efforts.

THE CENTURY is doing enormous work; it is one of the greatest factors we have for propaganda, and it is my earnest hope that all members will do their utmost to enlarge its scope. For it acts as a great International Messenger—a link in the work of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge. E. A. NERESHEIMER

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Physical Degeneration & Its Results

THE physical degeneration of the British lower labor classes, is the subject of a careful and important book by Mrs. Watt-Smith.

Proof of this degeneration lies in the fact that notwithstanding the steady lowering of the physical requirements for army recruits, a steadily decreasing number of men are found answering to these lowered standards. And of five men, after two years' service, only two can remain in the effective army.

The *cause* of the degeneration is town life; and this gives the matter not only a British but a general importance. For in almost all civilized countries, town life tends to increase at the expense of natural life.

Now physical degeneration means very much more than decline in muscular power, in health, in height and weight. These obvious signs go hand in hand with others not so obvious. There are invisible degenerations of the deeper, more intimate, mechanism of the body, nerves, and brain. The higher tones of feeling are consequently unheard; there is moral degeneration. The child sent winter after winter to school, half-clothed and unfed, and at the earliest age thereafter doomed to the treadmill of factory life, is not as morally responsible for its thoughts and feelings and deeds as the rest of us of a gentler upbringing. So badly is it handicapped by its physical degradation that in many cases a response to the music of its soul is as impossible as a response from a clothes-line to a note from a harp. It is in a condition which is not a disease, and is not so named, for the reason that it is the root or field of all diseases. The particular evil plant has not yet declared itself, indeed may not for many years.

It is true that the soul gives of its consciousness to the body, and because of that we are something more than the animal. It is that spark which speaks and thinks in man when he says "I." The moral nature exhibited by each of us on earth depends on the preservation of the channel between our thinking consciousness and the soul from whence it came. But for this, it must not be *too* heavily handicapped and hampered by its physical instrument. It must not find every nerve-cell under-nourished, half developed, crippled and degenerate from its origin, or in mute pain. Not so can it work out its higher nature, or even preserve the memory and feeling that there is any higher nature.

Shall we say that such a child, youth and man, is as responsible as we for all it does? Yet that is the type which we are seeing and to see, in increasing thousands year by year, in our great cities.

The great cities grow greater, more sunless, more diseased, worse atmospherized. Degeneration goes further, becomes more intimate. The degenerate breed the more degenerate, physically and morally—but *not necessarily mentally*. For complete selfishness and moral deterioration often cause the mind to develop into an extraordinary instrument of calculating cunning. And that is the type which is becoming more and more frequent. We shall one day be *compelled* to face the grim problem which we are permitting to rise before us little by little.

The lines of remedy are many. But let us think of prevention, and by some method, at all costs, induce the country dweller and the land worker to stay with nature. If we find out why he now will not, we have made a beginning.

STUDENT

English and American Stimulants

SOME curious figures have just been published on the comparative use of certain stimulants in America and Great Britain. Coffee is the great American non-intoxicant drink; tea, the English. A noted divine once said that he did not know whether coffee or tea were the most provocative of revolutions; for whereas tea made you *think*, coffee caused you to *act*.

The American drinks one and a half gallons of distilled liquor in a year; the Englishman one gallon. But on the other hand the Englishman drinks thirty gallons of malt liquor to the American's eighteen gallons. To which the American replies again by drinking one-third more wine than the Englishman. Thus, it is seen that on the whole, both nations sin about alike in this matter of "personal liquefaction." C.

Divine Law versus Human Whim

EMERSON'S "Over-Soul," the Greek Logos, has fallen on evil days. At the hands of a new school of "thought," which nevertheless claims the august parentage of Emerson, it has become sentimentalized, appearing as "The Encircling Good," and even the "All-Love Power"! Moreover, it is at anybody's beck and call. "Every physical need," we are told, "and every desire of the human heart, can be claimed and received" from it "by the true believer." Its existence, in fact, constitutes a standing appeal to sentimentality, laziness, selfishness and sensuality. In works of this school it stands revealed as a pander and procurer, at the beck and call of every love-sick youth, knave or simpleton. It is enough that they are "true believers."

There is a story, "The Idyll of the White Lotus," breathing the very spirit of old Egypt, in which some such Power is conceived as having sway for one night. For one night the desires of all the people of a great city are gratified. The city goes mad; hell is unbound; the "true believers" in the evil goddess are rewarded. But she is not called the "Encircling Good;" she is painted as the conscious focal point of all earth's evil. And no other than that could be a Deity waiting to grant "every physical need and every desire of the human heart."

The "Encircling Good" *does* grant human desires, sooner or later, in this or another birth, every one. But because it is "Good" is precisely why it does not grant them when desired, but only when they will either come with a lesson or pave the way for one. It abides its own time. Otherwise all the earth would be like the hell-stricken city in the "Idyll of the White Lotus." It is black enough as it is, through the *deeds* of men; were their *desires* fulfilled as and when they gave them birth, human life could not long endure. He only can sway the "Encircling Good" who has become that Good itself, in greater or less degree. And the only way to that becoming is the *giving up desiring anything for self*, the achievement of altruism and unselfishness.

A celebrated critic suggested that the method of Faust was an easy alternative to this. As Goethe and Marlowe painted it, it might seem so. Mephistopheles may be willing enough to accept anybody's soul; but if he is expected to pay for it, to give value, it must be *big enough to be worth his paying for*, master of all its desires save one, and into that one it must have passed its totality; master of all its failings, slave of nothing. Who answers to the call? Not, we think, the "All-Love Power's" clientèle.

STUDENT

Model Farm Gardens for Children

ONE often wonders what will become of the great cities, gloomy, sunless and airless, breeding places of every vile thing, when we have become too civilized to tolerate them.

To a certain extent, an answer comes from New York and a few other cities. In the heart of these, some small areas of ground have been cleared and furnished as "Model Farm Gardens" for children of the very poor. So far as the space permits, it is treated as a miniature farm and garden, having in the center a little model farmhouse. A selected number (in the case of the New York clearing, about 250) of children are instructed in the details of farming and gardening by a competent matron. They spend a part of every day in this work, hoeing, weeding, planting, reaping and caring for the farm-house. One of these farms even boasts a pig! The children take vast interest in their admirable toy and enthusiastically carry out every item of the toy duties. Of course, they gain greatly in health and intelligence and real civilization. But more than all, they gain a love of country life. We should say that no millionaire could much more usefully gratify his philanthropic instincts than by buying up some congested spot in the wretched heart of his city, and having it cleared and transformed into one of these "Model Farm Gardens."

STUDENT

Too often reason deceives us; we have only too much acquired the right of refusing to listen to it; but conscience never deceives us, it is the true guide of man; it is to man what instinct is to the body, which follows it, obeys Nature, and never is afraid of going astray. Conscience does not hesitate nor doubt nor mislead.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Origin of Music—A Suggestion

NOBODY has yet attempted, so far as we know, to make a certain very beautiful and suggestive application of the sound-picture experiments of Mrs. Watts-Hughes. Every one now knows that fine powder, subjected under certain conditions to the action of tones, takes form. The forms are of all kinds, from the simplest geometrical figures to the shapes of leaves, plants, trees, and even groves of foliage in great variety.

That is as far as the experiment has been taken. We remain wonder-struck, do nothing and deduce nothing.

The most obvious deduction, which would serve as a beautiful provisional hypothesis, is that a minute thread of tone, very prolonged, very slow in its changes, drawn out very thin, does exist within a growing plant and tree, and is the cause of its form.

An equally obvious application would be to make a note of and register the succession of tones which, when played on to a plate of fine powder, cause it to assume the succession of forms leading up to the form of a tree with leaves and blooms.

We should surely then have one of nature's own melodies, an audible instead of a visible nature-form. Might it not be possible that we had got back to the origin of music?

According to the ordinary hypothesis, primeval man expressed his emotions in various grunts and attempts at the imitation of the sounds of animals. These, repeated rhythmically, gave him pleasure, and constituted the rude and remote roots of music.

We cannot pretend to the slightest respect for this theory. We do not believe that primeval man was a savage, or that the savages of today in the least degree represent him. We think they are degenerates of old civilizations. If it turns out, with advancing scientific knowledge, that they are so, then the orthodox explanation of the origin of music must go overboard.

There have always been abnormal persons, probably decreasingly abnormal, to whom sounds suggest color, and colors sound, who hear red, and see the blare of a trumpet; and others to whom sounds suggest forms and pictures. It is possible that these are phenomena of atavism, sporadic modes of perception once universal among "primeval mankind." Is it going too far to suggest and imagine a primeval man whose psychic and spiritual nature had not been desecrated and obliterated by sensuality, whose reasoning intellect had not awaked, and who was so closely in touch with nature as to perceive her ways with a clearness now long lost? Sounds to us inaudible would be plain to him, and we could understand an origin of music from subtler elements than grunts and barks.

He who can see the good in art-works is an abler and a far superior critic than he who sees only faults.—*Merz*

THE world is full of musical treasures, but we are not being enriched by these to half the extent we ought to be.—*Booth*

STRICT moral and mental training produces our best men—why should not strict art training be required in order to train artists? The principles of true morality and those of pure art taste must be inculcated early in life.—*Merz*

The Wonderful Artist Craftsmen of Japan

A STUDENT now in Japan writes, in a recent letter, about the artist craftsmen of that splendid land:

"I have just visited the workshop of one of the most famous Japanese artisans, a carver in wood. You have no idea how the Japanese work. The merest craftsman is an artist and would not think of allowing another craftsman to draw his designs for him. Each carver is his own designer and I fancy the long training in writing the beautiful ideographs which compose their language has much to do with the facility acquired by the Japanese in this line. I wished to have a small box carved and the design chosen was of course, in this land, the lotus. To my astonishment the little craftsman took up the box, turned it over, examined it, and then, with a few deft strokes of his brush, indicated roughly upon it a mere sketch. That stood for the design.

(How our American craftsmen would have labored and traced and agonized over the simple matter of transferring a design to that box—that is to say, some of them.) Then he began carving away at what proved to be lotus petals. Three days later I called and the box, exquisitely carved, was completed. Every artisan here seems to be an artist and every piece of craftsmanship is a work of art. The divorce which is so usual in your land between the design and the craftsman's work appears to be here entirely unknown."

I AM more and more convinced that the power of music is one of the greatest civilizing and refining forces that has yet been introduced into the public schools, and our people should ever keep working until music is one of the regular branches in our public school curriculum.—*Hall*

The Work of a Pioneer

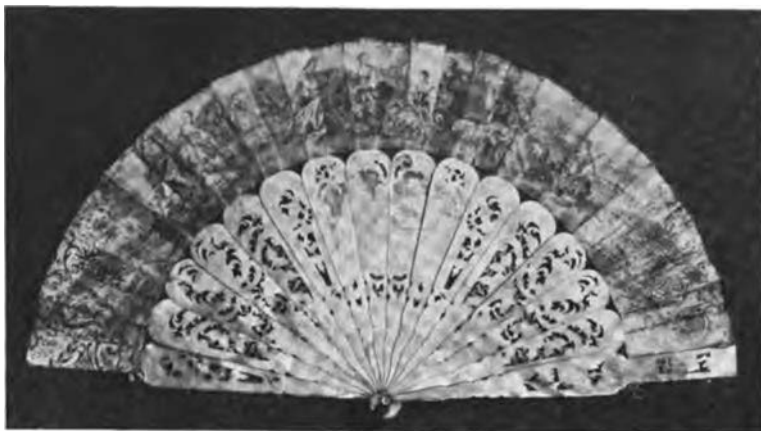
IT is almost impossible to believe that the great Joachim has been sixty years before the public, Joachim, the best known living exponent to-day of the purely classical in violin music. The influence of his work will be permanent, for it has been he, more than any of his contemporaries, who has fostered a real love in his pupils for the classical masterpieces. A criticism in the *Musical World*

(England) 1859, gives better than any general statement an idea of the pioneer work Joachim had to do and the barriers he had to break down. In that year he was only twenty-eight years of age:

So long as virtuosi walked (or galloped) in their proper sphere, they amused by their mechanical *tours de force*, charmed by their *finesse*, and did no great harm to musical taste. They were accepted *cum grano salis*, applauded for their dexterity, and admired for the elegance with which they were able to elaborate thoughts in themselves of very slight artistic worth. But recently our virtuosi have been oppressed with a notion that to succeed in this country they must invade and carry by storm the "classics" of the art, instead of adhering exclusively, as of old, to their own fantasies and *jeux de marteaux*. One composition after another by the great masters is seized upon and worried. If they were things of flesh and blood, and could feel the grip, be conscious of the teeth, and appreciate the fangs of these rapid-devouring virtuosi, concertos, sonatas, trios, etc., would, indeed, be in a pitiable condition. Happily they bleed not, but are immortal.

But Joachim kept right on! There may have been inadequacies in his interpretation, for the ideal is rarely, nor should it be, the ideal of tomorrow. But he has proven himself loyal to his ideal. E. M.

IT is better to be a crystal and be broken
Than to remain whole, a mere tile upon a
house-top. — From the Chinese



A MEMORY OF L'ANCIEN REGIME
From private collection of one of the Point Loma Students

NOW that which is inevitable in the work has a higher charm than individual talent can ever give, inasmuch as the artist's pen or chisel seems to have been held and guided by a gigantic hand to inscribe a line in the history of the human race. This circumstance gives a value to the Egyptian hieroglyphics, to the Indian, Chinese, and Mexican idols, however gross and shapeless. They denote the height of the human soul in that hour, and were not fantastic, but sprung from a necessity as deep as the world. Shall I now add, that the whole extant product of the plastic arts has herein its highest value, as history; as a stroke drawn in the product of that fate, perfect and beautiful, according to whose ordinations all beings advance to their beatitude?—*Emerson*

STUDENT



"POISE THE CAUSE IN JUSTICE' EQUAL SCALES,
WHOSE BEAM STANDS SURE, WHOSE RIGHTFUL CAUSE PREVAILS."

Margaret Fuller Ossoli

SHE was one of those fair and flower-like natures which sometimes spring up even beside the most dusty highways of life—a creature not to be shaped into a merely useful instrument, but bound by one law with the blue sky, the dew and the frolic-birds. Of all persons whom I have known she had in her the most of the angelic—of that spontaneous love for every living thing, for man and beast and tree, which restores the golden age.

IN these words Margaret Fuller described her mother. They are eloquent, as giving us one reason for the warm heart-life of this woman whom the public looked upon as being merely brilliant and intellectual. Margaret Fuller was the most remarkable woman of her day in certain respects. She was as typically cultured—using the word in its ordinary sense—as was Goethe. A Greek born out of time, she brought into her work a rare intellectual insight. Spiritually she could not delve deeply nor soar to heights beyond those to which the brain mind could carry her, for the real Light was in her day not come. The peer of her contemporaries, Emerson, Thoreau, Theodore Parker, Clarke, Alcott, Dr. Channing, she had one gift which none of them possessed in so rare a measure, the gift of conversing well. The pen always tired her. In speech her Pegasus found his wings.

"She is inspired," said one friend. So simple, so direct, so cultured, so filled with a deep humanity was she, that one could easily forgive the occasional glimpses of apparent egotism and her positive manner of expression, a manner which came, really, from her intense and abiding convictions. As a teacher she was marvelously successful, particularly in the languages and history. German, Latin, French and Italian she had mastered, and her translations are not mere transcriptions but genuine works of literary art.

As literary critic of the *New York Tribune* she discovered Hawthorne and undiscovered, so to speak, Lowell and Longfellow. For two years she was editor of *The Dial*, that remarkable but short-lived magazine to which most of the New England Transcendentalists were contributors.

But deeper than her intellectual culture was a rich heart-life. For the unselfishness that was so characteristic of her during every event of her life Margaret Fuller Ossoli deserves not to be forgotten. While a mere girl she cheerfully gave up long-cherished plans, at her father's death, to support her mother, sisters and brothers. For eleven years she toiled, at last, in a trip to Europe, realizing her life's young dream. In Italy she became stirred by the struggle of the brave young hearts of that land for freedom. It was then that she met the Marquis Ossoli, a young Italian who had sacrificed rank and fortune in the cause of the Roman Republic. They were married in 1847 and together they worked and fought for the free and greater Italy of their hopes. During the following summer occurred the siege of Rome; and it was passed by both in the hospital "Pellegrini," which was put under Margaret Fuller Ossoli's personal direction. "The weather was intensely hot; her health was feeble and delicate; the dead and dying were around her in every stage of pain and horror, but she never shrank from any duty she had assumed."

It was in September of that year that her little son was born. She named him Angelo, her husband's name. Their love for each other rose above all the cares of life like a pure white star. The child came as a blessing and a benediction. The comradeship which is as unusual in this world as it is ideal put forth the rare twin blossom of motherhood and fatherhood, and then came, shortly, their end.

It was not long after the fall of the Republic that Margaret Fuller and

her husband, with their son, embarked for America. Both had grave anticipations of danger.

"I have a vague expectation of some crisis," she wrote to a friend, "I know not what. Yet my life proceeds as regularly as the fates of a Greek tragedy, and I can but accept the pages as they turn."

Three months prior to sailing she had forebodings of shipwreck. "If so," she wrote, "I pray that Ossoli, Angelo and I may go together and that the anguish may be brief."

Of the disaster that came as if in answer to that prayer all the world knows. The barque on which they sailed was wrecked near Long Island, less than a hundred yards from the shore. The women were urged to leave, as there was no chance of saving all. Margaret refused to desert her husband and, with their child, they perished together.

She was still young. Her death was an irreparable loss in those days, for so few who had intellectual knowledge lived the heart life. She had her misconceptions, she made brain mind mistakes that, in the wiser day that is dawning she would not have made; but as one of the pioneers, at that critical time when the national mind was forming and the national heart was beginning to beat; those days when Emerson was bringing to us glimpses of the ancient wisdom; when Alcott was teaching his little school; and when Thoreau was writing philosophy and pegging shoes in the Concord jail. Her life was strong and fearless. She lived in honorable intimacy with her highest ideals. She loved humanity and for that reason surely the occasional chill of her intellectualism may be forgiven. E. M.



MARGARET FULLER

The Emotions

IN order to find out from what part of our nature the emotions spring, we have but to observe their results. "By their fruits shall ye know them." The possibility of one extreme includes its opposite as inevitable, and whoever, in feeling, is swayed from one to the other is sure to experience suffering. It is plain then that, if in any instance

our emotions bear the harvest of pain, they must in all cases germinate from seeds sown in the soil of the lower nature. In the divine nature there is peace and calm—there is perfect equilibrium, which cannot be disturbed. The lower nature declares itself to be in an ecstasy of happiness today because it is realizing some cherished desire. Let this possession be withdrawn and tomorrow it will be plunged in deepest despair. Thus it has no safeguard against emergencies; it is ever the puppet of circumstance.

We have all sought happiness through the emotions, little dreaming that in doing so we were feeding that side of our nature which paralyzes and dwarfs the mind and closes the door, leading to all the higher possibilities of the soul's influence, building a solid blank wall between us and a clear understanding of life's realities.

Most people, indulging emotions, open their natures to influences of which they are totally ignorant and unconscious. Something feeds upon them. Have you not observed the sad, hunted, fearful and impoverished look in the face of an emotional woman? There are actors behind the scenes who are fattening upon this havoc. Shall we, who have been permitted to raise the curtain and behold the truth, sit with silent tongues when we know a remedy? So great has been the power of false ideals, and so deeply rooted are they in the human heart, that only heroic methods can rid us of their power. The first glimpse of the truth in regard to these matters is like a dash of cold water in the face of a sleeping man. It startles him, but it wakes him up. That is what humanity needs. No matter if the bath is cold at first, it is in the end refreshing and opens our eyes to the light of a new day, a day wherein we feel the power to control our minds and liberate the heart-force. STUDENT

Mrs. Maybrick's Release

THE release of Mrs. Maybrick after fifteen years of confinement in an English prison, has again brought to the attention of the public one of the most remarkable cases in the annals of our courts, and one on which the old judgments bid fair to be reversed. Florence Maybrick was the victim of circumstances well utilized by those who were determined to accomplish her ruin. Her husband's fortune was the bone of contention and Mrs. Maybrick, to put it plainly, was looked upon by the persons who appeared to have their own reasons for accomplishing her ruin, as being very much in the way. Looking over the testimony, it is absolutely impossible to understand how she could ever have been convicted. Traces of arsenic were found in Mr. Maybrick's body, it is true, but the facts are that during the very week of his death the physician (who was later a witness against Mrs. Maybrick), administered three doses with his own hands; also James Maybrick had long been in the habit of taking arsenic, often daily and in large doses, himself. Add to that the testimony of Dr. Charles Meynott Tidy, M. B. F. C. S., Official Analyst to the British Government at the Home office, and Dr. Rawdon Macnamara, F. C. S. I., one of the greatest living authorities on poison. These together wrote a toxicological study of the Maybrick case, giving the history, among other things, as facts within their own cognizance, of two cases in which traces of arsenic, given medicinally three and five months before death, were found in the body after death, although death occurred from quite another cause.

Add to this the fact that Dr. Humphreys diagnosed the disease from which James Maybrick died, as gastro-enteritis, brought about by high living and the unrestrained use of liquors, and that, as he has admitted, it never occurred to him that James Maybrick might have died from arsenical poison, until the latter was suggested to him by one of those determined to ruin this unfortunate woman. Was he hypnotized? Did the suggestion made have its effect? The fact that this physician could not remember distinctly when or how he gave medicines, or even the exact dose, would indicate that he was a fit subject for hypnotic control at any rate. And as to the jury, the record is somewhat laughable. It could scarcely be considered a scientific one, composed, as it was, of two plumbers, one carpenter, one provision dealer, a glazier, a grocer, an iron-monger, a painter, a milliner, a baker and two farmers, not one of whom expressed sufficient interest during the entire trial to ask a single question, and, according to a Southport, England, paper, one of whom could not read, much less write, his own name. Sir Fitzjames Stephens, the Judge who sentenced Mrs. Maybrick, died, by the way, in a madhouse. But what was it that started this poison gossip, anyway, and was there any foundation for it whatever, except in the unreasoning hatred of one or two?

Florence Maybrick has spent the best part of her life in prison. Who is responsible for the wrong that has been done? Who are the sharers in this responsibility? What was the power behind the throne? Isn't it time that we looked deeper, that we learned a lesson or two from the wrong that has been done this woman? And will human hatred never lack puppets and allies?

It is interesting to know that it is to two women that Mrs. Maybrick owes practically all the relief she has known from the difficult régime of an English prison, and, in fact, her freedom. Her transfer from a penal institution to a country home was an act almost unprecedented on the part of the British authorities, and it was due to the intervention of the Duchess of Bedford. From the time of her conviction, Mrs. May-

brick's mother, the Baroness de Roques, has been unremitting in her efforts in behalf of her daughter. It was she, aided by influential friends on both sides of the Atlantic, who finally succeeded in getting the death penalty commuted to imprisonment for life, and it is she who has finally obtained her daughter's freedom. According to a recent dispatch, Mrs. Maybrick left England on the 20th ult. for France, and went to Rouen with her mother. When she reaches this country she will find to greet her, in all probability, one of the largest petitions ever gotten up. The object of the petition is to secure for her a free pardon, thus cleansing her reputation from the stain of murder, through the offices of King Edward. Years before any general public interest in Maybrick's case was manifest, Katherine Tingley openly declared Mrs. Maybrick to be the innocent victim of a conspiracy. Not only her influence, but that of many of her students has been exerted in defense of this unfortunate woman, and the results of such efforts time will serve to disclose.

Think of it—young, sincere, true-hearted, the mother of two beautiful children, her good name ruined, her life torn into shreds to satisfy the hatred of two or three jealous individuals, because Mrs. Maybrick stood between them and a fortune, possibly because her life may have been a reproach to their own! The Maybrick case is one of the most remarkable in all the history of jurisprudence.

STUDENT

A TWENTIETH CENTURY MARTYR: AN AMERICAN WOMAN

WHAT recompense can Mrs. Florence Maybrick ever receive for the long weary years of imprisonment and suffering? Marked by the law of the land as a criminal—a murderess, but innocent! Well may justice weep o'er man's inhumanity to man.

This persecuted woman was a martyr to Twentieth century selfishness: more subtle in its deadening force than that which created the rack and thumb-screw and faggot which tore the life from Joan of Arc. Let us appeal to the Higher Law in the hearts of noble men and women; and let us see to it that never again shall innocence be crucified.

Let the women of the Twentieth century, through the dignity of their calling, reach the heart of the common law by their purifying influence on the hearts of men. Too often is the law used to distort justice: let the noble hearted of the Twentieth century make the law which shall restore Justice.

The Divine Law in its mercy has not deserted the crucified woman: nor will it pass by those who have crucified her.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

The Indian Drama

AN interesting paper on the Indian drama was read by Mr. Sarath Kumar Ghosh, the author of *The Romance of an Eastern Prince*, at last week's meeting of the Society of American Women in London. The lecturer, after referring to Schlegel's theory of the Indian origin of Western culture, cleverly disproved from the actual internal evidence of the Indian drama the generally received idea that Hindu women hold an inferior position. He showed instead that women have always been treated in India not merely with respect, but with homage and every distinction and recognition since the time of the classic drama. At a time when, not so long ago, actors and actresses were still classed in England as "vagrants, vagabonds and

sturdy beggars," in India they were ranked next to princes. Sarath Kumar Ghosh is at present the only Indian writer of Indian fiction in Europe, and at a time when the interest in Eastern drama is awakening ever more fully, it is doubly interesting to hear from an Indian novelist of Indian life as he has lived it, and not merely as it has been seen by some of our English novelists.—From *Public Opinion*, an English journal, May 27th

The contributor who sent in the above makes the remark that a lecturer on Shakespeare, at the present time, might just as well show "from actual internal evidence" of the dramas that the English people at that time not only spoke in blank verse, but have done so ever since!

"NO ONE can deny that, so far as concerns style, brilliancy, musical intelligence, and, above all things, remarkable self-possession, little Wilhelmina Neruda is an extraordinary personality." Thus wrote Eduard Hanslick, in 1849, after hearing the gifted little girl who today is known throughout the entire musical world as Lady Hallé.

AN esteemed contemporary says: "It is interesting to note that of the six best selling books on the July *Bookmaker's* official list, just half were written by women"—and those American women.

THE home cannot be looked upon as an eating-house, as a laundry, as a sleeping place; it is the school of life, and anything which renders it more efficient is worth paying for.—Ellen H. Richards

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Who Were the Ancient Egyptians?

WHO were the ancient Egyptians? How came old Egypt by her mystic lore? What was the secret of that archaic civilization, which has sent its echoes so ringing down the corridors of time, that today we are beginning to learn that most of what we know had been anticipated by this mighty folk? What questions! How many brains have wearied under the weight of these questions; and how little, in point of fact, do we now know about the origins of the Egyptians. Certain names have been rendered illustrious for all time by the results achieved: Champollion, Brugsch, Mariette Bey, Maspero, Ebers and Petrie, will never be forgotten. The difficulty is, that the reputation of more than one branch of our modern scientific thought would be imperilled, were certain data pertaining to Egyptian history once fairly collated in a whole; and, furthermore, every branch of our science is needed for a lucid and fit demonstration, an exposition, of the questions above put. Therefore, the lips of our latter-day scientific Oedipuses remain sealed, until such a time as facts shall break the spell.

When the first historic settlers in Egypt, coming from the East, reached the land of the Nile, they found two races dwelling there: one fair, and the other dark; the invaders themselves were of Asiatic stock, and their ethnic peculiarities challenge our intelligence to class them with the Caucasian, in its broadest sense. Melanochroi, as the late Professor Huxley might class them; this would ally them racially with the ancient Hindus, Bactrians and Baluchis, with the so-called Indo-Iranic group of peoples generally; and ethnologically, with many of the wandering hordes in Central Asia, known to the ancient Greeks as Skolotai, generically; also with the northern Mediterranean branch of the early Aryan immigration into Europe. H. P. Blavatsky, in this connection, suggests, and most reasonably indeed, that this invading people in Egypt, were the defeated bands of Manu Vina's men. Kolluka Bhatta, the historian, records the fact that Manu Vina, being abandoned by the Brachmanes, and seeing his fortunes wane in the Punjab, left the country, and passing ancient Iran (Persia), traversed Arabia and settled finally at Masr. El-Masr is the name of Cairo to this day, given to it by the Arabs. Mena, or Menes, the first historical king of Egypt, seems not to depart, philologically, too much from Manu (Vina), while the distinct cranial marks of the historic Egyptians designate them as one of the Asiatic branches of the human race. Supposing that these ancient Egyptians indeed hailed Central Asia as their racial cradle, this would be only a step forward into the night of pre-history. The writer has himself examined many an old Egyptian skull, and the straight hair, sometimes reddish in tint (in cases where no chemicals could have touched it), the nature of the cranial marks, the teeth and the general shape of the skulls, disposed at once of the idea of an African origin.

But what about the two races whom these invaders found living together on the banks of the Nile: one fair, the other dark? Time itself, and profound research, will set this question at rest. While the ancient Egyptians were very probably racially akin to the ancient Phenicians, etc., and while they belonged to the human stock we may call Eastern Æthiopians, (adopting a classic term), the startling points of similarity between the Egyptian civilization in archaic days and that of the prehistoric Americans, are so numerous, and so peculiar, that one can only regard both as either cognate peoples, or as different peoples in close commercial and social affinity with each other. May not the known history of Egypt appertain to the later Asiatic immigration into Egyptian territory? And archaic (pre-historic) Egypt was possibly, nay probably, settled by another race, whose beginnings may be traced to prehistoric America. The Sphinx has more than an "Egyptian" look; its stony, silent features bespeak America, rather than Asia or Africa; while the abundance of pyramids and pyramidal structures in both Egypt and America, utters silent yet unimpeachable testimony. What honest man of science has not paused in wonder before the amazing identities found in the forests of South America, and on Easter Island in the Pacific, and in Egypt? Let the identities speak; we can wait with patience until Truth shall claim her own. G. DE P.

Sacred Mountains of All Nations

THE description, in a recent issue of the NEW CENTURY PATH, of Fuji-yama, the sacred mountain of Japan, recalls some of the traditions and mystical legends which, among so many other peoples, have been associated with real and symbolic mountains.

Of such mountains the Hebrews celebrated several. There was Mount Ararat, (meaning "creation" and "Holy Place") where the ark rested after the waters had subsided—obviously symbolic. There was Mount Horeb, "the mountain of God"; and Sina or Sinai, "on which the glory of the Lord abode"; and Zion, "the perfection of beauty", and the dwelling-place of God.

The Hindoos had many sacred mountains, chief of them being Mount Meru. Meru is variously celebrated as the "Gold Mountain," the "Jewel Mountain," and as "Abode of the Gods."

Central America was apparently known to the Hindoos, and referred to in the Mahabharata epic as Heranmayaka. It was said to contain three mountains, one full of gold, another of silver, and another of diamonds. Tradition had it that on (or near) one of these dwelt a famous spiritual teacher, a woman, who had attained "self-illumination." The name America has been thought to be derived from Meru.

Among the North American Indians there were many sacred mountains. The chief god of the Mohaves of Colorado dwelt on "the white mountain." The Blackfeet relate that their tribe came forth from Nina Stahu, "the chief of mountains." All the Natchez group of nations relate that "the Master of Breath" dwelt in a cave in a hill, "High Hill," or "Bending Hill," "King of the Mountains," and that here he fabricated them of clay. The Tupis have a sacred mountain, glittering with gold, near the river Uaupe, whereon dwelt a great seer. To some of these mountains colors were ascribed, white, black, red, and yellow, according to the four cardinal points.

In Germany there was the Hartz mountain, scene of the Walpurgis Night revels; which, as a legend had it, contained the "cave of Venus." And there was the mountain covering the castle of Kyffhäuser, where lies the great Frederick wrapped in mystic sleep awaiting his hour to come forth.

In this connection one recalls the account given by Plato—as coming from Egypt—of the mountain in the center of Atlantis. On it dwelt an earth-born maiden, Cleito, beloved and married by the god Poseidon. Poseidon made the mountain inaccessible to mortals by surrounding it with alternate belts of land and water. And he led to it two subterranean streams, so that all things necessary for food grew luxuriantly—a sort of Garden of Eden, except that that had four streams.

One might extend the list indefinitely, and from the lore of nearly all peoples. It would not be difficult to make a classification of these mountains. Some, like Olympus of the Greeks, were the abode of Gods. Concerning others, no gods are mentioned, but the hills are crowned with light, the divine glory. A third group contains caves in which Gods or Demons dwell, in which man is made, in which heroes sleep till their time comes for reappearance, or in which the winds are stored. There must be many caves over the earth in which there are actually archeological remains, so far unsuspected, of the utmost interest and value. If men's attention was sufficiently fixed on caves to suppose Gods to be there, it was sufficiently fixed to store there their most cherished remains and records, especially under the guardianship of the inhabiting Deity or Force. It is quite possible that future cave finds may push far into the past the veil hanging between the prehistoric and historic. STUDENT

The oldest-going clock in England is that in Peterborough Cathedral, which was built about 1320. It is wound up by a wooden wheel about 12 feet in circumference, over which passes a galvanized cable 300 feet long, with a leaden weight of 300 pounds, which is wound up every day. The construction is more primitive even than that of de Nick, made in 1370 for Charles V of France. It stands in the northeast tower, some 120 feet high. The striking is done by an eighty-pound hammer on the great tenor bell, which weighs 3,200 pounds. There is no dial on this ancient time piece, and the hour of the day is indicated on one of the wheels.

Nature

Studies

Hygienic Properties of the Eucalyptus

THE first notice of the Eucalyptus tree, as far as we know, was taken by Labillardière, who in 1792 observed that in the blue-gum forests of Tasmania, notwithstanding the marshy nature of the country, the fever usually produced was practically unknown.

The tree, indigenous to Australia and Tasmania, has been introduced into southern Europe since 1854, and into Algeria, Tahiti, New Caledonia, Natal, India, and California. It was found to have the same effects in the marshes of Italy and other places.

This is an example of what is called "Nature's Hygiene" in providing a remedy drawn from the very source of the disease. It is not easy to say whether we are to understand "Nature" as a wise and beneficent rival of the Deity, or as his ally, or as being only the Deity under another name. Fortunately people do not always care to spoil their intuitions by insisting too strongly on making them square with theological formulas, and so they adopt a "poetical" or "figurative" way of speaking. At any rate they do recognize that there is a mind at work, whatever they may choose to call it. Perhaps the Eucalyptus tree has something of its own answering to a soul or mind or conscious life. Our bodily functions and vital processes are the outer manifestation of our inner consciousness, and perhaps it may be so with the trees. But, as their bodies are differently organized from ours, their consciousness may also be different. If there is any truth in these ideas, then a Eucalyptus grove might convey a moral influence as purifying to the soul as its chemical influence is to the body. But we fear we shall be accused of trying to revive ancient superstitions about sacred groves.

Chemically speaking, it seems the leaves of the eucalyptus absorb oxygen from the air, and this combining with the essential oil of the plant produces a compound analogous to ozone. It is this compound, known as an organic peroxide, which has the hygienic properties.

The pine-tree plays a similar part in northern climes and may be called the eucalyptus of the north. Its essential oil is similar and has the same properties.

Pine forests are celebrated for their hygienic effect, and the advantages of pine wood in hospital construction have been proved. Among other of Nature's remedies may be mentioned the camphor-tree, the lime, the hop, parsley, and thyme, all of which have their places in the pharmacopœia as possessing valuable essential oils. There are several different varieties of the eucalyptus, but all of them have the same powerful, but by no means unpleasant, odor, and medical science is beginning to appreciate the value of this hardy and prolific tree.

WHO KILLS THE BIRDS?

by MARY DRUMMOND

WHO kills the birds?

"I," said the Woman, "although 'tis inhuman,
I must have dead birds."

Who sees them die?

"I," said the Man, "whenever I can,
For my sport they must die."

Who tolls the bell?

"I," said the Boy, "I love to destroy,
I toll the bell."

Who digs their graves?

"I," said the Girl, "for a feather's neat curl
I'd dig all their graves."

So the men and the boys by the woodland and streams,
And the women and girls, with their hats like (bad)
dreams.

Are robbing the earth of its bird life and song,
With never a thought of their rights, and our wrong.

—Selected



BRANCH OF AN ALMOND TREE

The Almond is a *drupe* or stoned fruit, having an outer coat or *epicarp*, a tough inner pulp or *mesocarp*, and a hard shell or *endocarp*, which last encloses the kernel that we eat.



CHRYSALIS OF THE HUMMING-BIRD MOTH

This shows the larva of the Humming-Bird Moth (*Macroglossa titana*) in its pupa stage. The rudiments of the future wings are seen in an advanced stage, and the masticatory apparatus of the caterpillar has already become transformed into the suction-tube of the insect. The Humming-Bird Moth may now be seen in considerable numbers, poised in the air near the flowers at dawn and at sunset. On the wing it is so like a Humming-Bird as to be with difficulty distinguished from it. It is about the same size, poises itself in the same way by a peculiar motion of the wings, takes the same rapid darts, and dips into the flower a long tube which resembles the Humming-Bird's beak. Closer inspection, however, reveals the dull moth-color and the flexible character of the proboscis. It sips the nectar from the calyx, while it is probable the bird relies more on the small insects for its meal.

their chamber wall in order to get to the open air, leaving little windowed tubes or flutes behind them. Through these small windows or openings the wind plays, and produces the beautiful sounds that give delight to the listener and the tree its name.

STUDENT

STUDENT

The Adaptation of Plant Communities

IN a recent lecture before the St. Louis Academy of Science, Professor Eikenberry read an interesting paper on plant communities and plant adaptation. Every region, large or small, possesses a plant family exactly adapted to meet those conditions. As the conditions change, the character of the family changes. As a pond changes to a swamp, the lilies and other pond flora give place to the vegetation of a swamp moor. As this dries, swamp shrubs appear, changing slowly to a forest of swamp trees, tamarack, pine, and others. If the water totally disappears, and the climate becomes torrid, there will at last be nothing but the cactus, a little sage, and similar plants that can almost provide themselves with water. The crowns of some giant cacti, ninety feet high, contain gallons of cool water, collected and secreted somehow in regions where there is no rain for years.

So every region has its own community, exactly adapted to its conditions, and the members strike a balance among themselves. Seeds from foreign flora may fall there, but either they do not sprout at all, or the plant never reaches the flowering stage, or the flower is so ineffective as to attract no fertilizing bees.

But the power of adaptation to changing conditions possessed by some plants is very great. It is said, for example, that the cactus was primarily a water plant, like the pond lily, and that as the inland lakes and ponds dried away with changing climatic conditions, the faithful cactus kept adapting itself; and now it has effected so thorough a change in its habits that much water kills it. It would be an interesting experiment to lead it gently back to a tolerance of water and finally to a residence therein. Some new-old beauties might perhaps be developed, and at all events, the experiment would be most interesting.

STUDENT

The Whistling Tree—The Work of Insects

ONE does not generally have occasion to bless the depredations of the larvae of insects, but there is one case in which they are indirectly productive of exquisite music comparable to that yielded by the Æolian harp.

There is a species of acacia, found in Nubia, the Soudan, and the West Indies, much affected by certain insects, and known as the "Whistling tree." The insects lay their eggs in the young shoots, and when the larvae hatch, the irritation causes the swelling of the shoots into a sort of spindle which the grubs eat hollow. When the insects hatch from the chrysalis, they eat small holes in

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

BESIDES a very pleasing program of instrumental musical selections by students of Isis Conservatory of Music, there were three very interesting addresses by older Point Loma students at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in Isis Theatre last Sunday evening. The first of these was by Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, entitled "Why the Theosophical Movement Is Opposed." She began by quoting H. P. Blavatsky, who, when asked why there should exist such a terrible ill-feeling against Theosophy, replied:

"You must bear in mind how many powerful adversaries we have aroused ever since the formation of our Society. As I have just said, if The Theosophical Movement were one of those numerous modern crazes, as harmless at the end, as they are evanescent, it would be simply laughed at—as it is now—by those who still do not understand its purport, and left severely alone. But it is nothing of the kind. Intrinsically, Theosophy is the most serious movement of this age: and one, moreover, which threatens the very life of most of the time-honored humbugs, prejudices and social evils of the day—those evils which fatten and make happy the upper ten, and their imitators and sycophants, the wealthy dozens of the middle classes, while they positively crush and starve out of existence the millions of the poor. Think of this, and you will easily understand the reason of such a relentless persecution by those others who more observant and perspicacious, do see the true nature of Theosophy and therefore dread it."

Only infinite compassion could have been H. P. Blavatsky's incentive to action, said the speaker. Her work was to change the mold of materialism into which the thought of the civilized world had been hardening for hundreds of years, and of raising new ideals for humanity—ideals that will yet become actualities. To even faintly understand the magnitude of this undertaking we must reflect upon the selfishness of the age and contrast it with the selfless life which Theosophy enjoins.

"The religions have done the same, to be sure," said the speaker, "when they were alive in men, as in their beginning, and had a vital hold upon their lives, they were opposed with all the bitterness and venom which truth always excites among the evil-doers. But here is something which roots into every nook and corner of the moral, intellectual and physical worlds, which ignores all time-honored customs, which defies public opinions, which takes one thing after another and shows what it is, and then creates a picture of what it should be, and places it beside it. One thing after another it uncovers, removes its outer garment of respectability and lays bare before the eyes of all who wish to look, the rottenness, the deceit, the falseness which have lain hidden. Those who are honest, are of course thankful. They want the right thing, but they have not seen clearly. But what of those of whom, alas, there are vast armies, who do not want the truth, who prefer their own pleasures, their own ambitions, their own comfort and ease to anything else? Will not they criticise, scoff at, even persecute a movement which is going to create a public opinion which will no longer hold them in respect, which will not, perhaps, even tolerate them? Most assuredly. And it is for this reason that Theosophists rejoice in persecution. They know it simply means that the heaven is working. To be popular in this age, they would deem no flattery."

In his address on "The Power to Know," Mr. H. T. Patterson quoted from Katherine Tingley: "A pure, strong, unselfish thought beaming in the mind lifts the being to the heights of light."

The savants of the day were not the real knowers, said Mr. Patterson. That which is real knowledge is not done up in parcels of "many words and long phrases between the covers of the numberless books on science, sociology and the like. The real knowledge, or rather the wisdom which transcends knowledge, has been and is held by the great teachers—the Buddhas, the Krishnas, the Solomons, the Lao-tszes, the Blavatskys, the Judges, the Tingleys. Fortunate are we, we of this city,

LOMALAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

■ Three Good Addresses, "Why Theosophy Is Attacked" ■ "The Power of Thought" ■ "Lao-tze"

Reprinted from the San Diego News

and we of Point Loma, and we of the world, that we have one of them in our midst—most fortunate if we recognize the teacher as such; less fortunate if we do not so recognize, but fortunate, more or less, that we even touch the teacher, so to speak, through being incarnated at the same time."

"The power to know does not come from book study," quoted the speaker, from W. Q. Judge, "nor from mere philosophy, but mostly from the actual practise of altruism in deed, word and thought; for that practise purifies the covers of the soul and permits that light to shine in the brain mind."

"Most of you must, of necessity, be aware, from your own reading, of the marvelously striking similarity between the utterances of these different teachers of divine wisdom. This similarity cannot be accounted for by any theory of imitation in circumstances, and conditions prohibit us from cleaving to such a theory. Whether it be Katherine Tingley, with her grace and charm of voice and gesture, her gown in perfect taste, her power to sway an audience; or William Quan Judge, stalwart and giant-like; or Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the Russian noble woman; or Gautama, the Buddha, a prince of India; or Confucius, the sage; or Lao-tze, less known to the western world, they all tell the same truths; they all make the same call; they all send out the same pleading cry to humanity; and we know, as we know that the leaves of a tree have the same trunk and the same roots, that these helpers are all moved by the same spirit; that in their hearts have grown the same seeds—yearning, love, compassion."

Mr. Cranston Woodhead's excellent address on "An Old Chinese Philosopher," dealt largely with the philosophy of Lao-tze, the contemporary of Gautama Buddha. He gave some quotations from the only one of his books extant, *The Word of Heaven*, a few of which are as follows:

"How calm it is! How incorporeal! Alone it stands and does not change. It goes everywhere without hindrance, and can thereby become the world's mother. I do not know its name."

"The good, I meet with goodness; the bad, I also meet with goodness, for virtue is complete goodness. The faithful I meet with faith; the faithless I also meet with faith, for virtue is complete faith."

"One who knows others, is clever; but one who knows himself is enlightened. One who conquers others, is powerful; but one who conquers himself is mighty. One who is contented is rich."

"Contemplate a difficulty when it is easy. Manage a great thing when it is small. The world's most difficult undertakings necessarily originate when easy, and the world's greatest undertakings necessarily originate when small."

"I have three treasures which I preserve and treasure. The first is called compassion. The second is called economy. The third is called not daring to come to the front in the world. The compassionate can be brave. The economical can be generous. Those who dare not come to the front in the world can become perfect as chief vessels."

"Requite hatred with goodness."

Mr. Woodhead said there were recurrent periods in the world's history which were times of transition. "Old faiths have not stood the test of imperfect human interpreters, and have lapsed from their premature divine simplicity. Old ideals have become encrusted with the speculative superfluities of intellect and ambition. Eye service has gradually supplanted the Doctrine of the Heart. It should, however, never be forgotten that this Doctrine of the Heart has ever been the same, the foundation and sum total of all the world's great teachers far back into the night of time. Only when the pure original teachings have lapsed from their true interpretation does it become necessary to recall them once again. Every keen observer of current events will perceive that at the beginning of the Twentieth century, we have arrived at just one of those periods of transition."

Some Bits of Wisdom from the Writings of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky

The human heart has not yet fully uttered itself.

Man requires but one church—the Temple of God within us.

No Theosophist has ever spoken against the teachings of Christ.

The day of domineering over men with dogmas has reached its gloaming.

Each day brings the reactionists nearer the point where they must surrender despotic authority over the public conscience.

Truth, high-seated upon its rock of adamant, is alone eternal and supreme.

Philosophy has room for no other faith than an absolute faith in the omnipotence of man's own immortal self.

The contest between public conscience and the party of reaction will result in the overthrow of error and the triumph of Truth.

By combining science with religion the existence of God and immortality of man's spirit may be demonstrated like a problem of *Euclid*.

Omnipotence comes from the kinship of man's spirit with Universal Soul—God.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

The Disappearing Kanakas of the Pacific Islands

THE problems in ethnology left to the white man to solve, as regards the peoples of the islands of the great Pacific, are still today in process of solution. What interesting reading it would make, were the folk-lore and legends of the different groups of islanders once collated from all sources and compared; for may it not be that tradition is more authentic than so-called history—much of it? That which is passed down from generation to generation through ages of time, loses probably much in the way of detail; and possibly gains much in the way of minor additions to the tale of the whole; but the root facts remain, and it is just these root facts of the tale or myth which constitute “history” even among civilized peoples.

Perhaps, when the day comes when the sayings and stories of these islanders shall be gathered together, and comparison becomes the means for obtaining accurate knowledge, there may be found again certain knowledge of the far past life of them; and the folk-lore of all nations of the earth may be found to have a common beginning, and a common history, and a common origin.

Like the Rider on the White Horse, the white man leaves behind him a trail of death wherever he goes. The savage and barbarian tribes of the earth acknowledge his “superiority,” and disappear from before his face. An instance in point is that of the Hawaiians. In 1900 the number of Hawaiians, both pure and mixed, was 37,635; fifty years before, the number of pure blood Kanakas amounted to about double that. A writer in a recent number of one of our magazines says that the condition of the natives, especially of the pure blood Hawaiians, is very far from satisfactory. Among them, small families are the rule; many of their children die in infancy, while with regard to the adults, consumption and other diseases indicating a low vitality, are alarmingly prevalent. Oddly enough, though, the physical stamina and general health of the mixed races are far superior to those of the pure breed Kanaka. There are two types of these mixed races: the Caucasian Hawaiian and the Mongolian Hawaiian. Of these two, again, it is universally conceded that the Mongolian (Chinese) Hawaiian is the better race, not only physically, but mentally. The Kanaka by no means avoids intermarriage; he rather courts it, and the number of such unions is on the increase. Now here is a curious thing: while as a rule union between the white man and the savage soon brings its fruit in the extinction of offspring through general debility and disease, with the Kanaka the opposite takes place; the children of such unions have more physical stamina than the “savage” parent. Yet, while the islands supported a slightly increasing population before the advent of the white man, since his arrival and settlement, the *pure blood* Kanaka is dying out, and dying quickly!

In 1872 the census gave a return of 1487 part Hawaiians; in 1884 the number was 4218, and in 1900 7848. The statistics of children attending school show the larger proportion of children of the mixed races. In 1902 there were 4903 pure Kanakas to a total population of 29,787; and 2869 part Hawaiian children to a population of 7848; which shows that the proportion of children is about double among the mixed races as compared with the pure race. As the Hawaiians, both mixed and pure, are eager for education, it is likely that the figures are fairly accurate.

Does all this mean that in a few generations the pure Hawaiian will have passed away, and that the weaker will have become absorbed into the stronger mixed race, to form a new stock, possibly the germ of a new people?

STUDENT

The Latest Comet Is Receding from the Earth

PROFESSOR BROOKS, of the Smith Observatory, Geneva, U. S. A., has just discovered his twenty-fourth comet. Save one, this comet has a greater perihelion distance than any known. It is receding from the earth and from the sun, and is, moreover, lessening in brightness. It has been many years since those not possessing telescopes have seen a comet with the naked eye, and when the appearance of one is announced from an observatory, the heavens are eagerly searched in quest of the pyrotechnic display.

STUDENT

The Bacillus of Age—Is Old Age Contagious?

PROFESSOR METSCHNIKOFF, of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, a famous chemist, is of opinion that senility is caused by a bacillus which probably resides in the large intestine. He even regards it as proven that old age is so definitely a disease as to be contagious.

Doubtless there is a bacillus associated with old age; maybe many. But to regard it as the cause of the senility is somewhat like regarding the lilies as the cause of the ponds in which they grow. The pond being there, lilies take advantage; and their decaying leaves poison its waters against man's use.

As we move through life, from week to week our bodies change their character a little. Most of these changes afford conditions favorable to the growth of minute plant vegetation, parasitic, called bacilli, and more or less noxious in accordance with the “dead leaves,” that is, secretions and death products. Probably by very far the larger number of species of these are invisible to any microscope we now have, and the same statement may be true in a thousand years. The slightest and briefest change in our constitutional state must permit of the brief residence with us of a special horde, replaced by another as we pass to another state. Mostly, the poisoning symptoms they induce with their dead foliage, are not recognized. When very marked, we give them a name; and of such is the material of our medical text-books.

Some of the bacilli live with us a long time, and keep us poisoned. Such would be the behavior of Metschnikoff's “old age bacillus.”

But it is clear that though the dead leaves poison the pond, there would be none of them if there were no pond at all. The real disease is the constitutional state of which the bacilli avail themselves. It is that which we must prevent. We must live according to nature. And that means much more than athletic exercises, and drinking two gallons of water a day, and sleeping with our windows open. There are sets of mental states linked as inevitably with death as others with life. We habitually poison ourselves with our moods, gloom, resentment, hate, irritability, envy. These stop digestion as surely as a dose of opium. Whereupon fermentations occur; a cloud of bacilli arrives and riots and sheds dead leaves throughout our blood. In a day or two there is a bad cold or something worse. Who connects that with the fact that he scowled or was angry all through the dinner hour?

And old age, in the sense of senility and loss of reason, is far more the result of all scowlings and rages and hates and envies and sensual longings than it is of faulty diet or unhygienic surroundings or heredity or any other of the usually named causes. Some decay of physical faculties there will be, but even that can be greatly deferred and minimized. Dimming of consciousness there need not be; it will retreat from the outworks, from contact with the small things of immediate event. But *pari passu* with this, it can become richer, deeper, wiser, more spiritual, surer of the realities of life. And it can go on learning from life to the very end, for the ultimate seat of our embodied consciousness, if unpoisoned, is the last to cease functioning. It is, indeed, whatever man may will to have it.

STUDENT

Some Interesting Facts About Deep Sea Monsters

THE Prince of Monaco, curiously enough, is among the scientists. He recently read a most interesting paper before the London Royal Institution, detailing some researches and ideas of his own on Cephalopods (Cuttle-fish, Octopods and Decapods). He thinks he can prove that the mid spaces of ocean—between the surface and extreme depths—are occupied by enormous and terrible creatures of the Cephalopod type. Many new species of these he claims to have himself discovered. Cephalopods are part of the food of whales, and if the destruction of the latter animals proceeds at its usual rate, their prey must surely greatly increase in numbers and perhaps in size. Should that prove to be the case, the perils of fishing, diving, and even bathing, must in some places be considerably augmented. There is really little reason for the continuance of whale-hunting. The oil for which they were and are killed is now abundantly replaced from mineral sources. K.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Raja Yoga Question Box

WE should know better the meaning of the life-work of great souls. Their work has been as a glorious light upon the world's pathway:

1 Who was Homer?

ANSWER—Homer is called the "Father of Poetry." His poems were famous at the very dawn of Greek history, and are the best of their kind still. They were not written down at first, but were chanted, and lived in the memories of the people, stirring them to heroic deeds. But little is really known of Homer's life, though it is said that he was blind. Seven cities of the ancient world claimed the honor of being his birthplace.

2 Who was Aspasia?

ANSWER—Aspasia was a beautiful and gifted woman who lived in Athens about 440 B. C. She was the friend and adviser of many of the great men of that glorious age. Even Socrates called himself her pupil.

3 Who was Paolo Sarpi?

ANSWER—Fra Paolo Sarpi was born in Venice A. D. 1552. He was a man of learning, a true patriot, a wise leader, and the "greatest of the Venetians." He wrote many books. His heart was pure, and the light of his life spread over the whole world.

The Story of a Little Cubana

DEAR CHILDREN: Many of you remember Mrs. Tingley's first Crusade to Cuba five years ago. It was just after the war and the island was filled with homeless, hungry, sick and unhappy people. Thousands had starved to death and thousands had died of fever. It did seem as if the whole island contained scarcely a bright spot; and one of the saddest places of all was the Plaza de Dolores (Place of Sorrow), in Santiago de Cuba. But it was in this place that the International Brotherhood League flag went up, and it was this place that was changed into a "Place of Joy" very soon. It was here that hundreds and thousands of suffering men and women and little children came day after day for food and clothing and medicines, and it was here that Mrs. Tingley and her helpers worked day after day in the heat and amid discomforts such as you and I know very little about; and when she returned to America, among those who begged to come with her was a little Cuban girl named Carmen. She was one of a family of four children, all of whom came with Mrs. Tingley, and she had known more sorrow and suffering than I could tell you. Her father, a gifted man and a true Cuban patriot, had died from starvation. She herself had often known what it was to be very, very hungry, and her poor little body was almost worn to a shadow with fever. But when she reached Lomaland how different everything became! For a little time, not being strong enough to go into the Raja Yoga School as a regular student, she made her home with the good friend who brought her to this Paradise for little children; and how strong and happy and helpful she became! She learned to speak English almost perfectly, and her great desire was to fit herself to become a helper to her own people. And by and by she became the comrade helper of a group of little tots in Lomaland. Ever so many things she taught them, and not a day passed that you could not see them at their play, the merriest troop of little folks one could find in a week's journey. One day the photographer saw them, and that is how you have this picture. But who could not be strong and happy and hopeful in Lomaland? For there is a magic in environment, as you know, and as many others will yet learn.

AUNT ESTHER



CARMEN AND HER LITTLE COMRADES IN LOMALAND

Festivals of Japan

AMONG the national festivals of Japan are the Dolls' Festival, especially devoted to girls, and the Feast of Flags, which is the boys' especial gala day. And who among us, who may have driven by orchards sweet with apple-bloom, or carried home in the spring air branches of dogwood and hawthorn, or feasted our eyes on flaming autumn leaves and vines, can fail to feel a thrill of delight at the thought of the "flower festivals" of Japan! How simple and natural a pleasure to go forth with one's friends to view the cherry-blossoms, the glorious wisteria, the iris, the lotus, or the morning-glory! Surely, in the hearts of a people whose national life fosters such pure joys, there must remain some memory of the golden childhood of the race.

M. M.

MAGNETS are frequently made in the form of a horseshoe or letter U, but a horseshoe magnet is really nothing more than a bar magnet bent. As both poles will attract iron it is apparently twice as strong as when

in the bar form. A piece of iron laid across the poles is attracted by both of them. In this case the poles act on opposite ends of the iron and do not destroy each other's effects, for each pole magnetizes the portion of the iron opposite it. The iron therefore becomes a strong magnet with its north pole touching the south pole of the horseshoe magnet and its south pole touching the north pole. This is popularly called a "keeper," because it "keeps," or preserves, the strength of the magnet, which becomes much weaker when the keeper is left off.—St. Nicholas

DEAR CHILDREN: In a city on the Mississippi river there lives a real dog hero. Surely he knows what brotherhood means and has earned the right to be a helper. Sport rides with the driver of a laundry wagon, watching the bundles while the man is calling on patrons. Recently he saved the life of his master's horse. While driving near the river the horse and wagon went over the bank. The horse swam toward the center of the river where the current is strong. Sport realized the danger and swam to the horse's head, caught the bridle in his teeth and led the horse to shore. Just as all real heroes, Sport seems unconscious of his fame. He is a shepherd. AUNT JESSIE

MY FOX TERRIER

A LITTLE demon, in defense;
Brave as a lion he.
I wish I had the courage
Of this atom on my knee.

A little universe of love;
Unselfish as the sea.
I wish I did by others
As he has done by me.

A little lump of loyalty
No power could turn from me.
I wish I had a heart as true;
From fear and favor free.

A little fountain full of faith,
Forgiveness, Charity.
I wish I had his patience
And true nobility.

A little flash of fire and life,
Whate'er the summons be.
I wish that I could face the world
With half his energy.

A little white fox-terrier,
In whose brown eyes I see
The little windows of a soul
Too large to live in me.—Selected

Some Pen and Camera Glimpses of the Private

Offices of the International Theosophical Activities at Point Loma, California

ONE of the most active branches of the work at Point Loma, is that found in the private International offices of the Leader, Katherine Tingley. The building in which these offices are, was first called the North House, and is a short distance from the Homestead, which is the great center of Theosophical work, under the direction of Katherine Tingley. The building is most charmingly situated, surrounded with shrubs, flowers, and trees, many of which have been brought from a far distance, and from many different countries. The cosmopol-

plicity and taste. In the center are large desks of plain redwood, artistically fashioned, the work of some of the students of Lomaland. The seats are of the same material, something similar in design to those of very ancient times. Near a few occasional tables are some modern chairs, sacred to William Q. Judge, a former Leader of the Theosophical Society, and H. P. Blavatsky's successor. The great table is always covered with documents and papers, letters from all countries, and heaps of manuscript. Here, often sit E. A. Neresheimer, and other officers of the



FULL VIEW OF THE PRIVATE OFFICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL ACTIVITIES OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD ORGANIZATION

itan character of the trees and shrubs, from the Scotch fir, to the graceful palm, is peculiarly appropriate at this International Center; as if Nature were in visible harmony with the life of the place. This spacious building is surrounded with broad verandas; and with the tiled roof, gives one the idea of solidity and beauty. The main entrance faces the broad expanse of the Pacific, several hundred feet below the high cliffs. On entering the main door of this International Center, one feels at once the atmosphere of an International life. On every side this is evident—even to the great library, the delight of a student, for its contents are gathered from all quarters of the globe; beautiful paintings and statuary are there; and shut in behind glass cases, protected from the ravages of time, are studies for the antiquarian and the archeologist, from all parts of the world.

All that meets the eye in the different corners is so arranged as to instruct and serve. Here, in this spacious place, are entertained on rare occasions, National Representatives, people coming from all parts of the world, seeking further knowledge of the educational system of the Universal Brotherhood.

Moving on, we go up a broad stairway, that leads to the private office of the International work, which is one of the Departments of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. It is difficult to convey a correct idea of this interesting place, for the whole upper floor is one great office, the wide windows opening out to the north, south, east and west, and charming nooks and corners are there: everything bears the stamp of intense effort, as well as of sim-

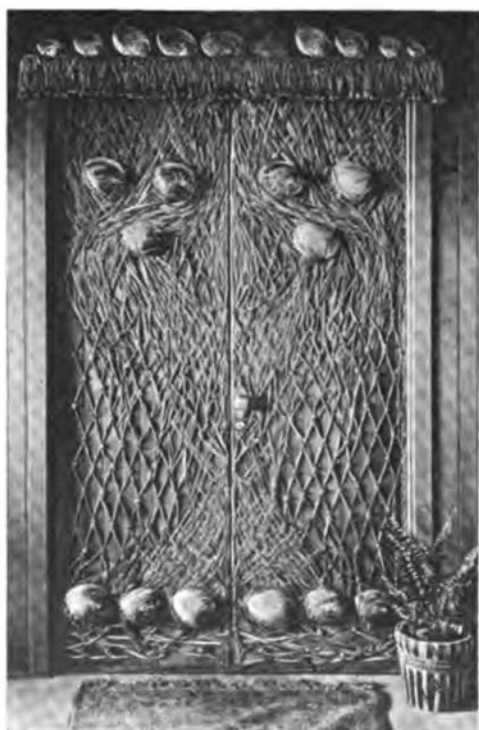
Universal Brotherhood, working to advance the interests of that great body for the people of the Earth.

In a large corner of this place, facing the east, is where Katherine Tingley carries on her private correspondence, and her work for the children; in another corner, facing the south, is the International Representative, G. de Purucker, who acts as Mrs. Tingley's Private Secretary. At a big desk, hidden in the west corner, buried in a pile of papers, is the working place of H. Patterson, one of the old workers of the Theosophical Society.

Other workers go and come from this office, as their duties call, among them S. A. Charpiot, who has his special place, as an assistant in the translation of official matter in connection with the furtherance of the new work established in France by Katherine Tingley; and also J. F. Knoche, Manager of the Homestead.

One of the most devoted workers to be met at this Headquarters, is Katherine Tingley's companion, who acts as caretaker of all this sacred work, Ellen Andersen, a Swede. Serving in this capacity, she brings in the Nature touch, and beautiful floral decorations, in which she takes a great pride; these flowers are gathered from the gardens of Lomaland: the pride of the students, and a charm to all who behold them.

In spite of all the activity of this interesting center, there is a quiet, in touch with the exterior of the building, which more resembles a peaceful Oriental dwelling than the modern idea of a center of official life. Quite an interesting dweller in one of the sunny corners of this build-



A LOMA-LAND ART DOOR

Some Pen & Camera Glimpses
of the Private

Offices of the International Theosophical



ing, who salutes the visitor with the Theosophical slogan, "Life is Joy," is Poll, the Brotherhood parrot.

Those who know, say there is more work done in this great Headquarters in one day, than was done seven years ago in the whole Theosophical Society in the same time.

Few people have any conception of the enormous amount of work carried on by Katherine Tingley; she edits the *NEW CENTURY PATH*, a very high class weekly,

devoted to the teachings of Theosophy; she has a correspondence with all parts of the world, and with members of The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood. All activities connected with the Point Loma Homestead and the Raja Yoga Schools there, and in other parts, come under her supervision. It is a small wonder that she often finds little time either to eat or sleep! "By my enemies," Mrs. Tingley remarked with a smile, "I am supposed to be resting in that big arm-chair, possibly offering burnt butter to the gods." This she said while sitting at a great pile of work on the table. During the brief space of time that one may pass there, one hears knocking every few moments at the door, and students of the Organization make their appearance with letters and cards from people who have often traveled long distances to see Mrs. Tingley.

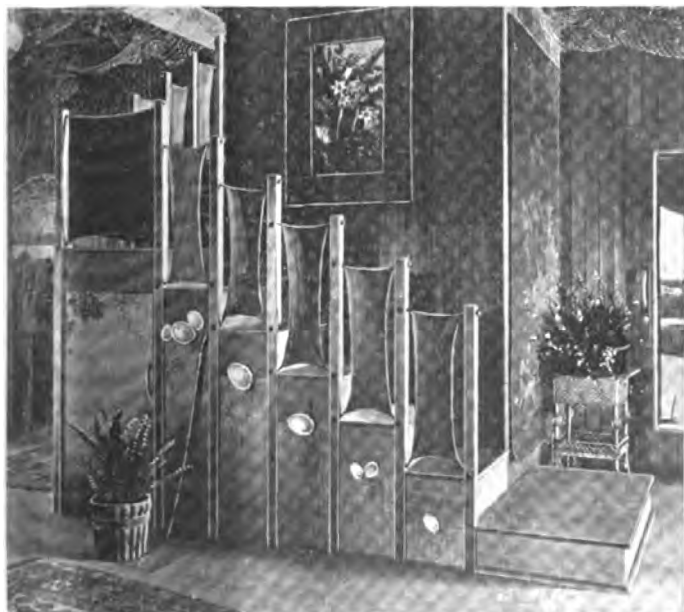
From the windows on all sides of the house one meets with a wonderful view over sea and land, and brown and rugged cañons. To the east lies the calm, land-locked harbor of San Diego, or "Port Orient," as Katherine Tingley has named the city: as blue as the sky overhead, is the bay. Beyond it the city stretches towards the foothills; while at a distance of fifty miles the mountains form a vast circle, the like of which cannot be seen in any other part of the world. On the west side, the eye is carried to a deep ravine, and beyond it but far below, over the placid waters of the ocean, from which, even during the warmest days, the constant breeze is cool and invigorating. The views from the east side of the house and from the west side are as different as possible, each magnificent in its own way; and both taken together they are strikingly suggestive of the connection of East and West by means of the power for International Unity and Universal Brotherhood proceeding from the one Center.

The Leader and Official Head of The Universal Brotherhood is carrying on the



work of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, in making Theosophy a living power in all life. She declares that "Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age;" and that men should awake to a consciousness of the divine soul within them. Point Loma, it is held, will be, and even now

Activities at Point Loma, California



is, a center for all nations and peoples, therefore an International Center. Nearly every nation is already represented among the students at Point Loma, and it is impossible to attribute this to mere chance. Yet, on the highest sum-

mit of the Lomaland hills, daily waves Old Glory. The International Center is held as a place of hope, and peace for all nations; from it goes a helpful influence encircling the world—it is like the blood flowing to the heart and lungs, and then back again to all parts of the body.

In all ages, and in every country, people have consciously or unconsciously followed some leader, but very often the leaders of men have been animated by selfish aims, and whatever powers they possessed were used, not for the good of those who followed them, but for their own aggrandizement. But those who know Katherine Tingley as Leader have the assurance that she is acting unselfishly, and for their good continually. In the words of the old Egyptian hymn, she "lays her life down for a pathway."

(Rev.) S. J. NEILL

THIS is what the true content means—that hearty willingness alike for calamity or joy or weighty responsibility, which is inspired by the magic secret that in each condition alike there is some *Divine spring of help*, some opportunity of so dealing, that the actual conditions, however apparently calamitous, shall be better, there and then, than any alternative, however bright—resourcefulness of the highest kind, involving a spiritual elasticity of the highest kind, a power to transform what often seemed like mere wounds, and pangs, and fetters, into new strength, and life and freedom.—*Selected*

THE following anecdote is related of the Polish patriot, Thaddeus Kosciuszko. He wished to send some bottles of good wine to a clergyman of Solothurn; thinking his servant would smuggle part, he engaged a young man named Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse which he himself usually rode. When Zeltner returned, he said that he would never ride his horse again, unless he gave him his purse at the same time. Kosciuszko asking what he meant, he answered, "As soon as a poor man on the road takes off his hat and asks for charity, the horse immediately stands still, and won't stir till something is given to the petitioner; having no money about me I was obliged to make believe to give something in order to satisfy the horse."

—*Selected*

Students'



Path

INVOCATION

by THOMPSON

YE mysterious powers,
Whose ways are ever gracious, ever just,
As ye think wisest, best, dispose of me;
But whether through your gloomy depths I wander,
Or on your mountains walk, give me the calm,
The steady smiling soul, where wisdom sheds
Eternal sunshine and eternal peace.—*Selected*

The Revival of Learning a Factor in Religious Growth

THE light and liberty which we at present enjoy have reached us, not along one line of development only, but along several. In the Nineteenth century the progress of science has done much towards enlightening and freeing the minds of men: though it must not be forgotten, that it intensified the danger of materialism. The human mind is always prone to seek extremes. The rebound from one thing carries to its opposite. The course of progress is not a steady, even march onward and upward, but a vast series of wavelets, now ebbing, now flowing. In the age-long conflict with bigotry the various branches of science, such as biology, geology and astronomy, have been powerful helpers, but they, in turn, have established a new monarchy, the empire of the senses. Century after century we observe the fashioning or the sharpening of some new weapon to cut asunder the bonds of ignorance, bigotry and superstition. And frequently the presence of the Helpers of humanity has been evidenced quite as much by the bursting of fetters as by any very great advance toward the more perfect life. For men had been making fetters for themselves for hundreds of years. In political matters, in mental and in spiritual affairs there was bondage on every side. This bondage could not be terminated except by the working out of a steady purpose. Historians write of the diffusion of a knowledge of Greek literature as the cause of the progressive movement that set in after the fall of Constantinople, and continued through the Renaissance and the Reformation, and on till the present time. But, instead of being the cause of the upward movement, it was only one of the instruments used to produce the desired effect. For, assuredly, had the knowledge of Greek been a sufficient stimulus to move the world to better things, it would have prevented the decadence of Greece and the downfall of Rome. The moving force was something deeper, and it used the diffusion of Greek learning as a means to an end. Had there not been kindled in the minds of many an aspiration towards freedom, the teachers of Greek would have found no pupils. If we suppose that from the Fifteenth century onward, many of those who stood foremost in the world of thought had once been Greeks, then we have no difficulty in accounting for the Reincarnation of the spirit of freedom and learning. Then we can account for the wonderful avidity shown in the study of Greek, and the vast labors accomplished by some of the early printers of Greek books.

While all historians have noted the powerful influence exerted by the diffusion of Greek learning, few have noticed the influence of Hebrew. Yet it is a remarkable fact that every period of the Christian era, which has been marked by vitality and progress, has witnessed a keen interest in the Hebrew language and literature. It would appear that not only must the Aryan nations of the West receive their religion from "Semitic sources," but ever afterward there must be a mingling of Aryan and Semitic forces in order to produce certain results necessary to the progress of humanity.

No student of history needs to be reminded that from the Second century onwards to the Revival of Learning, the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were held to be the Supreme Authority, not only in purely religious matters, but also in other departments of knowledge as

well; nor has this attitude entirely been outgrown to this day.

Keeping this in mind, we are comforted with the strange thought that though these Scriptures, being in Hebrew and Greek, of necessity demanded a knowledge of these languages for their correct interpretation; yet, with the exception of Origen, Jerome and perhaps a few others, Hebrew was practically unknown to the Christian world for over 1000 years, and Greek was but little known. This is one of the strange facts of history! It is said, and reasonably so, that Divine Wisdom designed that the books of the New Testament should be written in Greek, because it was widely known, and in other respects fitted to be a vehicle for the diffusion of Truth. Yet we find that, in the hands of the Romish Church, the original tongues are laid aside, and Latin is made, with a few exceptions, the language of the Scriptures till the invention of printing. For, while it is a good thing that the mass of the people should have the Scriptures in their own tongue, it is not a good thing that scholars should lose touch with the fountain-head, and with all the realm of thought which that implied. Hence it is that the dawning of a better time is marked by the recovery of lost knowledge—the restoration of Hebrew and Greek.

It is in Spain, at Toledo, during the last quarter of the Eleventh century, that we find the revival of Hebrew learning in the West, in the person of Ibn Ezra; and also through the teaching of Rashi whose influence extended through France and Germany. Again, during the latter part of the Twelfth century, in France, at Narbonne, we find the same spirit at work in the person of the celebrated David Kimchi. The so-called Authorized Version of the Old Testament is said to bear the stamp of Kimchi on every page; and his influence, for nearly half a millennium, was dominant throughout Europe, and is potent still. These three lights had a powerful influence on Luther, and were necessary steps towards the Reformation.

While these stages of emancipation were being laid, the forward movement was marching along other lines at the same time. In one place after another the seeds of our present freedom were sown. The Crusades had done much to make the West acquainted with the East, and had paved the way for commerce and discovery. Universities began to be founded and learning spread. In England influences were at work which had wide results. Towards the close of the Thirteenth century, we find the first Parliament with representative government; and the establishing of the law that taxation must be by consent of Parliament. In Sweden and Denmark we find a similar step forward.

In the last quarter of the Fourteenth century we see the forward movement gaining strength at many points. It was at this time that the great Papal Schism took place, and Urban VI and Clement VII hurled awful anathemas at each other, and Europe was divided on the question of their authority.

Turning eyes to England we see the "Morning Star of the Reformation"—Wycliffe, the founder of English prose, and the first translator of the Bible into English. This great man struck the keynote of religious and civil liberty, at a very important time and place, and it has been sounding through the centuries ever since.

If we prize our civil and religious freedom, and that sturdy spirit of independence which will not permit any ecclesiastical meddling in civil affairs, we must turn to Wycliffe with feelings of gratitude. And yet, the remarkable thing is, that great as was his influence it waned after the close of the century, and seemed to be extinct in England; but in Eastern Europe, in Bohemia, the light shone forth with fresh energy, in the person of Huss. This is one of the few cases where the general law appears reversed, and light moves from West to East instead of from East to West. Prof. R. Lane Pool, of Oxford, says:

The true tradition of Wycliffe is to be found, not in his own country but in Bohemia where his words were eagerly read, and multiplied, and where his disciple, John Huss, with less originality but greater simplicity of character, and greater spiritual force raised Wycliffism to the dignity of a State religion. To Huss, whose works were to a great extent a Cento of extracts from Wycliffe, Luther owed much, and thus the spirit of the English teacher had its influence in the Reformed Churches of Europe.

We may also learn the lesson that the light cannot perish, though it may be shrouded for a time. S. J. N.

EVERY action of human free will is a miracle to physical science.—*Lord Kelvin*

AFTER MUSIC

by JOSEPHINE PRESTON PRABODY

I SAW not they were strange, the ways I roam,
 Until the music called, and called me thence,
 And tears stirred in my heart, as tears may come
 To lonely children straying far from home
 Who know not how they wandered so, nor whence.

If I might follow far and far away
 Unto the country where these songs abide,
 I think my soul would awake and find its day,
 Would tell me who I am and why I stray—
 Would tell me who I was before I died.—*Selected*

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Has Theosophy any relation to Orthodoxy?

Answer Theosophy is a profound and luminous knowledge and wisdom, embracing all that can be known, which has been in existence through all ages. In brighter periods of human history—golden ages we may say—such as have existed in the past and will exist again in the future, this divine science was known and practised by the many. But in dark periods, of which the present is one, Theosophy disappears from among men and is replaced by dogmatic religions. But it is never lost, as the knowledge is kept in secret by a few unknown ones, who pass it down through the centuries. And from time to time a great Teacher appears, such as Buddha, Jesus, or Zoroaster, and proclaims this Wisdom-Religion among men. But, as the cycle is dark and materialistic, his teachings always suffer degradation after he has passed away, and are transformed into a religion with fixed dogmas and a code of rules so framed as to place power in the hands of an ecclesiastical hierarchy.

Thus the Christian creeds of today have taken their start from the Theosophy taught by Christ two millenniums ago. The world in general does not know much of what Christ actually taught, but enough has been preserved in the Gospels to show that it was very different from church doctrine. He expressly condemns many of the things which the church is teaching today, and enunciates many truths and maxims which form the very essence of Theosophy. Read *Matthew*, v, vi, vii and xxiii.

In the epistles we find that already Peter and Paul are teaching quite different doctrines; Peter having materialized and formalized Christ's teachings into the basis of a church creed, and Paul putting a highly Theosophical interpretation upon them. Mme. Blavatsky quotes much from Paul in her elucidation of some of the principles of Theosophy (see *Key to Theosophy*).

Religions distort the teachings of their founders, chiefly in taking away man's faith in his own divinity, and replacing it by the doctrine that man is dependent for salvation upon some human intermediary; and also in taking the meaning out of the founder's practical rules for daily life, and reducing them to vague axioms and maxims which do not much influence present life.

Theosophists seek to rescue and reinstate the teachings of Christ, to free them from the superstitions and misinterpretations which have gathered about them, and to present them again to the world as eternal truths founded on the eternal laws of Justice and Compassion, and as being identical with that eternal Wisdom-Religion which today is known as Theosophy.

(Read at Aryan Theosophical meeting, San Diego, California)

Question How are man's life and evolution governed by cycles? How can there be progress if we continually come back to the same point? (*Continued from the issue of July 24, 1904*)

Answer Continuing the quotation from the lecture of W. Q. Judge, we now come to the question of the cyclic return of civilizations:

Who are we? Where are we going? Where have we come from? I told you that the old Egyptians disappeared. If you inquire into Egyptian history, the most interesting because the most obscure, you will find, as the writers say, that

the civilization seems to rise to the zenith at once. We do not see when it began. The civilization was so great it must have existed an enormous length of time to get to that height, so that we cannot trace it from its beginning, and it disappears suddenly from the sky; there is nothing of it left but the enormous remains which testify to these great things, for the ancient Egyptians not only made mummies in which they displayed the art of bandaging that we cannot better, but they had put everything to such a degree of specialization that we must conclude they had many centuries of civilization. There was a specialist for one eye and a specialist for the other, a specialist for the eyebrow, and so on. In my poor and humble opinion, we are the Egyptians.

I think in America is the evidence that this old civilization is coming back, for in the Theosophical theory nothing is lost. If we were left to records, buildings and the like, they would soon disappear and nothing could ever be recovered; there never would be any progress. But each individual in the civilization, wherever it may be, puts the record in himself, and when he comes into the favorable circumstances described by Patanjali, an old Hindoo, when he gets the apparatus, he will bring out the old impression. The ancients say each act has a thought under it, and each thought makes a mental impression; and when the apparatus is provided, there will then arise that new condition, in rank, place and endowment.

So we retain in ourselves the impression of all the things that we have done, and when the time comes that we have cycled back, over and over again, through the Middle Ages perhaps, into England, into Germany, into France, we come at last to an environment such as is provided here, just the thing physically and every other way to enable us to do well, and to enable the others who are coming after us. I can almost see them; they are coming in a little army from the countries of the Old World to endeavor to improve this one; for here ages ago there was a civilization also; perhaps we were in it then, perhaps anterior to the ancient Egyptians. It disappeared from here, when we do not know, and it left this land arid for many thousands of years until it was discovered once more by the Europeans. The ancient world, I mean Europe, has been poisoned, the land has been soaked with the emanations, poisoned by the emanations of the people who have lived upon it; the air above it is consequently poisoned by the emanations from the land; but here in America, just the place for the new race, is an arable land which has had time over and over again to destroy the poisons that were planted here ages and ages ago. It gives us a new land, with vibrations in the air that stir up every particle in a man who breathes it, and thus we find the people coming from the Old World seeming to receive through their feet the impressions of an American country. All this bears upon our civilization and race.

Consistency

CONSISTENCY is generally conceded to be a jewel of rare value. It is a virtue which every one praises, and a quality which when absent is much regretted. And yet it is a thing not well understood. Everyone, no doubt, believes he knows what consistency is, and yet many praise it where it does not exist in any real way, and lament it where it is present in abundance.

These different perceptions are due to the varying degree and depths into which different people look in life and nature. Some think that a uniformity of method implies consistency, whereas, very often, it really means just the opposite. What it certainly indicates is, that the person concerned has fallen into a rut, that he is not working toward any definite point, but is simply repeating himself like a machine. A truly consistent person is absolutely flexible on the surface; ready to change methods any moment, and adapt them to the ever changing situations. He has a fixed, unswerving purpose and never loses sight of it. The slightest turn may alter the whole kaleidoscopic surface of events, and consistency would require one at least to try to grasp the new arrangement, and deal with it to suit his ends.

There is not the slightest danger of confusing one who delicately and intelligently threads his way in and out of the moving, ever changing pictures thrown upon the screen of time, with one who is stirred to move now here, now there, by the various currents of thoughts and passions generated and liberated in the laboratory of human minds. These two classes are quite distinct, but the distinction is not perceived by those who belong to the second class.

What would be the verdict as to the consistency of a general, who determined to advance upon the foe, whatever the circumstances, whatever the obstacles? The truly great general is quite likely so rapidly to change his decisions, to alter his whole policy as to lay himself open to the charge of fickleness to the ignorant. But such criticisms naturally do not alter his purpose.

Consistency is a treasure, clearly, which does not lie loose upon the surface. To find it, one must look deep. G. W. VAN PELT

The Festival of the Sun

ANCIENT Egypt is dead, yet liveth among us! Those mystic festivals of long ago, held at the time when the sun arrests his course northward, and prepares to resume his path in the heavens of the south, at the time of the summer solstice, had a meaning to the ancients beyond our conception today.

The astronomers of France, with other of France's well-known sons, have agreed to establish in perpetuity a Festival of the Sun, to be held annually at the time of the midsummer solstice. These festivals will be celebrated with invocations to the sun, with hymns in praise of the beneficence of the solar orb, and of the beauty and loving care of the divine Mother, Nature.

The first of these festivals was held on the 21st of June last, on the top of Eiffel Tower. Those present included many of the best known of French astronomers and savants, as well as a number of their friends of poetic and artistic fame.

But the astronomers dined afterwards, and dined well, as Frenchmen, and even poetic astronomers must do. They dined late, at about half past ten o'clock, on the top of the Tower some thousand feet above the housetops of Paris. M. Janssen, the doyen of the astronomers of France, delivered the opening discourse in celebration of the first Festival of the Sun. Now, in spite of the gastronomic drawback to the beauty of the affair, what a curious and suggestive matter the above is! A revival of sun worship, as it will undoubtedly be called, and that revival initiated by many of the most widely known savants of one of the World Powers, seems but the preliminary step to others of a like nature. What does it mean? The era of naturalism, which seems to be sweeping over France, and which appears to be now present among Frenchmen, like an echo from the days of the Revolution has, as does have everything else, its two sides—the ideal of the beautiful, and the itch for the sensational. That natural beauty of Life, which we in our materialistic and utilitarian age have nearly forgotten, that coming closer to the Heart of things which we no longer permit to affect us as an inspiration to be better and stronger, and to do better and more nobly, will have its way with us sooner or later, and we shall perforce acknowledge it more and more as fleet-footed time speeds over the hours of life.

Nevertheless, a resuscitation of the belief in the essential divinity of natural things, with the Godhead beyond and behind, has come upon us; and the signs of its advent betray their presence on every side.

Silence

A HIGHLY amusing little pamphlet has just been published in England, entitled *Wordless Conversation*. The idea it embodies originated in this way:

An English gentleman happened to be standing one evening in a crowded London drawing-room. Looking around him, he was suddenly struck with the reflection that all those who were present were talking with the voices of macaws, the result being a mixed chorus of sounds resembling those audible in the parrot-house at the Zoo.

Everyone was talking in a sort of scream or yell. Then he saw one woman make a gesture to another at some little distance. She pointed interrogatively to the next room. The friend nodded, and the two went off together.

An idea was immediately born in the onlooker's brain. Why not devise a complete system of gestures, say a hundred or so, which should cover all the remarks made in society, that is to say, at ballrooms, afternoon teas, bazaars, fashionable assemblies, on stairways, and at carriage-doors? Having acquired these—and they are given in the pamphlet, no more waste of energy would be necessary. "Have you been to the Academy?" "What did you think of —'s (name only to be spoken) picture?" and similar efforts, would all be made silently.

The idea, of course, is a satire, and aimed at the emptiness of ordinary conversation. But it could be carried out more seriously. Casual talk may not seem like work; but it is, and of an exhausting kind. And when, as with many people, it is carried on all day, the brain cells are kept in continual small commotion. As fast as they accumulate a little force, it is hurried away to the muscles of speech. They have no material for real thought, no strength to use in storing anything in memory.

The chatterer is a personality of no weight. Not only are his (or her) opinions immature, unreasoned, and worthless, but he lacks that magnetic something possessed by nearly all silent persons which inspires respect before they speak, and which creates the feeling of speech even in their silence.

PHYSICIAN

To the Members of The Universal Brotherhood Throughout the World: In order to expedite improvements in the different Departments of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, it is necessary that all communications, connected with the work of the Universal Brotherhood, should be directed to Katherine Tingley, Loma Homestead, Point Loma, California.

(Signed)

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Leader and Official Head*

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Average number of hours per day, 8.23

JULY	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DAY	NIGHT		DIR	VEL
25	29.736	73	63	69	65	.00	W	5
26	29.780	73	64	72	67	.00	W	5
27	29.800	73	65	70	67	.00	W	3
28	29.734	74	63	67	64	.00	SW	4
29	29.692	73	65	68	64	.00	S	4
30	29.752	73	63	68	62	.00	E	4
31	29.812	73	62	67	63	.00	SW	7

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

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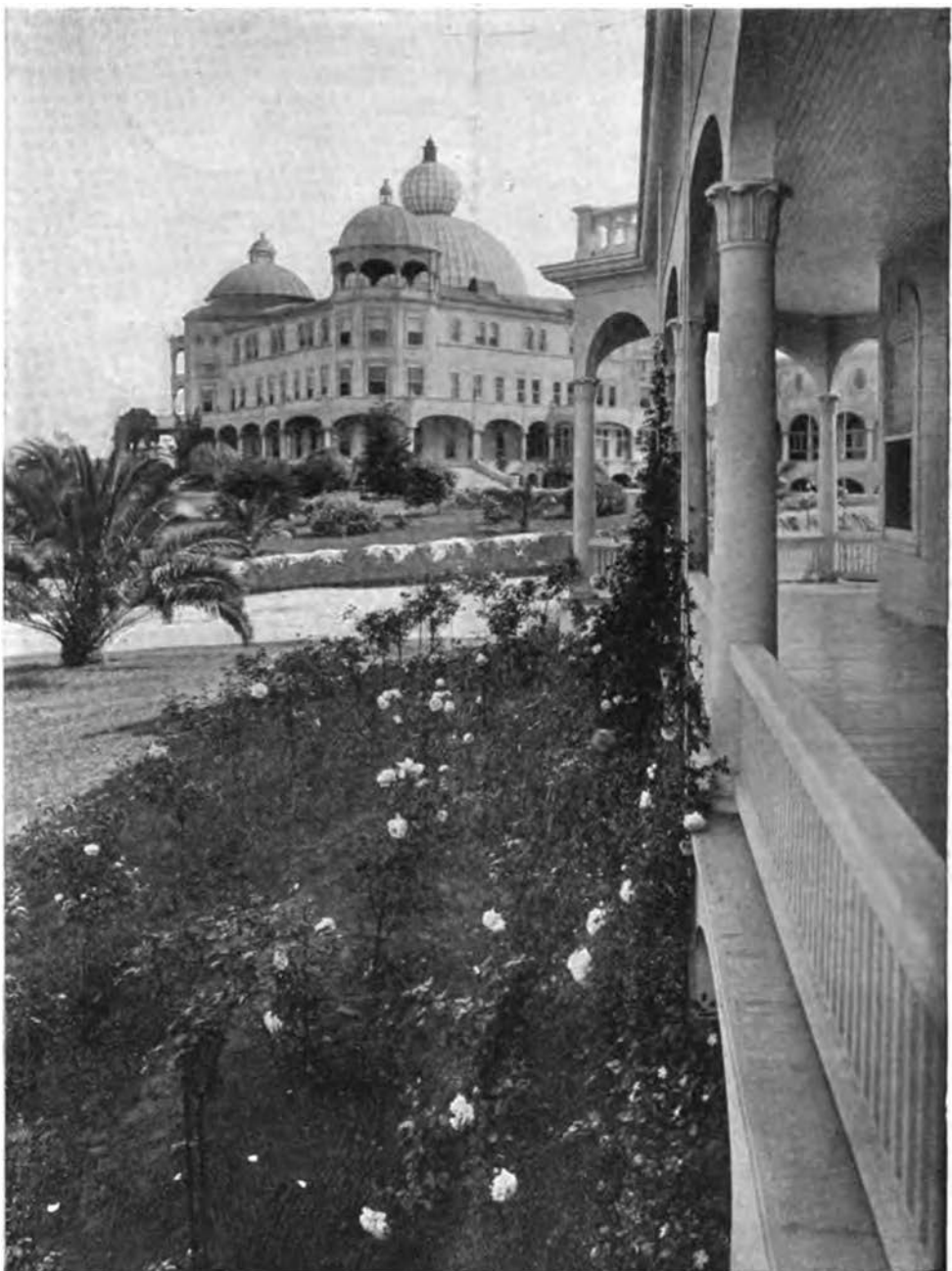
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No. 40

New Century Path

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

True Reform Must
Begin at Home
Temple at Kobe—frontispiece
The Commonwealth
Memorial Stone
Empire of Silence
Poetry and Science
Point Loma Electric Railway

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

When Wars Will
Cease and Why
Theosophy & Immortality
Separateness an Illusion
Electricity to Become a
Moral Agent

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Faery Lights of Erin
Killarney Lakes (illustration)
Music (verse)
Inspiration of the Soul

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

The Temple
Daughters of Lomaland (illustration)
The Children's Stars
Tribute to Annie P. Dick
Ancient Homes of Ireland
Johnstown Castle (illustration)
Women Writers of Japan

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

A Priceless Aztec
Document—illustrated
Symbolism of the Mistletoe

Page 9—NATURE

Animals That Sleep Through
the Summer
Data About Icebergs
Song of Clover (verse)
How Is Honey Made?
Adventurous Bees—illustrated

Page 10—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre

Page 11—GENERAL

Theosophy and
Freemasonry

Page 12—GENERAL

In the Philippine Islands
(illustrations)
Degrading Teaching of the
"Transmigration of Souls"
A Crownless King

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Ancient Metaphysics
Curious Behavior of the
Star Delta Orionis
Lightning-Burns Not
Photographic
Death in the Pot

Pages 14—FICTION

Wife and Friend

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Raja Yoga Question Box
The Three Knights
My Little Lass (verse)
Young Filipinos—illustrated

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Secret of Death (verse)
Courtesy
Gratitude
Shakespeare as a Catholic
Universal Brotherhood (verse)
Theosophical Forum

Page 18—MISCELLANEOUS

Look Forward
Russia's Aftermath
The Theosophical Searchlight

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

True Reform Must Begin at Home

This is only one of many evils which we, the community, allow to go on in our midst. We also permit children to be ill-treated, women to be ruined, and workers to be poisoned. We live a life of complete absorption in our own interests. The community is a machine for baking our bread, laying our daily paper on our breakfast table, and making cars for us to ride in; the nation is a machine for making laws to protect us. We have no duties to either. But now and again our heart is wrung and conscience pricked over something that our neighbor does. We ag-

AN official report on vivisection, recently published, showing that over 19,000 experiments were performed last year, gives occasion for some reflections as to the remedy for this evil which is such a source of real pain to compassionate hearts.

itate for redress; but soon find that, to bring about reform, we shall have to take off our coats and go to work. We find too that we cannot go about preaching virtue in a stained garment, but must clean our own robes first; also that he who wishes to bestow must be ready to sacrifice. And so we sink back and let the things go on.

An evil like vivisection is deep-seated, having roots in many of the desires and predilections which, in other forms, we are ourselves indulging

The Curious Ambitious and Shallow

all the time. If we ask what makes a man vivisection, we shall find that it is merely the same motives, combined in different proportions, as those which prompt our own actions. He is curious, ambitious, callous to suffering; are we otherwise?

Is an evil of this character to be exterminated by a meeting of amiable people who will separate and live the same old careless indifferent lives as before? Can it be stopped by writing and speaking?

But this is not said to discourage the work that is done by compassionate souls in a good cause; rather to strengthen that work by showing, if possible, how strength can be added. Let antivivisectioners not do less than they are doing, but more.

It is cruelty that is the foe, cruelty based on a deadening of the heart and Soul and grossening of the brute nature, cruelty buttressed by a degraded form of science. We must attack it first in our own nature—"Charity begins at home." A man or woman with a truly compassionate heart would be a shining light whose influence would spread around in ever-widening circles, and kindle other hearts which in their turn would become radiating centers; and thus more good would be wrought than by a thousand pens or tongues.

A Truly Compassionate Heart

But no mere sentimentalist can work this miracle. When we say "a truly compassionate heart," we mean a person in whom the Heart-life has become so real and strong that it has changed the whole basis of life, overthrown all selfish motives, and kindled the light of true wisdom and discernment in the brain. Such a person could bestow freely of his grace, having an inexhaustible source to draw from. He would care naught for rebuffs and deprivations, sacrifice being the balm of his life. These are the kind of people that have always achieved reforms.

There is a mighty Power whose effectual aid can be invoked in the cause of relieving suffering. It is the power of the Heart—of compassion. It dwells in the hearts of the many, but dwells in solitude until one shall come who has the right and the power to invoke it. And that one is he who is always obedient and loyal to that Power. So we have to ask ourselves whether we are as sincere as we would like to think, or whether we are not perhaps unconscious hypocrites, undoing our own work. Or, if hypocrite be too harsh a term, are we mere sentimentalists, that is, people subject to generous impulses which do not last because they are not rooted deep?

Each Man First in His Own Heart

Anyone who expects to exercise beneficent influence over others must always keep a tight hold on the reins of his own nature; an athlete must not violate the rules of health and temperance when off the field. We do not make much headway in temperance reforms on account of the general self-indulgence of our own lives, and it is the same with selfishness and cruelty; we keep the noxious plant well watered at the roots and waste our strength in hewing at the branches. It is a natural form of human frailty to prefer to reform evil as it is manifested in the actions of other people, rather than to eradicate it each man from his own heart.

H. T. EDGE

Ikuta Temple at Kobe---Frontispiece

THE illustration on the cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week, shows the principal entrance to one of the most famous temples in the district around Kobe, Japan. It is the Ikuta, (Shinto), Temple of that city. The stone lanterns, of which an excellent example is in the right-hand corner, are highly symbolic in Japanese mythology. The Shinto temples have one form of architecture, which dates from very ancient times and which never varies, no matter how rich or well-known the Temple may be. Such temples are always accompanied by the curious rectangular gateways called *torii*, which bear so close an analogy to the Egyptian temple Pylon.

The Commonwealth Memorial Stone

NOTWITHSTANDING freedom from superstition, people still go on preserving relics and historical spots, from an unformulated feeling that these retain some property or influence derived from their old associations, and that this property or influence is in some way effectual in influencing subsequent events. No one dares to utter, even mentally to himself, the truth that his intuition perceives; and so some such phrase as "a certain interest attaches," is used.

Thus the Australians are preserving the stone on which Lord Hoptown stood when he proclaimed the Commonwealth, and also the spot whereon he took the first oaths of office as Governor-general. The stone is a hexagonal block of trachyte from Bowral, and is from the same quarry as the block sent by the Australian Theosophists to Point Loma for future use in the Temple. (We lay down our pen to take a look at this dark-gray, rather small-grained crystalline rock, as it lies, with many others from all corners of the earth, a few yards from where we write.) The six sides represent the States of the Commonwealth,* and it is perhaps not without significance that the unwillingness of New Zealand to join the federation, preserved the highly symbolical form of a group of six united in one whole which is the seventh; for such sexagenary forms, seen in snow-crystals and cleaved rocks, are one of nature's symbols of a perfect group. The stone is to be placed on a pedestal of freestone, surrounded by a trachyte paving, and enclosed with railings, and to be called "The Commonwealth Memorial Stone."

STUDENT

*See the NEW CENTURY PATH, Vol. vii, No. 38, lecture on Australasia

Russia's Aftermath

THE recent tragedy in St. Petersburg is one which must evoke widespread condemnation. Notwithstanding whatever crimes of which the unhappy victim may have been guilty against moral law and human right, the manner of administering justice used in this instance is one unqualifiedly more harmful in its nature than may at first sight appear. Stern repressive measures, sterner and more harsh than now known, will undoubtedly be the inevitable outcome; and against those very measures will rebellion in one form or another, raise her million voices. Minister von Plehve has met a terrible fate, though less terrible by far in itself than in what it will evoke. The ministerial position is not an enviable one; for the mass of the Russian people regard its incumbent, and possibly rightly, as very nearly more responsible for the destinies of their great Empire than the Emperor himself. Sipiaghin, von Plehve's predecessor, met the same fate; and the steps taken by the Government towards a further repression are well remembered, as far as we know what they were.

Nicholas II is a monarch to be pitied. His character, as we know it, is a mild and gentle one; and were he given fuller liberty by the iron customs of the country, and by those who surround him, the history of his Empire might hold another story for the future. The simple inertia of Russia is enormous; its diverse peoples and the complexity of its bureaucratic system are alone enough to cause the downfall of almost any other folk. It is infinitely to the credit of the Russian people that they possess such a fiery patriotism, and such devotion to their fatherland, that Russian history has been enabled to make itself, as it has, since the day of Peter the Great. It is to their credit; yet it is strangely pathetic too, for never has there been such a contradiction between noble qualities in the human breast as that today manifest in the sons of this great Power. Revolution seems to show its gaunt face here and there in the provincial districts, and in the attics of St. Petersburg—aye, and in its palaces too. It is to be most devoutly hoped that there will never be a repetition in Russia of the awful horrors of the French Revolution. Selfishness and materialism are the twin causes.

STUDENT

The Theosophical Searchlight

ON the 15th of August, there will be issued the first of a series of Bulletins from the Leader's Office, bearing the well-known name of "THE THEOSOPHICAL SEARCHLIGHT," containing general information of the work of the Theosophical Movement throughout the World; and also important instructions necessary for the advancement of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in all Departments. The first number of this series will be sold at fifteen cents per copy; succeeding issues of the SEARCHLIGHT, ten cents per copy. Mail your address and fifteen cents, to Clark Thurston, Esq., Manager; NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, California.

Poetry and Science

MANY people fear that science is sounding the death-knell of poetry, that facts and the commonplace are killing imagination. The fear may have some temporary justification. For poetry is an affair of feeling; science, of the senses and mind. And science is very apt to maintain that what cannot be brought within the range of the senses by its very nature, does not exist. Which is just as reasonable as would be the contention of a man who had only the sense of smell that nothing existed which did not appeal to the nose. Poetry depends on the perception of that which is of another nature than anything perceivable or conceivably perceivable by any of the senses. And the perception of this spiritual something, possible to all men, is easily dimmed by over-occupation of the intellect with matters of sense, and continuous reasonings thereon.

If a man is moved by the beauty of a flower, and can with appropriate words communicate his feeling to others, he is a poet. The inner consciousness, which generates and harbors the feeling of beauty, is awake, and on the presentation to it by the senses, of the beautiful thing, reacts.

So far, a perfectly painted or modeled flower would do as well. But in poets of a higher order, as also in other men who cannot write poetry, there may be more than this.

The flower is alive, a little soul, a point of nature-consciousness. And along with its colors and form and scent, it throws off a spiritual something from its very essence which to those who can feel and recognize it is a veritable communication, a message. In the true poet this is recognized and accepted and responded to—even if at that very moment his intellect thinks him fanciful. Our language provides us with no exacter word for this recognition—which may amount even to a sort of sense of companionship—than "feeling." It is just the margin beyond that which would be excited by some lifeless representation of a flower, painted, modeled, however perfectly.

Therefore is the poet so much more alive than other men. He accepts from every direction the messages of life, which are pulses of life itself. He is in the stream of being. If the poet were poet all his hours, how could he die? But the modern scientific spirit will have nothing of this spiritual perception, this actual communion and interplay of life with life. Upon the five senses alone does it fasten attention.

Nevertheless, the spiritual consciousness that marks the true poet is returning to the world. It is not coming by way of the "pagan" spirit that inspires the "art-for-art's-sake" schools; nor of any of the so-called æsthetic crazes; nor any other form of "preciosity" or morbidity.

It comes back to us hand in hand with the perception of human brotherhood. For it belongs to the same field of inner consciousness as that perception, to the same group of sublime intuitions and feelings. All living things are related in life, and among them all, man may know and think of the relationship. The pain of the world is opening men's eyes to their brotherhood—which is the pain's remedy when practised. And this same brotherhood applies to all that lives. With its pain-compelled perception will come back a profounder sense of the beauty of nature, profounder than was ever yet attained by man. Seeing beauty everywhere, sensing life everywhere, we shall ourselves lead lives filled with life, not dimmed with death-shades; in every change of consciousness shall feel the joy of nature, and hear the undying music of existence.

STUDENT

Point Loma Electric Railway

SAN DIEGO is growing rapidly on many lines which serve to build a prosperous city. Under the spur of new enterprises, there is quite an enthusiasm among some of the most prominent townspeople, because they have reason to believe that we shall soon have an electric railroad running from San Diego to Point Loma.

This, beyond question, would prove a factor of no small importance in rendering the stay of tourists more pleasant in this part of California. From all parts of the world tourists come to this locality, to secure health and rest; and an electric road would make possible quick and convenient transportation, for the thousands who go to Point Loma, to see the great International Center of Theosophic work. At this point, one commands a view of mountains, hills, and the beautiful Pacific. For the benefit of the citizens of San Diego, as well as for tourists, it is to be hoped that an electric road such as we have described, may become a reality.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

When Wars Will Cease and Why

COUNT TOLSTOY has given to the world one of the most powerful attacks on war that has ever been written. Not a point is missed, and the whole glows with prophetic and denunciatory fervor. But we had heard it all before; we had thought it all before; there is not one man in ten who would disagree with a word of it. The practical remedy remains as far away and as dimly outlined as ever.

There are two or three pointers visible which may indicate the way of the ceasing of war. One is the increasing tendency of other nations to interfere. Already they insist in having a very definite voice in the settlement of the final treaties of peace, taking advantage of the exhaustion of the combatants and often depriving the victor of the whole of his spoils of victory. The knowledge of the probability of this unpleasant conclusion to their labors will undoubtedly tend to check the enthusiasm of governments for settling their quarrels by war. And not only do the around-standing nations threaten to come in at the finish, but they make more and more pressing offers of officious intermediation during the active course of hostilities.

Another is the increasing dislocation and injury of commerce which even remote wars occasion. For instance, the price of bread went up in several European countries because Japan and Russia were fighting. As the nations draw commercially closer and closer together, this fact will become more urgent, and may at last lead to an absolute refusal to tolerate war.

Another is the possible combination of two or three or four powerful nations, enlightened enough and consciously unselfish enough to be sure of their unity, forcibly constituting themselves a court of appeal, and determined to permit no more war. In this possibility, we think, lies a real hope.

And the last is the formation of a Parliament of Nations, a great extension of the principle of the Hague Tribunal. This, in its day, will assuredly come; but it will, we think, grow out of the previous combination to which we have referred. The nations are not on a par of civilization. The van must be led by those who see a light. And behind all this, there is something more which all must see, which is most essential.

STUDENT

Theosophy the Proof of Immortality

AS an instance of direct intuitive perception of the truth, however distorted by intellectual prejudices, the following claims high merit: It is a most fortunate law of our instincts that, in a healthy and normal condition, we cannot realize that the life we enjoy can ever be non-existent. We can easily persuade ourselves of the destruction of others, but imagination obstinately refuses to make us spectators of our own decay. It is inexplicable, but it is true; and it is fortunate that in the most violent opposition to all the evidence of history, our brains persist in clinging to a sort of unexpressed illusion that we, alone, cannot die.

Everything in the universe, however transitory and varying may be its outer garb and its changes, has an eternal seed. Beyond all changes is that which changeth not, and all the vestures of Nature conceal eternal Nature herself. Behind the qualities of a thing there must be an entity to which the qualities belong; a thing cannot be *all* attributes—there must be a reality somewhere.

Man is a living being; his moods are transitory and his body subject to decay; but these moods and this body must belong to something; man cannot be *all* illusion. This Something is the eternal Self. It is this which gives us the feeling of eternity and forbids us to believe that our life can ever be wholly non-existent.

It is true, however, that, as the eastern books say, we are always in a state of delusion which consists in our confusing the real with the unreal, the transitory with the permanent; so that, while we feel, and rightly so, that we are immortal, we do not recognize the eternal Self for what it is, but mistake for it our personal self made up of transitory moods and impressions. This personal Self lasts only so long as a single life. It is the real Self alone which is immortal and this is no illusion.

Separateness Is But an Illusion

It will be noticed that the author of the remarks quoted makes a point of the distinction between one-self and other people. In this distinction between I and You lies a great mystery which must have at one time or other made the brains of most people reel in an attempt to grasp its meaning.

We cannot imagine other people going on living after we have ceased to exist. If I cease to exist, the whole universe comes to an end—that is the feeling. To put it in another way—I cannot imagine myself as being *altogether* separate from other people.

Nor am I altogether separate from others. It is possible, so teaches the Wisdom-Religion, for me to sound the depths of my consciousness so deeply that I shall reach a point where the distinction between myself and others will disappear, as the limbs of a tree disappear in the trunk.

There is a great Self, a great I, which connects all the lesser separate selves; and as our personal life has a tincture of this one all-embracing life in it, we feel that we are immortal, though at the same time badly confused as to which of all the elements of our make-up are mortal and personal, and which universal and immortal.

Now, orthodox religion has banished from our minds this very necessary idea of the One Self—the ocean of life from which all lives flow—and has put instead the theological Deity. Consequently all logic and philosophy are thrown into confusion, and we have creeds and beliefs which contradict intuition and reason. Hence, our author's confusion and thought, and praise of the Creator for giving us a pleasing delusion. All through modern thought we find the struggle to reconcile what one feels must be true with what one has been taught to believe.

Theosophy, as so often shown, brings back intelligence to enlighten faith, and points to the ancient Wisdom-Religion as the only consistent science of life.

STUDENT

Electricity to Become a Moral Agent

NO small improvement in the *moral* atmosphere of great cities will ensue upon improvement in the *physical*. The ever extending employment of electricity may bring in its train some evils of its own. But there will be no more oxygen stolen, to be replaced by carbonic acid. It has been estimated that the fuel burned annually in New York city delivers into the air nearly a million and a half tons of this poisonous gas. In some of the airless, stagnant, summer days, the lower parts of the city must become a dense pool of it.

This grave and constant source of poisoning will disappear with the extended production of electricity from natural power. Professor H. B. Smith has pointed out that it is now possible to deliver in San Francisco, from the melting snows and glaciers of the Rockies, electrical energy for machinery at a smaller cost than would be needed to generate it from fuel on the spot, even were the cartage of the fuel free.

Assuredly a sigh of relief will go up from the millions of stokers and firemen whose health is sacrificed to our civilization, when some one shall invent for us an accumulator light in weight and small in bulk.

It is a civilization that does not rate human life at a very high value. It has not yet learned that either good or ill health is contagious, except where the ill health has some definite name and germ to legitimize it among the diseases. Nor has it learned that a poisoned or enfeebled brain cannot fully respond to the higher human nature, cannot concrete and fashion for daily use the ideas whose roots are beyond the physical nature.

STUDENT

THE French News Agencies report that within the last few weeks, over 30,000 nuns have applied at the different Employment Bureaus in the Republic, for positions of all kinds. There is something about this action which reminds one of Dicken's famous Micawber. While shadows are gathering darkly over the French Roman Catholics, these latter, nevertheless seem determined to hold on, if not in one way, then in another, waiting for something to turn up. There is an evidence of hope among them that the church will in time prove stronger than the state. The French Government naturally looks upon this last move of the nuns with caution, for it means that direct and personal influence will be brought to bear on the family life more vigorously than ever. The situation is both interesting and curious.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Faery Lights of Erin

AS the sons of Mile landed on the soil of Ireland, the *file* Amairgen chanted a poem in honor of a marvelous science: "This divine science, indeed, penetrating the secrets of nature, discovering her laws, and mastering her hidden forces, was, according to the tenets of Celtic philosophy, a being identical with these forces themselves, with the visible and the material world; and to possess this science was to possess nature in her entirety."

In Erin, in olden times, water was a sacred element. It was deified. And today, around the lakes linger echoes of profound truths—truths, hidden and entangled in misty legends and traditions, interpreted, and related as fanciful Faery Tales, to amuse the unbelieving tourist.

But Erin's wisdom is still sacred to those whose ears retain listening reverence for the guidance of spiritual teachers, and are willing to follow within, for knowledge. The wisdom of the silent Sphinx is still for those who will dare the inward march, and face truth in their own natures.

The beauty of the Lakes of Killarney is alone equaled by the beauty of their legends; and kinship they might claim with a few of the different ages through which humanity has traveled:

Nennius says that these lakes were encompassed by four circles of mines; the first was of tin, the second of lead, the third of iron, and the fourth of copper. In the several mountains, adjacent to the lakes, are still to be seen the vestiges of the ancient mines of iron, lead and copper, but tin has not as yet been discovered here. Silver and gold are said by the Irish antiquaries to have been found in the early ages.

The legends tell that in other times, where now are the lakes, were fertile vales, peopled by men and women who lived in stately palaces. But through lack of vigilance to keep the entrance to an enchanted fountain closed, all was covered with water in a single night. But all the people did not die; only those in whom watchfulness had waned, and whose nature could be lulled and entranced by untrue joys, which veil the future flowing of tears within fleeting allurements. Sometimes, in Loch Lene, "the Lake of Learning"—the Lower Lake—a wondrous light is seen through its clear depths. Tall, shining towers rise in glowing splendor:

The fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.

Another legend tells of one who is supposed to have lived in Ross Castle, on the shores of Loch Lene—the famous O'Donaghue, a man of miraculous powers, of great wisdom, just and kingly, and of "great humanity." Like the prophets in the Bible, he had power and control over water. Obedient to his will, it parted; he walked upon its surface. Long life without the appearance of age was his heritage.

One day, after saying farewell to his friends, he floated through the air, over the lake, then descended. The waters divided, then closed over

him. In a few years he returned shining with "the radiance of the sun, making day joyful," to those who saw him. Afterwards he continued to come and go, until it became by tradition a good omen to see him. "His approach is, sometimes, preceded by music inconceivably harmonious; sometimes by thunder inexpressibly loud."

It is to the ancient "Wisdom Science" that we must look for light to transform the legends from hypothetical Faery Tales, to scientific truths, by unfolding the miraculous events and enchantments, through nature's laws. Hoary with age is the philosophy telling humanity of the heaven within, where the light of divinity shines as the sun.

True interpretation of those teachings weighs, not lightly, the warrior courage, the self-control and watchful vigilance that entrance to divine realms demands. Clearly, it has been voiced that the powers of the soul, which crown man king over the elements, are guarded within the magic of self-mastery; the magic which enlightens, and confers freedom from ignorance—the well of human tears.

What fountain could be more enchanted than one in which can be stayed the tearful tides of sorrow and grief!

Could not the "Faery Light," and shining towers of other days, seen through clear waters, harmonize with the Light of Heaven within?—trusted from afar! even through mists in the Vale of Tears. ANNIE P. DICK



AMONG THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY, IRELAND

MUSIC

HOW sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank;
Here we will sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings.
Still quiring to the young eyed cherubins.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—Shakespeare

Those who have gone most deeply into the study of music know something of its effect upon the mind and the heart. The right music purifies and uplifts the whole nature, giving not only tone, but unity, to all the faculties. It opens the doorway into that higher knowledge toward which we aspire, but to gain which we are not always willing to sacrifice. It brushes away the mental clouds that would certainly leave life gray and dull. Pure music is the universal language, because it is the expression of the heart. STUDENT

Nature, the Inspiration of the Soul

IN the following words Gounod tells us how he came to write the opera of *Faust*. It was during one of his sojourns in

Mediterranean Europe when he often walked alone among the hills:

The beauty of the night in such a climate and at that season is well-nigh unimaginable. The vault of heaven literally quivers with stars like an ocean with waves of light, so full does infinite space appear of twinkling, tremulous luminaries. During my fortnight's stay I often sat listening to the eloquent silence of these phosphorescent nights. I would perch myself on some steep rock, and stay for hours gazing out on the horizon, rolling a big stone down the precipitous slope from time to time, to hear it bound and bound till it struck the sea below and raised a ruffle of foam and spray.

Now and again a solitary night-bird uttered its mournful note, and made me think of those weird precipices whose horror Weber has rendered with such marvelous power in that immortal incantation scene in "Der Freischütz."

It was during one of these nocturnal rambles that the first idea for the *Walpurgis Night* in Goethe's *Faust* struck me. I never parted with the score; I carried it about with me everywhere, and jotted down in stray notes any idea which I thought might be useful whenever I made an attempt to use the subject for an opera. This, for several reasons, I did not attempt to do until seventeen years afterwards.

WOMAN'S WORK

"KNOW YE NOT THAT YE ARE THE TEMPLE OF GOD AND THAT THE SPIRIT OF GOD DWELLETH IN YOU"

The Temple

Verily, that body, so desecrated by materialism and man himself, is the Temple of the Holy Grail, the *adytum* of the grandest, nay, of all the mysteries of nature in our solar Universe.—H. P. Blavatsky

THAT the body is the Soul's temple, its abiding-place and shrine, has been a part of the doctrine taught by all great Teachers. A living realization of this truth leads one to the very portals of the Mysteries. We know this doctrine to be true. Do we live as if the knowledge of it were an abiding conviction? Are we as absolutely certain of this fact as we are, for instance, of the fact that if we do not eat we shall be hungry? The world is not; if it were, we should not witness the daily spectacle of bodies so soiled and degraded that the soul is absolutely driven out. Drink, drugs, and a thousand forms of mental and sensual immorality, do their share. Even children, through the carelessness or the ignorance of their parents, are actually *taught* from babyhood to defile and degrade their bodies; *taught* to eat food for its relish alone, *taught* to seek pleasure for sensation's sake, and encouraged to make the mind unfit for the service of the soul by jealousies, by suspicions, by greed, by coarse and selfish thoughts. These are harsh statements, but they are true, nevertheless.

What is our duty? For we, as women, have a duty. By virtue of the very fact that truth has been given us have we been appointed, to a greater or lesser degree, teachers of humanity, "watchmen over the house of Israel." How can the soul express itself through a body that is unhealthy, unclean, neglected, or devitalized? How much of the soul's light can penetrate a mind that is foul with mental sensualism or atrophied by selfishness? It is very well to talk about Homer being blind, about Beethoven being deaf, Carlyle a dyspeptic, and Sydney Lanier a life-long invalid, as showing how independent the soul is, or may be, of bodily conditions. Theosophists cannot afford to stop with half truths.

Of course the soul can do *something*, just as a musician can produce *some* music from a fifth-rate piano or a violin with a string or two broken. But for whom would we have most respect, we who are listeners, for the musician who smiles contentedly and says to himself, "I am really doing wonders considering this defective instrument," or for the one who uses every reasonable means to remedy the defects?

Then, too, there is a deeper reason why we should strive to keep this Temple of mind and body as pure and clean, as strong and beautiful, as possible. We as women, as students of Compassion and of Life, are preparing ourselves to go out into the world as helpers and teachers. Do we realize that we give others more than spoken words, more, even, than the outer example? The very tone of the voice may be more potent, for good or ill, than the words we speak. And do we realize that, as there is a constant interchange of thought and feeling, so there is also of the finer physical particles of our bodies?

Think of this and then consider what must be the effect on others if our bodies are neglected or unhealthy; if our minds are all out of tune because we have allowed some like or dislike to tyrannize over us. We would stay away from others if we had small-pox or leprosy, out of sheer compassion. Yet how many think nothing of mingling with their fellows when all out of sorts with indigestion, nervous from need of a bath, foul with unbrotherliness or reeking with mental filth?

These things are just as contagious and sometimes far more deadly in their contagion! Yet our greatest inspiration lies in this very fact. If physical or mental disease is contagious, so is physical or mental health. Truly, our real opportunities lie within our very grasp, but too often, like Naaman of old, we fail to seize them, thinking them too simple, thinking that the real remedy must be something else. STUDENT



DAUGHTERS OF LOMALAND IN THE HOMESTEAD GARDENS

The Children's Stars

THE Indians possess a remarkable degree of intuition, inherent in their nature and also fostered by the primitive life they lead. Their tribes contain many seers and medicine-men and others who pierce into the world beyond matter and discern the future in a remarkable way. The knowledge they possess they are very jealous of, and being naturally extremely reserved they very rarely give any information to the white man.

A legend related to the writer by a medicine-man of a certain tribe of Indians, is so significant

and so beautiful in its poetic thought that it is given here, briefly, as follows:

The Indians of his tribe believe that there is a group of stars which can be seen only in the morning and at certain seasons of the year. Thus they appear in May, then they disappear for a season only to reappear again in the month of August.

The mystic who related this said that this group of morning stars symbolized the rebirth of little children and are called the children's stars. He said further that the children of long ago knew all about the stars in the heavens and their positions, also how they are connected and related with one another.

In regard to the children's stars, there seems to be an idea that a child dying, must reincarnate very

soon and this group of stars presides over that law. It is probable that a great deal of information was reserved by the mystic, who would tell no more. E. C. S.

ACCORDING to statistics the whole system of our elementary education has practically passed into the hands of women. In many of our States they constitute more than 90 per cent of the students of our Normal schools; in Connecticut 99 per cent, while in the State Normal school of an eastern state there is not one male student. In the high schools of the United States which, in 1870, had only 50,000 pupils, nearly all boys, there are now 329,000 boys and 406,000 girls. In the Universities over one-third of the number of students are women, and this percentage is yearly increasing. STUDENT

WHITE lilies will I plant
In my soul's garden.
And one Rose mystical
In my soul's garden.
The myrrh of suffering
In censers rich to swing
Shall come all hallowing
From my soul's garden.
Life's fadeless flowers must bloom
In my soul's garden;
The dew shall softly fall
In my soul's garden.
The hawthorn white shall glow
An altar-cloth of snow,
With globe-flowers fringed below
In my soul's garden.—Selected

A Tribute to Annie P. Dick

I OPENED the doors of my heart. And behold,
There was music within and a song.
And echoes did feed on the sweetness, repeating it long.
I opened the doors of my heart. And behold,
There was music that played itself out in Aeolian notes;
Then was heard, as a far-away bell at long intervals tolled.

LIGHT, laughter, love and joy—are these the powers through which the Soul manifests? We hear and stand amazed, awed into a reverent silence by the wondrous beauty of the possibilities of the future life unfolded unto us.

Could we better sense the soul-life of each one about us; could we see a little more clearly through the lights and shadows surrounding our fellow travelers on the path, think you not we should find our companions very, very different from what they seem to us now, judging from our narrow view-point? Yes, very different. Sometimes, perhaps, inferior, but oh, how many times are they far ahead and beyond any conception we may have previously formed of them. Too often we awaken to the knowledge that we have allowed a rare jewel to slip away from us unknown, unperceived. A great soul penned in to a diseased, delicate body, perhaps, fretting itself away in its unrest for larger things. Could we but have known! How it must have beat against its prison walls, longing to escape yet held to its prison through human ties of friendship and love and its strong desire to serve!

The passing away from her comrades of one such lovely soul as "A. P. D.," as she is known to our readers, strengthens all who are left in a firmer bond of union, a stronger wish to serve. She is now reaping the joy which comes from unselfish service to one's fellow beings. The following words—her own—are taken from a review of the poem "Psyche," written by Mrs. Tighe, the Irish poetess. Although they were written in praise of the poetess, for whom "A. P. D." had the greatest admiration and sympathy, they also very aptly describe the writer of them:

"And so we leave the soul once more united to its own nature. 'Psyche' is more than a beautiful poem, it is an outpouring from a gracious queenly heart, that knew true love and the false, and lingering thoughts dwell on the lovely author—a woman of whom Erin may be justly proud.

"In her we see a type of the higher womanhood, motherhood in the highest sense: a woman who recognizes the light of the soul, and is fully awake to the dangers which beset its path through life. Such will be the woman of the future, who shall safely guide the child."

ELIZABETH C. SPALDING

HERBERT SPENCER in his *An Autobiography*, says of his friend G. H. Lewes: "His death ended a domestic union of nearly twenty-five years' duration. One might have expected that the expressions used in the dedication of George Eliot's MSS. to him, would have sufficed as proofs of his devotedness. But there are not a few who gladly find occasion for unfavorable comment, or assume occasion if they cannot find it; and most people have no scruples in circulating adverse statements without asking for evidence. So far as I saw (and I have had opportunities for seeing), they exceeded any married pair I have known in the constancy of their companionship; and his studious care of her was manifest. I remember that when, on one occasion, I had been saying that, though possessed of so many advantages, I valued life but little, save for the purpose of finishing my work, they both ascribed my state of feeling to lack of the domestic affections, and simultaneously exclaimed that their great sorrow was that the time would soon come when death would part them."

Ancient Homes of Ireland

THAT dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from the stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the mireland,
From one root should branch like the Shamrock of Ireland.

HISTORY tells us that the houses of the ancient Irish were round and built of wood. Among the better classes, a residence consisted of a number of these circular structures grouped together. Each member of the family had a separate room, or "house"; also the guests. And there was always a special one, occupying the most favored spot, called the "greenan," that is, "a sunny house," for the private use of the women of the household. Home life in Ireland has always been characterized by a gracious, warm-hearted hospitality.

It is accepted that the influence of education on childhood expresses itself in the character of manhood and womanhood. So perhaps this royal characteristic of the Irish race may be traced to its education in early, or rather ancient times, when the people were instructed by the most learned in the land—the Druid priests and priestesses. To become a Druid, "the course of training was sometimes protracted over twenty years." Officers of state were always chosen from among them. "On

all public occasions they held the place of honor near the king." Education was completely under their control. And may it not be that the harmony, the universal nature love in their teachings, greet us through the Irish heart—a heart that has gladdened and inspired many wanderers seeking for truth—their only resting-place and home?

The monasteries of old were schools of learning, where religion found no conflict with science; nor were bodily needs forgotten. Each monastery had a "guest-house" always in readiness to receive travelers, and class-distinction gave

no wound in the welcome. High-born and low-born, rich and poor, were equally sure of a "hospitable reception." From records we learn that the people's trust in their teachers was unbounded. Thus, the universal nature-truths, the seeds that were sown, found a ready and fruitful soil.

A. P. D.

Women Writers of Japan

THE Japanese poet, Yone Noguchi, is reported to have said in a recent interview regarding the women of Japan:

Our Japanese woman has much to do yet to control circumstances, you know. Today is terrible fight at home under all things; the old Japanese against modernity, and it will not end soon.

Long ago, in the early Middle Ages, women were stars and even sun and moon of our country. They were the greatest poets and the greatest writers.

We let a cloud come from China, thinking it was good to fall upon our country. We listened too blindly to the teaching of Confucius, which is so good in many respects, but our women faded from their places in the heavens.

So you can see it is not natural with us that women became slaves. We thought it was right teaching and many a mistake was made.

Ichijo Higuchi, the girl who died seven years ago, that wonderful writer, has spoken the heart of our Japanese women who lost their high places. We have only some few women who write well today. One is the Baroness Nakajima, the wife of the Japanese Minister to Italy; another is Kaho Tanabe, the wife of Set-surai Miyake, who is the very idol of our young students.

Of course, education of modern women is but in its beginning, as, if I may say so, is also in America, and is not at all in certain countries of Europe.

In connection with the remarks of above writer concerning the teachings of Confucius, it is worthy of note that H. P. Blavatsky said years ago that Lao-tse, the predecessor of Confucius had the true teachings which were veiled from the profane after his death. The most learned of the true Lao-tse doctrine are found among the Japanese initiated priests who laugh at the blunders of the European Chinese scholars. E.



JOHNSTOWN CASTLE, IRELAND

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Aztec Immigration into Mexico—A Priceless Aztec Document

Translated from *El Mundo Ilustrado*, Mexico City

THE discovery of a most important and priceless Aztec document, concerning the history of ancient Mexico, has been the subject for not a little discussion here. This document had been known to exist, but had been lost to knowledge for many years; and was only lately rediscovered in a sale of antiquities in a small shop of the City of Mexico.

The find gave rise to a lawsuit between the National Museum and Sr. D. Hipolito Ramirez, a descendant of the learned Mexican D. Jose Fernando Ramirez. The latter claims that the document rightly belongs to himself by right of inheritance, and therefore the National Museum has no title thereto. In any case, the find has aroused the keenest interest among historians and archeologists, who affirm that the matter is worthy of all possible attention on the part of scientists.

The illustration we here reproduce, taken from a Mexican "Atlas," is a *facsimile* of Page No. 1, in colors, of this document. The full name of this ancient record is as follows: "Historico-Hieroglyphic Illustration of the Peregrination of the Aztec Tribes Who Peopled the Valley of Mexico," and is amply explained by the above-named D. Jose Fernando Ramirez, sometime Director of the National Museum.

The "Illustration," or "Picture," for the better understanding of the explanatory notes, is numbered in the "Atlas" from 1 to 49 consecutively; each number marking a distinct spot reached by the Aztec tribes, from the time of their leaving upper California until they arrived in the "Valley" of Mexico. The more or less parallel lines in the illustration here given, indicate the exact route followed. With reference to the different places touched by the immigration, No. 5 represents Cincotlan, where the tribes remained 10 years; 6, Tocolco; 7, Otzotlan; 8, Mizquiahuala; 9, Jalpan; 14, Papantla; 18, Cuauhtitlan; 20, Atzacapotzalco; 21, Chalco; 25, Cuauhteppec; 34, Apam; and 48, Tenochtitlan. Certain especial events during the immigration are likewise represented in the "Atlas" by numbers. Forty-two, for example, indicates that on that spot a human sacrifice was celebrated; and No. 47, that a woman of prominence gave birth to a boy child.

The immigrants, according to the same historian D. Jose Fernando Ramirez, avoided separating up to the locality marked by the number 18; there "one separated, taking a cross route;" and on the rest arriving at Chapultepec (No. 36), they again dispersed, certain "ones" going on to Tlaltelolco (No. 37). "Then the emigrants, who had remained at Chapultepec, moved forward in their turn, crossing over to the middle of a lake(?)—(No. 39); but there only 'three' stayed, the others continuing their journey as far as the seat of the present capital of Mexico (No. 49).

As may well be judged from the above description, mere outline as it is, the document in question is certain to prove of the greatest possible interest to archeology and history.

STUDENT

INDIVIDUALS in definite streams return in regularly recurring periods to the earth, and thus bring back to the globe the arts, the civilization, the very persons who were once on it at work. And as the units in nation and race are connected together by invisible strong threads, large bodies of such units moving slowly but surely altogether reunite at different times and emerge again and again.—*W. Q. Judge*

The Symbolism of the Mistletoe Among the Druids

WHY the Druids used the mistletoe as a symbol of immortality has long been a matter of question. The berries and leaves of the plant grow in triads on one stock, and this may have formed part of the symbolism, as it does in the similar case of the shamrock. For the Druids also had *their* trinity like every other ancient people. In fact it might almost be said that a study of ancient religions is a study of the trinities under which man has always worshiped the divine.

But the employment of the mistletoe may rest on a fuller reason than that its berries and leaves happen to be in threes on one stock.

The mistletoe is ordinarily said to be a parasite. In a sense, it is so; but it pays for its board very amply. The relation between it and its host is known in botany as *symbiosis*, the joining of two dissimilar plants for their mutual benefit. The seeds of the mistletoe are usually scraped from the beaks of birds, who have been eating the berries, on the bark of some tree, ordinarily the oak or apple. When they germinate, the little root penetrates the bark, and passes into the moist woody tissue beneath. On the juices of this it feeds, finally attaining considerable growth at the expense of its host. So far, it is undoubtedly a parasite.

But in the winter, when the host is stripped bare of leaves and the sap has retreated, the evergreen guest contributes to the nutrition of both. It constitutes the winter foliage of the pair. Probably some of the channels in the wood of the host, down to the very rootlets deep in the earth, belong to the guest. One works in summer and the other in winter.

The Druids must have reflected on this quite obvious fact in their choice of the mistletoe as a symbol. Druidism included the idea of Re-

incarnation. Periodically the leaves of the tree die; the sap retreats to the root; the tree itself seems dead. But in the spring comes rebirth, and the leaves reappear to greet the sun. The tree is alive once more; in a sense, reborn.

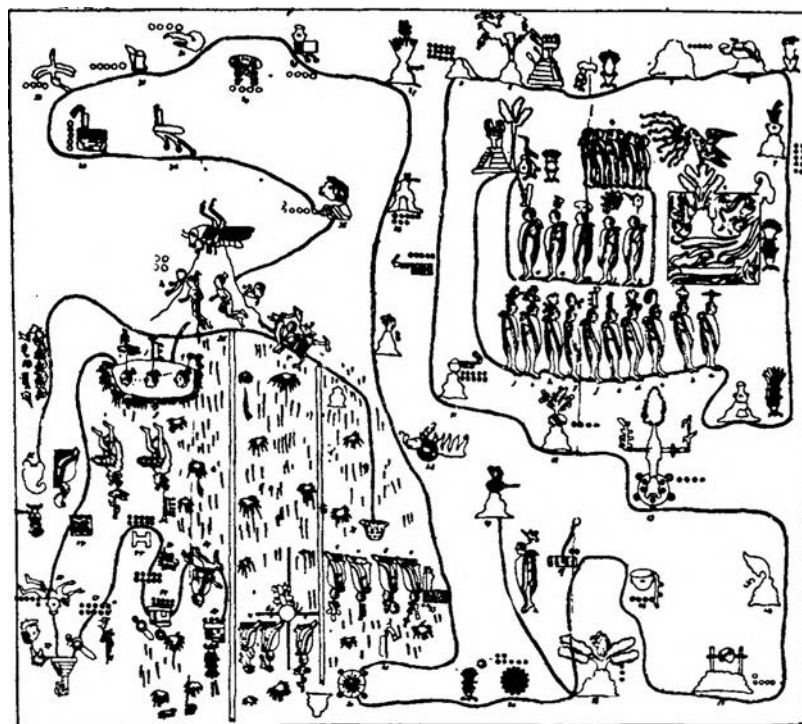
Yet whilst it was apparently but a dead thing, the mistletoe held the thread of its life unbroken. In the summer a double life, in the winter it was single.

So the mistletoe symbolized the spiritual nature, that which grows *with* us while we are incarnate on earth, that into which we pour our whole consciousness at death, that which preserves our continuity through the spaces of both life and death, and spans the gap between death and the next birth. It is as the moon, reigning by night while the sun is hidden.

Corresponding with this, many medicinal virtues were formerly ascribed to it. "Some," says old Culpepper, "have so highly esteemed it for the virtues thereof, that they have called it *lignum sanctæ crucis*, wood of the holy cross, believing it helps the falling sickness, apoplexy and palsy, very speedily." In ancient times some preparation of the berries, gathered at a particular period of the moon's cycle—the sixth day—was drunk as an elixir held capable of so affecting the brain that spiritual things were seen and comprehended. Its analogy with the soma (or moon-plant) juice of the Indians is thus very close.

STUDENT

THE souls who made the most ancient civilization will come back and bring the old civilization with them in idea and essence, which being added to what others have done for the human race, will produce a higher state of civilization.—*W. Q. Judge*



FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE HIEROGLYPHIC PICTORIAL OF THE AZTEC TRIBES (Original in colors)

Nature

Studies

Animals That Sleep Through the Summer

THE strange faculty of *Æstivation* or sleeping through the summer is practically the same as that of hibernation or sleeping through the winter, which is more familiar to us dwellers in temperate climes. The *New York Sun* mentions some instances of this phenomenon.

So far as certain knowledge goes, only one mammal *æstivates*, the tenrec of Madagascar, a beast corresponding to our hedgehog, which retires to its burrow and sleeps during the hottest three months of the year. But there are many lower animals which are known to do so.

The wheel animalcules can be dried up into a dust-like substance, and yet revive as soon as they get access to water. In South America and Africa various reptiles *æstivate*; in the llanos of Venezuela, the alligator, the land and freshwater tortoises, the boa-constrictor, and several smaller serpents, lie motionless in the baked mud during the hottest part of the year.

In Brazil, Australia, and South Africa, lizards, frogs, tortoises, and insects pass months of the rainless season enclosed in hard earth.

Fish in many parts of the world can survive in the mud of dried-up ponds. In Arizona, pools in the desert, surrounded on every side by an arid region, across which it would have been scarcely possible for water fowl to convey the living spawn of fishes or batrachians, as soon as the thunder-showers have filled them, are found to contain fishes, frogs, and fresh-water mollusks of which not a trace could previously be seen.

But perhaps the best and most extraordinary as well as the best known of such instances of *æstivation* are those of the mudfish of Africa, and its relations in the rivers of South Africa and Queensland, which are provided not only with gills but with a rudimentary lung. They can thus breathe ordinary air, and at the time they are encased in mud they leave a small opening through which they can inhale it. There are, too, many cases on record, of seemingly good attestation, of still completer burial. If one may believe them, reptiles have been found alive under such circumstances as to preclude the entry of any air whatever. All the *processes* of life must have been perfectly suspended, and yet life itself preserved in sufficient force to check any tendency to degeneration. Cases are reported from India of men being buried and remaining alive.

Some Interesting Data About the Huge Icebergs

ICEBERGS are formed in the Arctic regions from the gigantic glaciers and ice-sheets which drain the snow-fields of those frozen lands and slide slowly down towards the sea. Here pieces break off and float away. Their size and shape varies greatly, but lofty peaked forms are common, and they sometimes rise two or three hundred feet above sea-level. As the mass of ice below water is nine times as great, the size of the sea-monsters may be guessed, and it makes them things to be steered clear of by vessels. Geikie gives a picture of a tabular iceberg which looks like a neatly finished breakwater or mole, perfectly rectangular and straight, and as high as the masts of a ship. Dr. Kane's Arctic expedition saw a glacier two and a half miles long and as many wide, aground in half a mile of water in Melville bay.

A SONG OF CLOVER

by SARE HOLM

I WONDER what the clover thinks---
Intimate friend of Bobolinks,

Lover of Daisies, slim and white,
Waltzes with Buttercups at night;
Keeper of Inn for traveling Bees,
Serving to them wine dregs and lees,
Left by the Royal Humming Birds,
Who sip and pay with fancies words;
Fellow with all the lowliest,
Peer of the gayest and the best;
Comrade of winds, beloved of sun,
Kissed by the dewdrops, one by one;
Prophet of Good-Luck mystery
By the sign of four which few may see;
Symbol of Nature's magic zone,
One out of three and three in one;
Emblem of comfort in the speech
Which poor men's babies early reach;
Sweet by the roadside, sweet by rills,
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on hills,
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red---
O, half of its sweetness cannot be said---
Sweet in its every living breath,
Sweetest, perhaps, at last in death!
O, who knows what the Clover thinks?
No one! unless the Bobolinks. — Selected



OPEN-AIR HONEYCOMBS AT POINT LOMA

How Is Honey Made?—Modifying Theories

WE know very little as yet as to how honey is made, what part of the process is contributed by the flower and what is due to the bee. Our ideas on this question are constantly being modified. It now appears that honey is the result of the action of ferment, and is not secreted as such by the flowers. The first bee who enters a flower makes a scratch at the base of the petal, so as to get at the slightly sweet sap. After he has gone, the point "bleeds"; a little more sap is poured out, along with traces of soluble and insoluble starch. The little bead of exudation now undergoes fermentation—which, in this case, is partial digestion—into honey. The "ferment," or active agent in the process, was contributed by the bee. After a few hours another bee arrives, and, though the visit of the first was not fruitless, that of the second is much richer in its result. We need not, however, lavish any pity on the first, for at his next visit he will certainly find that he has been agreeably preceded.

It is evident that we are at the beginning only of our knowledge of the mysterious processes known as fermentation. We are only just learning that some of them are in an upward direction and not mere steps backward. In other words some fermentations are *constructive*.

STUDENT

Some Adventurous Bees at Point Loma

A SWARM of Point Loma bees recently indulged themselves in the odd idea of building some honeycombs on the branches of a bush in the open air. There are no hollow trees on the Point, and the only rocks which have cavities suitable for the bees are a soft sandstone, which would not give a sufficiently firm, smooth surface.

Neither are there any empty buildings within several miles of the Homestead, so that when this swarm left the hive it was obliged to camp out. It will be noticed, by the picture, that they suspended the combs at about the same interval that

they would have had in the hive. A close inspection of the comb shows the most marvelous skill in building around the twigs which were encountered, and in the finishing off with the least possible waste of cell space on the edges of the oval.

Fortunately, their work was not put to the test of use, not having yet been filled when found. We fear that the added weight would have undone them and brought the structure down in ruins.

Incidentally they furnished one of the best possible testimonials to the Point Loma climate, because bees are so sensitive to inclement weather that out-of-doors comb-building would be utterly impossible if any bad weather had occurred.

As soon as found, they were provided with a proper hive, and their strange adventure of last spring is now ancient history with them. One wonders, sometimes, in studying the ways of bees, whether if we had an exact account of them from some observer 10,000 years ago, we should find any change. Do they have rises and falls in their wonderful complex civilization? Have they anything to learn in methods? Or have they reached *their* perfection? Interesting questions, these. Z.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

At the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Isis

Theatre last Sunday evening, the large audience was delighted by the choral singing of the Raja Yoga boys and girls of Lomaland. Several of their favorite songs were given in their usual inimitable manner, the applause being hearty and generous. There were also several instrumental musical numbers by students of the Isis Conservatory of Music, which were as usual thoroughly enjoyed.

The first address of the evening was given by the Rev. S. J. Neill, on "San Diego." Briefly, but graphically, he reviewed the early history of this city since the landing of Cabrillo in 1542, and then said:

"We like to believe that something akin to a divine instinct led the early settlers to this southern part of California. They could not have come here for rich gold mines, nor yet for green pastures, through which rippling rivers ran. No doubt the early settlers were led hither, they knew not why, by some prophetic foretaste of what the place was destined to become. It is surely time that this prophetic instinct should be quickened in the breasts of the present citizens of San Diego. It is time that San Diego awoke, and arose to her destiny. We have admired the bay and the climate, and the encircling mountains for a long time. We see nature has done her part. But we are part of nature; we are part of destiny, and it is now high time for man to cooperate with nature and do his part."

Touching the future, the speaker said: "When this war in the East is over a mighty impulse will begin to move in all those countries, which we call Oriental China and the adjacent countries. They will reach out their hands to America, and especially to this side of America. The Pacific will be as it never has been before, the great highway of commerce. It will keep the Western States of America very busy to supply all the needs of over one-third of the human race. The gateways to the Orient are Seattle, San Francisco and San Diego. They will all be kept busy; and have as much to do as they are able to do. Much depends on the active spirit of the people at each of these places, as to the lead which will be taken by that Port of the Orient.

"Then, before long, when the mighty streams of commerce flow east and west through the Panama Canal, San Diego will possess special advantages. None of this is guess work, we all know it. San Diego should rouse herself and make ready for the things which *must* come in the near future. It would surely be very tantalizing if, when the golden opportunities arrived, San Diego had neglected to take the means of utilizing them.

"It is surely most reasonable to suppose that nature works with a worthy purpose. Can we think that nature has brought together in one place all the beauties, all the advantages which we find here, without meaning something great to follow?

"You have heard it said that San Diego is to be a great seat of learning, and surely nature points in that direction. We can work with nature, indeed that is why we are here, that we may carry on and fulfill the grand and beneficent purpose of nature.

"Greater than Corinth, greater than Athens, or Jerusalem, or any of the great places of ancient times, we can make this the heart of the world, from which healing streams shall flow to all peoples. We can make this place a city set upon a hill giving light to all nations. We can do it by becoming that light, by becoming free, open channels for the Divine power and radiance. 'Arise, shine, for thy light has come.'"

Miss A. C. Lester, Superintendent of the Raja Yoga Academy at Santiago de Cuba, who is now at Point Loma on a vacation, presented a highly interesting address on "Cuba" and Katherine Tingley's great educational work there. "The average Cuban child has suffered much," she said. "Almost all, rich and poor, white and black, have known what starvation is, what it is to see their homes destroyed, to be forced to live without shelter, exposed to the heat and heavy tropical rains of that climate; they know what it is to see their fathers, mothers, and in many cases their whole family, die before their eyes through the misfortunes of war; they know what it is to be bereft of those advantages in the way of education which the poorest child in this country receives; and in order to endure these things they have had to call into action qualities of character which come from a higher source than that of the mind, and which, having come into operation, need a new kind of care and training—qualities which cannot be governed nor controlled by a system of education of which, while it furnishes much that is necessary in the way of technical knowledge, does not understand nor take into account those finer, vital forces which lie within the nature of the child. This has probably given rise

LOMALAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

San Diego's Splendid Future
Success of the Raja Yoga Work in
Cuba Boy Orator on Discipline

Reprinted from the San Diego News

to the popular idea among conventional teachers that the Cuban child is a little savage and uncontrollable.

But may it not be that the trouble lies in the system and its exponents to some degree and not altogether with the child?

"I can testify, as a Raja Yoga teacher in Cuba, that if the Cuban children have the disposition to refuse things for which

they have no respect, they also have the capacity of a great loyalty and devotion to whatever can prove itself worthy of their regard, and they have methods of determining the worth of a thing, which are at least very natural and not without a touch of wisdom. They are born revolutionists. This could not be otherwise. By nature they appear bound to resist the assumption of any sort of authority. For they seem to think or feel that, if it cannot control them, it is not entitled to pretend to do so. And the easiest way to find out is to try it and see. But if it stands the test, they accept it readily and whole-heartedly, apparently on the basis that there must be something in it if they are not able to upset it.

"In this I believe they have some good ground; for they surely have ways of setting aside authority more subtle and difficult to handle than American or English children, and these know something on this line themselves. Cuban children are not to be touched by considerations that are often used in ordinary methods of education to control children. To try to threaten them with fear would be folly. They already have undergone such terrible sufferings and privations that ordinary ones hold no terror, especially when the great principle of the right of government is at stake, as is the case when one assumes to teach and guide them. The instinct to understand a situation in this way seems to be an element in their very blood.

"There are two Raja Yoga Schools in the city of Santiago—one a free day school, and the other constructed on lines as similar to those at Point Loma as present circumstances will permit. Today there are on record the names of over one thousand children in this city waiting until there is room for them to be admitted to these schools.

"It would be hard to describe the prejudice and suspicion which existed in some quarters—and which were set on foot by the same influences that made similar ineffectual attempts in the city of San Diego—when these schools were started. I have seen children enter our schools, defiant, rebellious, suspicious—who had been told, and probably believed, all the lies that were current about the Raja Yoga School at that time—and without a word of contradiction or explanation from any teacher, I have seen them change within a few hours.

"The intuition of the child has become so quickened by the experiences through which he has passed, that he is soon able to detect the genuine from pretense. When you appeal to him in honor and truth and courage, feeling these as living forces in your own character, you can at once invoke the same in the child, and he not only knows, but feels that they are worthy of his own regard, in other words, he feels a finer part of himself, and it is as though a resurrection had taken place, and he stands up in conscious knowledge of a something divine in him."

"The Value of Discipline" was an excellent address by Master Iverson Harris, a paper prepared entirely by himself and which he had read in the afternoon at the dedication exercises of the Senior Boys' Military Camp of the Raja Yoga School at Lomaland.

"The value of discipline," said he, "is that it keeps a man toeing the mark and forces him to live up to those principles which he is supposed to represent, which are, sincerity, straightforwardness, self-sacrifice, unselfishness, unity and various other virtues, which, when staring a man in his face, cannot help but have some effect towards arousing good in his nature. Again, those who have this discipline, are generally placed as guardians of the nation, and thus arises in them the necessity for eternal vigilance.

"Thus, when they have this outward vigilance they have gained a step towards an inner vigilance against the lower self, which, being naturally a coward, but appearing very bold when it finds the higher self off guard, does not even attempt its work of destruction.

"Again, when one has acquired this vigilance, his mind will be so on guard that it will not allow itself to get into such a condition as to tolerate incessant and useless talking. We find that in trying to get over the habit of flippant jesting we go at it in the wrong way; that is to say, we go at the result instead of the cause. It is not the talking we should fight, but the condition of mind which allows the talking. Thus we will find we improve ourselves in more than one way, whereas, if we went at the talking first, we might overcome the habit of talking, but the condition of mind that caused it would still be there to show itself in some other way."

✻ Theosophy and Freemasonry ✻

TWO kindred bodies, with one common root, and be it said one common aim in many ways, are Theosophy and Masonry. Basing a common claim to an aforesaid universal recognition upon a nearly (in many ways) common teaching, Theosophy, the mighty ancient Wisdom Religion of immemorial time, from which all systems of thought have sprung; Masonry, the child and noble descendant of the ancient religious Mysteries, which once upon this earth kept alive the spirit of Theosophical doctrine in men's hearts; though, truly, Theosophy has worn different names in different times, and in different places. Acknowledging one common Supreme Architect, one common doctrine, and the searching power of the All-Seeing-Eye, these twin children of the Widow have a great and common interest on earth.

The Organization of the Universal Brotherhood includes among its members large numbers of prominent Masons. To such, and, indeed, to all others, the following excerpts from a speech recently delivered in San Bernardino, California, by George N. Black, on the occasion of the dedication of the Masonic Temple in that city, will be full of interest. Omitting the speaker's opening remarks, I shall choose here and there such allusions as I feel to be of interest to all:

"Thus was conceived and erected that spacious and magnificent Temple of Solomon which all the ages have acclaimed as the pinnacle of earthly splendor, and which has furnished us with so many of the proud traditions, the tragic memories, the beautiful lessons, the inspirations and the aspirations of Freemasonry.

"King Solomon's Temple was surpassingly beautiful, not because it was constructed of Parian marble and precious stones, and adorned by the cunning skill of the Artisan of Tyre, but rather because it stood in that age and for that people as a monument to all that is beautiful in the mind, the heart, and the soul of man.

"It was a symbolic edifice. When the people entered it, everything they saw spoke to them in the mute but eloquent speech of symbolism, teaching them to think nobly, to act justly, to walk uprightly, to revere God and to love their fellowmen.

"Here, on your altar, will be kindled the three great lights of Masonry. May they ever burn brightly and radiate their pure influence upon all who enter here to assume the unselfish obligations and responsibilities of our noble brotherhood.

"We meet here today both as operative and as speculative Masons. I shall not impose upon your time and patience by reciting to you at this time the statistics of Freemasonry, nor by tracing at length its secular history. Those who are interested can always find the data desired in the reference works on the subject.

"But in this solemn hour the central idea that presents itself to me is this—that we are not building for Time, but for Eternity. We combine with the building of lumber, brick and stone, the building of character. The former, being finite, may be destroyed by fire or flood. In the passing years it may disappear from the face of the earth. The millstones of Time may grind it into powder.

"But the materials out of which we build up character here are indestructible, everlasting. They have lived since time began. They will endure when time shall be no more, because they are of the Divine spirit.

"Underneath this building is a foundation deep and strong, and cemented solid in the solid earth. But beneath that foundation is another, still deeper, more lasting, imperishable. It rests upon a faith that is the very Rock of Ages—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Since time immemorial, this faith has united men of every country, every condition, every sect and every opinion. It is not at all improbable that this basic Masonic principle was perhaps the original expression of religion in man.

"And when the time comes, as come it must, when the human family shall sink its sectarian differences in one common faith, and worship in unison the One true God, the symbol of that universal religion will not be the Crescent nor the Cross, not the Shield of David nor the emblem of Confucius, but the Masonic emblem of the All-Seeing-Eye.

"Now as to this building: Was it erected simply for the teaching of signs and grips and passwords, for the conducting of ceremonies and the

making of mysteries? If so, our meeting here today is vain and purposeless. If so, it were a great mistake ever to have laid one brick upon another. But happily we know that such is not the case. We know that this Temple was erected in honor of a world-wide, age-old institution, as a visible emblem of an invisible force that lights up the dark places, that brings hope to the hopeless, fathers to the fatherless, food to the hungry, aid to the needy, comfort to the stricken, freedom to the bound and justice to the free.

"No building was ever built in vain whose mission is the teaching of such principles as brotherly love and affection, charity and protection, truth and honesty, temperance and morality, fortitude and courage, prudence and discretion, justice and mercy.

"This fine new edifice impresses us today with its strength and its solidity and its lasting qualities. But we must realize that, like mortal man, it is doomed to die. It will last for years—perhaps for generations—or even for centuries. But it will pass away. It will crumble and decay into the dust from which it sprung. In the mutations of time this land may even become submerged by water and all these evidences of your skillful handicraft may become swallowed up and forgotten in the impenetrable mystery of the sea. But Masonry teaches us that the spiritual edifices erected here will never cease to exist. It is a great comfort to believe that the flesh is mortal but the spirit immortal, that the gross and the evil shall be washed away, and only the pure gold of the good and the beautiful shall remain. It is a great comfort to believe that all the good that was ever done by the children of men is stored up forever by the Supreme Being in the treasure vaults of eternity.

"Where is King Solomon's Temple today?

"Where is all that Parian marble, those cedars of Lebanon, that gold and silver and all that regal splendor? Gone! The unsparing ravages of barbarous force have laid it waste and destroyed it. Nothing remains of it today but a precious memory. The 70,000 entered apprentices or bearers of burdens; the 80,000 fellowcrafts or hewers on the mountains and in the quarries; the 3,300 masters or overseers of the work; and our first three Most Excellent Grand Masters have long since gone to their reward.

"But they builded better than they knew, for the system of morality which they established for the government of their craft, has endured unchanged for thousands of years and still rules the conscience of the world.

"Is there not in all this a solemn, a divine significance? In all these ages countless institutions have come and gone, and history has not even written it down that they ever existed. Empires, kingdoms and provinces have appeared and disappeared. Ideas and peoples have lived and died. Like so many comets, have religions and dogmas, sects and creeds emerged from obscurity, flashed for a time across the vision of man, and then disappeared into oblivion.

"But our ancient and honorable fraternity, whose origin is lost in the mists and traditions of antiquity, and which must have existed in some form when man was a child and time was young, that venerable institution still lives, greater and grander, more virile, more powerful, more widespread, more influential, more numerous, more humane, more merciful, more blessed, more useful to God and more beneficent to man than ever before.

"No complaint is ever heard from Masons as to the burden of Masonic charity, because such obligations as we take and such responsibilities as we assume are self-imposed. No man is ever asked to become a Mason. No good man is ever disappointed when he is made a Mason, or ever fails to become a better man because of it. It is a Masonic axiom that no man can be a bad citizen and a good Mason.

"Let us therefore remember well our obligations; set a good example for our fellowmen; foster truth and promote virtue; guard well our outer door and join with one another in maintaining unblemished the proud heritage of the past. Let this beautiful new temple, so clean and spotless, continually admonish to similarly build that spiritual temple which each of us is erecting in his own soul."

(The above excerpts are clipped from the *Los Angeles Freeman*, July, 1904) G. DE P.

TINGUIANE
COURTSHIP
DANCE

In the
Philippine
Islands

THREE
TAGALOG
GIRLS

The Degrading Teaching of the "Transmigration of Souls"

THERE is a vulgar belief among some eastern peoples that the human Soul passes after death into animal bodies; but this belief is a degraded relic of the true teaching as to Reincarnation. It may well be that some of the materials that go to make up a man's carnal nature may, after being broken up by death, be afterwards used again in the animal kingdom; and probably the erroneous belief in transmigration referred to above may have arisen from a misunderstanding and perversion of some such ancient teachings about the transformations of life-atoms. But this has nothing whatever to do with the human-Soul and its destinies. Once human, always human; and a human Soul, once endowed with the impress of the Divine Free-will, cannot ever go down into the lower kingdoms.

Hence, it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that Reincarnation has nothing to do with any such *degraded and degrading teaching as that which is commonly understood by the term "Transmigration of Souls."*

As to the genuine doctrine of Reincarnation, we can, of course, barely outline it in the limits of a brief reply; but we can assure the inquirer that any perplexities that may arise in his mind on first acquaintance will be rapidly dissipated by further study of this most luminous teaching.

Reincarnation is the only doctrine, as to the destiny of the Soul, which is consistent with reason and with the conclusions we must draw from the facts of life. It was formerly an article of faith of the Christian Church, but was erased from the canon at the Council of Constantinople, some five hundred years after Christ, in consequence of the growing influence of western materialism. And since the belief in a single earth-life does not square with a belief in Divine justice and wisdom, the modern church doctrine of heaven and hell had to take its place.

Looking at human life, we see that a single human career is not a complete drama, but merely an episode. Souls entering earth-life do not *begin* their experience, but take it up again where they left it before; and this is why all are at different stages of growth and knowledge. Again, at death, each Soul leaves his career of experience all unfinished. It is evident that a single earth-life is merely a day in the life of the Soul. If this life is the only one we live, or have ever lived, on earth, then it is impossible to account for the inequalities of men's fate. A single earth-life is not sufficient for the garnering of all the experience necessary to a Soul. Again, we see that many deeds done in this life do not bear fruit, and this fact causes us to question the Divine Justice. But Reincarnation allows ample time for a man to reap what he has sown and to experience the consequences of his actions. These are, in brief, a few of the reasons why Reincarnation is the only consistent doctrine. We must just touch upon the leading features in the teaching itself.

The Soul of man is threefold—spiritual, human and animal. The spiritual Soul is the real Self of man, the Divine part of his nature; the animal soul contains the instincts and passions in which he resembles the animal creation; the human soul is the ordinary mind of man, which shares the influences of both the spiritual and the animal nature. The

divine Soul of man is endeavoring, through the human soul, to overcome and tame the animal nature, turning it into a servant; and the animal nature, in its turn, continually strives to wrest the empire of the mind from the divine Soul. After death, the body decays, and the animal soul also disintegrates soon after. But the divine Soul passes, in company with the best part of the human soul, into a state of spiritual bliss which is to some extent represented in the church doctrines of heaven. But the necessity for further experience of earth-life, the desire for further conquests of nature, and the need of adjusting the unfinished affairs of its earthly career, compel the Soul to enter once more into a bodily tenement. Thus life on earth, and beyond earth, alternate like waking and sleeping.

We cannot be clearer on this subject without entering into other Theosophical teachings relating to it; but we trust we have said enough to remove some misconceptions and to give inducement to further study. At all events we have shown up the character and intellectual capacity of those amiable individuals who have been trying to tell the people what they ought to think about Theosophists, and to make intelligent children believe that Theosophists teach that men will be peacocks or monkeys in their next incarnation—a theory which is perhaps not so absurd after all in the case of some people!

Neither does Theosophy teach that a man who sweeps his crossing well in this life will be promoted to the rank of a cheesemonger in his next! But it does teach that each Soul will find the kind of experience which best accords with its merits and its needs. H. T. E.

A Crownless King

PRESIDENT DIAZ, of Mexico, who is generally considered to be one of the greatest and most successful statesmen of this age, is said to consider himself "a failure, because after twenty-eight years of effort he has not succeeded in freeing himself from the necessity of being an autocrat." To most persons it seems almost miraculous that he has been able so well to govern what is, perhaps, socially, the most heterogeneous country on earth, except Russia. Mexican subjects range from the wild Indian tribes of the mountains, some of whom have scarcely even seen a white man, to the highly-cultured, refined and luxurious planters of the lowlands; yet this wonderful man, himself an Oaxaca Indian, governs them all, wisely, patiently, waiting and working for the time when they shall be a more united and fraternal people. Most men would exult in their success in holding power so long—this man strives to render himself unnecessary. Scarcely a stronger proof, were one needed, could be given of Plato's dictum, that "a state can be well governed only when it is ruled by unwilling men who perform the duties of office as a necessary labor, but despising the rewards and honors attached thereto." It is only the cheap ambition of the self-appointed leader which clamors for ambition. True altruistic philanthropy is always willing to remain as obscure as possible. STUDENT

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Ancient Metaphysic in Modern Dress—Ideal Types

PLATO taught that all things pre-exist as forms in the invisible before they take clothing in this gross visible. They are metaphysical before they are physical.

This doctrine—of ideal types—has touched the imagination of poets, has been defended as philosophy, has been spurned as “mere metaphysics,” but has assuredly never been accounted science. Yet there is no more conspicuous example of the fact that *back to the ancients* is the formula secretly guiding modern science.

Every few weeks a new “element” is discovered; but at the same time it is more and more completely recognized that—as the ancients said—there is only *one element*, the “elements” being various compoundings of that with itself.

What differentiates an atom of sulphur from one of gold, since both are made of the one element? We can only answer: The *pattern* in which the ultimate units of this one element are arranged within the minute solar system we call the atom; the *number* of those units; their *motion* among themselves; and their *rate* of vibration.

So a square of metaphysical entities constitutes the true being of an atom of anything, that whereby it is not an atom of something else! This square is exactly Plato's ideal type. It is repeated when the atoms combine to make molecules; again, when the molecules recombine to make cells and crystals. It is the *idea* of the atom. Whoever will press his thinking far enough will see that it can only be born and exist in a consciousness, and that that is why it is conceivable in a consciousness. This consciousness in which it is born, is the logos or mind of that atom.

The positivist and materialist will object to the consciousness, and will speak of law. But what we call law, in this sense, is only a formal way of stating the facts. It is no explanation. The only possible explanation is a guiding consciousness. The non-material, that is, the motion and pattern, *is*. And that which exists, yet is not material, not objective, can but be subjective, namely, consciousness. But science will not immediately get so far as that.

A recent interesting suggestion is worth noting: that radium is not an “element” even in the usual sense of that word, but a radio-active *condition* into which some or any other “elements” may pass. Hence its apparent omnipresence.

STUDENT

Curious Behavior of the Star Delta Orionis

SOME remarkable observations have lately been made of the star Delta Orionis, which may be the beginning of entirely new interpretations of the meaning of the dark lines crossing the rainbow-tinted spectrum. This star is one of those whose light when sifted by the spectro-scope into its components shows a regular, periodic displacement according to the direction of motion of the star in its orbit. During its approach towards us in the line of sight the Fraunhofer lines are moved up towards the violet end of the spectrum, and when it recedes the converse happens, the lines are dropped towards the red end. They are raised or lowered a tone, so to speak, precisely as the sound waves from the whistle of a locomotive are raised and lowered in pitch as it approaches and passes a station at high speed. But in the case of Delta Orionis, while the majority of the lines behave normally, the K lines of calcium resist the periodic displacement of the other lines and remain immovable! It has been suggested that the fixed K lines indicate a stationary cloud of calcium vapor between us and the star and quite independent of it. This is pure speculation, for there is no other evidence of such a cloud. It may be that the true cause of the anomaly will remain unknown for a long while.

In her frequent remarks concerning the solar spectrum, H. P. Blavatsky points out many difficulties in the way of fully accepting the orthodox scientific hypothesis of the day concerning the condition of the sun based upon spectroscopic observation. Since she wrote, the discovery of Radium has corroborated much that she advanced, for here is a substance giving out light and heat indefinitely without apparent cause. So without committing ourselves to any theory we may watch for further observations of Delta Orionis with great interest.

R.

Lightning-Burns Are Not Photographic Reproductions

FROM time to time one reads stories in the daily papers of persons struck by lightning in the neighborhood of trees, whose bodies are subsequently found to be marked with an apparently “photographed” impression of a tree with its trunk and branches.

One such fatal case has just been going the round of the London dailies. The impression was upon the victim's chest, and the usual detail is added that the marks were the exact picture of the neighboring tree.

It is difficult to understand these impressions as photographically made. Where is the reducing lens? Moreover, such an explanation is unnecessary. The body offers considerable resistance to the passage of a current. A flash of lightning passing down from the head would be broken into rivulets, taking various channels according to lines of lesser resistance. And that part which ran down the skin would behave in the same way, branching and rebranching. The resulting burns or other marks would therefore have a pretty close resemblance to a tree with its trunk and branches. The “tree” would in this case be upsidedown, but if the lines of less resistance happened to converge instead of diverging, the trunk would be below.

We do not know whether this explanation covers the facts in all cases. But before the reporter's usual remark—that the impression was exactly that of the nearest tree—is accepted, we would suggest that the tree should be photographed from the victim's standing place, and the photograph compared with the skin-marks.

STUDENT

A faculty of perception is growing in man, enabling him to descry facts and truths beyond our ordinary ken.

Is it too much to believe that man should be developing new sensibilities and a closer relation with nature?—H. P. Blavatsky

Death in the Pot—English Mortality Statistics

SOME extraordinary mortality figures are to hand from England, a study of which should, one would think, preclude anyone from adopting as his life-work the occupation of innkeeper. Taking the average mortality of males as 1,000, we find this average to be reached as follows:

Clergyman, priest, minister	533
Farmer	563
Laborer in agricultural counties	666
Hosiery manufacture	696
Carpenter, joiner	783
Fisherman	845
Coal miner	935
Hair-dresser	1,099
Musician, music-master	1,214
Brewer	1,427
Innkeeper, wine and spirit dealer	1,642
Earthenware manufacture	1,706
Inn, hotel servant (general)	1,725
File maker	1,810
Innkeeper and servant (London)	1,838
Innkeeper and servant (industrial districts)	1,948
Inn servant (London)	1,971
Innkeeper (industrial districts)	2,030

These figures mean that among clergymen life is twice as long as the average; among innkeepers it is half as long.

The causes of death are also striking.

Calling the average tendencies to suicide and nerve diseases respectively 15 and 102, among innkeepers they are 35 and 192.

Calling the average tendencies to pneumonia and phthisis 107 and 192, among innkeepers they are 257 and 305.

Calling the average tendency of members of all trades and occupations, to alcoholism, 13, among innkeepers it is 94 and among London inn servants 139.

The ratio of liver diseases in ordinary men to their frequency in innkeepers is as 29 to 248.

While we do not draw from the above figures the deduction that whoever wishes to live a long time must become a clergyman, we do say that he must *not* become an innkeeper.

STUDENT

Wife and Friend

MILLICENT lay back among the cushions on the pretty divan in one corner of her cosy sitting-room. She could not help feeling satisfaction as her eyes wandered around, from the walls hung with etchings and photographs, to the bookshelves filled with the beloved books—she knew the place of each one. In another corner stood the tea-table, and here her eyes lingered, for she was housewife enough to feel pride in its appointments of dainty china and embroidered linen. With her own hands she had wrought all this daintiness.

Her home was a suite of rooms high up in one of the city's great apartment houses, and when Erastus had said good-bye to her in the morning, she found it a pleasant task to pass the hours of his absence, in doing all that was necessary to keep in order an apartment with all the modern improvements.

She looked at the clock—at any moment the bell might ring—and up would come Ada, eager for a long talk with her friend, or Marian, brimming over with lively news, for it was Tuesday afternoon, and there was that about Millicent, that had made her little receptions popular among her friends.

The bell rang. Out into the hall ran Millicent. "Marian," called a voice up the speaking tube, and presently Marian appeared at the door.

Marian Alford and her husband were types of the gay, irresponsible young married people, of whom there are so many in large cities. They possessed a good income, and were free from cares of any kind. Life was to them one round of enjoyment, and withal they were so bright and entertaining, that the more serious Millicent and Erastus, to whom city life was a new experience, found them interesting companions. The four were on very friendly terms. Millicent was especially attracted by a certain energy and capability displayed by Marian in her pursuit of pleasure, and often thought that these, otherwise directed, might make her friend an exceptionally helpful woman.

Before the greetings were over, Millicent saw that Mrs. Alford was not in her usual blithe mood.

"I came early, just as soon as I thought all these little household duties of yours would be done," said Marian, "for I want to speak to you before any one else comes. I must unburden my mind to some one. Millicent, I am so anxious about Fred. He has not been himself lately at all. I have thought and thought about it, but I do not know what to do. You are such a wise little body, and, at any rate, I feel sure you will not scold and condemn me as Aunt Rita would, so I am going to tell you the whole story.

"You know I have always acted on the principle that I must join my husband in everything, and not be so squeamish about amusements that he would think me a bore, and tire of taking me about with him. And I love a gay time, and pretty clothes, and we *have* always spent our entire income on just these things. And lately we have met a new set of people, who are even more—well—extravagant, than we have been, and though I have never seen any harm in going to the races, or even betting a little, I have begun to feel uneasy about Fred. Since we have met the Woodward's, he is so much more reckless, so much more eager for excitement. I have mentioned this to him, but he only laughed and said, 'Well, really Marion, if *you* are getting squeamish about such little things!'

"And several times lately, Millicent, after all these years when we have gone everywhere together, Fred has left me, to spend the evening with the Woodward's and their friends, and has stayed *so* late. And though I did not feel angry—for I want him to enjoy himself—still I feel uncomfortable about him, and as if we had started on some new path that leads I know not where. Indeed, I do know where, for Fred is not steady and careful as he used to be, and it is essential for him, in the position he holds, to be both.

"I know his life is telling on him. Something will happen. And to

think he will not listen to me! If only I could do something to make him realize what he is doing. I feel sure, Millicent, you would be able to do something. But, there, dear, it is a pity it rains, you would be glad to see some one else come in, after hearing all my woes."

But Millicent's sympathetic look assured her friend, and Marian went on:

"You know I have always remembered something you said once, when we were discussing the foolish and untimely giving of presents, that has become so general. You said, 'Ah, well! aside from giving there is always something we can *be* to those we love, something brave and helpful and tender. Now, Millicent, if I could *be* something like that to Fred now, when he will not listen to my words.'

Here the bell rang again, and soon the little room was full of friends chatting cheerily around the tea-table. Millicent could only bid her friend good-bye affectionately, without referring to the confidences of the afternoon.

As the weeks and months passed, Mrs. Alford had reason to be more and more anxious about the change in her husband. Into their pleasant hitherto care-free life together had entered a new element, and Marian needed all the buoyancy of character natural to her, to help her face what the days brought. More and more she sought the company of Millicent, and one day, going to the little apartment and finding its mistress busy in her kitchen, she said:

"You will not mind my saying it—I believe I must learn to be poor, for I soon shall be poor. I know it is coming to that."

"Marian, are you afraid to be what you call poor—to have a limited income, much less than you ever had?"

"No; I am not." And the frank face showed that she meant what she said. "I should not mind being poor, having ever so little, in fact, if I could *only* feel that I was doing for my husband all that I know you do for yours. There is something about a woman's life, Millicent, that I have not learnt yet."

"Do you really mean, Marian, that you would be happy even if you had to give up your lavish way of living,

and the certainty of having beautiful gowns and going about, as you have done for so many years, without thinking where the money came from?"

"Yes; I do." And the true woman-heart spoke in what followed: "If I could learn, dear, to be to Fred what will help and hold him, in the cruel awakening that I feel is near to him, I should not care about any of the things I have enjoyed for so many years. I am not in despair even now, though I do not see the future clearly. I know when Fred comes to himself he will realize his foolishness and make a fresh start. Oh, Millicent, can I learn to give him then what he will need so sorely?"

Millicent's eyes shone.

"Dear, your words, your longing to do it, prove that you are a true wife. Trust yourself. Keep a brave heart. Fred will turn to your loving strength at last."

And so it was. When Fred Alford awoke as if from a long dream, and realized that his recklessness had ruined him, and that he had to begin at the foot of the ladder again, the manhood in which his wife had trusted was touched and strengthened by her courage and unwavering confidence and hope.

His eyes followed her wonderingly, as she gaily adapted herself to the changed, and often discouraging, circumstances of their life. Well might he watch and wonder, and gradually grow strong in purpose by her side. From the seed of her love and trust sprang a new relation that revealed husband and wife to each other in an ever deeper and more enduring friendship.

STUDENT

A LITTLE consideration of what takes place around us every day would show us that a higher law than that of our will regulates events: that our painful labors are unnecessary and fruitless: that only in our easy, simple, spontaneous action are we strong, and by contenting ourselves with obedience we become divine.

—EMERSON

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Raja Yoga Question Box

WHO was Plato?

Plato was the first of the pupils of Socrates, whose teachings he set forth in writing. His writings have always been like a light upon men's minds, keeping before them the immortal life of the Soul.

2 Who was Diotima?

Diotima was a sincere and gifted woman, whose wise words about heart-light

were an inspiration to both Socrates and Plato, and taught them many things.

3 Who was Donatello?

Donatello was a sculptor who lived in Florence in the end of the Fourteenth and beginning of the Fifteenth centuries. While he was also a painter, he was best known for his wonderful bas-reliefs and statues. His works are still to be seen in Florence and many of the cities of Northern Italy.

The Three Knights

By a young student in Raja Yoga School, San Diego, a branch of Raja Yoga School, Point Loma

IN a far off country there once reigned a king who was so truly kingly that his subjects were willing to do anything for him.

One day he received the news that his brother, who was also a king, was sick unto death and wished to see him. The good king hesitated not a moment and soon he and his attendants were speeding through the dark forest that separated the two kingdoms.

He lingered many months. At last his people became alarmed. Mayhap he had lost his way in the forest. At length the king's minister resolved to send some one in search of him. He therefore had it proclaimed throughout the kingdom that he would choose three of the bravest knights in the kingdom to send in quest of the king.

Of the many that assembled in the palace next day, some for the reward, some for the honor and glory and a few for the sole purpose of finding the king, the minister chose three knights, Sir Guilroy, Sir Keith and Sir Mortimer, thinking that if one or another failed, surely one of them would succeed. Sir Guilroy started. "Ah!" he thought, "if I bring news of the king, rich will be my reward, and I will wed the fairest lady in the land."

In his heart was greed. As he rode gaily along, building monstrous air-castles, a fierce lion sprang out from the bushes and devoured him. His frightened horse ran back to the palace gates. When the people saw the horse they knew that Sir Guilroy had failed.

Next Sir Keith was sent. In his heart was the love of glory. "Oh!" said he, as he rode briskly along, "if I succeed the whole kingdom shall bow down to me, and the king will make me a great lord."

Many days the gallant Sir Keith hunted. Perhaps he was blinded by selfishness, for, though he hunted high and low, no sign did he see of the king. At last, discouraged and famishing with hunger, he changed clothes with a peasant and traveled on foot to the kingdom as a beggar, in order that his comrades might not recognize him, for he too had failed.

The minister waited. Finally, thinking that Sir Keith had also been killed, he sent the young knight, Sir Mortimer.

Sir Mortimer was one of the few who really wished to find the king, and who thought not of self or of the reward. As he, too, rode gaily through the forest, he suddenly came upon an opening. In the opening on the tree stump sat the king, his royal garments torn and all his attendants gone. Sir Mortimer lifted the king gently on his horse. He was very weak, and Sir Mortimer gave him what little food he had.

As they neared the palace gates, all the peasants danced round them and the little children sang gay bits of song and even the birds seemed to join

in the merry-making. A great feast was given, to which every lord and lady, and even the peasants, were invited, and grand ladies danced with peasants and many a lord danced with a timid little shepherdess, and all, whether of high or low birth, were treated alike. But before the great rejoicing ended, the king bade every subject of high or low rank, to bend the knee to the noble Sir Mortimer. "For," said he, "when he was hungry he gave me his food, when he was thirsty he gave me his wine, and when he too was weary, he tended me. Let every bell in the kingdom peal out its allegiance to Sir Mortimer." Thus Sir Mortimer got his well-earned reward and the love and respect of all, only because he forgot himself and worked with his higher nature. F. G.

Young Filipinos

DEAR CHILDREN: You have all heard of the Philippine Islands, for the great war that we had in defense of the people of Cuba served to bring them very, very close indeed. And yet, in spite of all that, we do not know as much about the people as we should. There are very many islands, hundreds of them, in fact, some of them quite small, some, like Luzon, large; and there are many tribes of natives living upon

them, some of which are but little known, a few being entirely unknown, as yet, to the white race. For centuries they have lived their own life and gone their own way and been sad or happy, I have no doubt, in their own fashion; but with the American flag came

the touch of a new spirit. While there have been many drawbacks, there have been great advantages. A new door has been opened to the Filipinos and it may be that the little children will pass through it before their elders. How we wish they had a knowledge of Raja Yoga, for that would give them the power to take into their hearts all that is best in our civilization and to shut away all that is weakening

and bad. Many so-called savage peoples have not been strong enough to do this. That is the saddest part of the story. But we have failed in our duty, too, for we should have known how to teach them and we should have been unselfish enough to carry to them only our best.

DEAR CHILDREN: A friend has written me of how a party of whalers once chased a mother bear across a field of ice, away up in the Arctic circle. The bear was burdened with the care of two funny babies and the sailors thought it would be an easy matter—and great fun too—to hunt her down. At last, as they gained upon her, she began throwing her cubs on before her, and the cubs themselves seemed to understand what this meant, for after every throw they picked themselves up nimbly and waited for her to take hold of them again. And at last she got away safely, which was the best part of the whole story, wasn't it? **COUSIN EDDYTHE**



A FILIPINO HOLIDAY

MY LITTLE LASS

by JULIA HARRIS MAY

AND so you have lost your little lad,
And I have lost my girl,
The dear little girl that once I had,
And whose hair I used to curl.

She ran at my side, and she chattered so,
As her tiny hand I took;
But she skipped away, not long ago,
And I know not where to look.

For a maiden stands in the baby's place.
She is fair and tall and sweet,
She is full, so full of girlish grace,
From her head to her dancing feet.

She is singing a song I used to know,
(And I still confess its truth),
A song of bud beginning to blow
In the happy heart of youth.

She is mine, the maiden so tall and fair,
The maid with the voice divine;
But I think she has hidden away somewhere
That dear little lass of mine.

— The Western View



YOUNG FILIPINOS DANCING



FILIPINO CHILDREN DANCING

Students'



Path

THE SECRET OF DEATH

by PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

SAD mortal couldst thou but know
 What truly it means to die,
 The wings of thy soul would glow,
 And the hopes of thy heart beat high;
 Thou wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonist schools,
 And laugh their jargon to scorn,
 As the babbling of midnight fools
 Ere the morning of Truth be born:
 But I, earth's madcap above,
 In a kingdom of stormless breath—
 I gaze on the glory of love
 In the unveiled face of Death.

I tell thee his face is fair
 As the moon-bow's amber rings,
 And the gleam in his unbound hair
 Like the flash of a thousand springs;
 His smile is the fathomless beam
 Of the star-shine's sacred light,
 When the summers of Southland dream
 In the lap of the holy Night:
 For I, earth's blindness above,
 In a kingdom of halcyon breath—
 I gaze on the marvel of love
 In the unveiled face of Death.

Courtesy

COURTESY may be defined as the art of expressing good-will. Hence there are two indispensable factors in it—the good-will and the expression thereof. Like a sacrament, it has “an outward and visible form and an inward or spiritual” grace; and, like an art, it has inspiration and technique.

When either of these two essential components is lacking, the result is faulty. If the inspiring power of good-will is deficient, the courtesy becomes mere formal etiquette. When the art of expression is wanting, then the courtesy is clumsy and may be misunderstood.

But the more important element of the two is the inward and spiritual grace, because this tends to create its own gracious means of expression; the mere practice of etiquette will not make a malevolent person kindly.

Yet we must by no means underestimate the importance of caring for the outer form of politeness—and here I may surely assume that the reader is already inspired with the requisite kindly intention. It will not do to air the fallacy that conduct does not matter so long as the heart is right. For man was created for the express purpose of giving outward and visible form to inward and spiritual graces; and to keep them always inward and strictly spiritual is to shirk one's natural function and duty.

A heart is of no use either to its possessor or to anyone else, unless it does something. This is evident and familiar enough; but it is not all; there is more trouble yet. For, if the good-will does not rule the acts and conduct, then *something else* will. If our body and its actions are not actuated by our better desires, then they will be run by our worse desires, such as selfishness, greed, indolence, and the like. We may be ever so well disposed inside, but we shall behave like a clown or a pig.

Will it avail us to plead absent-mindedness, or modesty, or simplicity, or any of those familiar excuses for clumsy behavior? No; and the really well-intentioned man would not dream of so excusing himself. If you have ever wanted to please anyone very badly, you took care *not* to be absent-minded or indolent.

To come at once to the point—the body and its functions need training to wean them from old habits of servitude to selfish and unlovely instincts, and make them quickly and automatically responsive to the good-will we have acquired. For this, constant *watchfulness* may be needed, or we shall perhaps go along the street with our eyes in our pockets.

Or perhaps undue modesty, an insidious form of self-conceit, may make us afraid to show our real kindness—preposterous delusion!

I have dwelt on the need of attending to the outer form of courtesy, and yet it seems as if in reality all defects in the form were due to defects in the spirit; in short, if we are negligent in our politeness it is because we do not want to badly enough. Still, if we had not attended to the form, we should not have found this out; so it *is* necessary.

To sum up then—the spirit is all-important; and, if we are ever vigilant over our heart and keep it always, not well disposed, but actively gracious, then the form will take care of itself and we shall instinctively find means of making our good-will felt, as we desire. But, since many of our actions have become automatic in wrong grooves, we need to watch the mechanism and train that as well.

H. T. E.

Gratitude

GRATITUDE is one of the nobler qualities and is rooted in the spiritual part of our nature. Ingratitude is purely selfish and is one of the most ignoble qualities of the lower nature, or we may call it the absence, in an active form, of the spiritual quality of gratitude.

While gratitude has in it an element of justice causing a desire to make return for favors received, yet it is something more, for true gratitude does not cease with any return for that which may have been received. It is as eternal as the spiritual nature of which it is a part.

Those who do not recognize a spiritual nature in animals will think this is not true, for many animals have gratitude in a very pure form and do not forget the friend who has served them in time of need and for whom they will risk their lives when danger threatens; and in case of domestic animals there is a constant exhibition of affection and gratitude. Animals are still largely under the sway of the primal spiritual impulse which started them forth on their spiral journey of evolution.

Those who have attained the greatest spiritual development have the truest gratitude and are grateful for whatever is done to help humanity, as they live for this and not for themselves.

Gratitude increases as selfishness is overcome and our perception of the true nature of things clears. Then we are able to be grateful for what in a more selfish state we would resent because of its hurting the lower self through its pride. We are grateful because whatever shows us our faults helps us to rise above them if we have the right spirit. When we no longer identify ourselves in our thoughts with our lower nature but with our higher, we see things in a different way and arrive at a truer basis of gratitude.

What cause for immeasurable gratitude have we whose privilege it is to be here at this spiritual center with all its helps and opportunities for the overcoming of our selfish selves and becoming fit instruments in every part of our being for the use of the Divine Spirit in the service of humanity. When we think of the great evil and darkness that threatens to overwhelm the world at this time, what an inestimable privilege is ours to be able by simple faithfulness, and trust in the working of the Law, and doing our best, whether it seems little or great, to help to stem the tide of evil and turn it back forever. If we fully appreciate this, surely our gratitude to the helpers of humanity who have made possible this work will be so great and so true that the utmost devotion to the cause of Universal Brotherhood can only partially express it. BANDUSIA WAKEFIELD

Shakespeare As a Catholic

IT has been variously ascertained, “from internal evidence” mainly, that Shakespeare belonged to every profession, and also that he was a murderer. Also that he never existed; and that there were two of him. He was literate and illiterate, and belonged to various ranks of society. He had no religion, and was profoundly religious. He was a convinced Protestant, and now it is stated that he was a Catholic!

The evidence is of the same final character that causes us to accept all the other contentions. We had thought of taking a part in this game and writing a book showing, from the internal evidence afforded by the play of Hamlet, that Shakespeare was a Dane. But as a study of other plays had convinced us that he was a Scotchman and an Italian and probably also a Frenchman, we have decided not to publish. The above mentioned critic is therefore the last comer into the arena. Yet how many students of Theosophy have not found *that* glittering in many a line? Reincarnation and Karma are instances. STUDENT

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

by J. A. SYMONDS

THESE things shall be:—A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
O'er earth and fire, and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free,
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

Great minds shall rise, with ampler powers,
A loftier wisdom to impart;
And arts shall bloom of nobler mould
And mightier music thrill the heart.

Then want and woe, and sin and shame
No more shall triumph 'neath the skies,
But every life shall be a song,
And earth be more like paradise.

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell



Question
members united?

It is stated that the Theosophical Society demands no acceptance of belief from its members. Upon what basis are the

Answer

In spite of all experience, in spite of all history to the contrary, there seems still to be a fixed idea in the human mind, that it is possible to hold people together on the strength of a common belief.

It is unreasonable to expect this. No two minds are alike and no two can look through their different minds at any subject in exactly the same way. Even if they should chance to today, they are not likely to tomorrow, unless they have minds which do not grow in the least.

Who can express the final truths of being in words? And even if this could be done, what two people could understand them to the same extent? Who shall decide whose interpretation shall be accepted? And who will dare narrow down the truth to the present interpretation of any mortal? It has been a method used in the churches. They have dared. But the result has been not unity, but dissension, conflict, bitter warfare, persecution. Every so-called religious body has split itself up into sects without number, each trying to get away from the other and form a little heaven to itself. In fact there is nothing in the history of the race which has aroused more hatred, more diabolical tendencies, than the insistence upon a common religious belief.

The Theosophical Society knew that unity is necessary, but it was too wise to seek to bring it about in this way. On the contrary, it said, believe what seems to you the highest truth, and respect this in others as you wish it respected in yourself. But for unity it struck deeper. It went to the heart, and announced as its object the formation of a nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood. In an ideal people can unite. For a living, vital truth which is dear to their hearts, they will hold together and work together, but not for a belief.

Many people have longed to unite for an ideal, and have done it for a time. But the simple reason that the Theosophical Society succeeded in forming a nucleus for a Universal Brotherhood, and that this latter organization which has absorbed the former, still exists and grows stronger and greater day by day is this: It was brought into being and has been gradually shaped, and held in line by a leader, who in the line of evolution is far above those who are led—by a leader who understands the human mind and its weaknesses; the pitfalls into which it must surely drop if not guided; who understands the needs of humanity—the final goal to be attained and how to attain it, and who, above all, is filled with the necessary courage and compassion to undertake the herculean task of conducting those who are willing, out of the maze of confusion into which they have put themselves.

Without this the Theosophical Society would be nothing. They might

have had the highest ideals. Some might even have conceived the idea of forming a Universal Brotherhood, but no two would have agreed as to how it should be done, and long before this they would have disintegrated themselves into atoms by quarreling about methods. Some one must lead, and the leader in any undertaking must always be one who knows how to get to the place he starts for. He must know the road, its dangers, its short cuts—to use if need be—and its obstacles. He must have traveled it before. Anyone unqualified, attempting to lead to such a goal as Universal Brotherhood, would be routed by a thousand foes before many steps were taken. And it is plain that without such a leader humanity could never attain the delicate adjustment, the wonderful blending which must precede such a state of consciousness as Universal Brotherhood. That is the real secret of the union among the members. G. V. P.



Question

If we do a wrong thing, not meaning to, and are truly, truly sorry, will we have to suffer hereafter? Please answer.

Answer

The very question carries with it a deep undertone, and seemed to me as I read it like the heart moan of some one who had glimpsed just enough light to reveal in all their awfulness the shadows, some one who had realized just enough of courage to feel the full agony of fear. It is the question that half the world is asking today, the half that has not grown reckless and therefore unafraid. The brain-mind has no answer. The heart has.

What governs the world, chance or law? What is life's real key-note, selfishness or compassion? Is humanity helped and loved and guided by the Great Ones, or are we victims of those wiser than we, who when they are kindest deign to leave us alone? Never. Every fiber of our being protests against such an idea. Every throb of our heart declares that there is a guiding Law, universal and infinite, and not lightly to be misunderstood. He who breaketh that Law, even ignorantly, sets into motion causes that cannot fail of their effects. The babe who places its hand in the fire is burned and suffers, though he does it in perfect ignorance.

And yet in this seeming injustice there lies infinite release and a great hope. Who are we? What are we? Are we not souls, infinite, eternal and divine, masters of the law? which does not mean triflers with it, by any means. Dare the master of tone harmony, work contrary to the laws which he knows to exist? Can he break the strings of his harp or break the laws of musical theory with impunity? The very fact that he understands this law makes him its master, but only in so far as he becomes coworker with it. That is the glory of this higher knowledge and only those who are beginning to step from the shadows into the sunlight can realize how sadly the world has needed it.

But the question again. Imagine that you have contracted a debt which one day will be presented, with interest, for payment. You may suffer on that day of reckoning or not; that depends. If there is an abundance in your treasury that debt will trouble you but little. If you are bankrupt then you face ruin. Now the simile holds equally good in the moral world. If we have spiritual treasures in abundance can we not meet our creditors, scarcely inconvenienced and with a smile? If we are spiritual bankrupts, then of course we go down in the general wreck; and herein lies the inspiration of Theosophy, for it *does* open the doorway into that treasure house of soul wherein may be found riches in abundance and store exhaustless upon which we may draw ever and ever when sorrow crushes and events grow harsh. Treasure upon which we may draw for the payment of all debts; treasure, which if we lose not the key is ours to command always and in fullest measure, and *Theosophy is that key*.

G. K.

INSTEAD of saying that man is the creature of circumstance, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstance. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstance. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas: bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks, until the architect can make them something else. Thus it is that, in the same family, in the same circumstances, one man rears a stately edifice, while his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lives forever amid ruins; the block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong.—*Carlyle*

Look Forward

Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before.
—Philippians 3:13

HOW often when we take up the pages of that ancient Scripture, which has been the comfort of so many suffering, toiling pilgrims in the West, do we find a brilliant, illuminating phrase, able to unlock closed doors in the heart, to unveil mysteries in life. The text quoted above is one of such and is in perfect accord with the teachings of all the wise ones. Do not waste force looking back. Even the proverb says, "Do not cry over spilt milk," and the allegory of Lot's wife being turned to a pillar of salt carries the meaning. Katherine Tingley never wearies of impressing upon her pupils that each day should be as the beginning of a new life. Every time you sit down and groan over past misdeeds you weaken yourself in exact proportion to the energy you spend in vivifying the past. Look forward, build up tomorrow as it should be! Another scripture says, "Regret nothing, cut all doubts with the sword of spiritual knowledge"—that spiritual knowledge which is the realization of our oneness with the Divine, that spiritual will which can change all things in us in the twinkling of an eye.

How we hypnotize ourselves into the belief that we are miserable sinners! We have had this depressing idea impressed upon us so forcibly by interested persons that we are really proud of it! But the strong soul will get up, and, pushing aside such puerilities, will gird on the armor of light, and in the strength of the Christ within, the warrior indomitable, fight for humanity. Let us remember the advice of W. Q. Judge about building up new thought-forms which will gradually replace the old, and never being overwhelmed by the shadows of past mistakes. We may learn by thinking over our past, but self-condemnation by itself is morbid. Away with it. Live in the Eternal.

STUDENT

To the Members of The Universal Brotherhood Throughout the World: In order to expedite improvements in the different Departments of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, it is necessary that all communications, connected with the work of the Universal Brotherhood, should be directed to Katherine Tingley, Loma Homestead, Point Loma, California.

(Signed) KATHERINE TINGLEY, Leader and Official Head

THE NEW CENTURY PATH is in almost every library in the United States and Europe and a very large number of the subscribers are made up of the thinking earnest minds of the age who are searching for such knowledge as will help them to lead a more perfect life. Its object is to advance human fraternity.

The Empire of Silence

The fulness of the seeming void.—Voice of the Silence

TO many of us the idea that arises in the mind on hearing the word "silence" is one of blankness and vacancy. Sound seems to be something, but silence appears to be as nothing, a negation. A little thought, however, should convince us that silence is the root and origin of all sounds, for out of the primeval silence emerged the worlds with all their sounds, and into the silence all will one day subside when the cosmic clock strikes once more the hour for periodic rest. Just as a yard measure is an infinitesimal portion of infinite length, cut off and bounded by the limits of a rod of wood, so our speech is made of fragments of the silence, broken up and thrown into vibration by the organ of the voice. In the bosom of Infinite Silence lie in their potentiality all the voices, the cries, the songs and the music of the visible universe that forever utters a ceaseless roar of blended sounds as it whirls on its noisy pathway through the silent depths of space.

Consider for a moment how rich and full that exhaustless storehouse of sound which we call the Silence, must be. All the singers, the poets, the sages and the teachers who have ever gladdened the weary world have emerged from the Silence. Silently they took possession of their visible bodies and then spoke out as much of the message of the Silence as they could. Their life-work done, they passed behind the heavy veil that shuts the empire of the Silence from the world of sounds. All that was ever sung or spoken and all that ever will be, lies hidden in the unfathomable abyss of eternal silence.

There is an element of stability and inexhaustiveness about the idea of silence. All sounds, however sweet or terrible, begin and end. The music opens and has its close, but the silence! It ever is, and he who has trained his ears to listen to its undying harmonies has found an exhaustless treasure-house, a sure asylum for the soul wearied by the stress and clamor of the discordant voices of men.

But though the silence is so rich and full and offers a refuge so secure, none but the brave may hope to enter in. The coward who ventures to lift the thick curtain is terrified by the oppressive quiet of that soundless realm. Without the familiar din of voices, he feels lost and homeless, and so it is that only those who dare and have the persistence of intense desire, can hope to claim their own.

STUDENT

Our work is a plea for the recognition of the anciently universal Wisdom-religion as the only possible key.—H. P. Blavatsky

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Average number of hours per day, 8.23

AUG	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DAY	NIGHT		DIR	VEL
1	29.830	72	64	68	64	.00	NW	8
2	29.772	71	64	69	64	.00	NW	4
3	29.742	74	64	66	63	.00	W	4
4	29.810	71	63	68	64	.00	W	4
5	29.842	74	63	71	67	.00	NW	4
6	29.800	75	63	69	66	.00	W	5
7	29.768	75	64	69	65	.00	SW	4

Observations taken at 8 a. m. Pacific Time

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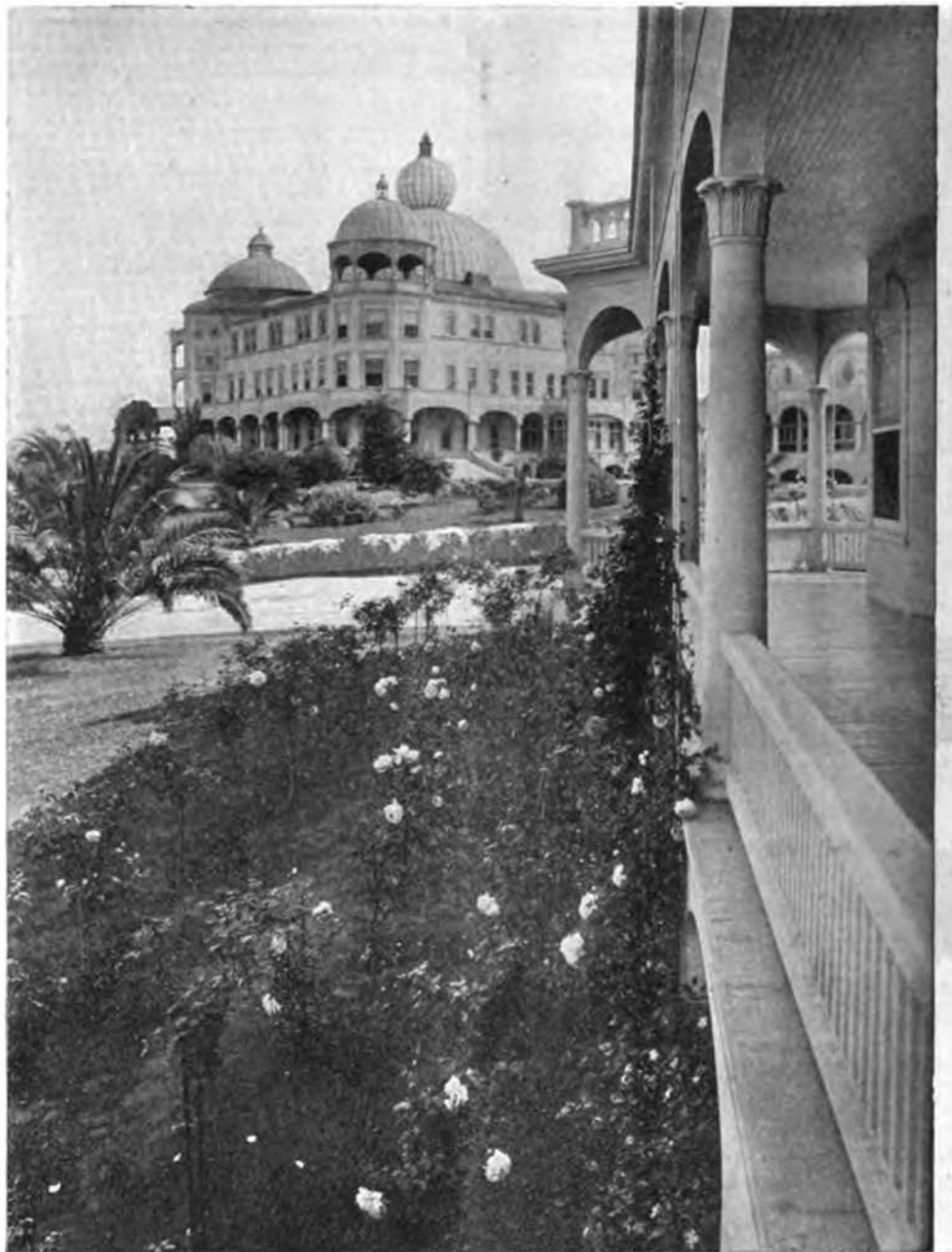
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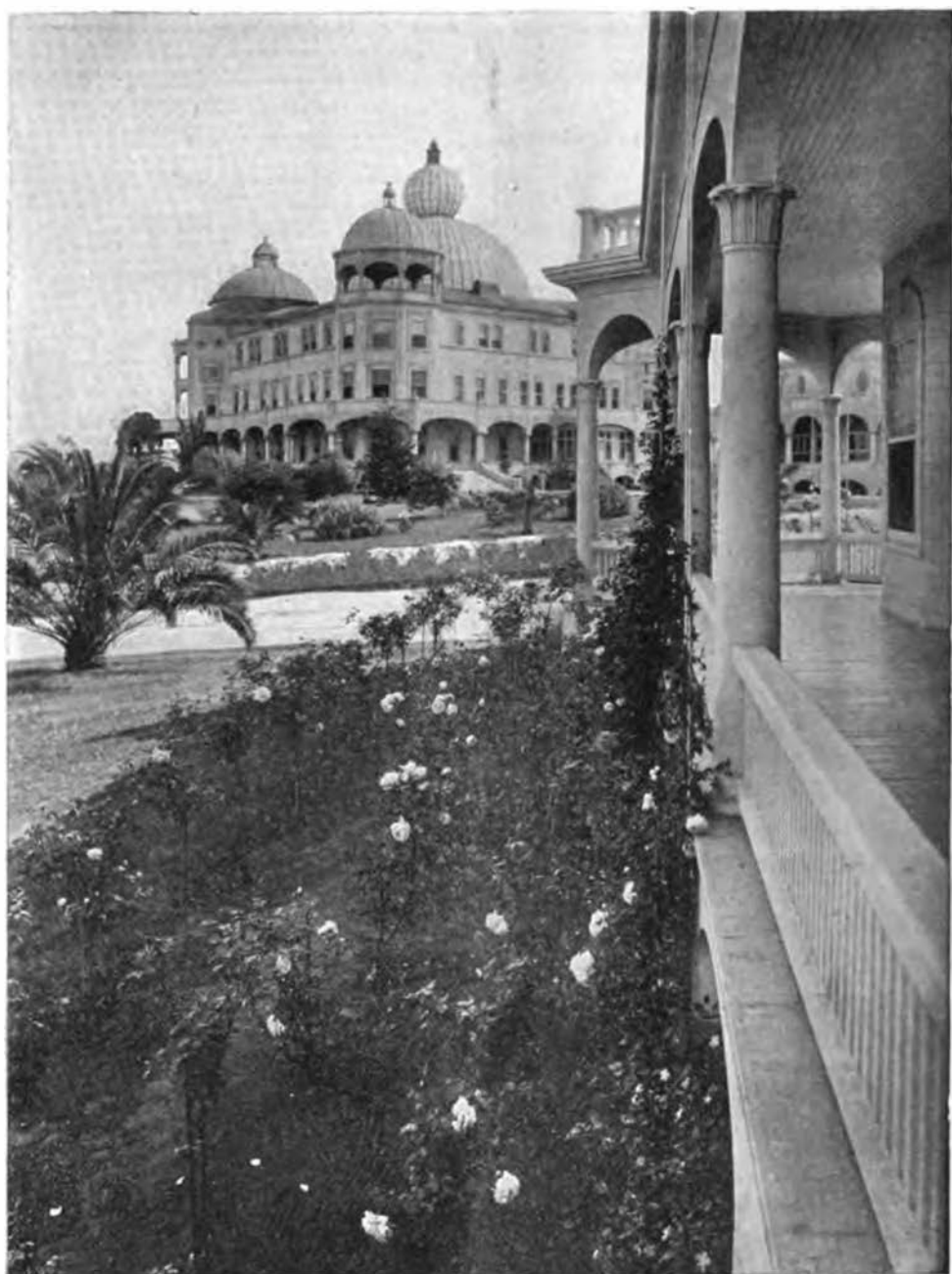
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CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Philosophy & Common Sense
Need of a Guiding Hand
The Great and Small
The People of South Africa
Island and Harbor of Corfu—frontispiece

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Definition of Sanity
There Is no Death
Modern Witchcraft
Advocates Vivisection

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

A "Wonder-Child"
Higher Value of Poetry
Artist's Measure of the Commonplace
A Raja Yoga Studio (illustration)
L'Envoi (verse)
Laughter and Song

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Woman's Dress
Femine Attire
Collecting Kelpie at Point Loma—illustrated
Trailing Skirts & Microbes

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Latter Day Englishmen as "Sun Worshipers"
Indian Mental Capacity
Ancient Parish Church
The Potlatch Among Alaskan Indians

Page 9—NATURE

How Plants Spread Their Seeds
Solitude (verse)
A Natural Boarding-House—illustrated

Page 10—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre

Page 11—GENERAL

Some Lomaland Visitors

Page 12—GENERAL

Illusion and Reality

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Progress in Vegetation
Why Sleep Is a Blank
Flower Colors
An Important Hedgehog

Pages 14—FICTION

Story of Two Lives
A Springtime Lesson
Not Unworthy (verse)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Raja Yoga Question Box
The Cuban Raja Yoga
Drama Given in Santiago de Cuba—illustrated

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

No Surrender (verse)
Theosophy and Nature
Ingratitude
Hope (verse)
Life (verse)
Theosophical Forum
As to Plagiarism
Maltese Faldetta

Page 18—ODDS AND ENDS

America's First Greek Amphitheatre
The Thibetan Expedition
Agriculture in Lomaland
A 30,000 Year's Clock

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological Table, Miscellany

Philosophy & Common Sense

THE philosophical teachings to be found in books on Theosophy are meant to be practically applied as guides in daily life; but the habit of making our philosophy abstract and unpractical often prevents us from making any use of such teachings. The tendency to make of philosophy a mere intellectual pastime, and to let actual life run on without its aid, is strongly ingrained.

One of these teachings is that the universe and all life is pervaded by the eternal duality of Spirit and Matter. Let us try to reduce these terms from mere metaphysical abstractions down to familiar terms in the language of common life.

Human life consists in the perpetual endeavor to realize ideals—to give expression to an unseen spirit. Here, then, we have this duality—

the spirit and its expression. It is only reasonable to suppose that all life, *all* growth, is similar; and that the animals, the plants, and the very rocks and waves, are all continually engaged in giving expression to unseen thoughts and ideals in the great universal Mind.

Thus we get a meaning for the words *Spirit* and *Matter*, as used thus broadly. Spirit means every unexpressed ideal, thought or sentiment; and Matter means the form or shape which represents that Spirit in the visible world. To illustrate this duality, thus defined,

Duality ---	by a few instances, we may enumerate—
Motive and	Principles and practice;
Conduct ▸	Motive and conduct;
	Ideal and achievement;

Genius and talent; desire and attainment (or possession); inspiration and technical skill (in arts), and so on.

It will help all students of life to keep this philosophical principle of duality ever in mind; for there is always the tendency to be too narrow in our outlook, and to see only one side of a question at a time. All history shows men rushing from one extreme to the other, now creating new doctrines, laws and institutions, to embody their ideals and aspirations, and now breaking them up under the stress of a new tide of inspiration and changed ideals. And the history of any one individual life will show the same fluctuations. In making these perpetual changes we are but obeying the external law of growth. The Spirit is ever trying to express itself outwardly in act and conduct; the Mind is ever striving to embody and give form to the fiery Spirit. But the Spirit cannot be fettered in a fixed and rigid form, and in its impatience it breaks up the old modes; and Mind, in its turn, hates formlessness

Let the Soul Sit as the Spectator

and loves order and preciseness, and so continually binds the Spirit with new forms.

But, while we obey this inevitable law of life, the illuminated mind can understand its meaning, and thus preserve a balance which will keep the Soul calm and self-possessed through all changes. Narrow and partial views will disappear in this broader light, and opposed schools of thought become reconciled in one. We shall realize the necessity of caring for both Spirit and Form, instead of alternately sacrificing the one to the other.

Thus it will be seen that principles and conduct are both equally important, and that each is necessary to the other. It will not do to be saying that motive is everything, and that behavior does not matter so long as motive is all right; nor that behavior is all-important and principle does not matter. In an art, inspiration and technical ability are both absolutely necessary; for an artist without ideals produces formal correctness without inspiration, and an inspired genius who has no technical ability cannot produce anything at all.

Break up the old habits that fetter one's larger aspiration. Form larger habits to embody and render effective these aspirations; but some day these habits, too, will be outgrown.

Habits That Fetter True Aspiration

We must not rest content with being merely good men, and contributing to the stock of good intentions with which hell is said to be paved. There are plenty of well-intentioned people in the world, but they might as well be out of it. In this world we need people who can make their goodness felt; and an average man who does as well as he knows how is more useful than the one who knows how, but cannot do it.

Did not Christ tell us to make our ideals effective, when he said:

Ye are the light of the world.

A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.

Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light to all that are in the house.

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

We must have ideals and live up to them. Man's whole duty and function is to manifest the Divine intention. To see the Light and not to manifest it, is to refuse our sacred mission as creators. We have to make the perfect Man and Woman, and to construct new and better types of every human institution, for the use of a world that has outgrown its old types. Conduct and organization are all-important. Brotherhood must be made real, visible, tangible and effectual. Then only can real life *begin*. For the attainment of Brotherhood is the tuning of the instruments before the symphony.

STUDENT

The Need of a Guiding Hand

SAINT PAUL says in one of his Epistles that all nature painfully awaits the time of the redemption of man. This has been a dark saying for a long time, but now, with the awakening sense of responsibility to guide us we can begin to perceive its meaning. When we take a stroll through the woods and fields we see it written large upon everything. That dead tree is fallen against that sapling and will deform, or perhaps kill it. That lusty sprout is dwarfing and spoiling what should be a fine tree. That bush has choked itself with exuberance of growth in a good season. That lowland lies under stagnant, slimy water, whereas it should be a meadow watered by a brooklet. A little intelligent human effort would quickly put these things to rights, but Nature, working by slow cosmic processes either can do nothing or does it so slowly and clumsily that her protégés are often the first victims of her helpful efforts. Meanwhile man, who was commanded to have dominion over the earth and care for it, does nothing which does not directly serve his own narrow personal selfishness. His "redemption" has not yet come, and, still unable to adjust human affairs in rational, harmonious unity, he is neither willing nor able to perform his rightful task of caring for and adjusting the progress of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. The crown of Upper, Lower and Middle Egypt belonged to the divine Kings, as Man's triple crown of sovereignty shall belong to him when he lets go of himself and claims his rightful throne. STUDENT

The Great and the Small

HE who has found out the desirability of systematically directing his attention to those ideas which lie outside his own personal interests will have discovered a world. If he is wise he will enlarge his views thereupon until it becomes for him a source of joy and inspiration. The busiest man needs an occasional rest for mind and brain, and there is no surer way of refreshment than by seeking it on the bosom of Mother Nature.

The civilization of the Twentieth century has tardily acknowledged all this, and has applied it in a thousand ways. The joy of nature-life on ocean, river, prairie and mountain give strength and vigor to many a fatigued and harassed seeker for worldly success. They drink of the fountain of health, and return to the tenor of their daily occupations in the cities of the plain. And so an ideal is gradually extending that the city of the future will provide for homes in which a closer union with nature will be possible. This slow return to a more natural and less hurried and feverish method of living is a sign of progress.

Let us give one picture which must have already presented itself to every student of life.

It is a cloudless night and the stars are shining in the dark blue vault of heaven, covering the dome above us with the same chequered pattern which was seen by our forefathers from time immemorial. What are these scintillating specks of light of which modern science can tell us so little? Are they worlds, inhabited like ours, by conscious beings? How far are they away? Scientists tell us that light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles per second, and that, at this rate, it has taken the beam of light (from some of them) which enters our eye, more than 4,000 years to travel the distance which intervenes. So that the light left on its long journey more than 2,000 years before the Christian era. Think of it! We have often heard of these stupendous distances, and have tried to realize them. They do not affect us, for our minds fail to grasp them. We can only look upwards and ponder on the infinite grandeur which lies in the boundless depths of space.

Place any small insect under a powerful microscope. Note the gradations of color, and absolute perfection of form, which surround every part of it, down to the exquisite finish of the tiniest visible detail. Increase your magnifying power and new perfections are developed until the limit of your instrument is reached.

Between these infinities we stand. We can only see a very little way with our mortal eyes in either direction. In vain we seek to find the source of being or put a limit on the limitless. We call things great and small, but these ideas are only relative to the human frame which we inhabit and which prescribes our boundaries. By looking further with the eye of imagination and with the eye of trust, we may see that these two infinities meet and make a perfect circle, embracing all things. E. V.

The People of South Africa

THE great South African country is a land on the whole not very unlike our own Idaho, Utah or Wyoming. The inland is desert land, a high plateau, with countless ridges of mountains, and many of them flat-topped, saw-toothed as if they alone had been left standing high while the rest of the country dropped down a thousand feet or more. In the summer, between December and March, this desert is green and decked with flowers, while the rest of the year it is a barren waste covered with a few straggling "karroo" bushes. This is, in fact, the great karroo country, and here and there you see an ostrich race with the railroad train as you travel along, or a "hartebeest" run for shelter, or you will perhaps see the stately, secretive bird stalk along with deliberate steps; but of the hordes of elephants and giraffes and zebras that formerly made their home in this region there remains not even a trace.

The coast looks different. There you find a more or less narrow fringe, with a vegetation almost tropical, and the country there looks more like the Africa of our imagination. And so is the north, the country beyond the region of the tsetse fly, through which no horse can pass and live.

All this country, vast in extent, varied in aspect, is populated by a people different in character from that which you find anywhere else on the globe. In our own country we have a conglomerate population recruited from all parts of the world, but so strong is the ruling national spirit that they have amalgamated, and form a new and distinct type.

In South Africa the white population has also come from elsewhere, but, instead of their becoming like one people, they have largely held aloof from each other and refused to merge into a common nationality. Perhaps it is partly due to the fact that so many go there intending to stay only for a while; and even if they die there and a new generation springs up in their place they in their turn speak of their parent's country as "home."

There are four separate divisions of people in British South Africa. There are the natives, locally called by the general name of *Kaffirs*, and comprising all people of unmixed negro blood. Then there are the Boers, mostly of Dutch origin but strongly mixed with and influenced by the descendants of the Huguenot refugees, who came shortly after the Dutch first began to settle the country. The *Afrikaners* form another large and important division, including all native-born of British descent. And the *Uitlanders*, that is foreigners, mostly British and American, form a fourth and a very important subdivision.

The Kaffirs originally formed a very strong population, though unable to compete with the hardy and well armed Dutch. The latter might never have left the fertile coast regions had it not been that they were unwilling to adapt themselves to the more up-to-date civilization brought in by the British; rather than to submit to a change in their simple habits, they chose to wander further inland, into a barren country where they had little to expect except their much-beloved freedom. For a while they were left unmolested, except that they were constantly at war with the natives, but at last the find of gold and precious stones brought the British into the new country, and the old hatred between the races again burst into flame and brought about several conflicts, culminating, as we know, in the late war. It was the battle between conservatism and progress, a conservatism that tried to maintain simple habits, it is true, but also indolence and ignorance, against a progress largely on material lines. It is this lack of any high ideals which made the fight so bitter; but, enemies as were the Boers and the British, both were brave, and then at last they found one common ground to stand on, one ideal common to both; and so it came to pass that the very war did much to bring the two great races nearer together and that there is today a brighter hope than there has ever been for the fulfilment of a United South Africa. E. T. SEDERHOLM

Island and Harbor of Corfu---Frontispiece

THE NEW CENTURY PATH's cover-page this week gives a view of the island and harbor of Corfu, Greece. A number of foreign men-of-war may be seen; while to the left are dimly visible the mountains forming the rocky coast of Epirus (Albania), which will be remembered as containing the ancient town of Dodona. The Dodonæan oracle, sacred to Zeus, was famous in antiquity. Corfu belongs to the group of the Ionian Islands, and was called by the ancient Greeks Kerkura. It is a very fertile and beautiful island; but besides the town of Corfu itself, it contains only a few villages. Besides being a resort for invalids, it is the winter residence of the King and Court of Greece.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Definition of Sanity Is Difficult

EVERY law case involving the question of insanity makes the definition of the limits of the disease more difficult. The cross-examination of medical experts on this point is the easiest and showiest form of legal dialectics. The reason lies in the attempt to draw the line between sanity and insanity *within the region of insanity*, where, consequently, no such line can be. The real line is in another place; and it is a line across which we, the self-assertedly sane, are constantly passing to and fro. Every man whose mind proceeds at any moment to think thoughts of *its own choosing*, pulled by its desires towards some line of associated ideas, has crossed the boundary. It may not think anything very obviously absurd or out of accord with the fitness of things, but it is on the path towards doing so. If we make some sort of ideal of the perfectly balanced man, it will be one whose mind is continuously under the direction of his spiritual will, and whose thoughts are checked in advance of their production, whilst they are but feeling, by judgment. But to watch the faces of nine men out of ten whom one meets in the streets, is to see that their minds have run away with them. Looking into the eyes of some hard, calculating faces, faces of men who would be ordinarily judged pre-eminently sane, one sees a fierce, strong, concentrated mind, following its steady purpose. *It is running itself*, under the lash of a desire; but of a directing soul and will, there is no sign. Strictly speaking, the man is a lunatic. There is no sort of guarantee that the next moment the mind will not proceed with the same intensity to make ideas that even *we* can see are insane. Indeed, it has already evolved one—that its interests are separate from those of its fellows over all the field of human life. This is an insane idea, and the world is a lunatic asylum in proportion as that idea obtains. But lunatics who are equally insane do not imprison each other. The only strictly sane man is he who has “seized hold on himself, and asserted and realized his potentially all-dominating soul-existence;” he who has made his mind understand that *he* intends to rule, and from that standpoint—the soul—gathered in under his domination all the elements of his nature.

STUDENT

There Is no Death--Only Liberation

THE preposterous aphorism of a happily dying school of science—that consciousness cannot exist apart from the material body—receives an emphatic disproof at no small number of deathbeds. The “dying” are often living witnesses to their own survival. That which survives death, is all that which is best of the individual. And many of those who in life have recognized that, turn back from their progress towards their light and their freedom in order that they may convey through the stiffening lips what they now *know*. And it will then become obvious that as the flame of bodily life burns down lower and lower to its coming extinction, that of consciousness burns brighter and clearer. It will be obvious that the powers of the body are being for the last time *used* for the deliverance of the compassionate message. The words in which the vision of the growing light is phrased, vary with the previously set beliefs of the individual. But under all its differences of phrasing, the essential message is the same. *There is no death*. And if we live our lives in that conviction, and daily try to feel ourselves as enduring souls, we too, as we pass the gateway, can turn back and leave behind us on earth something of the divine message that will then be ours to give. In proportion as we so live as to gain the power to do that, we shall bring into human life a peace, a freedom and a joy, which it has long lacked. And we shall have destroyed the demon of death-fearing, whose black wings have for ages hidden the true universe and its sun from human eyes. *There is no death*. There is liberation from all that ties down the soul, from passion, from the limitations of flesh. Instead of the death we picture and dread, there is entry into an unimagined freedom of consciousness. And if we were to go through life with that idea, marking every noble impulse, every lofty moment, every aspiration, every gleam of real unselfish love, as hints, foretastes, and anticipations, death would come clothed in light.

WITNESS

Prof. Stetson on Modern Witchcraft

PROFESSOR HERBERT L. STETSON, of Kalamazoo College, is a bold man. Not only does he believe in obsession and witchcraft, but he recently said so in a lecture to the divinity students of his college. Of course it required less courage to say it to them than to other kinds of students; for the Bible, their textbook, is full of that sort of lore, and to reject the occult would be to reject very much of both Testaments.

The Bible is nowise singular in this respect. Back as far as history and tradition record, and so on to our own time, every nation has believed in miracles, witchcraft and the occult generally. Science has done little to kill this belief even in the West; nothing at all in the East. Indeed, it is rapidly discovering a good deal of it to be very well founded. But to return to Professor Stetson—he said:

The possession of devils and evil spirits is not a fiction. It is as real as anything in human experience, and is growing all the time. Many persons are ruled by personalities other than their own. It is impossible for these victims to disenthral themselves. They grow away from their own selves by sheer force of sinister and occult influences over which they have no control. This kind of witchcraft has reached dangerous proportions, and it is one of the most important problems with which science has to deal today.

Possibly science may have to “deal with it,” but assuredly it will not have the least idea how to do so. At present it is actively making the case worse, for that very thing which *we* call hypnotism, including the subjection of one will by another, the induction of false personalities, and the injection of insane or immoral ideas, was in the Middle Ages called witchcraft. So the first way to “deal” with witchcraft is to *stop practising it*, stop teaching it at the hospital clinics, and make it illegal on the public platform.

And the individual may rest assured that if he lives up to his highest moral standard and keeps in the light of his own soul, he has nothing to fear from anybody's occult practises, nor any sort of “evil spirits.”

STUDENT

A Bishop Advocates Vivisection

A BISHOP advocating vivisection is a phenomenon that commands our respectful interest. It is exhibited in his own person by the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts. His argument is that as we already use animals for food, dead, we may as well use them alive to provide us with medical knowledge. And he adds some embroidery about anæsthetics. He omits to consider the vast and continuous series of operations done without anæsthetics; to consider the cases in which, even where anæsthetics *are* used during the work, the animal is not then killed, but awakes and lives with its wounds, tubes and sutures; to consider the moral atmosphere generated in himself and in the often witnessing students by the operation, and the often hypocritical pretense of a yearning desire for the welfare of “suffering humanity” which all these have to maintain; and, as a presumable Christian, to consider that all things living are of one essence and of one parentage, and that we have no right to send an animal soul back to its source thrilling with pain, which it indissolubly associates with human agency; to consider, in fact, that vivisection is a crime against brotherhood.

It will not be long ere this is recognized. But when it is, our western humanity will hardly turn gratefully to the official exponents of the “Gospel of Compassion,” who, if they had combined, might have long ago stopped this continuous outrage. It is from other sources that we have to learn the unity of life. That which is self-consciousness in man is already stirring in the higher animals, and their primal education should be even now reckoned as a sacred duty.

Some years ago an English Bishop created something of a sensation by declaring that, in his opinion, the strict carrying out of the principles of the Sermon on the Mount was incompatible with the preservation of society.

A defense of child-labor in factories would now be in order from a third Bishop.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

A "Wonder-Child" Who Is a Natural Child

"AFTER that Mendelssohn and Vecsey played with toy soldiers until it was time for him to leave. When his visit came to an end he could not leave the room until he had imprinted a kiss upon the fiddle." The above is quoted from an interview with one of the friends of little Franz Von Vecsey, the eleven year old boy who has been startling all Europe with his amazing performances on the violin, and the incident related occurred during the child's visit to Mendelssohn's son, who allowed him to play at the time upon a valuable Stradivarius. The writer adds further, as if it were something exceedingly abnormal and queer, "After breakfast he will take up his violin and play for five minutes or so; then he will put it down and turn his attention to his tin soldiers or some other childish amusement." Well, why shouldn't he?

A genius isn't necessarily a freak of nature, although so misunderstood have been many gifted souls during their childhood, so overstrained nervously have some of them become through false systems of education, so many young genius lives have been wrecked through avarice on the part of parents, it is today unusual to see a "wonder-child" who is a natural child at the same time. But it argues a strange incomprehension on our part that we should be startled at seeing genius and healthy childish tendencies clasping hands. We are psychologized with the idea that nervous unbalance, moral insanity, and a desperate lack of equilibrium somewhere, are certain signs of genius and therefore expressions of the laws that are supposed to govern it.

The fact is, genius has expressed itself well or ill not *because* of these things, but *in spite of them*. God speed the day when the child-soul, so transparent to all that is infinite and divine, so liquid, almost, in its ebb and flow from mood to expression, shall find environments which will make possible a balanced, wholesome, happy, unselfish, and yet inspired life.

STUDENT

The Higher Value of Poetry

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE said recently in *Harper's Bazaar*:

It is a great mistake, in my opinion at least, to use poetry, and especially good poetry, as a medium of grammatical instruction and scholastic or domestic discipline. To parse *Paradise Lost* is to lose it again, and probably forever. The teacher, or parent, who gives out *The Ancient Mariner* or *The May Queen* to be learned by heart as a punishment, should be most severely dealt with—compelled to commit to memory several reports of the Bureau of Education, or attend the sessions of a summer school of metaphysics for six successive years. One reason why so many young readers conceive a lasting dislike for poetry is because at the beginning they are forced to put it to *base uses*. It should be treated always as "a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man," welcomed for the pleasure that it brings, read for the light of wonder and joy that it throws on the world in which we live and on the secret movements of the human heart.

I do not say that everybody is capable of finding an equal enjoyment in all kinds of poetry. There are mental limitations, no doubt; and intelligence of a certain fiber can never be woven into silken purses. But leather also has its uses, and will hold good money. I do say, and I firmly believe, that every normal human being is capable of learning easily, naturally, and very pleasantly, to enjoy some kind of good poetry. When a girl tells me, "But, you know, I don't like poetry," I almost invariably feel inclined to answer: "Poor thing! Who crippled you?"

The Artist's Measure of the Commonplace

THE "Thames Etchings" were almost the first among Whistler's works that did not meet with immediate ridicule from his contemporaries. He had made some magnificent etchings before these had appeared, but they were worse than not appreciated; and it was not until after the publication of the "Thames" set, when his reputation was already established, that his work was really sought after. He might be called the poet of the Thames in one sense, and his etchings have a double value in declaring the artist's view-point no less than in translating for us that jeweled idiom that we call "the commonplace." To quote the words of one of Whistler's unfanatical critics:

So much of what is best in his art was inspired by this historic stream. Put him down among the squalid surroundings of the river banks, on the docks, on the bridges, in a boat, at any view-point commanding the shipping, the huddle of grimy old warehouses along the shore, the distant silhouette of buildings, the smoky skies, the network of masts, yards and cordage, the fleets of clumsy barges, the picturesque contours of the bridges, the play of reflected lights and shadows along the surface of the water, the thousand-and-one commonplace objects which combine to make a sort of commercial chaos of a great river winding its way through a great town; let him select for his design a most unpromising composition, exactly what most artists would avoid, and he makes of it all a fascinating, unique, memorable etching. He leaves out a good deal, but nothing that is essential to the effect, nothing that falsifies the character or belittles the grandeur of the theme. His drawing is careful, but not niggling. He draws with extreme gusto. What fun he is having, and how he communicates this pleasure to us! Every stroke of the needle is a sort of caress.

STUDENT

Laughter and Song Good for the Health

"IT is good to laugh," says *Health*. "There is probably not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter."

The same, and much more, may be said of song. One can imagine that laughter may be outgrown by humanity—but not from sadness. We may decline to be seized by the songs of the merely incongruous and shaken to pieces.

But song is natural speech, the perfect outcome of feeling, and a directly formative power acting upon the body of him who generates it, and upon everything which its vibration reaches. It is a form-maker. *Health* advises laughter as a remedial agent. Very good—provisionally; but where most needed it will not come. And no one can laugh for you. But while you are learning to play music upon your larynx (and no one cannot and every one should), others can make it

for you. A musical instrument? By all means, but *sing* also; use the instrument nearest, and the whole body and nature will profit. Who can speak can sing, can at any rate take his voice from between his teeth and the back of his nose, place it where it ought to be, and—if he have but three notes compass—make them *musical*. And his three would soon be more. Natural speech is musical, and because nothing in our civilization is natural, our speech is—what it is.

STUDENT

FROM sunrise till long after the glorious golden disc passes out of sight westward, across the great Pacific, the air of Lomaland is vibrant with music. And such music—the life, *the Life*—that alone maketh it possible.

E.

THE song is to the singer, and comes back most to him.

The teaching is to the teacher, and comes back most to him.—WALT WHITMAN



ONE OF THE STUDIOS OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL, POINT LOMA

L'ENVOI

by RUDYARD KIPLING

WHEN earth's last picture is painted,
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded,
And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest—and, faith, we shall need it—
Lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of all good workmen
Shall set us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy;
They shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas
With brushes of comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—
Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an æge at a sitting,
And never get tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working,
And each in his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it
For the God of Things as they are.



Woman's Dress

THERE is nothing that reveals the character of a woman so much as her dress.

The woman who follows fashion just because it is fashion, ruthlessly casting aside everything that is not "up-to-date," reveals her own empty-headedness and frivolity. She dresses to attract attention and amuse herself; and having no thought of her own to express, naturally rushes to the extremes of fashion to deck out her person, as if vainly attempting to conceal some of her own shallowness.

The strong-minded woman who wears any ugly clothes that serve her purpose, with little concern as to her appearance, shows a certain selfishness and lack of true womanly refinement and artistic feeling. Such an one is an extremist.

The woman who affects the masculine in her attire reveals a desire to be thought "independent," and her friends label her "eccentric."

Those who follow the esthetic craze, continually posing in flowing draperies, whether they are suited to the occasion or not, show a lack of discrimination. They are without the backbone of common sense. They have no true perception of symmetry and proportion. Yet without these no true art is possible. With the new life beginning to be lived at Lomaland, in harmony with nature, it follows imperatively that we have a new style of dress; for a new purpose, a new aim, will underlie and determine the form of its outer vesture.

We women of Lomaland try to avoid all extremes, for extremes are follies, not rushing into any uncalled-for eccentricities, but getting at the root ideas of a sensible, healthy and artistic dress.

In adopting our students' costumes we support one another in making a united step towards a true reform. We free ourselves from any sense of bondage to fashion and make a break with some of the old conditions. Nature is ever slow in bringing to birth that which is of much value. Yet even now slowly we are passing into that more ideal stage, when dress will evolve naturally and artistically, according to our needs, *a dress adapted to the woman who lives to express the soul life and not to pamper the personality.*

The *Uniform*, then, appears to meet the needs of a transition stage, and must still have some regard for prevailing conventionalities, at least such as are not glaring affronts to taste. It might supply us with a neat and ladylike suit, complete in itself; one that would be inconspicuous in the public streets, while it keeps clear of all fashionable extremes and unnecessary adornments. This would save us from bewildering our minds every

morning with the puzzling questions "What shall I wear now?" and "How shall I fix this or that?" It would relieve us from self-consciousness and put us at our ease with strangers.

But the new dress that must grow for those who are ever living more and more closely in harmony with nature, must be a part of that harmonious living. It must blend with their daily life in its perfect adaptability to the occasion and the person. It seems to me that each garment should be the work of an artist, designed for a special purpose, and with due consideration as to its becomingness to the person who is to wear it. When each garment has this thought bestowed upon it, it will follow that it will be made of good and durable material. We shall take great care of it, looking upon it as a most valuable possession, and take pure delight in wearing it. Its value to us would not lie in its costliness, but in its perfect adaptability and beauty.

To suggest some ideas on which a *working dress* of the future might be built up: All constriction round the waist and the throat prevent the

free movement of the body and the proper functioning of the internal organs. This unsuitable at all times, is especially for a working dress. It seems natural that the strongest bony formations of the body should support the greater weight *viz.* the shoulders and the hips. The skirt must be short, well above the ankles, full enough to

permit perfect freedom of movement, and might hang from a tight fitting girdle round the hips; a large pouch or pocket in front may carry whatever is needed for the work. This might be made of leather, beautiful and artistic in workmanship. The upper garment, falling from a shoulder yoke might cover the skirt completely, or it might be quite short. It should be severely simple in its draperies, not to impede the worker; the folds, if any, falling from the shoulders and caught in with a girdle below the bust. For decoration, I can imagine a very simple yet beautiful border, adapted to every line or curve, by the hand of an artist.

Then the artists will make living pictures of the sons and daughters of nature; and will get their inspirations anew from them, as they go about their daily occupations, making harmony in their every movement.

STUDENT

A MANUFACTURER of gloves in London discloses the fact that the hand of the average woman has been enlarged a quarter of an inch in five years. The increase in size is attributed to the popularity of athletic exercises, which has developed so rapidly among women of the world and especially those of England, where athletic sports are quite popular.

NOTHING is so insatiable as the human heart. If it has enough to eat and drink, it longs for costly gear; and if it obtains that also, it would fain have the blue sky for a table-cloth.

—Johanna Ambrosius

Feminine Attire

IN the great purpose of life, which is balance and harmony, every outward expression is an indication of growth, for growth is from within outwards. The brain and heart form the soil where germinate all that manifests outwardly as the handiwork of man. To serve this end, the body is used by the soul as a means for its work, and just as the body serves as a means, indicating by its characteristics and conditions how well or how badly it can serve this purpose, so does dress serve a like purpose as a means of helping or hindering the mind, the heart and the body in the doing of their work.

Is not the general appearance of a person, and dress forms half of it, the sum of almost all that helps us to judge of the person? It is, of course, true that no two people receive exactly the same impression of anything, each judging from his own ground, but the fact as a general one holds good. From away back in the ages woman has been continually putting upon herself hindrances and limits to her progress, until she has come to realize in this age that what she has been building up around her is really a prison wall, for woman is in prison in a thousand ways, and dress is one of her jailers. This is particularly impressed upon her on stormy days, when beside her, through the rain and sleet or wind, walks a man, free-limbed, with ease and comfort, while she struggles, with long muddy skirts, wraps, hat, umbrella and bundles, in pitiful discomfort, getting her mental self all out of gear in consequence. Woman's dress too often indicates that woman in general is out of gear. Surely, very little grace and simplicity, very little dignity, very little utility and very little beauty, are represented by feminine attire today. The other side of life expressed through it, the darker and sadder side, is more often pictured by it. Even in its most innocent and purest phases vanity lurks; the gaudy bit of ribbon and lace and jewelry tell the story. Often it is ugly, useless, gaudy, tawdry or vulgar. This bedecking of the woman's body indicates the trend of her mental and moral life. For a woman who is striving to make her life sweet and pure and noble cannot be guilty of gaudy and vulgar attire. It is not in her nature.

She who is ignorant of her divine duty as a woman, who lives the life which panders to the lower nature, will probably not care to wear simple, unadorned and useful garments, for her life does not call for them. This is all plainly evident and much more. What of the hours, weeks, months and years of her life that she spends looking into shops, examining styles, and talking away her strength and energy with all her friends and a dozen dressmakers, milliners and tailors? Alas, her slavery to the institution of fashion prevents her from getting sight of the freedom that awaits her when she shall have thrown off these shackles. And until the time comes when the real beauty of her nature awakens and she becomes eager to change this condition, she will still go on in the old confusion.

STUDENT

WHATEVER unjust acts the Empress Dowager of China may have perpetrated during her reign, the women of China have reason to thank her for the imperial edict which has just been issued, to the effect that Chinese women shall let the feet grow. How such a barbarous custom as bandaging the feet to dwarf the growth could have been observed as long as it has, is incomprehensible. But the adoption of American ideas acquired by the Chinese women living in America has been the potent factor in bringing this about.

For years the Chinese women living in this country have removed the bandages from their feet, although suffering intense pain for some time after doing so. Truly it is hard to comprehend the workings of the law. Woman must have retrograded mentally somewhere in the past, or such physical limitations could never have had any existence. It is encouraging to see the awakening in the Oriental countries and the gradual liberation of their women by the casting aside of abused customs. N.W.

Collecting Kelpies at Point Loma

ONE of the most striking natural curiosities of Lomaland is the broad band of seaweed growing on a submarine ledge which extends for many miles parallel with the western shore but separated from it by a channel of some depth and a mile or so in width. This kelp being kept up at the surface of the water by numerous air bladders forms a natural barrier against the ocean waves, and by reducing their size and force has preserved the land from being washed away long ago. It acts almost like oil upon the troubled waters, for, although there is a nearly eternal fringe of tumbling white rollers along the ocean side of Point Loma, thanks to this natural breakwater, the process of wearing away the cliffs is a very slow one.

The kelp bed adds greatly to the beauty of the outlook from the heights of the Point, for around it the water is always calm and often even mirrorlike. It is usually darker or lighter than the surroundings, and with every passing cloud varied colors play over its shining surface. Daily the white sails of the fishing fleet gleam along the kelp, and sometimes a school of whales will feed there, their spouting foam shining white against the blue.



COLLECTING KELP AT POINT LOMA

Often a quantity of the weed is cast upon the beach. The leaf-shaped fronds grow in rows upon stalks perhaps a hundred feet in length and each has a little air bladder attached to its base to buoy up the plant. When these kelpies, with their round heads and long leaf bodies are dry and hard they are very quaint and bear the oddest resemblance to queer little urchins or grotesque old witches. Entangled among the kelpie-roots a wealth of animal life is found, even after being thrown upon the shore; a particularly delicate little scallop shell is very common. Deft hands among the workers in the Woman's Exchange and Mart string these fragile shells into useful devices of fascinating beauty, and such like; but the odd little kelpies are the most useful, for they lend themselves to a great variety of decorative purposes.

Occasionally a stalk of extra length is washed ashore attached to a big air ball, five or six inches in diameter from which two smaller stalks arise, the whole giving a comical suggestion of some horned creature. These make effective decorations for large wall spaces. A peep into the Department of Natural Resources in the Industrial Building at Point Loma reveals the kelpies transformed into fascinating and artistic souvenirs of this part of the Pacific Coast. STUDENT

Trailing Skirts and Microbes

IN a recent number of *The Family Doctor*, Dr. Casagrandi, of Rome, stated that he had made a careful bacteriological examination of the long skirts worn by some women in a promenade about the city, and had found large colonies of the most noxious germs.

Among these microbes were included such as those of influenza, tuberculosis, typhoid fever, tetanus, all on one gown. It seems almost incredible he goes on to say, that women knowing these facts continue to wear long skirts on the streets, gathering up these germs which they carry later into the privacy of their own homes. M.

THERE has been no change in Indian women's dress for four thousand years. All wear the sari, a single piece of stuff a yard and a quarter wide, ten, twenty, thirty yards long. It is arranged on the body, and forms skirt, garment, veil. First plaited with the band in accordion folds in front, wound round and round, and the richest end, if embroidered or woven with gold, finally brought over the head. It may be of simple cotton cloth; of silk, plain in design, woven with golden threads; solid with embroidery; strung with pearls; or of kincob, the royal cloth of gold. Some cost thousands of rupees. No pin, hook, button, or string. The garment is formed on the architecture of the body, and takes its expression and nobility from its perfect harmony of the human form.—Ex.

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Latter Day Englishmen as "Sun Worshipers"

A CURIOUS spectacle is to be seen at Stonehenge at 3:44 on the early morning of the twenty-first of June. Large crowds assemble to watch the sunrise.

As the sun rises on that day, his beams glance full upon the great stone known as the "Friar's Heel." This stands about 200 yards from the circle of huge boulders. In a few moments the central altar stone is illuminated, and the sun is fully up.

The great crowd of matter-of-fact English men and women participating in this ancient ceremony make a remarkable scene. Many of the men bare their heads as if they felt something of the spirit that brought together the Druid priests and their followers to the same spot at the same hour and occasion in the summers of centuries long gone by. All unknown to themselves, they are perpetuating an immemorially ancient ceremony. And whether they aspire to it or not, they are getting some of the benefit of their unconscious observance, if only in a hygienic way.

"For more than two thousand years," says an English paper, "the custom of watching for the sun on the longest day of the year has been observed at Stonehenge." For more than that; far more. No one knows the origin of Druidism; for all we know it reached Britain from Atlantis. Connected with sun worship, it took special note, in its ceremonial, of the solstices and equinoxes. And this fragment of its ritual survives, even though mutilated and colorless, to this day. Perhaps some of the people would stay away if they knew what they were doing.

Nearly all ancient religions and ceremonials took special note of the moment of sunrise. They enjoined silence and meditation then, so that the first beams, stirring the currents of their bodies and minds, should accentuate for the day only that which was good. And around this idea were grouped many others, objectivized in ceremonial symbolism. We have forgotten it all; but perhaps as that crowd stands round the mighty boulders of the Stonehenge circle, something stirs in the race memory, faint and undefined, and an inexplicable hush is upon them for a few minutes. R.

As to the Mental Capacity of the American Indian

READERS of stories and accounts of the Red Indians constantly meet with the word "medicine," used in a very incomprehensible way. Stones and idols are "medicine;" men are "medicine;" even certain days and certain aspects of the moon are "medicine."

Nearly all the Indian languages contain a word whose meaning is very difficult to get at, and when understood, very difficult to render. "Medicine" conveys but a fragment of the idea. Differing in the different dialects, its signification is in the highest degree abstract, and more than anything, it reminds one of the "Tao" of the Taoists. The words all contain the idea *above*, and with this are associated *power*, *mystery*, and sometimes *healing*. Beside "medicine," it has been rendered "spirit," "magic," "God," and "religion."

In the Algonkin dialects we have *oki*, meaning *above*, and *Manito*, probably from *anit*, to be superior, higher. In the Guarani is *tupa*, connected with *tupir*, to go higher. Similarly with the other dialects.

The word, in whatever dialect, is obviously of a highly abstract nature. It expresses a *quality* of supernaturalness which may inhere in anything or any person or time or place, and which makes that which manifests it entitled to respect and often reverence.

It is everywhere agreed that the power of making abstract conceptions and of words to fit them is a mark of the civilized intellect, not manifested by any savage. Yet here we have such a conception, pre-eminently abstract and non-objective, embodied in various words, and in habitual use by tribes universally regarded as savage. The steps by which the conception was reached are lost; according to the ordinary working of the savage mind, natural phenomena are personified so as to make their causes comprehensible; in this case the comprehensible is *de-personified* and abstracted into a supreme generality. Have we not, in the existence of this one set of words, no small bit of evidence that the Indians of America are remains of an older civilization?

STUDENT

The Ancient Parish Church of Saint Michan

IN and around Dublin there are many primitive old churches, some of them built upon the ancient prechristian sacred sites. Owing to the depopulation of the country many of them have been let to go to ruin, but some have been restored. Just north of the river Liffey in the center of Dublin city is the ancient parish church of St. Michan, which, with the exception of the tower and vaults, was rebuilt in the Seventeenth century.

The church is of some interest to Americans for it still contains the chair in which William Penn did penance; and in the churchyard the reputed grave of Emmett, the patriot, is situated. But the most curious and unique feature of this church is the extraordinary property possessed by the vaults of preserving the bodies deposited in them from decay for many centuries. The sexton will show visitors a few from which the wooden coffins have fallen away. No special means have been used to preserve them and it is singular that, although the vaults are close to the bed of the Liffey, the air in them is extremely dry and has a peculiar, though very slight, pungent odor. The flesh has been transformed, to an adipose substance, the skin looking like parchment, but it is not dried up or withered as in the Egyptian mummies. The cause of this dismal lingering of these mortal shells has, we believe, not been scientifically ascertained. We have heard of other similar vaults in connection with monasteries in Thibet and elsewhere, but do not know what idea or belief lies at the root of their use for such a purpose.

In any case, to the average visitor, the sight of the bodies carries a pressing argument for cremation.

C. J. RYAN

A Potlatch—Queer Custom Among Alaskan Indians

WHEN a young Indian of a family of the Coast or Alaskan tribes comes of age, a "potlatch" is held to celebrate the event. According to the carefully defined rules of procedure, blankets are given to him which he loans at a high rate of interest, to be paid in a certain time in blankets. There may be no refusal, and the whole idea is carried out on the lines of the tribal laws, so complicated that only an approximate notion of their working may be acquired by a stranger. Thus it is that by a system of giving and borrowing at high interest with, as it were, forcible loans, a chief acquires his several names, one by one, at the tribal feasts. At the same time much grease—dog-fish and seals contributing their oil—is eaten in large spoonfuls from a curiously-fashioned and carved grease-tub, to the great satisfaction of the guests.

In proportion to the amount to be given away the chief acquires dignity. The great aim appears to be the acquisition of a conventional reputation as a despiser of wealth, because the often enormously valuable gifts have a way of coming back at future "potlatches." The grand ceremonies of olden days are now on the wane, as they are much discouraged by the Government of British Columbia. Yet only last winter a \$3000 "potlatch" was held in the north of Vancouver Island, although this is by no means large compared to the amounts (in blankets) that have been given at one time by a chief. Mostly the blanket is used as the unit of currency on these occasions.

It is remarkable how the Indian tribes will accumulate wealth. They spend comparatively little; the men can earn by fishing far more than they need for their simple wants, and although they have a way of stopping work just when they please, the little they do is ample according to their notions of life. This explains to a certain degree their magnificent ideas of giving away large gifts as "potlatches," particularly as wealth is largely communal rather than individual. So also the labor in the settlement is communal, the chief being the patriarch directing the affairs of the village.

No little commiseration has been excited in the mind of an Indian fisher when told that in England firewood must be bought at a price, and actually rent paid to live in a house. Such a state of affairs appears to them as the very opposite of "civilization." Such is the effect of looking at things from a different point of view.

TENAS TYEE

Nature

Studies

How Plants Spread Their Seeds

THE many and marvelous contrivances adopted by plants for the carrying and scattering of their seed, is a never-failing source of wonder for those who study Nature's works. If this is not the work of a mind, it is the work of something better than a mind, even if we prefer to call it automatic action or some other such name derived from the mechanical theory of the universe.

Harper's Monthly gives an account, with illustrations, of some of these devices. The thin circular fruit of the elm, with the seed in the center, falls flatwise and floats a long way before it reaches the ground from the tree-top. The "maple-key" and the pine seed, with their fans attached, spin round, and in a breeze are carried far before alighting. The linden has a bunch of fruit like peas, attached to a leaf that acts as a kite, being kept at right angles to the wind by the stiff connecting stalk. The bladder-nut has a balloon with three separate compartments, filled with air and each containing a seed; and thus it is enabled to float, should it fall on water.

This mention of first air and then water reminds us of a certain Australian tree whose adamant seed husks do not yield to any known influence except that of fire. These trees form the great forests which from time to time are burnt down, and the intense heat bursts the refractory husks and liberates the seed.

With small plants, where the seed has not far to fall, a more elaborate device than a mere fan or parachute is necessary; and we have the class of tufted seeds with their silky down that carries them away and aloft. The thistle is the most familiar instance; and the dandelion is well-known to our childhood, as is the groundsel. In some plants, however, where the down is within the pod, as in the pussy willow and the cotton, this seems to have another use, namely to cherish the young seed in its warm folds.

It is to be observed that the writer in *Harper's* does not make the usual expressed or implied contrast between the theory of evolution and the belief in a divine architect, but rather recognizes evolution as our own attempt to formulate part of that architect's plans; and also that he speaks more than once of the universal prevalence and of the indispensable necessity of *Brotherhood* as the inspiring spirit in all life—in marked contrast to the now happily passing theory of "struggle for existence" and universal competition. To quote:

We shall find most comforting evidence of the unity of nature, and of the love and care of nature's Author, in the fact that the highest and most successful beings of both kingdoms are those that are most self-sacrificing. . . . In the composites their success is due largely to the socialistic habits of the individual flowers, which combine into large heads for mutual benefit.

He also says that Mother Nature, accused of cruelty, has been growing kinder as the ages have passed [he must mean "our conception of her"] "and bestows her highest gifts in both her great kingdoms on those who labor for each other, and who also hold their infant life most sacred and protect it with tenderest care."

Surely an encouraging sign of the times that Brotherhood should thus be recognized as the essential spirit of life, and be found not to contradict but to illumine science!

H. T. E.

SOLITUDE

by CARMEN SYLVA

GREAT Solitude will let thee listen. Hark!
The voices of the Infinite are singing.
The thoughts of thousands who have thought before thee
Come crowding round thy brain and fill the air,
And seek a new expression on thy lips.
Thou art in such ennobling company,
That Solitude becomes the gorgeous feast,
For which thy soul is clothed in white and purple.
Thy feet unshod tread on the holy ground
Where God has spoken. Hark! Great Solitude
Hath thousand voices and a flood of light,
Be not afraid, enter the Sanctuary.
Thou wilt be taken by the hand and led
To Life's own fountain, never-ending Thought!—*Sweet Hours*



MULBERRY LEAVES AND FRUIT

A Natural Boarding House—The Mulberry

NEXT to the worms themselves, the foundation of silk-farming is mulberry trees, and the silk culture industry's orchard at Point Loma contains over a thousand thrifty trees whose whole duty in life is to raise leaves, nothing but leaves, for the ever-hungry little worms to eat.

The mulberry family is a large one, and the foliage of different species is so unlike that their relationship would hardly be suspected at first glance. The sturdy, drought-enduring Russian marks one end of the line, with its heart-shaped leaves six or eight inches long, and great, coarse, sweet berries; at the other is the distant cousin, whose profusion of small, five-fingered leaves almost entirely conceals the scattered clusters of little, currant-flavored fruit. There are sour, black varieties, and some that taste like spiced raspberries, and white ones; each one as large as a big thimble, and with a flavor of pure sweetness, like watermelon juice. Of course, there are also all sorts of intermediate and connecting types in both leaves and fruit.

The birds are very fond of the berries; especially of the soft, juicy kinds that do not easily fall off; and they come in regular picnic parties to enjoy the feast while it lasts. It took them a long while, though, to learn that the white and light purple sorts were actually ripe; but then they made up for lost time. Such chattering and singing was nowhere else to be found, and birds were seen in that orchard which live nowhere else on the Point. The birds would be freely welcome to all they could eat if they only would refrain from using the leaves for napkins to wipe their beaks on. This vexes the dainty appetite of the worms, who refuse to eat those leaves; so the birds make much trouble to offset the pleasure

they give us. These berries cannot be used for market, because they will not keep over twenty-four hours, but for home-use they are very nice, cooked or raw, according to the variety. The juice stains one's fingers badly, but a little lemon juice turns it blood-red and takes it right off. Soap "sets" it so that it needs days or weeks to wear away.

The wood of these trees is hard, fine-grained, of a light yellow color, and valuable for many purposes, while the roots are soft and a brilliant yellow. On the whole, it is well worth while to have one or two mulberry trees in every family orchard, even if for no other purpose than to attract the birds.

G. W.

THERE is something in being near the sea, like the confines of eternity. It is a new element, a pure abstraction. The mind loves to hover on that which is endless, and for ever the same. People wonder at a steamboat, the invention of man, managed by man, that makes its liquid path like an iron railway through the sea. I wonder at the sea itself, that vast leviathan, rolled round the earth, smiling in its sleep, waked into fury, fathomless, boundless, a huge world of water-drops. Whence is it—whither goes it? Is it of eternity or of nothing? Strange, ponderous riddle, that we can neither penetrate nor grasp in our comprehension; ebbing and flowing like human life, and swallowing it up in thy remorseless tomb—what art thou? What is there in common between thy life and ours, who gaze at thee? Blind, deaf, and old, thou seest not, hearest not; neither do we understand, who behold and listen to thee—unconscious of thy greatness.—*Hazlitt*

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

OF the five speakers at Isis Theatre, Sunday evening, at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, three of them were children—Raja Yoga boys and girls from Lomaland, who came over to help their elder fellow-students of Katherine Tingley present the teachings of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood to the usual large audience—greatly to the liking of the latter, as was shown by the frequent and hearty applause.

The first address of the evening was by Mr. Lawson Scott, entitled "The Religion of Humanity." He characterized as "malefic influences:"

"The teaching that man's happiness is a thing of the hereafter and the elsewhere and not of the here and now. The teaching that man is essentially and incurably evil, but can be saved by submitting his will to some extraneous power. The teaching that man's intelligence is limited and his will impotent. All teachings that tend to throw discredit upon the joy of life, the worship of beauty, the natural and healthy social amenities, and, in short, all essentially human institutions, and to substitute for these a love of gloom and austerity, ugliness, retirement, and things in general which are visionary, unsocial and non-human.

"The most insidious trick of this malign influence is that, by identifying itself with sacred things, it makes all antagonistic forces seem to be irreligious and wicked. Thus people may stay from church from a natural and healthy aversion to a dreary or debasing form of religion; but they get the name of reprobates, and all sorts of healthy inspirations may be forced to assume an illegitimate and discreditable name, because all sacred and reputable names have been taken in vain.

"For this reason, if we attempt to preach a religion of humanity, or a religion of common-sense, or a religion of facts, we are likely to be accused of materialism, secularism, profanity, atheism, or any other ism or ity of that class.

"Nevertheless, a religion of humanity is what we intend to advocate and what is needed most today; a religion of practical common-sense and matter-of-fact.

"We cannot get beyond our own selves; and the natural facts in the life of man—his aspirations and necessities—must be the ultimate foundation of our beliefs and faiths. But, if we recognize man as divine, and acknowledge the divinity of the true human nature, then there will be nothing irreverent or degrading in a religion of human nature. It is only when we make of man an essentially and irremediably sinful creature, that such a religion can be thought of as degrading. A religion of humanity does not mean a worship of the brute in man, or an exclusive culture of the bodily functions and animal passions.

"We have elevated our religion to the clouds until it has become a dreamy abstraction, and we have lowered the ideal of human nature down almost to the level of the animals; and so we have come to underrate human nature and regard it as something profane and opposed to religion. And any attempt to look upon it with proper reverence may be construed into a deification of the animal passions—a thing that actually does take place sometimes.

"But there is a reverent and elevating way of regarding human nature, once known upon earth, but long vanished from it—to be restored, however. This consists in the recognition once more of the higher nature of man, that nature which is above the selfish instincts and the doubting mind, and which prompts all that is good and noble in us, mastering the passions and instincts. This divine nature has been insulted and denied, and its recognition has been replaced by the notion of the theological deity."

Little Margaret Hanson was the next speaker, charming everybody with her sweet, clear, childish enunciation and pretty manners. "Some of the Things That I Think Little Girls Ought to Learn from the Flowers," was her subject.

"Flowers grow in the sunlight," she said, "and they are never unhappy nor cross. That is because they grow the right way, for there is a wrong way, and the wrong way makes unhappy little girls. We can have sunlight too, just like the flowers if we want to. Sunlight is heartlight, and that is joy, and joy is Raja Yoga—that is why I believe in Raja Yoga—because it teaches us to grow the right way. All the lessons that flowers teach us are Raja Yoga lessons. Near my little home in Lomaland is a beautiful flower garden. We take care of it together. Some of us are American and some of us are Cuban, but we all know about heartlight and Raja Yoga and duty, and so we never neglect our flowers. And that is why, I think, they teach us so many lessons. Just now some of the mother plants are taking care of their little seed babies, getting them ready to start out some day and find homes of their own. Plant mothers are never selfish. I never saw a little seed baby neglected, did you? Now isn't that a wonderful lesson, and I have heard

LOMALAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Young Raja Yoga Orators Assist
Older Students in Presenting the
Truths of Theosophy in Fine Music

Reprinted from the San Diego News

that there are fathers and mothers, somewhere—a long, long way off—who need to learn that lesson. I never saw any, but then I have always lived in Lomaland, or nearly always.

"The flowers can teach little girls about silence. Flowers never say careless words, and they never make each other unhappy by talking unkindly. Another

lesson is helpfulness. There is a little vine in my garden that was so tiny and weak it was going to die, when one day I went out and there it had hold of hands with a big strong plant and was climbing right up by the side of it, and the big plant was trying to help it. If little girls knew about Raja Yoga they would understand flowers better than they do now, and they would learn to live in God's sunlight, just as the flowers do; that is the Raja Yoga way to live. God's sunshine is everywhere, if we don't shut ourselves away from it by selfish thoughts. Little girls ought to know about Raja Yoga because then they would always hear the joy note in their hearts, and they would find the beautiful sunshine there too."

Alice Westerlund, another of the talented Raja Yoga children, told about Raja Yoga work for Art. Her paper was entitled "The Coming Art." She said: "The common idea is that the way to learn how to draw is to begin by copying other peoples' drawings, or else to start by drawing lines. But these things are simply drawbacks and they shut away the greater things. They prevent higher work by giving a wrong start and cultivating a hard, meaningless way of looking at things. The natural way is much better. Raja Yoga teachers aim to bring out the true art spirit that is in the soul of every one, and to help each one develop his talent in the natural way.

"We in Lomaland—we children of the Raja Yoga School—are building up something new in an art life. We are taking all that is best in the art of the world, and are adding to it something of our own—something new that Theosophy and Raja Yoga has taught us. We feel that we are pioneers and that we are going to carry a great art message around the world."

Master Iverson Harris, Jr., presented a fine address on "What Is True Progress?" "True progress is developing our will-power and doing what we know is right," he said. "Most people think that true progress is being able to write books and to gain wealth, even though we may make other people suffer, but that is a false idea. When we look at the lives of our great men and women, such as Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Thomas Paine, Joan of Arc, and many others, we find that most of them had very little opportunity for education as children, and scarcely any money; and yet these people stand as examples of true progress because they were noble-hearted and pure, and they expressed their nobility in kind, unselfish and heroic deeds. You cannot make progress unless you have courage—courage to overcome all your bad habits and courage to have pure thoughts. You must stop thinking of yourself and think of others, and try to make them happy, and if you will study yourself you will be surprised at the number of faults that have to be overcome before you can make true progress.

"Progress is like walking along a path. When we are selfish and unkind, the Path is all dark and we cannot see where to step and so we make mistakes. When we have joy in our hearts, that is like a light over our Path, and we can see the way. I think the best way to progress is to do our duty and obey the laws that Jesus and other great Teachers have given us. They taught us to love our neighbors as ourselves, and that is worshipping God in the right way. Religion is simply Truth. There is no religion higher than that. There is good in all the religions we have, and if people would only take the trouble to understand their own religions, they would find the truth underneath them all. Then we should have more true progress and more brotherly love. I do not believe that we ought to think so much about creeds, for it seems to me this kind of thinking shuts our hearts away from the light. Then, too, we do not help others by feeling that they are separated from us, because they believe a little differently. True progress depends upon the love in our hearts, and if people would think for themselves and not let other people think for them, they would find that love, and then if they would express it in kind acts, the world would be better very soon. True progress means doing kind deeds, developing our higher nature and being brotherly."

A very interesting feature of the meeting was given by Mr. J. H. Fussell, in reading selections from the writings of William Q. Judge. He quoted mainly from Mr. Judge's address on "Universal Brotherhood" at the Congress of Religions at the World's Fair in Chicago.

ERRATA—In the *Searchlight* just issued we note this error: The extracts from Private yearly Records, etc., were begun JULY 6th, instead of June 6th, 1904.

✻ Some Lomaland Visitors ✻

THE strangers who pass in and out the great gate of the International Theosophical Center are interesting studies. They come from all parts of the World; and they come in all sorts of moods and with all sorts of questions. Some, simply curious to see the "strange people who live on the hill;" and others, many of them, earnestly seeking for information which will, to a degree, explain the real life of the Students here, and help them.

Our guides who meet the strangers, and escort them about the grounds, often open the pages of their journal to me. Just the sayings of these strangers: the questions they ask, their criticism, and the general impression made upon them, are recorded in a very graphic way. "It is said that Theosophists are very serious people; and it is not in their religion to smile," I heard a visitor at my elbow say who was waiting to enter his name in the guide's book. I accentuated the contradiction to this statement by a hearty laugh which echoed over the hills. "Human nature," I said, "is a queer, queer study." And, oh, the varieties which one meets in the crowd of visitors!

Ever since I read the guide's interesting journal, I have pondered much upon the needs of Humanity; and I have decided that one of the greatest proofs we have that Humanity is divine, is that it can keep its head above water in this great Babel of human contradictions and unrest. A very serious study is this; and I am comforted with the thought that there is one place in the work-a-day world of today where a few souls are united to use their life and energy to hold back the great Juggernaut Car of ignorance which is crushing out the real life of man.

Now, among the strangers who come here, there are some who say, "Surely, this is a dream; so real, and yet so unreal; so silent, and yet so full of life and activity." The artist exclaims, as he gazes out over the high hills of Lomaland, across the blue Pacific, and on the purple-touched mountains' grandeur, "Oh! the wonder of it all! Surely, this place is the Paradise of the World! This is the home of the true artist."

Another, one of the World's hard workers, a stately personage, with an earnestness of manner, and a dignity of character which show him to be a thinker, and a man of influence in the World, looks about, charmed with the scenery and wonderful architecture; he listens to the grand music in the Conservatory; he visits the great Amphitheatre of the School of Antiquity, and sees for himself the old drama depicted; and the old ideals of beauty and pure life demonstrated.

Then to the Art Studio, where the young students are at work; then into the Homestead, to look at the great Rotunda; the interior decorations; and the wonderful mystical paintings which hang in the galleries there. Even here he is still silent; interested; absorbed. The next place he visits is the great Temple, where the Raja Yoga children are gathered—at school, beginning to study life's mysteries in a new way. Our visitor spends an hour silently in watching all that happens here, and then a change takes place: the face softens; a smile lights up his stern countenance; the shoulders of this man, which were bent under the burdens of life, straighten; he raises his head, turns his eyes heavenward, and to the astonishment of the children and those about him, he says, "I have never seen anything like this Raja Yoga system for the education of children! It is perfect. No time should be lost in making this system a practical thing in every city. With such a work as this, we might hope that in a few years there would be fewer prisons, less crime and more happiness."

As this earnest man went away, down over the hills to the tally-ho, waiting to take him back to the restless life he was engaged in, my thoughts went with him. I knew that his heart had been touched; and that he had caught a glimpse of the beginning of a new life for Humanity. A little later, I went to the books of the guide to see the name of this man who had interested me so much. I wanted to know who he was, imagining that I might possibly find out what had touched his life with such a sadness. I found that he was Judge —, State of —. He was one of the principal Judges of the Superior Court eastway. He knew human nature, and pitied it.

Another study I met that day, was a very odd old lady, wandering about the grounds with a guide. I must confess she was the oddest looking mortal I had ever seen. She seemed all out of place with Na-

ture, and so awfully gruesome, and ferret-like in manner. Her dress conformed somewhat to her character, for it was anything but picturesque and tidy; and there was a lack of that womanly dignity which adds so much to the make-up of one who is leaving youth behind her. Those cork-screw curls—I shall never be able to forget them! These seemed to be in harmony with her agitated mind: all out of sorts. Oh, she was curious; and the questions she asked—so fearfully, so timidly, so suggestively! After she had tired out the guide, who stood gazing at her with a sort of an alarmed stare, I took my turn as a substitute to show her about. It was this time that I found that I had to use all my will-power to hold back and subdue my risibilities. Then she said, "What are them folks doin' down there?" pointing to a group of young students who were going in their Greek costumes to the Temple to practice for a rehearsal of one of our Greek plays.

"Good Lord! In Heaven's name, do you allow them folks to walk around the Hill in that kind of a dress?" Before I could quiet the agitation of the old lady, she suddenly turned, and, looking up at the Homestead, said (in a whispered voice), "Is that where they are all shut in?"

This question puzzled me amazingly. I knew that there were such things as "shut-ins," out in the World, but not here; and I decided that the old lady had made a mistake, and had that morning started for an insane asylum and had missed her way.

But she persisted in seeing the "shut-ins." So I humored her fancy, and went around to the broad entrance of the Homestead, and asked permission to take the visitor about. Just to the left of the entrance, were a number of the young lady students, busily engaged in working up floral decorations for the next day's festival. Heaps of flowers were all about, making a beautiful setting for the bright, cheery faces of the students. As I was about to call the attention of my visitor to this picture of real life, she suddenly made a bee-line to one of the corners, where sat a very pale and sickly-looking young lady. Although I had been here for several years, I had not seen her before, and as I was wondering who she might be, the curious old lady approached her with a very triumphant air, which said more than words, that, at last, she had found a "shut-in."

"Poor thing!" she said. "How pale and weak you look! You must be very unhappy, and very sick, too. Don't you want to get out of this awful place?" "No," answered the young lady, "but I am quite ill, Madam. I have only been here two days. I came here to recover my health, and to learn something about this beautiful students' life. When I have been here a few weeks, I expect to look as rosy and happy as do all the others here!" Turning from the old lady impatiently, she moved away. There was a look of disappointment on the curious old lady's face. Here was a chance for me to laugh loud and heartily—but there was a sense of pity in my heart for this gruesome visitor. Neither of us said a word. We got out of that bright, cheerful corner some way, and before I could ask her if there were anything more she wished to see, she hailed the tally-ho and went home. Poor dear old lady! she came here prejudiced, with no end of misconceptions; and she could not give them up.

I afterwards learned that she was connected with a certain Bible Class in a city near by; and that she always had felt it to be her mission to rescue sinners: to save them from the eternal wrath of God.

Here was the contrast: the dogmatic life even in honest endeavor had shut out the light. She was the "shut-in," and the happy, joyous students on the Hill were the striking contrasts to her life.

Yes, Theosophists smile, and laugh, and are happy, and are human, and are reasonable. And they believe that the divinity of a man's nature ever keeps his soul on the sunny side of life. As the sun went down over the hills, I wandered back to my bungalow, thinking of my day's experience, and of the studies in life I had met. And I pictured another day, near at hand, when there should be no tired hearts in the world; no hopeless suffering; no hypocrisy; no delusions; no unbrotherliness.

It was a comforting thought to me, to feel the heart-work of our earnest people on the Hill, and of those out in the World, who are supporting the Universal Brotherhood in its strenuous efforts to make possible better things for our fellows.

OBSERVER

❁ ❁ Illusion and Reality ❁ ❁

by LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

THE man was married. He had sought to win beauty, fame, and personal power, and he had linked them all with his name. Around him was a wide circle of desirable things; within, was a restless center of discontent.

Far into the night he sat musing over his career. His ambitions had been gratified beyond his expectations: he could name no unfulfilled desire; yet the thought of it all carried with it no feeling of satisfaction. Just now his keenest sense was of the ache in his breast, which so often came of late at quiet times like this. "It is all illusion and disappointment," he said bitterly. "Marriage is a failure; fame is a mockery; happiness is not had at any price, and life is not worth living."

What was that nameless hunger from which he suffered, which was so baffling and which devoured all the pleasures in his possessions? he asked himself. Why was it so impossible to find the meaning of this dreary want? With all the new inventions for lighting the world, why was there no illumination for the dimness of the inner life?

Seeking the light he drifted into the Land of Dreams with its countless pictures. There he saw a moving figure, which was himself, and yet not himself. The form had in it no familiar lines; but the eyes were his own and through them he read the thoughts.

He knew that this traveler had come from afar. Along dusty highways, in shady by-paths and green meadows, through thickets and unwholesome swamps, and across waters, he had played a part in many scenes. Youth and strength and gaiety were his companions, and together they sought by many ways to find novel pleasures. Through places all unknown and often full of hidden dangers, these companions made their way with merry jest and song and idle noise, fearing nothing save it was the Silence.

One day the Traveler grew tired of strains, of noisy mirth, and empty songs and poisonous miasma. He longed for solitude and rest. As his companions sped along the road, he turned aside and wandered into the deep forest. Throwing himself wearily upon the ground, he lay beneath the great trees with eyes closed, and fingers threaded through the soft grass, finding refreshment in the touch. He breathed the clear air, and as the cool quiet stole into his blood, the throbbing pulses sank into a healing stream.

Time passed unheeded. He had found some pleasant places in the old life that seemed so far away now, but this was beyond compare. Filled with a novel sense of awakening, the past appeared like a feverish dream. The sweetness of the place seemed to be taking from somewhere near and to be surrounding him with a delicious perfume. As he raised his head and looked around, his wondering eyes fell upon a new-blown rose near by. The dainty folded petals had uncurled and opened out until its golden heart was centered in a film of tinted light. Its fragrance filled the air with a subtle tenderness. It was beautiful!

He had not failed to gather flowers, too, in his time—conventional hot-house blooms and gorgeous tropical beauties, and some with cold, odorless petals—how many had drifted through his hands. Never was there one among them all like this. Standing out against the guardian green leaves like the beloved queen it shed a royal circle of uplifting peacefulness over everything.

Softly the Traveler knelt before this symbol of purity and loveliness, with its message from the world of light and peace. The soul of the rose glowed upon him with tender beauty and glad fearlessness. His own soul stirred into life and looked out of eyes all too sadly strange to their indwelling guest. All the littleness and folly of his past seemed like fading pictures of half-forgotten dreams. He knew that this was the awakening; this was the steady, noble, tender glow of real life.

His heart felt the touch of all that life might mean—its dignity, its love, its aspiration, its unspeakable destiny. Oh, but he would struggle to keep alive this new sense of things! His rapt gaze rested on the Rose until its mystery of color and light and sweetness entered into his very being. He felt himself a part of the life, and his confident soul swept out to the unseen stars to claim its own. Beyond, throughout distant space, everywhere, was a flush of light and beauty and a radiant heart of peace.

Then came a memory—a mere shadow from his dream-life—and a selfish doubt brought him to earth again. The Rose smiled upon him in sweet trust. He would never leave it, but together they would live the larger life. As the wind whispered in the trees, the Rose bent and brushed his cheek, while a sudden wave of tenderness surged over him.

What if some one else should find this flower and should rise upon its power as he had risen? What if he should lose it? A hungry look stole into his eyes, and his old self, in a misery of longing, cried hoarsely, "Never: it shall be mine, mine, only mine." He leaned forward until the petals quivered beneath his breath. What if it should turn from him? "It is mine, mine," panted the lower self, as with eager, passionate grasp he kissed it and crushed it close, close, until he grew faint and sick.

He is stung with pain. Ah, the Thorns! Impatiently he tries to pick them

out, but the sting remains: and, oh! the pitiful Rose that he holds, so crushed and weary and broken! Gone is the delicate fire of the higher life that breathed through every curve of its free-born petals; and the fragrance which had radiated waves of tender gladness falls like the faltering breath of some beautiful, wounded, dying thing.

In the dim light which fills the mind in sleep a mountain scene took form upon the moving screen. Up the steep path a Hunter toiled, burdened with weapons and game. In his strangely familiar eyes was a weary, dissatisfied look. The well-worn trail he had followed grew indistinct and was lost; but, pushing onward, he reached a place where the rough mountain side stretched out into a broken level of fertile plateau. How grateful it seemed after the steep climb! This was the place to rest, he thought, catching sight of a tiny sheltered lake and turning his steps that way. Even now he can see its unruffled surface reflecting the blue sky and a drowsy chorus of encircling pine trees.

On the shore of the lake the Hunter stood spellbound with the beauty of the scene. The spoils of the chase and the weapons dropped from relaxed fingers as with uncovered head he drank in rest and comfort and inspiration.

As the wind swayed the bordering pines, flecks of light came and went through the shadowy circle of scintillating water, where the glint and tint of glossy stone and delicate shell lighted the mosaic curtain of shadows with the fire of a living iris. Deep and dark and clear was the mystical center. The bank was fringed with tall, slender grasses, which softened and deepened the lake's liquid beauty like the lashes of a sentient eye.

A feathery cloud floated by overhead, its reflection brushing the surface like a breath of fancy—a mere passing thought. The opalescent gold of the sunshine sank down, down, down, until transmuted into a look of love in unfathomed consciousness its glow was diffused through the limpid depths.

Beyond the beauty of the lake was its infinite calm, its untouched purity and perfect peace. The atmosphere was filled with restfulness. In the lighted depths of the lake he read an answering look. The soul of the lake spoke its message in lingering softness and silence. The iridescent picture of a passing bird fell into the clear water—a song in colors. He saw his own face bathed in a tender light.

He will seize this mysterious beauty of living calm and hold it forever. It should reflect only his face, he thought, jealous of the very sky. "This treasure is for me, for me alone," he said, as his eyes followed the shafts of light that illumined the shadowy depths; "for me," plunging in and stretching out greedy hands.

The first footstep broke the mirror of light into troubled water. The sand and soil rose beneath the desecrating feet in a sorrowful cloud, hiding the glory before and around him. "The peace lies deeper yet," he thought, watching the center and pushing on. But ever before him rose the obscuring cloud of his own creation. He can no longer wade but strikes out boldly to plunder the lake of its secret. At last he finds that no physical force or finesse can touch the delicate beauty he desires, and after vainly striving to grasp the fine lines of soul sense he returns to the shore, weary, disappointed and bitter.

"It is all an illusion he railed; "no other hunter excels me in strength or skill, yet when this promised happiness is almost within my grasp it fades and disappears. There is no reality behind the dissolving pictures of a deceitful world."

The Dreamer looked from the strength of the Hunter upon the bank to the restless water. The reflection he saw there was his own figure—broken image with pessimistic poise. Then the light which he had longed for shone full upon his mind. He was the Traveler whose rude selfishness had despoiled the trusting Rose; he was the Hunter of Happiness. Around him were the rejected trophies of his skill—sweet-voiced songsters and creatures fleet of foot and quick of eye. Too well they vouched for his unerring aim in bloody breast and broken limb and dull, unseeing eyes. He had wasted the life that gave these things their joy and beauty and only the pitiful, unlovely forms were his possessions, from which his wearied senses turned in sick distaste.

The Dreamer's eyes fell before the luminous scene, in which the Hunter was a marring blot. How worse than blind his whole career had been: his life was but a crowded list of failures. How fair were Nature's pictures everywhere before he spoiled them with greedy, sordid touch. Now he saw that the world was alive with a wondrous reality for him who sought unselfishly for truth. "The fault is all my own," he groaned, in bitter shame. "That is mine, indeed, all mine," pierced with so keen a heartache that he awoke.

Through the open windows the dewy morning air came floating in, sweet with the breath of flowers and song of birds. The great elms brooded over the lesser things with stately tenderness, while with slender, outstretched branches like waving, magnetic fingers, the noble trees soothed and awakened the freshened earth. In the east the lavender veil of dawn dissolved before the sacred flame which daily brings new hope and strength to light dull lamps of clay.

✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

Progress in the Vegetable World—Man Aids Nature

THE cyclic law of nature which governs every detail of life is never inactive. To the searchers for the missing links of evolution H. P. Blavatsky described the upward trend as progressing spirally, using the figure of a mountain road as a symbol of nature's growth. The missing links may be on the far side of the mountain, invisible to us, while the next higher and next lower degree of attainment may be visible from the point where we stand—as the threads of a screw appear, from any one side to be arranged in distinct steps, although in reality they are continuous. She predicted that obsolete states of life now unknown to us would reappear, on higher lines, as the world progressed. Even languages, we are told, are amenable to this law, for they too are living entities. As with most of these teachings, there are major and minor applications. A statement of the mighty cyclic laws of eternity contains those that relate to cycles of lesser duration, even to the smallest. Thus by the laws of analogy we may attain to some degree of personal proof of the greater law. If this view of the cyclic law is correct, we have in the vegetable world some remarkable factors to consider, of late years in the evolution of new flowers, new vegetables and new fruits which it would appear to be man's duty to aid into manifestation when ready to take their place. These come not as wild inferior growths requiring ages to develop, but as finished products of evolution, remotely similar in this respect to the bee and wheat, which are said to have arrived already matured in previous existences, temporarily lost to sight.

The carnation and tomato are mentioned as recent developments—both of these being immensely improved of late years. The well-known Concord grape was a result of the infinite patience exercised by the late Ephraim W. Bull of Concord, Massachusetts, in educating the wild grape.

Luther Burbank, with whose name is permanently associated the progress of California, has a world-wide reputation as the creator of new fruits, new flowers, new trees, until one wonders where he will stop, since the vegetable world seems to recognize in him the sympathetic nature which can call out its latent forces by patient devotion and discrimination.

The romance of the seedless navel orange has already appeared in our pages in a previous volume. And now we hear of a seedless apple. Details once accepted as quite a necessity are now found to be capable of transformation, with gain in the economical value of a fruit.

The United States government is not behindhand in this great work, as an article in the July *Cosmopolitan*, entitled "Creating New Fruits," amply demonstrates. Working along lines of least resistance experts prolong the season of a fruit by a month or two; render tropical and semi-tropical vegetation hardy enough to withstand more vigorous northern climates; add scent to a flower; make fruit grow in previously barren ground; modify the food principles in plants; influence qualities, refine, eliminate, combine, transform, add, subtract, and in many ways increase the economical efficiency of this kingdom of nature.

And this appears to be but the infancy of a new science. In these strenuous times a new cycle is evidently with us, a cycle in which a year's progress is possible every day as compared with prior standards. As the years go by, there will be ever more and more wonderful manifestations of the law that works now for human progress with such intense momentum that all things seem possible in the new day that has dawned for the people of the earth and all creatures.

P. A. MALPAS

PROF. SYLVANUS THOMPSON announces that some experiments which he has been making give promise of the ability to prospect for metals by electricity. Waves of electricity can be sent into the earth; their normal flow is known, and any variations due to the presence of metal can be indicated by telephonic apparatus. It is not expected that any accurate positive results can be obtained, but the discovery, if it can be put into practical form, will certainly save much waste of time and expense in making borings where there is no ore; while, even if the metal sought is not found, the indications show that boring will be rewarded by the discovery of some kind of ore.

STUDENT

Why Sleep Is a Blank to Most Men

WHAT "being sleepy" means, on the scientific side, is not yet known. But science seems, nevertheless, to be approaching the matter. The usual theory is that the brain cells are poisoned by the products of their own activity. But how do they behave before and after the poisoning? Of course no one can say exactly, but some very reasonable guesses can be made. The cells concerned with thinking are little octopod-like creatures, with a body and long arms. They are just separated from each other by a gelatinous, clear, almost fluid substance which, after death, becomes white. It is supposed that, as we think, the long arms of the cells wave slowly about through the jelly; and that when an arm of one cell touches one from another, a minute current passes for an instant—which permits of the making of a link of thought or memory. A vast amount of this waving goes on independently of our wills, for the mind is never still. But when we think intentionally about anything, we are ourselves directing the process. *How* is a mystery; just as no one knows exactly how he is able to move his arm or his leg.

It is supposed that as night comes on, the cells get tired; which, again, is supposed to be due to their getting overwhelmed by the accumulated products of their long day's work. The movements of their arms get slower and slower, and at last cease. Then we are asleep. The soul goes to its own place, and proceeds with thoughts and work which brain cells can not render, or can only render in glimpses, or symbolize crudely in such pictures as are comprehensible to us.

By day we are awake in the world, conscious, most of us, of the presence of the soul. But very dimly conscious; knowing nothing of its work or its mode of thought; knowing only of a vague something inspiring us to "come up higher" and be better and nobler. Even that we should not know unless we were of common nature with it, in fact its embodied ray or emanation, dwelling among the brain cells, and through them being kept aware of all that is happening all over the body and of what the senses are seeing. We are so filled with the doings of this busy world as almost to think there is no other. Limited in this way to the contents of the brain, and accustomed to expect nothing else than what they contain, it is natural that sleep, which frees us from them, should produce at first a blankness. Nothing of the expected, nothing like the day's panorama is now present to us. We are with the soul, once more part of it. As we come downward into waking, the busy mart of the body once more claims our full attention.

Our work is to blend the two worlds, to have both present at once. So far, we only touch the outskirts of the upper world when we are profoundly moved, or in the hush of mind that follows the hearing of great music.

This is where Theosophy takes up the story as science leaves it; but it may none the less be sometime science.

STUDENT.

Flower Colors—Some Chemical Researches

SOME interesting chemical researches have recently been made into the coloring matter of flowers, with a view to the possible use of them as pigments. Just as the flower is itself an evolution of the leaf, so are the colors of flowers in a certain sense, evolutions from the green color of chlorophyll. Though the colors can be extracted, they tend to alter quickly in the sunlight, and so far their pigmentary value is nil. A fuller understanding of their chemistry may enable us to build up more permanent imitations.

STUDENT

An Important Hedgehog—A Fossil Found in Dakota

THE hedgehog tribe has hitherto been regarded as an exclusively Old World product. But the fossil of an extinct species has just been discovered in the middle Tertiary deposits of Dakota. One more link is thus found between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, and an additional fragment of evidence that the northern parts of both are of one zoological area. This means that they communicated at the bridge now cut by the Behring sea, and that their climate was temperate.

The Story of Two Lives

ONCE there were two young girls who were rivals; rivals at school, rivals in society, born rivals, and rivals remained until—well, let me tell my story. Let us call one Jane, the other Ann. I will not enter into a description of either, but will simply, briefly, give the story of their lives.

Both belonged to wealthy families; both were of aristocratic lineage; both were well educated; both were beautiful. Jane married the man whom both loved. He was successful in adding to the wealth she inherited. He was a man of fine abilities, and commanded the respect and admiration of all. She had no children, so she was the sole idol of her husband. Everything seemed possible for him to do for her, so he did everything and thought of everything and procured everything for her. She gave—yes, she gave to the law which brought her all this—something in return, not her whole self, which was the amount of her indebtedness, but a per cent of her self. That made her look well in the eyes of the world, and made her feel comfortable, too. In fact, she felt very comfortable her whole life long. But at its end, the sheaves she had gathered made a comfortable showing only. No great effort had been put forth, no great results achieved. It looked all right to most people; that was all.

Ann was younger and her life was full of bitterness. She failed to marry whom she thought the right one. Instead, sorrow was heaped upon her. The one she married disgraced her, for in time she learned that he had a living wife; while she was left alone—a mother, too—to battle with the world. He loved her, he said, that was why he married her.

And his gift of love proved to her that the love was centered upon himself, of course; while she, her soul roused to action by the broken law, refused to accept what belonged to another, even a good name, and took her child away and let it suffer, too, that the law might be fulfilled.

She drank the cup to the very dregs, for herself, and more than all, for her child; for the child was a girl, delicate, refined, capable of the keenest suffering.

And the world let her suffer in spite of the protecting arms held out by the mother. The mother thrust herself between the girl and the world and received the stabs first herself. But, alas! they passed right through her frail body, it seemed, with unabated force.

The girl died, broken-hearted, and left that mother alone. But the fountain of love, which she herself had energized within herself, could not be dammed up. It increased in strength and force, as all real love does, until it became a power that nothing could withstand. The good law made room for it, as it always does, and gave her an opportunity, the opportunity to follow the dictates of her heart. Her work was for those who suffered, as so many do in this world because of the selfishness of men, and the results were proportionate to the amount of energy expended.

She gained a world for women from a little realm of self-seeking to a world of loving action, and when she died, with difficulty she bid life good-bye, because of so many opportunities for *doing*. Only the thought of her return, with new and better opportunities, at last made her willing to go. And the world then wakened and called her blessed, and after a time wrote into a fair record her life-story.

The other life left no impress on the hearts of men and so the days passed until it was forgotten.

STUDENT

A Springtime Lesson

SOME of the trees were still in bloom. On others the tiny fruit showed through the young green leaves.

Two girls walking in the orchard with linked arms paused before a snowy plum-tree.

"Why that solemn face, Beatrice?" said Margaret.

"I was thinking how dear old Mother Nature embodies our lessons for us all around, have we but eyes to see and ears to hear."

Margaret looked her enquiry, and Beatrice responded with, "How long and patiently the tree gives of its strength, its very life, to produce the luscious fruit. It is not something apart, but its *very self*, and I thought how all *true* gifts must be a *part of ourselves* to be really acceptable offerings, must cost us something of personal effort, be a sacrifice of our selfish selves, in short."

"Those kinds of gifts are rare," answered Margaret, thoughtfully, "people hesitate to give what costs them *something*."

"That is where we make the mistake," said Beatrice, "we cannot get anything for nothing and, foolish that we are and blind, we neglect to profit by what Emerson shows to be a truth, as Christ and others did before him, 'Take what you will, quoth God, and pay for it.' It often comes back to me when I see people surrounded with luxuries, giving perhaps carelessly of their surplus but never stinting themselves for anything, how little they reckon the price they will pay for their selfishness, finding in future lives themselves in stern grip of abject poverty, and poor and weak in the soul qualities which alone ennoble life and make it true."

Margaret gazed in open-eyed wonder. "Beatrice," she cried, amazed, "where have you learned to talk like that? It makes me quite uncomfortable?"

"I hope it does," she answered, then smiled. "Margaret, we have always been friends, haven't we, you are one of the few I have dared to speak to of what is in my heart, and these days the needs of humanity keep pressing up against me, and I have wondered and wondered what I could do to help, and as we walked among the blossoms the answer seemed to come, '*Give yourself*,' and I understood the meaning clearer of the message Theosophy is bringing to the world, that we are our brother's keeper, bound as we are together in a Universal Brotherhood, fellow souls on the journey whose end will be freedom from the thralldom of the senses, the selfish side of human nature. You see we must choose, must take of the gifts and opportunities that life holds out for us, or let them slip

by, and in either case we are weaving our future destiny. Our destiny—but what does destiny mean? Life after life comes to its close with hopes unfulfilled, and work undone; forward—a sea of longings, and behind a record of lost opportunities, pitiful mistakes and regrets.

"Margaret, dear heart—can you not step outwards—just a bit beyond yourself and see life's meaning? Do you think this span of seventy years or so is all? No, dear, it is but a link in an infinite chain."

"Then you believe what the Theosophists say of reincarnation?"

"Does it need discussion? Is there any explanation for life without it? Where is our immortality? The old, old teaching is true, though we must *do the deed*, to know the doctrine! must act as souls, to feel our divinity, and the first step to take is to give ourselves in loving service to the sorrowful of earth's children."

"Let us shorten our walk," said Margaret, "and take that lovely spray of apple blossoms to little lame Nellie."

EMILY I. WILLANS

"HE IS NOT UNWORTHY"

by WILLIAM J. LAMPTON in February Success

IF one has failed to find the end he sought,
And out of effort no great good is wrought,
It is not failure, if the object be
The betterment of man: for all that he
Has done and suffered is but gain
To those who follow, seeking to attain
The end he sought. His efforts they
Will find are guide-posts in their way
To that accomplishment which he
For some wise purpose could not be
The factor in. There is a need
Of unsuccessful effort: 'tis the seed
Whose mission is to lie beneath
The soil that grows the laurel wreath,
And he is not unworthy who
Falls struggling manfully to do
What must be done in dire distress
That others may obtain success.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Raja Yoga Question Box

EVERY age of history has its poets, who reveal the heart-life of the people, and its martyrs, who, by their acts of faith and protest, win for mankind a greater knowledge of man's nature and destiny.

1 Who was Sappho?

ANSWER — Sappho was the greatest poetess the world has ever known. She lived in Lesbos, an island of Greece, about 600 B. C., and was the head of a school where the art of poetry was taught. Many gifted women were among her pupils. Sappho's fame was so great that Plato called her "The Tenth Muse."

2 Who was Dante?

ANSWER — Dante lived in Italy 1265-1321 A. D. What Homer was to the

ancients, Dante was to the Middle Ages. He put into verse the heart-life inspired by the Christian religion. Dante was a great soul, a true patriot. He has been called "The First Italian," for he believed that the many petty Italian States could unite and progress as one.

3 Who was John Huss?

ANSWER — John Huss was a Bohemian reformer. He was rector of the University of Prague, and wrote and preached boldly against the false teachings and evil practices of the church. He was unselfish, and loved freedom and progress. He was cast out by the church and burned at the stake 1415 A. D.



SLAVES AT LUNCHEON ON THE PLANTATION OF CARLOS MANUEL DE CESPEDES. XACARIAS — "We will have to pass all our lives in this accursed slavery."



THE NIGHT ATTACK ON THE CUBAN FORCES ARRIVAL OF THE SENTRY GIVING THE ALARM. — "Los Espanoles! Los Espanoles!"



AFTER TAKING BAYAMO. CAPTURE OF THE SPANISH SPY. GUARDS — "Kill him! Kill him!" CESPEDES — "We do not make war on such vermin."



CARLOS MANUEL DE CESPEDES GRANTING FREEDOM TO HIS SLAVES AT THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION. CESPEDES — "I am no longer to be considered as your master, for if you follow me and this flag, I shall be nothing more than your Leader. I hereby grant you all your liberty."



MIDNIGHT CONFERENCE OVER ATTACK ON THE CITY OF BAYAMO. MARCANO — "At half-past six we can be at the entrance to the city, and if you see fit we can enter."

The Cuban Raja Yoga Drama Given in Santiago de Cuba

ON June ninth, the closing day for one of the Raja Yoga Schools established by Katherine Tingley, in Santiago de Cuba, the children held a great fiesta, one of the features of which was a Cuban drama. In this, as is shown by the photographs, was pictured most vividly the Cuban struggle for freedom. No nation has written a more pathetic record than this sister nation who is our neighbor. In the hearts of no people burns a brighter flame, the flame of the higher patriotism, lighted upon the altars of even the little children's hearts by the sacrifices of heroes who have passed away, and kept ever-burning by the memory of selfless and noble deeds.

Katherine Tingley has often said "There is in the hearts of the Cuban people a quality of devotion which expresses itself in a patriotism sincere, unselfish and pure. In that alone lies the assurance of Cuba's future, the assurance that the hopes of her noble patriots shall not pass unfulfilled."

Of the dramatic presentation the pictures are more eloquent than words. They are but another proof of what Mrs. Tingley long ago pointed out, that there lies in the Cuban nature dramatic possibilities that are beyond limit. Their suffering, their devotion and their heroic perseverance have made them peculiarly receptive to great truths that by many others are little understood.

A LOTUS GROUP TEACHER



CESPEDES SPEECH BEFORE THE EVACUATION OF BAYAMO, which is being burned to save it from again falling into the hands of the Spaniards. — "The glory of this day will shine in the history of these dark times, the same as this star will shine in the hearts of our Cuban people, awakening intense patriotism."



THE SAME. CESPEDES — "Cuba must yet suffer in a way unknown to any other country, but in the end she will awaken to a happiness yet unknown to any other people."

Students'



Path

"NO SURRENDER!"

I WILL not yield! although no aid be nigh,
Although my foes be many as the sand,
Although the echoes mock my desperate cry
As slips the sword-hilt from my nerveless hand,
I will not yield!

Disgraced, defeated, broken, shamed,
Besmeared with filth and blood, all maimed,
All crippled, wounded, thrust
Down to the very dust,
Faint unto death ---
While I have breath
I will not yield!

I will not yield! The courage of despair
Thrills through me; from the wreck of youthful hope
Springs fierce resolve; now all seems lost I dare
As ne'er before; in ruin Will finds scope.
I will not yield!

Not dreaming now of vast renown,
Of laurel wreaths and golden crown,
Of place among the Gods,
I face the fearful odds,
And for dear life
Maintain the strife.
I will not yield!

I will not yield! I cannot choose! For lo!
I, too, have seen --- seen what the end might be,
The far-off sun-kissed pinnacles of snow,
The perfect life of selfless liberty.
I will not yield!

For, having seen, I can but seek
The highest, though the heavenly peak
Lies ages hence away
From this foul bed of clay,
It can be won!
Child of the Sun,
I will not yield!

I will not yield! The fault is all my own
That I have fallen; evil seeds bear fruit.
Loins girt for years with pleasure's silken zone
Have failed to stand the strain; but to the brute
I will not yield!

No! though the struggle be in vain;
No! though I rise to fall again;
Unto the utmost end,
Until the night descend,
I stand my ground;
Vanquished or crowned,
I will not yield!

— Selected

Theosophy and Nature

IN the crowded city we are apt to give an undue importance to the ordinary affairs of life, to the work in the factory, in the stores, in the office, or in any of the thousand-and-one places where we may be "earning a living." We think that the sun rises and sets over our work, and that the world would come to a standstill did we but stop it for an instant. But let us leave the city for a little while and go out into the country, out to its green fields and woods. How small now looks the city and all that it contained! How insignificant our work that so engrossed us before! We begin to see its true relation to the universe and our own position in it as well. We may perhaps take a part in the work on the field; then it, too, comes to have a new meaning to us. That which before appeared so commonplace and so much like drudgery is all at once filled with a sweetness and a dignity we never

dreamed that it possessed, with a charm which will never again desert it. We have been touched by the magic hand of Nature.

Wherein lies this wonderful power of nature to so inspire us with pure and noble thoughts? According to the popular conception, Nature is but a great storehouse for the material convenience of mankind. Nature furnishes us with food and clothing, and all that we need in our daily life, and all that we have to do is to see that we do not exhaust the supply, so that we may not suffer in consequence. Man is the master over Nature, to rule it as he wishes, and as far as his powers extend, and to profit by it. That is the generally accepted idea of the relation between man and nature, but if it were the true one, how then would it be possible for such a mere mass of trees and grass and rocks alone to exert such a powerful influence over us?

Nature is much more than she is commonly thought to be. According to Theosophy, she is a great, throbbing, sentient, conscious being, with stern commands to us and rich with fairy gifts. She does not speak to us in words, and yet she brings us a message such as never words did bring before. She speaks to all who wish to hear, who come as friends and lovers, wooing her instead of but to plunder. She has her secrets most profound, and guards them well against intruders, yet parts most willingly with them to one who has a wish to learn and comes prepared. For she is very exacting. Demanding prompt obedience to her laws, she never listens to excuses. She gives according to deserts, no more, no less.

Man is the master and the ruler, but tyrant King never received from fearing and unwilling people that which they gladly give to a beloved monarch. Nothing is ever obtained by force, nothing that really is worth having. We do not use force with our friends, but when we wish to get close to them we blend our thoughts with theirs and rise above the limitations that come from thought of benefit for self alone. We rise then to the level of their soul, then soul will speak to soul, and each gives to the other that which each has best. So must we also approach Nature, as Givers, with the riches of our hearts as gifts, and she will give us hers and bid us welcome.

Nature does not speak in words, yet she speaks to us with a thousand tongues. The laughing brook, the steady-flowing stream, the ocean's deafening roar, all have their tales to tell. The waving grass whispers its secrets to us, as do the restful-sounding, stately forest pines. The mighty mountains speak to us of majesty and power, the open sea and cooling breeze and light of freedom. The desert sand and stillness speaks, of death not, but of ever-present, lasting life. There is no thing inert in Nature, nothing that is not moving steadily in regular, magnificent procession towards higher life. The steps and grades are many, yet whatever be the present state, of stone or plant, or animal, each is inspired by its overshadowing soul which guides it on, and it is this which finds expression in the different forms and speaks to us its words of wisdom.

Nature is always true. Her language, veiled, is always inspired by the inward truth, by the urge to give expression to the life within. For what is any form of life if not just this constant desire of the Divine to manifest itself in outward forms, in forms symbolic of the indwelling spirit? If we will but listen, we will hear God's voice in all that surrounds us, and it is that voice which makes the power of Nature so supreme.

E. T. SEDERHOLM

Ingratitude

IN the eyes of Nature's Law ingratitude stands as the unpardonable sin, the most base and ignoble crime that is possible for a human soul to commit. Such betrayal of the Divine Life, the source of all inspiration, knowledge and virtue, is almost unimaginable. Nevertheless, the fact stands unimpeachable that, age after age, ingratitude has been the weapon used to destroy the mightiest and bravest of Humanity's Helpers. No matter what the death may have been, whether it was burning at the stake, or crucifixion, or imprisonment, it only in part expressed the baseness of the ingratitude.

But in the darkest periods of the world's history there have always been those who have given their lives as a sacrifice for humanity. The knowledge of their noble lives and deeds may be obscured, their names almost obliterated or degraded by false historians—but the record of their great service in Humanity's cause stands unblemished in the light of that Divine Law, whose servants those noble Souls were, and shall yet be known among men in all nations of the earth.

W. S.

HOPE

IN a vast wood, whose arches, deed and cold,
Won no pale glimmer from the stars o'erhead.
I made a grave, and heaped it high with mould,
And wrote upon a grey stone at its head,
The words, "Here Hope lies dead."

Then, as I turned away, lo! one stood there,
Radiant, his bright wings tipped with morning flame,
Who shook the dank earth from his robes and hair,
And smiled triumphant as he told his name,
And, "I am Hope," he said.—Selected

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LIFE

by FRANCIS A. KEMBLE

A SACRED burden is this life ye bear.
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin;
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

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Question How are man's life and evolution governed by cycles? How can there be progress if we continually come back to the same point? (Concluded from the issue of August 7th)

Answer We give here the last of the extracts, selected from W. Q. Judge's address on the subject, as having a bearing on the question:

We are here a new race in a new cycle, and persons who know say that a cycle is going to end in a few years and a new one begin, and that that ending and beginning will be accompanied by convulsions of society and of nature. We can all almost see it coming. The events are very complete in the sky. You remember Daniel saying, "A time, half a time, and a time," and so on, and people in the Christian system have been trying to find out the time when the time began, and that is just the difficulty. We do not know when the time began. And the only person who in all these many years has made a direct statement is Madame Blavatsky, and she said, "A cycle is ending in a few years, you must prepare." So that it was like the old prophets who came to the people and said, "Prepare for a new era of things, get ready for what you have to do." That is just what this civilization is doing. It is the highest, although the crudest, civilization now on the earth. It is the beginning of the great civilization that is to come, when old Europe has been destroyed; when the civilizations of Europe are unable to do any more, then this will be the place where the new great civilization will begin to put out a hand once more to grasp that of the ancient East, who has sat there silently doing nothing all these years, holding in her ancient crypts and libraries and records the philosophy which the world wants, and it is this philosophy and this ethics that the Theosophical Society is trying to give you. It is a philosophy you can understand and practise.

It is well enough to say to a man, Do right, but after a while, in this superstitious era, he will say, Why should I do right, unless I feel like it? When you are showing these laws, that he must come back in his cycle; that he is subject to evolution; that he is a reincarnated pilgrim soul, then he will see the reason why, and then in order to get him a secure basis, he accepts the philosophy, and that is what the Theosophical Society and the Theosophical movement are trying to do.

From the consideration of the question and the extracts given, is it not perfectly clear that instead of asking "how can there be progress" if the teaching regarding cycles holds good, the contrary statement hold good that our progress is by means of cycles? Furthermore, we do not come back to the same point. We well know that no moment of time can be repeated, however near we may come to it in recollection and try to live it over again. It is different, and we are different; each moment adds its experience that can never be wholly effaced. Nature may take a million years to produce a modification, but each one of those years plays its part in bringing about the final result, and there is no standing still in the whole universe. But it is given to man to work with the cycles of nature or against them, and thus his progress is in his own hands. If we will but learn to know the times and the seasons, we may sow seed that shall not fail of its harvest. The harvest will come whether we sow ignorantly or with knowledge, but if we will use our knowledge we may sow what seeds we will.

STUDENT

As to Plagiarism

A WRITER on this subject in a late number of the *Academy*, heads his article with the title, "The Art of Plagiarism;" and the words of his title may be an unconscious imitation of a sentence in Isaac Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, where we have these words, "The plagiarism of orators is the art," etc. The writer is discussing a supposed plagiarism of Disraeli, the son, and yet himself borrows without acknowledgment, words from Disraeli, the father!

Plagiarism in itself is not only literary theft, it is the using of the words or ideas of another with the purpose of making the hearer or reader accept them as our own. It is not the taking and using of the words or ideas of another, but the intent or purpose of deception which constitutes real plagiarism. The word plagiarist originally signified *man stealer*, from *plagio*, to surround with a net. Hence it is used to describe that act in which a man takes the ideas of another, and so changes them that even the author would not know them, and thus he gives them forth as his own. It is in this sense that Isaac Disraeli uses the word, when he says the plagiarist disguises the speeches of others "in such a manner that it becomes impossible even for the author himself to recognize his own work, his own genius and his own style." But usually plagiarism means the unacknowledged use of another's words or ideas, even without any attempt at disguise. Emerson says:

It has come to be practically a sort of rule in literature, that a man, having once shown himself capable of original writing, is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion. Thought is the property of him who can entertain it; and of him who can adequately place it. A certain awkwardness marks the use of borrowed thoughts; but as soon as we have learned what to do with them, they become our own.

Voltaire uses the expression, "honest plagiarists," where he speaks of all "makers of dictionaries repeating the thoughts of others, backwards and forwards, their opinions, errors and impostures." And much the same thing might be said of our scientific men, who, as in the matter of the composition of the atmosphere simply copied the one from the other for about one hundred years, until the discovery of *argon*, a few years ago, showed that they had all the time been copying, not investigating.

We are probably not so original as we think we are. When we compare modern scientific conceptions with those of Lucretius and others long before his day; or when we trace to Plato the springs of much of our advanced thought which is called modern, we may well say with Solomon, "There is no new thing under the sun." Shakespeare owes much to the Bible, as well as to other writers. In fact there is no such thing as absolute originality—for as Tennyson says, "We are heirs of all the ages." Today we are the sum total of all past yesterdays.

Besides all this, we find that discoverers, living at a distance from each other, have often made the same discovery about the same time, showing that there is some realm of knowledge which is open to all minds of the same development. May it not be so with many of our ideas? If thoughts be realities, and ideas realities, our minds may often receive ideas without knowing whence they came. It is no unusual thing for one person when writing to put down a thought which another person sitting in the same room, has had in mind at the same time. Nor is it a very rare thing to find in an old author thoughts which you honestly believed to be original to yourself. The utmost we can hope to do is to give to the thoughts or ideas which others have had, some added coloring derived from our own experience, even as we add our lives, whether a minus or a plus quantity, to the sum total of all the past. S. J. N.

The Maltese Faldetta

THE first impression of a stranger in Malta is that the main portion of the female population is composed of nuns. Almost to a woman the black poke bonnet with its veil is worn, with a distinctly depressing effect. This faldetta was originally a punishment imposed by the priesthood on the women of Malta, after the excesses which occurred at the end of the Eighteenth century, when the island was captured and held for a short time by the French. This mark of penance has been worn for the prescribed century, but the Maltese have become so much accustomed to its use that they wear it still. It is remarkable that such an arbitrary order imposed upon this island people should have been so binding, and perhaps still more so to find its influence engrained in them to such an extent that they have no wish to discard this mark of disgrace.

Odds and Ends

America's First Greek Amphitheatre THE first Greek amphitheatre ever built in America is the one at Point Loma, on the grounds of the School of Antiquity. Katherine Tingley constructed this amphitheatre in 1901. In 1898, she presented Æschylus' *Eumenides* in New York city and Buffalo, with great success. Later, she recast the tragedy in its original Greek form, at Point Loma, California. It is expected that not later than January, 1905, other of the classic Greek plays will be presented by the students at Point Loma.

The Tibetan Expedition It is very interesting to watch developments of the Tibetan expedition. It is said that two-thirds of the struggle is over. Those who have visited Lhasa, or who have ever had any communication with that place, know well the nature of the difficulties that Gen. Macdonald must meet. The ordinary strategy of military operations will do little to accomplish the object of the mission. The citizens of Lhasa, as well as all Tibetans, feel it to be their religious duty to protect from foreign invasion what is to them a sacred land. There are some foolish enough to say that the Tibetans are not courageous. This same class of critics said the same of the Japanese! There will be many disquieting events in the history of this mission before it has finished its labors. It is to be hoped that the rumors of negotiations for peace are true; that no more blood will be shed, and that justice will preside over all the doings of both the British and the Tibetans.

Agricultural Education at Point Loma. A FARMER should have a thorough education. Many an honest man, energetic and devoted to his work, has lost his money and courage in farming, because he had not the knowledge necessary to make his agricultural ventures a success. The School of Agriculture at Point Loma serves to remedy this defect to a very large degree. We are teaching some of our young lads to become good farmers as well as good citizens, scholars and helpers to humanity. The United States has the greatest Department of Agriculture in the world. The following is an extract from one of the reports of the Agricultural Department at Washington:

The act of Feb. 2, 1903, enables the Secretary of Agriculture to prevent the spread of contagious and infectious diseases of live stock. Rigid inspection has

protected our cattle against infection from abroad, and has established the highest credit for our meat products in the markets of the world. The earth has been searched for weapons with which to fight the enemies that destroy the growing crops. An insect brought from near the great wall of China has checked the San José scale, which was destroying our orchards; a parasite fly brought from South Africa is exterminating the black scale in the lemon and orange groves of California, and an ant from Guatemala is about offering battle to the boll weevil. Broad science has been brought to the aid of limited experience. Study of the relations between plant life and climate and soil has been followed by the introduction of special crops suited to our varied conditions. The introduction of just the right kind of seed has enabled the Gulf States to increase our rice crop from 115,000,000 pounds in 1898 to 400,000,000 pounds in 1903, and to supply the entire American demand, with a surplus for export. The right kind of sugar beet has increased our annual production of beet sugar by over 200,000 tons. Seed brought from countries of little rainfall is producing millions of bushels of grain on lands which a few years ago were deemed a hopeless part of the arid belt.

A Clock Which Will Run 30,000 Years THE *Scientific American* says that a radium clock has been constructed by Mr. Harrison Martindale, which will run indefinitely. The principle of this apparatus is simplicity itself, the registration of time being made in two-minute beats, while its function is to exhibit the dissipation of negatively charged alpha and beta rays by radium. The clock comprises a small tube, in which is placed a minute quantity of radium supported in an exhausted glass vessel by a quartz rod. To the lower end of the tube, which is colored violet by the action of the radium, an electroscope formed of two long leaves or strips of silver is attached. A charge of electricity in which there are no beta rays is transmitted through the activity of the radium into the leaves, and the latter thereby expand until they touch the sides of the vessel, connected to earth by wires, which instantly conduct the electric charge, and the leaves fall together. This simple operation is repeated incessantly every two minutes until the radium is exhausted, which in this instance it is computed will occupy thirty thousand years.

THE Truth, if it is to endure, must show itself in conformity with the will of a beneficent God and with the laws of Nature.—*Giordano Bruno*

It were better to be of no church than bitter for any.—*William Penn*

To the Members of The Universal Brotherhood Throughout the World: In order to expedite improvements in the different Departments of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, it is necessary that all communications, connected with the work of the Universal Brotherhood, should be directed to Katherine Tingley, Loma Homestead, Point Loma, California.
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11	29.694	74	66	70	67	.00	SW	4
12	29.724	75	64	67	65	.00	S	2
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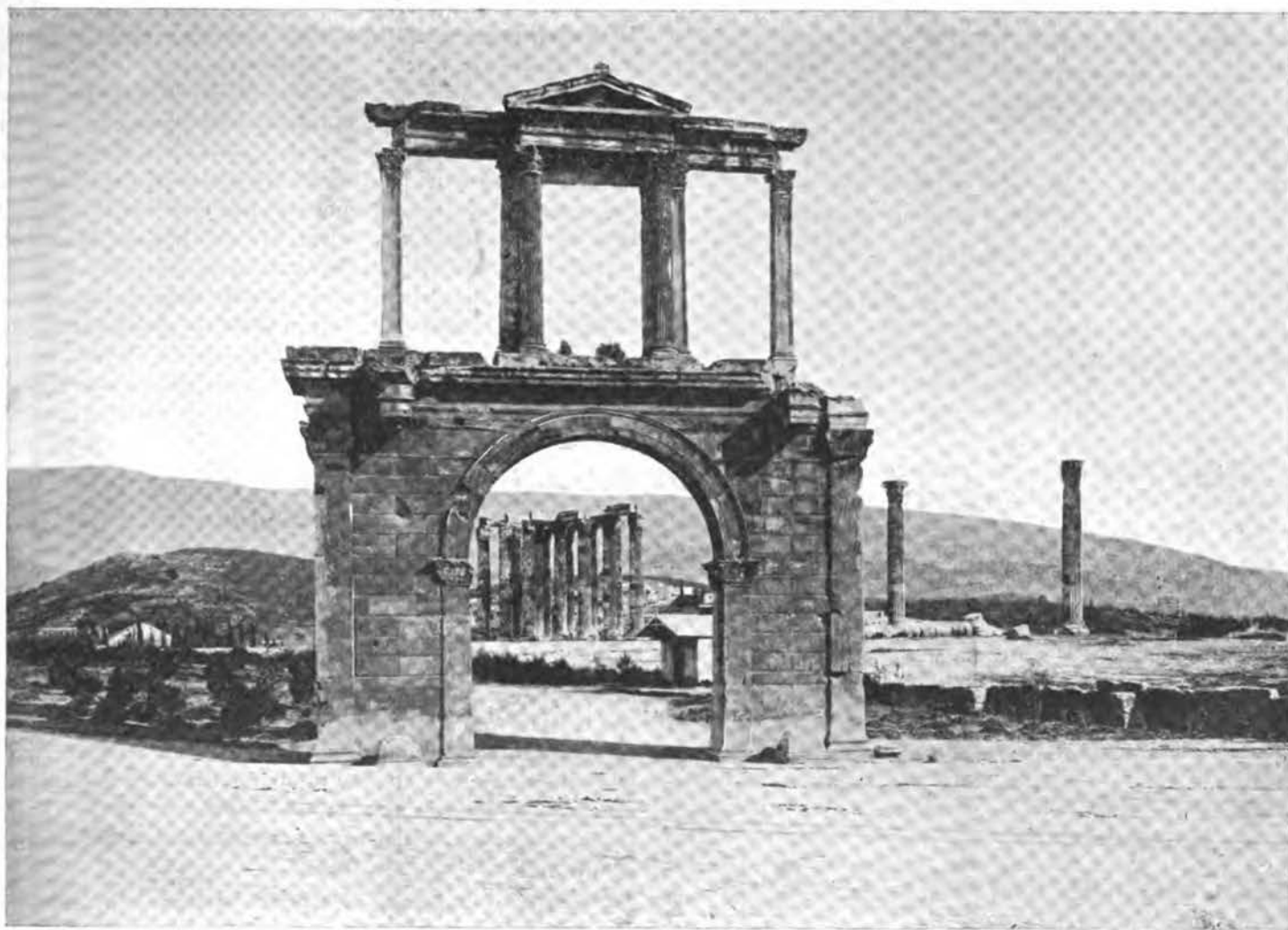
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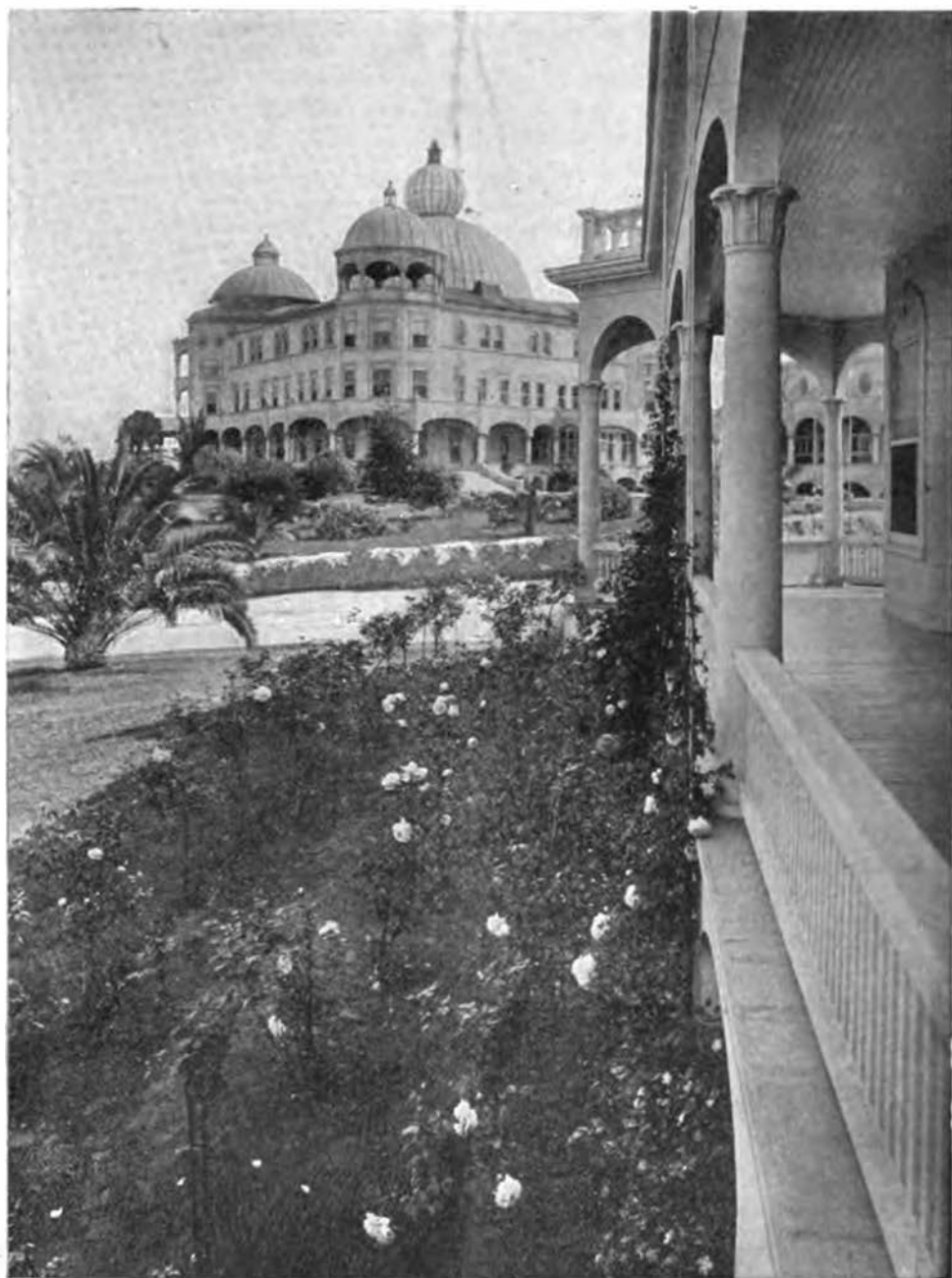
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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

An Explanation of Genius
March of Civilization
Art, Religion and Science
Masonry and Taxation
A Linguistic Marvel
Hadrian's Arch—frontispiece

Page 4—XIXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Hypnotism a Mistaken Method
Moral Nature and Will
Unnatural Process
Cure of Self-consciousness
Musical Vibrations

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Province of Museums
A Tribute to a Great Brotherhood Worker
Raja Yoga Chorus (illustration)
Sight (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

What Bringeth the Days?
Psychological Influences of Modern Life
Greek Maiden's Heroism
Professional Slanderer
Basket Ball at Point Loma (illustration)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Homeric Bath-room—illustrated
Researches About Palestine
Intelligent Cave-Dwellers
Christian Tablet Near China's Ancient Capital

Page 9—NATURE

A Vicious Chain
Lomaland Sunsets—illustrated
Limits of the Sea (verse)
Duet in the Orchard
The Parasol Ant

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
The Lower Animals
Purpose of Our Order
Raja Yoga Academy

Page 12—GENERAL

Truth and Reason
Cilgerran Castle (illustration)
Venezuelan Constitution

Page 13—XIXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Some Causes of Cancer
Nerve Currents Visible
Spontaneous Generation
Mystery of Bird Flight

Pages 14—FICTION

The Widening of an Horizon
Waiting (verse)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Raja Yoga Question Box
An Hour With the Lotus Groups
Buffalo Lotus Group (illustration)
The Birds (verse)
Grecian Peasant Family (illustration)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Truth (verse)
Theosophy in Commercial Life
Gratitude
Theosophical Forum
John Wesley on "Primitive Physic"

Page 18—ODDS AND ENDS

Meteorological Table
Useless Factors
Native Americans
Common Sense
What Is Duty?

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

A Rational Explanation of Genius

THE origin of Genius in man, is considered today to be an insolvable riddle. It is regarded as a mystery; and its cause is thought to be forever unknown. Speculations without number are indulged in as to what makes the difference between the poet, the musician, the general and the artist. It is thought by some to depend upon the number of the convolutions in the brain, and upon the especial and particular activity of certain mysterious cells; one set of them going to build the mental structure of the artist; another, the musician; another the poet, and so forth, *ad libitum*. The presence of Genius excites scientific curiosity; and the majority of us admire silently that hidden power which by its flame and fire startles the world.

Genius is called a "gift," and we ignorantly worship its mystery and

power; but what makes it, baffles the inquiry of our thinkers.

While Carlyle has said that Genius is the capacity of one for taking infinite pains, I doubt whether the most laborious schemes of painstaking endeavor would engender that spark of something which raises a man so far above his fellows as is the Genius. A Genius is born, not made; and that capacity for taking infinite pains, is an integral part of his whole make-up, certainly not the cause of his sacred gift.

Neither Heredity nor Gray Matter

Neither heredity, nor the amount of one's brain matter will explain it; for the heads of certain Geniuses have been found by measurement to be not as large as those of individual savages; and as to heredity, it is only too apparent a fact that our geniuses are not by any means born of genius in the parents. Shakespeare reached immortal heights by the intrinsic energy of his inspired mind; yet his father was a respectable merchant in Stratford, and his mother was a good woman, but devoid of anything like genius. Beethoven's father was a musician, it is true, but by no means a Genius, and his mother was the daughter of a cook. The great Wagner's father was an employé in a police court, and his mother showed no especial gifts of any kind. Then again, it is often said to be the case, that the children of Geniuses are frequently inferior to the average mentality of the day, and they do not share in the parent's quickening life.

How about what Schopenhauer says? This thinker postulates that every human being possesses the spark and fire of Genius, but that it remains latent and sleeping in the huge majority of us.

Now, is indeed, the origin of Genius so inexplicable? Why is it that thinking men have not paused to consider whether the Reincarnation of the Soul of man might not illumine this dark question? May not a man bring back to life the fruitage of that which he labored for in other lives—perhaps through many lives, struggling, striving towards the perfection of a predominant trait in his character?

In Reincarnation Lies Only Clue

If this characteristically dominant trait be something apart from that which returns to dust at death, how can it help but endure? If the mind be set upon things which are of a permanent nature, and of a universal kind—something so broad and so generous in its scope that the entire human family feel it as a reality—Music, Art, and Poetry for instance—such a mind partakes of the nature of the thing it loves; it receives a spiritual baptism, so to say; and therefore that part of the mind is as eternal as the Muse, for it is indrawn into the Muse itself.

Schopenhauer is right. In each of us there dwells a silent god; it sleepeth still, but that is because we have not yet ourselves awakened. Every Son of Man is a Genius; in some the divine fire Prometheus stole from highest heaven leaps home, heavenward; in most of us it is but a spark. The message Theosophy has brought to man lightens many an obscure problem. Its explanation of life is perfect, utterly satisfactory and full of sweet comfort.

G. DE P.

The March of Civilization

IT is a pity we cannot have statistical records of the war-mortality of preceding centuries of this Christian era. Then we should know how civilization was really progressing with us. During the century just closed, only fourteen and a half millions of men were slain in war. A great many more, of course, died of starvation; lands were laid waste; and there are the widows and orphans unprovided for, to consider. We know, from each others' constant assurances, how very civilized we are; and it therefore follows that preceding centuries must have exhibited an even greater mortality. From our knowledge, thus derived, that war-mortality is lessening, we are able to infer our advance in civilization. It may look like reasoning in a circle; but what else are we to do? we must prove the case somehow. The figures are Dr. Charles Richet's, and the total is thus made up:

Napoleonic wars, 8,000,000; Crimean wars, 300,000; Italian war, 300,000; American Civil War, 500,000; Franco-German war, 800,000; Russo-Turkish war, 400,000; civil wars in South America, 500,000; various colonial expeditions (including, one supposes, "peaceful missions") in India, Algeria, Mexico, Tonquin, Abyssinia, South Africa and Madagascar, 3,000,000.

Sometime, we shall have to make a definition of civilization that will not be contradicted by the above facts, and others relating to crime, drink, suicide, insanity, etc. The difficulty may teach us something. S.

Art, Religion and Science---Sisters

A WRITER in one of the *Reviews*, protesting against the oft-repeated statement that Art is the handmaid of Religion, makes matters no better by saying that Art, Religion and Science, "though mutually helpful, are entirely independent in their spheres." He adds:

Religion purifies the heart of man. Art gives expression and development to the imagination, and Knowledge feeds and nourishes the mind. . . . Art does not diverge into the domain of Religion, nor does Religion, unless tainted with presumption, trench on Science. Each should retain its individuality if it would maintain its power.

He makes the three "sisters," but not united, only coldly sympathetic. Theosophy entirely dissents from this view, and this dissent marks a most important point of divergence between Theosophy and current ideas.

Art, Religion and Science, together with all other departments into which human aspiration and speculation may be divided, are one in essence, and the more they become sublimated and purified from the dross of ignorance, superstition and sensualism, the more closely do they blend. Their separation is due to the gross elements that have combined with each. In this state of debasement the only union that can take place is a meretricious or servile one, from the idea of which the irritable critic pardonably revolts. We would not preach any such forced union.

On the contrary, what Theosophy does towards Art, Religion and Science, is the same as what it does towards men; it does not force them together into an artificial union, but shows how and wherein they actually *are* united, and urges them to cultivate the homogeneous part of their nature instead of the discordant elements.

Religion, Art and Science are all united in the sacred *Gnosis* or *Wisdom-Religion*, that great ocean of knowledge whose existence has been forgotten during the fighting and drinking ages. When the Truth appeals to us through the heart we may call it Religion; when through the imagination, Art; and when through the intellect, Science. But the Truth is one. Since, however, none of the three sisters as worshiped today has much of the Truth in her, the bond of union is lacking.

We can understand the gulf between the communion-table and the dissecting-bench, and it is not difficult to realize the chasm between Little Bethel and an art-studio; but our ideas of Religion are not confined to churches and prelates, nor our notions of Science and Art to the materialistic and conventional forms they usually take. If Religion were beautiful, as it should be, Art would not need to sneer at it. If Art were as chaste and inspiring as it might be, Religion would not need to sniff at it. It is because Science grovels and trifles so much, that the others can afford to ignore or shun it.

Theosophy elevates and reinstates Religion, Art and Science, so that their innate and inalienable kinship becomes obvious and there is no question of trenching on each other's private domains. It restores to Religion the beauty of Art and the luminosity of Science, and to the other two the noble purpose of Religion. And all three unite in the common end of ennobling life.

H. T. E.

A Linguistic Marvel---Human Capacity Has No Limit

THE newspapers tell of Professor Trombetti, an extraordinary linguist who has been living in Italy unknown and unrecognized, although he knows 400 American languages, all the modern languages, all the dead languages without exception, and all the Eastern languages or dialects.

He began life as one of the very poor, and was successively a barber, a jeweler, etc. During this time he could not go to school, but this made no difference—he seemed to be educated by magic. When a little boy he bought a German grammar for five cents and so learned German. One day he saw a Hebrew book translated into Latin, and learned the latter that he might read it, and then went on to the original. Another day he saw a life of Abd-el-Kader, and so learned Arabic. He came to light by winning £400 offered for the best work on languages, his book being the *Genealogical Connection Between the Languages of the Old World*.

Here we have one of those numerous cases where hard and unblushing facts flatly contradict comfortable theories. We have a materialistic philosophy by which the scope of human faculties is limited to suit our limited aspirations, and some one forthwith exhibits a degree of capability

that ought not in common decency to be possible, as it makes both other people and their theories look so foolish. Infant prodigies are born into the world with a ready-made equipment of consummate accomplishment, and calculating boys do sums instantaneously by unknown methods. Every day some new fact shows that there is nothing we may not expect in the way of mental phenomena, and that no limits whatever can be set to the range of human possibilities.

The memory may be developed to any extent—it is only a question of time and application—or people may be born endowed with a limitless and all-retaining memory. Certain classes of facts go to indicate that the mental functions can be practised to such an extent as to become automatic and so to go on working of themselves while the attention is engaged elsewhere. This suggests the possibility of being able to do several things at once with different parts of the mind.

William Q. Judge, speaking of the uses of books in the acquisition of knowledge, says that man has, latent in his nature, the power to glean all the information he needs without such an adventitious aid as a book; and we can trace various degrees of approximation to this capability, since highly organized minds will rapidly skim the essence from any book they see, while others may require slow study and pondering. All ideas ever thought are recorded in a way not known to present science, in that "mind-stuff" which pervades the universe, and of which our minds are the receiving and transmitting instruments.

Why should not a trained organism, as natural results of a clean life, be able to tap those sources?

In short, as the thought-world is infinite and replete with all possible variety of materials, and as man's organism is a marvelous electrical instrument capable of unlimited elaboration and perfection, we need be surprised at nothing in the line of mental prodigies.

STUDENT

Masonry and Taxation

A MASONIC Lodge situated within the jurisdiction of the Cawnpore municipality, in India, has been regularly subjected to house-tax for many years. In spite of continued protest the Treasurer was made personally responsible for the payment, but in 1902 he refused to pay what he considered an unfair tax. His arrest followed, and he brought suit for damages on account of its illegality. The ground of protest was to the effect that it was illegal to tax a temple, and evidence was given that the worship of the Deity was carried on in the Lodge. After a hearing, which lasted many days, the decision was given for the plaintiff, damages to the extent of 2,500 rupees being awarded, with costs. The position taken by the municipality, both in taxing the Lodge and in arresting the Treasurer for resistance of payment, was shown to be illegal, thus acknowledging the justice of the protest.

H. A.

Hadrian's Arch---Frontispiece

THIS week's cover-page of THE NEW CENTURY PATH shows one of the most picturesque views of Athens, Greece. Even in the picture the effect is fine, but with the play of light on the broken columns and through the arch, in evening or morning, with the purple hills beyond, the effect is superb. The Arch in the foreground is called that of Hadrian. The graceful row of columns beyond, is all that remains of the famous temple of Jupiter Olympius. There now remain standing on a raised platform 16 of these columns, Corinthian style, each of which is fully 60 feet high. These imposing ruins lie on the handsome boulevard leading up to, and past the Acropolis. On all sides of the platform on which the Temple of Olympian Jove was built, and which is still a grand and very remarkable picture, lie remains of age-old buildings of many kinds. Broken columns, shattered plinths, fallen stone—the whole speaking with silent voice of a past art in a half-forgotten civilization.

The ancients did indeed build grandly, for they built to defy time. Had not the ruthlessness of man combined with the natural forces of destruction in the shape of earthquakes—wind, rain, sun and the gnawing teeth of time would have left us nearly intact, most of these superb monumental evidences of another time. Though the voices of the thronging multitudes of ancient Greece are stilled, yet their life comes back to us through the cycling of those past centuries as we gaze upon their gifts, for the life of a people is built into its architecture.

Where will *ours* be two thousand years hence?

STUDENT

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Hypnotism a Mistaken Method

WRITING on medical hypnotism, in *Cosmos* (Paris) Dr. L. Menard makes the following salutary remarks: By cultivating the tendency to passivity and credulity which is at the bottom of the hypnotic state, we cause in the subjects a sort of habitual automatism, a need for direction, which is injurious. Neuropaths are not apt to be self-controlled; we should strengthen in them the will-power, the power of control, and diminish the tendency to impulsive acts. Just the opposite is done in hypnotizing them; this makes them still less reasonable. The morbid symptom is sometimes cured, but the psychic state is not bettered—the congenital or acquired weakness that makes them the sport of their impressions, and incapable of throwing off their obsessions and of governing their emotions.—(*Literary Digest Translation*)

The Doctor, however, goes on to recommend, in place of this method of therapeutic suggestion, an indirect method of applying hypnotism, which consists in throwing the patient into a trance and then urging him to throw off his neuropathic obsessions and paralysis and regain sensibility in his organism. But, as this method seems to us but little, if at all, better than the other, since it likewise involves hypnotization and dependence on the will of the operator, we must equally condemn it. Now, what, let us ask, is the essence of the evil in hypnotization?

The Moral Nature and the Will

It is this: that the moral nature of the patient is supplanted, excused from duty, and its work done for it; when it should be aroused and persuaded to be watchful and do its duty.

The patient's moral sense, inspired by the light of Soul-wisdom and the warmth of noble aspiration shining (however dimly) from the spiritual center in the Heart, should use the Will and by its aid subdue and gain control of the entire organism, mental, emotional and vital. This is the proper sequence.

Then how can we help the patient, as it is our love-inspired duty to do?

Answer: we must appeal to his moral nature, and this cannot be done by bullying and commanding. We must reason and *persuade*. To use our own will, to employ brute force, is to usurp the sovereignty of the patient's own will and to take his Soul's duty out of the hands of his Soul and attempt to do it ourselves.

These remarks do not apply exclusively to hypnotism. Hypnotism is only a particular case of a general process which includes *all* forms of personal interference with another's will. All people influence each other, in ordinary life and without trance, both in the right way by good example and inducement, and in the wrong way by domineering and compelling.

And the same ethical principles apply throughout.

Raja Yoga Evokes the Soul Power

This is recognized in the Raja Yoga educational system. In this system the Soul of the child is evoked, and he is thus aided to use his own power in governing himself. Other systems resort to the influence of fear and self-interest; and often in bad cases this is the only effectual means of discipline that can be found, in the absence of properly constituted educational systems with teachers trained in the Raja Yoga principles. But, if control by fear is ever necessary, the necessity is regrettable; and while it may do for the culprit the best that can be done for him under the circumstances, it would have been still better could his higher nature have been reached.

What should be done to a neuropath—one who has lost control over his thoughts, emotions, actions and bodily functions; who is the victim of obsessing ideas and bad habits?

His highest aspirations and his best intelligence should be appealed to, that they may come to his aid and use the Will to control the faculties. But what if the victim is too far gone to be reachable in this way, as is the case with many of the victims of habits; if the organism is so debauched and depraved that the mind is misled by it so that the Will can get no grip?

Then it is a case for the doctor, who should be the assistant of the moral physician, or combine both functions in himself. The doctor cures the body with medical treatment and regimen, and the moral doctor

An Unnatu- ral & Useless Process

persuades the mind. But to throw the patient into a trance, oust his mind and soul from his organism, and place therein a viceroy or military governor of our own—that is an unnatural and useless process. We once knew a European naturalist who said he had been initiated into an order of Lamas in Thibet, where he was traveling in pursuit of his researches. He declared that these Lamas governed the people by hypnotism, and was most enthusiastic over the peace and order thus produced. But this is not the kind of community we want in America. We look for a community in which every individual shall be absolutely *free* to follow the guidance of a Light recognized by all as proceeding from the Soul—free alike from his own passions and from those of his fellows.

Hypnotism will not be needed when we have a body of people united in Soul-life. They will have at their disposal a moral influence sufficient for every emergency, and a wisdom that will put all the arts of the physician and all the beneficent healing powers of Nature into their service.

H. T. E.

The Cure of Self-Con- sciousness

ONE of the current monthlies has an article whose aim is to teach us how to get over our self-consciousness. It is apparently written for the benefit of the blushing young man who dares not hear the sound of his own voice, or look frankly at a woman as he addresses her. What we really want is *more* self-consciousness, not less. Who would blush apologetically for his own existence if he had even begun to realize what *I am* means?

That which is ordinarily called self-consciousness is simply fear—fear lest the person to whom you are talking may be constructing an idea of your mind, body, or even clothes, which you do not wish him to have. Self-consciousness is the *cure* for this.

No one is less or more than a human being; consciousness in and of one's human beinghood is self-consciousness; consciousness of the shape of one's nose or trousers involves *loss* of self-consciousness.

So our formula for the pathetically situated young man would be: Stop thinking thoughts and doing deeds that are below the dignity of your humanity. The ground being thus cleared, think of yourself henceforth as a *human being* face to face with other equally and indefeasibly human beings variously embodied and clothed. In the one inner essential of their humanhood, all are equals, and in that lies self-consciousness—really the *soul's* consciousness.

STUDENT

Musical Vibrations & Materialism

EVEN habitual association with music cannot save some people from their instinctive materialism. It appears that Archbishop Farley has just discharged non-Christian musicians from the Catholic church-choirs of New York. *The Musical Courier* unfavorably criticizes this, arguing that: "The playing of the organ and the singing of hymns are not one whit different whether performed by Christians or by Jews or Buddhists, providing, of course, that the performers are all of equal musical merit," and that "a voice can simulate to perfection a very ecstasy of religious emotion, even if the singer be an out-and-out infidel."

This means that the singer radiates nothing from himself except aërial vibrations; and the instrumentalist, nothing at all. Does the writer really suppose that feeling and thought radiate nothing; that each man lives in his own absolutely walled-off world of consciousness, save in so far as he makes little—very little—windows through by means of words or gestures? Is humanity only an army of almost completely shell-cased solitaires? Surely even the recent discoveries of the constant human radiations of electricity and light in various forms, might teach one better than that. Let us hope that the musician who knows nothing outside the traditional limits of his own art may soon become an anachronism. For its full growth requires that he also energize every *other* department of his being, and thus fulfil the period of his usefulness. STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Province of Museums—A New Departure

IT was in 296 B. C. that the museum of Alexandria was founded by the Ptolemys as "a great university, the abiding place of men of science and of letters." Other museums were doubtless established before; others have been founded since, many of them writing heroic records of attempts to add the treasures of antiquity to those already in the storehouses of the modern world. How much have these vast museums done for humanity? Excepting in rare cases the help has not been commensurate with the hopes and plans of those who founded them.

There is written in an old Swedish inn this proverb, "You will find here excellent bread, wine and meat, providing you bring them with you." This gives us a hint of the real reason why our museums, in spite of the treasures they contain, have done so little to really uplift the people. The masses have brought with them no culture; they take, therefore, little away. Thousands wander through the rooms, buy catalogues, read every label, sign and description, and what do they get? Eye-strain, headache, and little else, in nine cases out of ten. The guide-books and even the best of catalogues, have almost no human interest, and are useful merely to the student; and at last modern founders and directors of museums are beginning to realize the need of a closer touch with the people themselves. In many museums short daily lectures are being inaugurated, and these do much, depending, however, on the attitude of the public, as well as on the humanity of the lecturer.

I say "humanity," because a mere collector of facts, a mere distributor of information, such as some lecturers unmistakably are, has but a slight message at best and finds but meager response. What is needed is not only deep sympathy with the hearts of men on the part of those who would reach them with this message from the past—and this our museums do record noble glimpses of—but a deep awakening on the part of the masses themselves. Of this awakening we have now but the promise, yet the hearts of men are calling, yea, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, "the Good, the Beautiful and the True," the pearl of great price. They are begging for light upon the old brain-mind conceptions of architecture, archeology, history and art. These sciences are entitled to new life, new spirit. The founders and directors of museums are beginning at last to learn that there is no real value in their collections, only in so far as they serve to bring back to us that which was best in the life and culture of the ancients, that which was purest in their heart-life. The masses are no longer content to be treated as mere information-gatherers, mere sight-seers, mere sensation-hunters.

They demand help—even though the demand is not yet voiced in written or spoken word—in gaining from these evidences, these fragmentary records of ancient civilizations, something that will rekindle the fires upon the altars of their own hearts. The time for a new departure is now, and its urge is surely felt in every aspiring heart. STUDENT

A Tribute to a Great Brotherhood Worker

GEORGE F. WATTS, R. A., the English poet-painter, the greatest of the few great Victorians who survived the Queen, has just passed away at the ripe age of eighty-seven, full of honors. As a prophet in art he was almost unique in this money-loving generation, and as a painter he was in the first rank. His works recall the great days of the Old Masters, his life was a benediction, and his public spirit was unbounded. Every morning this wonderful octogenarian started work at sunrise, thus affording a shining example to younger men.

His working power steadily increased with the years. This year not only had he his picture, "A Fugue," which is equal or superior to anything he had previously done, on exhibition at the London "New Gallery," but in the Royal Academy he showed a colossal equestrian statue "Physical Energy," which possesses qualities of the highest order. His work has made men think, for who has not profited by his "Hope," "Love and Life," "Love and Death," the terrible "Minotaur," even if these may be only seen in reproductions? He was essentially a teacher, and by the inspiration he and Burne-Jones brought to allegorical painting in the latter half of the Nineteenth century, the reputation of English art has been preserved.

Watts disliked to sell the work into which he put his soul, but he loved to give it. A witness to this is the splendid group of portraits of great men and allegorical pictures which redeems the credit of the Tate Gallery of London. He believed intensely in the principles of Brotherhood and consistently acted upon them. His favorite text was, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before Him."

A true Greek in feeling, in thought, and in love of Nature, he was Hellenic in spiritual ideals. When, a couple of years ago, he was approached on the subject of the eternity of the soul and Reincarnation, he said:

It seems to me the most satisfying of hypotheses. It would explain many things. Why, for instance, should I have been born with this deep passion for Greece and Grecian things? From my earliest boyhood the word Greece, the thought of Greece, filled

me as nothing else could do, and to this day I have an intenser sense of sympathy and union with classic Greece than with any other country. All through my life I have longed for the realization of the old Greek ideals of art to give the people a sense of the beauty and sacredness of things, and to overthrow the fear of death.

How illy we can spare a man who said and acted upon the following:

My intention has not been so much to paint pictures that charm the eye, as to suggest great thoughts that will appeal to the imagination and the heart, and kindle all that is best and noblest in humanity.

Carved upon his sun-dial was the keynote of his life, "The utmost for the highest." Ruskin once said of Watts,

A great painter of thought. He aimed not so much to paint pictures as to suggest great thoughts that would appeal to the imagination and the heart, noble and pure ideals that would kindle all that is best in humanity. ART STUDENT

I AM inclined to think that only men of genius understand each other fully and thoroughly.—Schumann



THE RAJA YOGA CHORUS, POINT LOMA

SIGHT

by A. LAMPMAN

THE world is bright with beauty, and its days
Are filled with music; could we only know
True ends from false, and lofty things from low;
Could we but tear away the walls that graze
Our very elbows in life's frosty ways;
Behold the width beyond us with its flow,
Its knowledge and its murmur and its glow,
Where doubt itself is but a golden haze.

Ah, brothers, still upon our pathway lies
The shadow of dim weariness and fear,
Yet if we could but lift our earthward eyes
To see, and open our dull ears to hear,
Then should the wonder of this world draw near
And life's innumerable harmonies.



WE ARE NEGATIVE AND INERT IN MAKING OUR LIVES GLOWING EXAMPLES
OF RIGHT LIVING. KATHERINE TINGLEY

What Bringeth the Days?

A GENERAL outcry is being raised in pulpit and press against the excessive card-playing that prevails among women at present.

In the more exclusive circles, the game of bridge whist played for high stakes, has become so popular and absorbing that at least one club of men, whose wives are addicted to this amusement, has been formed with the avowed object of checking the card habit. Among another class of women the fascinations of the game of euchre, played for prizes ranging in variety from a diamond sunburst to a cheap nick-nack from a bargain table, are such that there are euchre clubs for play in the morning, and in the afternoon, as well as in the evening, and it is reported that the women in one city have even been known to *pay a fee*, for the privilege of joining in this game in the houses of their friends!

The playing of cards has, in these cases, ceased to be a pastime; it has become the means of introducing into the homes and social life the element of gambling, that is the bane of the financial world, and lurks with kindred evils in the dark shadows of men's lives. Indulging in amusements of this kind has a deteriorating effect on the whole nature, rousing as it does, the ignoble passions of intense love of gain, and of inordinate excitement, and fostering a selfish disregard of others. It can result only in a moral and physical weakening.

But the preaching of sermons will not effect the reform needed. The truth of the matter is that women require recreation, and there is nothing reprehensible in the pursuit of enjoyment, even with keen interest, provided that the energy and interest be directed to some form of the exercise of body or mind that promotes the "perfect physical sanity" which was so prized by the ancients, and which goes hand in hand with the lucid minds and alert will, that can deal wisely with situations of whatever kind. We learn by bitter experience that amusements, which thus benefit the whole nature, do most truly *amuse*, while those that corrupt the heart prove to be merely forms of dissipation.

How many of the women who spend hours of daylight playing cards, know anything of the pleasures of the gymnasium?

How many of them know anything of the pleasures of an out-door game suited to their strength, and played with strict and *courteous* adherence to the accepted rules of the game? The difference between dissipation and relaxation is great and should be understood.

Picture a nervously irritable, or what shocks us more, a coldly triumphant woman returning from an afternoon card party, clutching a coveted prize, won in a game of chance from her friends! But look again, and be witness of a return from the field. See the merry, interested faces. The burdens of years have rolled from the shoulders of these ball-players—if for but one hour—and in the interest roused by the game and the test of growing skill, barriers of personality have been broken down between woman and woman. There has passed an hour of healthful self-forgetting that will benefit body, mind and heart.

Sing ho! for the field, and Æolus shuffle the cards!

STUDENT

The Psychological Influences of Modern Life

IT seems incredible that we may be surrounded by influences which are producing definite and perceptible results, and yet that we are ignorant of their existence. Women suffer and know not the cause; nor do they seek to know, but simply drift on and on, without the courage or the enterprise to face real conditions and seek liberation.

We do not use our powers as we might. We feel at times that we are mighty to achieve; for a moment a light burns in our hearts, and then we let it fade, and we drift. This is a negative condition, which opens the nature to those forces whose only aim is to destroy. They are like a vampire, which tempts, uses and feeds upon us, because we do not suspect its presence, because we do not assert our divinity and step forth, throwing off its appalling weight.

It comes to us in alluring forms, it calls upon our sympathy, it demands a certain sentimentality, and in the name of kindness and even of love, we render up life and strength and independence to foster and nourish this tyrant, Selfishness, which walks daily at our side.

Women need not remain in ignorance of the true nature of these dark forces. That there is a way of deliverance, a way of bringing this unseen, mysterious disturber of peace forth into the light, is a fact beyond question. Before we can find this way, we must have a positive determination to become enlightened, to *dare to see things as they really are*, to discriminate, and to act with decision. Then the soul steps into the arena and takes a visible and active part in our lives, and we see that there is another side to this question of psychology. We find that a beneficent power is quietly waiting to take command.

E. W.

LET the whole field of reality be laid open to woman as well as man, and then that which is peculiar in her mental modification, instead of being, as it is now, a source of discord and repulsion between the sexes, will be found to be a necessary complement to the truth and beauty of life. Then we shall have that marriage of minds which alone can blend all the hues of thought and feeling in one lovely rainbow of promise for the harvest of human happiness. — George Eliot

Heroism of a Greek Maiden

Heroism feels and never reasons, and therefore is always right.—*Emerson*

STILL another brave deed of heroism is added to the long list already recorded to the credit of women. Word comes to us from Geneva, Switzerland, relating the heroic act of a Greek maiden, Mlle. Hadjilazaro, who saved her brother from an awful death, recently, in an Alpine crevasse.

M. Hadjilazaro an experienced mountain climber and member of the Geneva section of the Alpine Club, started with his two sisters from Zinal to the mountains, taking no guide, trusting to his own expertness and knowledge. After scaling the Grand Cornier, they began the last and most difficult feat, the descent of the Glacier de Moiry. It was here that the greatest danger lay in the concealed crevasse. The instinct of the guide is sure enough to warn him of such danger—but not so with the Greek. Suddenly the treacherous snow gave way beneath him and he fell, pulling with him as he went down his sister who was tied next on the rope. Quick to act as she swung over the crevasse she braced

The Professional Slanderer

A YOUNG lady, a school-teacher, of Rhode Island has recently brought suit against a fellow citizen for slander. She has asked \$20,000 damages.

One of the discoveries that lies in wait for professional slanderers of the Twentieth century is, that no longer shall a blot cast upon the fair fame of a woman, pass unchallenged. It is true that women have had their champions, in a spasmodic kind of succession, and from various motives, some egotistical and emotional, and a few we know from a truly chivalric sense, and a real endeavor to do justice. But *no longer*, just because a woman cannot hit back from the shoulder as a man can, shall the bearer of false witness, who has it in him to say just anything arising in his foul mind about a woman, be permitted to hold up his head among his fellows; and not very much longer shall false swearing be a secure ally for the blackmailer.

The true and wiser reason why these things shall not continue, is that there is at last a unity and coherence in the relation of women to one



WOMEN STUDENTS OF POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, IN A GAME OF BASKET BALL. "A FREE THROW"

herself with one limb on either side, thus holding the entire weight of her brother suspended upon her hips.

There was nothing to be done but to stand there in this awful position, to save her brother from instant death, while the other sister hastened down the mountain to the nearest village for assistance. Not until thirteen hours had elapsed did she return with the relief party—and all this time the noble Greek maiden had firmly held to her position which was one of the greatest torture. The rope cut into her hips and the pain was excruciating, but stand she did with the reward at the end that her brother's life was saved.

Words are too commonplace to express what one feels towards the doer of such a brave act. There is a protective feeling inherent in true womanhood, perhaps arising from her maternal nature which leaps to the surface in such hours of danger, and the woman seems to have no thought of any risk to her own life—only to save the one in danger. E.

POSTMASTER JOHN MCKAY of Des Moines, Iowa, who made a recommendation to the Department at Washington favoring the removal of the ban that limits the civil service examination for letter carriers to males, said:

When you send a woman on an errand, she will return in half the time that a man will. We find them equal and even superior to men in the money order, stamp, and other divisions, and I favor giving them a trial in the delivery section.

another, that has given rise among them to a new kind of invulnerability, proof against the professional slanderer. Let him beware! The power to endure, that practice has made well-nigh perfect in women, is being transformed into courage to act, and this, sustained by the feeling of unity among them is coining for them a new armor. Many there will be who shall fall before it!

In the years to come, secure in this armor, women will make a crusade into history, and rescue from the fogs of unworthy interpretation many of their sex, who for ages have been victims of slander, the lustre of their fame tarnished, and their part in the world's work far from being fully recognized or understood. T.

THERE is a curious idea prevalent in the minds of some women, that they become "emancipated" when they adopt certain customs and habits of men, many of which are to be deplored in men, such as gambling, drinking and smoking. The Countess Johanna Rhedey of Hungary who recently died was a striking example of this particular kind of "emancipated" woman. She was a strong advocate of women's "emancipation," appearing always in public with a cigar in her mouth, and thick stick in her hand. She wore her hair cropped short and a man's hat and coat. But worse than all was her gambling habit—playing cards daily with men in coffee-house until she had squandered her fortune.

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Bath-room of the Homeric Palace at Tiryns

THE ancient Achæan city of Tiryns, spoken of in Homer, stood on a small rock in the plain of Argolis, about three miles from the sea, and was said to have been founded by King Proetus, the brother of Acrisius, who was succeeded by the hero Perseus. It was the scene of the early life of Heracles, and the massive walls are said to be of Cyclopean workmanship. Its period of greatest splendor was between the Eleventh and Tenth centuries B. C., and it was destroyed about 468 B. C., through the jealousy of Argos.

Schliemann and Dörpfeld excavated part of the rock in 1884—85 and exposed a Greek palace of the Eleventh or Tenth century B. C., which is most valuable as a key to Homeric descriptions. This contains many courts, apartments and chambers, whose uses have been identified by these descriptions.

Our illustration shows the bath-room, which has been described by Pausanias, the antiquarian who lived under Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius. The following description is taken from him (Vol. III.—J. G. Frazer):

The floor is formed by a gigantic block of limestone 13 feet, 1 inch long, over 10 feet broad, and averages 2 feet, 3 1-2 inches in thickness. Its weight must therefore be about 20 tons. At regular intervals along the border are found two holes close together, these holes probably served to fasten wooden panels of wainscot which lined the walls; the panels, we may suppose, were fastened by dowels let into the holes. The central part of the great block which forms the floor is well polished and slopes gently so as to let the water run off into a gutter at one corner. Tubs filled with water must have been placed on the floor of the bath-room for the use of bathers. A fragment of such a tub was actually found. It is made of thick terra-cotta, and in shape resembles our own bath-tubs.



BATH-ROOM OF THE HOMERIC PALACE AT TIRYNS

Important Archeological Research in & About Palestine

ABOUT midway between the Jordan and the Mediterranean, and thirty miles south of the Sea of Galilee, is the Plain of Jezreel. Commandingly overlooking this plain is the Hill of Mutesellim, and on this hill it is supposed there once stood the City of Megiddo, of the Israelite Kings, a city fortified by Solomon and, five thousand years ago, held by the Pharaohs.

Here, researches are going on. A trench has been made, already seventy feet deep, which has cut through seven cities, one below the other; but not yet has the lowest been reached. One of the objects found was a seal, bearing the legend: "Of Shema, the servant of Jeroboam." This is the first thing excavated in Palestine bearing a well-known Biblical name. Other inscribed material of the Israelite time will doubtless follow. Six cuneiform tablets from the pre-Israelite period have, however, been found three or four miles from Mutesellim.

The hill is proving very rich in finds. A large prehistoric Canaanite temple was unearthed, and also a spacious subterranean chamber built for some unknown use. There were many graves, full of weapons, jars, and instruments; and a Babylonian cuneiform cylinder. There were twelve great monoliths, stone masses adored and used as shrines by the Israelites of the days of the Kings. These bear ancient Hebrew letters. There was an Israelite shrine containing nine jars filled with infants' bones, sacrifices. "The children were suffocated with dry earth and ashes filled into the jars, in accordance with a cruel adopted Phœnician cult," says Mr. Ravndal's report. This was the sacrifice of the primogenitary and of twins. There were also all kinds of idols, pieces of pottery, weapons and Egyptian scarabs.

We shall watch further research here with great interest. Much light is needed on the history of Palestine. Nothing, for instance, is known of the origin of the great cromlechs and circles of stones found east and west of Jordan. Can they be of the same source as the similar remains at Stonehenge, Carnac and elsewhere? Legendary explanations that once prevailed in Palestine, fully corroborated, of course, in the Old Testament, ascribed them to a race of primeval giants who dwelt there. Perhaps remains of even these may come to light.

STUDENT

Mysterious Race of Intelligent Cave-Dwellers

UNDER the heading of "Masonic Mysteries," the *Trestle Board* quotes a remarkable story of a race of civilized troglodytes in Central America. Colonel J. C. Tucker is reported to have reached this hidden city after traveling for several hundred miles through forest and jungle.

By shooting a pair of man-killing lions in the jungles, Colonel Tucker appears to have gained the friendship of the exclusive race he describes. The city is hewn out of the solid rock and entered by secret passages. Large, commodious rooms, furnished in old mahogany with a great hall for meetings, all scientifically ventilated and lighted by electricity, indicate a close

touch with civilization kept by the tribe, as does the good English spoken by the high priest.

Effective protection against enemies is provided for by the storage of poisonous gases in proximity to the entrances, capable of being used to fill the passages, but not the dwelling-places.

Arrangements for observing the skies are described, and indications of high civilization are found among them.

The Colonel says he was an attendant at their meetings, where he found Masonic rituals in use, said to be inherited from an unknown ancestry. Some of their old hieroglyphic manuscripts he secured, but is unable to translate.

Such is the story, by no means an isolated one. In many parts of the world are similar narratives of secluded and isolated centers of a civilization that desires no open contact with our modern life. In Honduras, Brazil, West Africa, and other places, instances could be quoted. In fact, the writer once regretfully had to forego an opportunity of being guided to such an underground civilization in Africa, in spite of the guide's guarantee that he was so sure of being able to actually show some of the fair-haired, white-skinned inhabitants in less than three days that he was willing to renounce all claim to payment if he failed in so doing. And the detail he gave of their life was amazing.

That much of the world's ancient knowledge—some now forgotten, lost literature, missing links of history, arts and sciences—lie quietly secluded in the possession of remnants of peoples who have learnt the value of silence and have escaped the modern fever of publicity, there can be little doubt. The universality of such records, stories and legends of mysterious guarded cities may give a clue to the things that await their time to reemerge into active life.

STUDENT

A Christian Tablet Near the Ancient Capital of China

IN the Fifth century, A. D., Nestorius, patriarch of Constantinople, promulgated his dogmatic views as to Christian belief; and being as violent and bigoted as his opponents were, and as most of the characters in early church history seem to have been, he aroused much strife. This ended in the Council of Ephesus, where he was condemned unheard at the instigation of his chief opponent, the notorious Cyril, who had aroused the popular clamor against Nestorius' doctrines (or alleged doctrines) upon some unimportant but fiercely debated theological technicality. The emperor Theodosius being unable to withstand the pressure of feeling against the patriarch, he was deposed and ultimately banished.

Nestorianism, driven from the Roman empire, found toleration under the rulers of Persia, and spread to India, Arabia, China and even among the Tartars. A paper (*Light and Life for Women*) describes an interesting monument of this historical fact. It is a stone tablet, some ten feet high, carved in a dragon pattern at the top, with a Greek cross, and with a pedestal in the form of a tortoise. It is situated near the highway at Hsi Au Fu, capital of Shansi and ancient capital of China, 800 miles from Peking, and has for 1300 years borne silent testimony to the advent, work and ascension of Jesus. It is the work of a Nestorian priest, and has remained unmolested, and thanks to conscientious workmanship in engraving, undefaced during all those centuries.

H. T. E.

Nature

Studies

A Vicious Chain—The Battle With Nature

IN the early days of sugar-planting in the West Indies, the plague of rats which came from the shipping became so burdensome that the deadly per-de-lance snake was introduced to kill them. Incidentally, a part of the duty of this fearful reptile was to kill and frighten negro slaves who ran away from the estates.

The snake succeeded.

Then came the plague of the per-de-lance, which was intolerable. Dropping, as he did, from a tree overhead, his bite was not easy to foresee and avoid. It was always considered incurable, and the negro never attempted to do other than accept the matter in a spirit of resignation when bitten.

Then the mongoose was introduced to kill the snakes. This little relative of the weasel seldom lets his reptile prey escape. Biting the enemy behind the neck (as in Kipling's story of *Rikki-tikki-tavi*), he never lets go until the snake is dead.

The mongoose succeeded.

Now, all the snakes being practically, if not quite, extinct, the mongoose is exterminating poultry also. From eggs to chickens his capacity has no limit, and the mongoose is speedily increasing in numbers.

Now, the question is, how about the mongoose?

Small boys suitably rewarded appear to be at present the only check on an evil which is of such moment that a Colonial Parliament within the last few years specially met to discuss ways and means on the report of a mongoose being sighted in the island. Only when it proved to be a yellow kitten or some such uninteresting masquerader, did the public apprehension admit of the adjournment of the Colonial Legislature.

With the English sparrow, the Norway rats and the Australian rabbit, this is a burning problem and a rebuke against lightly upsetting the balance of Nature.

Illustrations of Some Curious Sunsets at Point Loma.

THE gorgeous or delicate tints of the Lomaland sunsets over the Pacific Ocean, and the sunrises over the eastern mountain peaks, are famous, but little has been said about the weird and peculiar shapes the sun itself occasionally assumes as it sinks beneath the wave. Our sketch shows a few of these extraordinary transformations. Nos. 1 to 5 show the successive changes of the setting sun's appearance at a few minutes interval on July 9th. Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, are singular effects which are occasionally seen. The pyramid (No. 9) is perhaps the most frequent, but none of these strange refraction phenomena are common, even here. It would be interesting to hear from some correspondent whether similar observations have been made elsewhere, for these effects are very different from the common refraction appearance shown in figure 10, which is to be seen everywhere under certain conditions of the air.

Of course the height from which the observations are made, and the exceptional clearness of the air at Point Loma, introduce a combination of conditions rarely to be met with elsewhere. The number of air-strata of differing density through which the setting orb is seen, cause its outline to be distorted in a complex degree. Perhaps too it is not so much the actual sun, as the illuminated clouds that we see.

LIMITS OF THE SEA

by D. G. ROBERTS

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime;
Time's self it is, made audible—
The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
In the sea's cad; our sight may pass
No farlong further. Since time was
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strawn beach,
And listen at its lips; they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart;
Not anything but what thou art;
And Earth, Sea, Man are all in each.

A Duet in the Orchard—Birds & Intellect

WE have enjoyed the presence of a pair of mocking-birds in our orchard, this year, and surely any one who enjoys music would consider that their constant songs amply repaid any damage they could possibly do. Hour after hour, it would be a constant melody, always changing until it seemed as though they were trying to see how many songs they really did know. Even at night, if the moon was near the full, they would continue the concert, and at one or two o'clock A. M. be singing as cheerily as twelve hours before.

Mocking-birds can be taught to speak like parrots, but it is claimed that they know what the words mean and use them appropriately. We should be glad to hear from any one who knows whether that is true. Possibly it may be only certain gifted individuals who attain so far; as some dogs, horses, etc., which know words quite independently of the tone in which they are spoken, and when they refer to objects to which no tone could possibly refer. Most animals, however, understand certain words merely because they are always pronounced in the same tone and thus appeal to the emotional comprehension, which is their normal *mental* faculty. If any words whatever are spoken in that same tone the effect or meaning conveyed to them is the same.

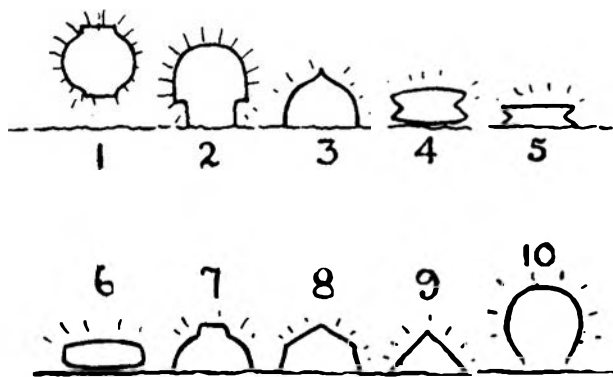
But our feathered friends have such a keenly knowing look, and thread their songs together in such melodious succession that we venture to believe that they are of the gifted few who really choose what to say and how to say it, though we would scarcely wish to cage them to test the idea.

N. L.

The Parasol Ant and His Wonderful Horticultural Work

IN many tropical countries, especially among the West Indian Islands, the parasol ant is a conspicuous roadside object of interest. These little workers may frequently be seen crossing a road in one long procession, often many yards in length, each with its little leafy umbrella, like that of an African potentate, often larger than its owner. There is

no confusion, no crowding. Thousands of laborers going and returning execute a grand chain in perfect order. The object of this busy chain of life is a peculiar one, for the parasol ant is by nature a gardener, and all this work is in the course of the business of planting. Each ant, one after another, seizes a section of leaf, which is buried in the chosen garden until the hot moist tropical climate induces a fungoid growth, which sustains the little gardener. A remarkable thing is this growth, not of a plant from a seed, but the cultivation, as it were, of a mushroom patch. Now this, it must be admitted, is a branch of horticulture that has been realized as possible by human science only within the last few decades, but these strong-jawed lilliputians of another kingdom have utilized it for untold ages. Nor is this an isolated instance in natural history wherein the creatures of inferior grades of intelligence are known to be in touch with forces and laws of Nature that man has only cognized by ages of the most laborious experimentation and investigation. And these facts would seem to be sufficient warrant for the assumption, on the part of a less egotistical civilization, that possibly its methods of progress toward the complete mastery of nature, are not the best. N.



THE SETTING SUN AT POINT LOMA

IDRONE

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE large audience at Isis Theatre Sunday evening at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society paid the closest attention to and bestowed most hearty applause upon the three excellent addresses delivered by three of the older Point Loma students.

One of the very pleasant features of the evening, aside from the ever delightful instrumental work of the students of the Isis Conservatory of Music, was a splendid piano solo by Miss Julia Hecht, the well-known Isis Conservatory piano teacher.

The first address of the evening was by Miss Ethelind Wood on "Opportunities for Studying Human Nature at Point Loma." While there were not lacking opportunities for such a study in any quarter of the world, the speaker thought the opportunities were peculiarly favorable at Point Loma. "There are few places, if any, where the pages are wiped so free from dust," she said.

"There is a force and training at the Point which clears and strengthens the inner eye which is to read these pages. People have come here from the four quarters of the globe, with the avowed purpose of studying themselves and others, in order that they may better serve the race. There is, so to speak, an atmosphere for this study created, just as distinct as a musical, an art, a commercial atmosphere, in certain centers. This must in time develop within itself a special atmosphere for all that is beautiful and noble and worth learning, but it must be the greater, the all-inclusive atmosphere; for the center at Point Loma is for excellence, a center for character building. Whatever else is built, must be built upon that.

"The world at large has been handicapped in this study, because it has lost the knowledge of the true philosophy of life and of the laws which govern the universe. Of what use would it be for one, for instance, to examine a huge machine, operating at full speed, with no knowledge of mechanics, with no instructor to explain? Only a master mechanic would stand any chance of understanding the workings of that machine. But the other would stand helplessly by and wonder, or in case he was so ignorant as to be egotistical, he would make false guesses, and state them to others, equally ignorant, as facts. So, in like manner, what chance has one to make an intelligent study of human nature, who does not know the elements of which it is made up; the laws which govern it; the subtle forces which play upon it? Theosophy teaches these things. Simply an understanding of the duality of human nature clears the vision marvelously, and liberates the mind. It is perhaps due to this knowledge that we have had so much success in our efforts to help children.

"Some of the Cubans have said they began to respect their teachers here, where they discovered they could not fool them. This is one of the secrets of bringing out the good, never to allow the evil to come to the front and cover it and declare itself to be the good. This is the game which is played over and over again—an exercise which is practised in a majority of human natures until they have become proficient in it. Children are fortunately in most instances a little clumsy at it. But in many adult natures it actually seems as if the whole education and training had consisted in simply this—in learning, not how to reveal and strengthen and bring to the front the pure and real nature, but how to conceal it and place in the foreground the selfish nature and make it appear as the other. And the effort to deceive has been so persistent, that they have arrived at the point of deceiving themselves. The selfish nature may take the pose of a saint, a wise man, even a selfless man, working for the benefit of the race, and yet one motive behind another may be uncovered, until finally we arrive at the most powerful one, that which underlies and keeps all the others moving, and it may be as black as night. All these things become perfectly true philosophy. The children at Point Loma do not get a chance thus to bury themselves."

Miss Nan Herbert, in her address on "An All-Round Education for Women," took occasion to deprecate the lack of balance in the average woman of today. She who can bear with equanimity petty trials, goes off on a tangent when real troubles cross her path; conversely it is often the case that a woman who has gone through heavy grief like a heroine, goes to pieces when the dinner burns or the dress fits illy. Miss Herbert believes that the system established at Point Loma approximates the all-round education.

"There are times when one is rested in getting away from details and taking a broad view of life, and at such times one almost forgets that humanity is composed of a thousand, thousand entities, struggling and helping, and disagreeing, so much does it seem, in its moving light, like one all-embracing soul. And such it is, for the soul is *one*, and it is at those moments when we realize this, that we grow conscious of humanity's deeper needs. It is sometimes not a bad plan to dwell for a moment upon the lack here and the want there, even though it aims a gentle blow

LOMALAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Three Very Able Addresses by the
Misses Wood and Herbert and Dr.
Coryn --- Delightful Music

Reprinted from the San Diego News

at our own self-conceit. What is the great need of men and women today, particularly, it would seem to me, women? Life at Lomaland has made me feel that the crying need is an all-round education. Glance about you. Look at the city in the sunshine and on its seamy side, and what do you see? A lack of balance almost everywhere.

There is the literary woman, the genius, whose pen may, perchance, sway multitudes, and yet who tips over everything by her own personal appearance, her ignorance, perhaps, of the first principles of dress. There is the advocate of this or that health regime who—how many of them you have seen—looks like a consumptive or a chronic dyspeptic. There is the reformer, one who has, perhaps, a real love for humanity, and who, on certain lines, is wise in his methods, and yet who prevents his audience from having any respect for his opinions by the slovenly or careless way in which he stands. Look at our teachers, whose equipments are so largely intellectual. How many of them know how to care for the physical body? How many of them know how to so conserve their energy that vacation time does not find them worn—you will pardon the expression—to a frazzle? There are not so many as formerly, but you meet them still on every hand. How many of them know how to call upon that vast treasure-house of sympathy and strength to which the heart-life is an open doorway? How many of them, indeed, have within their hearts a living realization of their own divinity? What wonder that at vacation time, instead of stepping into a wider life, to grasp opportunities that never were so close as they are today, nine-tenths of our teachers are worn out physically, mentally depleted and spiritually sometimes almost bankrupt from sheer nervous exhaustion?"

Dr. Herbert Coryn spoke on "Theoretical and Practical Theosophy." He showed how the one should supplement the other, and he laid much emphasis upon the palpable effects of imagination, which, in itself, is not palpable. He cited Calvin's imagination of hell for infants, which he declared was a nightmare, mis-called a religious tenet. This imaginary thing had caused unutterable woe in the world. Continuing, he said:

"Imagination is connected with the life of the heart. The theoretical Theosophist lives only in his brain. He has read that the Divine Law has appointed to us all the conditions of life that are good for us. And so when he hears of those in prison without a ray of spiritual light, when he hears of starvation, of child-labor, of the misery of slums, he says: 'It is all good for these people; it is the Law; it is their Karma.' There are such so-called Theosophists.

"But if they had used their imagination, if they had let their brains be illuminated by their hearts—and that *is* imagination—they would have known that it is also the Divine Law that suffering, and spiritual ignorance, and destitution, should be relieved by those who have the power and knowledge. The Law has to work through human instruments, and it exists as an appeal in the heart of every man. But if he is a sensualist, or selfish, or a mere theorizing intellectualist, he will neglect it. Truly it *does* appoint to every man the conditions that are good for him; and part of those conditions is the need of others for his help.

The real Theosophist will use his imagination about this Law, thinking constantly of it, and standing closer and closer to it. And he will find that it and his imagination play together into each other's hands. It will urge him to the faith-fullest performance of his duties; it will fill him with compassion so that he will be wanting to better everything that is amiss. It may make him an enthusiastic town-councilor; or a slum-visitor; or a giver of libraries or parks; it drove Sister Dora among the lepers, and Howard to the prisons, and Gladstone to the gaols of Naples, and Joan of Arc to the fagots. It breathed in the Declaration of Independence, and it marches with the armies of Japan. Wherever right is being done, that Law is finding feet and hands.

"And wherever you find pessimism, or cynicism, there you find a man refusing service to that Law.

"It is the Law of Evolution. Scientists study it and think it blind. But as it brought the plant from the stone, so it brought man from the animal. And so, to the end that man may go still higher, it works in every heart, and presses us to our work both great and small. It would fain wind itself into the whole life of us all and into every act. Life is squalid, is what it is, is monotonous, because the millions of men will not heed it. They take no notice of its call to vaster destinies.

"Those who look into their own hearts, and try in every common duty to serve this Law which has appointed to us all our duties, will in no long time feel that new things are close upon us. The Law they serve will teach them that, if they think upon it constantly. All outer signs point in the same way, but they will not need them. And as human life is really one, those who let the Law into their own lives, who trust it fully, let it into *all* life, and make possible the near coming of that day or hour when it shall burst all bounds, be felt in every heart, change the whole basis of human conduct, and suddenly make a new heaven and a new earth."

The Lower Animals and Man

I HAVE often thought what a reflection it casts upon human beings, as I have noticed the deep-seated fear which so many animals manifest towards man. The birds fly away as he comes near, and no amount of coaxing or kindness, in the form of food, will cause them to diminish that "safe distance" which they ever keep between themselves and man. What a disgrace it is to man, "the lord of creation," that the lower animals regard him, not as their friend, but as their foe; regard him as a creature of prey. It is the senseless cruelty of human beings which has made it so. I think there is scarcely anything which shows such evidence of degradation as man's cruelty to inoffensive creatures. "Man's inhumanity to man" is certainly bad enough, but cruelty to helpless creatures that claim man's help and protection is utterly base.

Who has not noticed how birds, even of different kinds, will come together without fear, and in a friendly way will pick up seeds or crumbs, and sip at the same water. But let a hawk, or a cat, or a man appear, and they immediately take alarm. Thus man classifies himself with the things that kill and devour.

In a "state of nature" it is not so. Those who have landed for the first time at some little island where sea-fowls congregate, find that the birds show no fear of man at first. The sailors could come "quite near to the birds and knock them over without their taking to flight!" But experience of man's cruelty soon puts the lower animals on their guard against him, and the fear is no doubt inherited.

With many people "sport" means the pleasure in *hunting and killing* something. Not long ago I listened to a man who boasted of how many doves he had shot one day, and how many at another time. It was not for the sake of gain, for each shot cost perhaps as much as the bird was worth; it was simply the pleasure of killing. I felt very humbled and sad, for Theosophy teaches us that the "sin and shame of the world are our sin and shame."

There can be no doubt that this cruelty of man to animals places barriers in the way of human progress, for it puts man, to that extent, out of harmony with Universal Life.

I always remember what a person said in regard to the Preamble to the Constitution of the Universal Brotherhood: "Those words, 'for the benefit of the people of the earth, and *all creatures*,' it was that which fetched me." It is well, it is very important, that we should grow in the spirit of kindness to each other, but it is also well that we should not forget the Preamble above quoted.

It is a matter for rejoicing that in this country and in other countries there are groups of people who strive for the protection of the lower animals. Yet even this, noble and right as the object is, should not occupy the whole field of vision, nor so absorb all the sympathies that none are left for poor human sufferers.

"For the benefit of the peoples of the earth, and *all creatures*:" that is a noble ideal which we should keep before our minds continually, not as a thing to behold afar off, but in order to make it part of ourselves.

"Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field: and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee," are the grand words of the book of Job. And there have been men such as Saint Francis d'Assisi, and Thoreau, who almost realized this close intimacy with nature. What hinders us from all doing so? St. Paul says, "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now"—"waiting for the revealing of the sons of God." How slow is this process of "the revealing of the sons of God!" Let us all hasten it. N.

Precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line, here a little and there a little.—*Isaiah*

THEY (the medieval churchmen) not only rejected the study of science out of the Christian schools, but they persecuted it. . . . It is owing to this long interregnum of science, and to no other cause, that we have now to look through a vast chasm of many hundred years to the respectable characters we call the ancients.—*Thomas Paine*

WHEN the soul firmly adheres to that which is enlightened by truth and real being, it understands and knows it, and appears to possess intellect; but when it adheres to that which is blended with darkness, which is generated and perishes, it is then conversant with opinion only, its vision becomes blunted, it wanders from one opinion to another, and resembles one without intellect.—*Plato*

The Purpose of Our Order

WHAT new thing is it that you teach? is a question constantly offered to members of The Universal Brotherhood. It is a question natural enough, for on every side new doctrines are being shouted in the market-places.

Now, The Universal Brotherhood has never regarded it as part of its duty to set before the world any new doctrine or philosophy whatever. On the contrary, it has taken the oldest doctrine and philosophy in existence; one which, though capable in some of its aspects of taxing the highest intellects, is also capable of having its present essentials reduced to the very simplest forms of expression.

Assuredly it is of nothing new in the way of thought-systems, creeds, doctrines and philosophies, that the world stands in need. It is provided with everything. Yet to what profit? Plenty of cultured and recondite thinking is being done; there is plenty of religious speculation and pronouncement, plenty of graceful and intellectually stimulating writing about the soul, God, and the future of life.

So The Universal Brotherhood has never proposed merely to add to this. That is easy work. It is easy to write; and men will read anything, talk at any length about anything, lend bland and facile assent to any elevated doctrine—and then lead contrary-pointing lives unaltered. Their tolerance is really profound indifference beneath their intellectual interest.

The Universal Brotherhood exists primarily to evolve in its midst men and women who shall *be in their own persons* what they exhort others to be.

And, secondly, it was founded with the hope—now becoming a certainty—that some of these would force themselves so far forward in their growth as with their hearts to touch the Heart of the world, and therefore be receivers and transmitters of its tremendous spiritual pulsations.

In order that the pulsations of that Heart shall fully reach the hearts of men, be understood and be there operative, requires human intermediaries, people whose consciousness is, on the one hand, fully in the world of common human consciousness, and, on the other, in the world of spiritual Light.

It is no new school of recluses that is now wanted, no mere training grounds of saints. No one can get into the full Light of that world-spirit which spoke as Christ, unless he seeks it with the full intention of immediately translating what he shall get into that which is visible and helpful here. Nothing will be ultimately held back from such a man. He will become in his own person a message. His voice will light fires. He will sow Light. He, or rather they, will be the expected fruit of the Universal Brotherhood.

H. CORYN

The Raja Yoga Academy for Boys and Girls

THE opening, this autumn, of the new Raja Yoga Academy at Point Loma, for boys and girls, has aroused quite a wave of enthusiasm among parents who have been waiting for an opportunity to place their children under the Raja Yoga system of training. The fact is, that for quite a long time past there has been no room in the Raja Yoga schools at Point Loma, so that many applications have of necessity been refused.

With the present arrangements for the Academy, 200 children can be received; and in the course of a year other buildings will be erected to meet the demands.

Considering the ideal conditions of climate and natural surroundings of the Point Loma school life, and the intrinsic beauties and value of the Raja Yoga system, it is no wonder that the most advanced educationalists are willing to admit its excellence. While ignorant of the secrets of this system, they acknowledge its results with surprise.

The meaning of the term "Raja Yoga," is unknown to many. It signifies the perfect union of the spiritual, mental and physical life of man. The Twentieth century has yet to attain a larger comprehension of the meaning of this term, and its application to human needs.

The establishment of the Raja Yoga Schools at Point Loma in 1900 was the beginning of a great work for humanity. Already there are two schools in Santiago de Cuba; one in London; San Diego city, California; and on October 1st, a large one will be opened in San Francisco.

Who provide much wealth for their children, but neglect to improve them in virtue, do like those who feed their horses, but never train them to the manage.—*Socrates*

Truth and Reason

BEFORE the dawn of the Modern Age, when men were fighting religious battles, blind faith in dogma authoritatively prescribed was the order of the day; and to such an extreme was that principle carried that, with the rise of the Modern Age, men rushed to the opposite pole and it became the cry that nothing should be accepted as true unless it could be proved by reason.

But these two fashions of thought are, as said, extremes, and each of them is a departure from the proper balanced mental attitude. Faith and reason should be one in their operation, as they are one in essence, though for purely argumentative purposes metaphysicians may distinguish between them.

The craze for "reason" and "proof" has been in its day as gross a superstition as blind faith, chiefly on account of the total inability of most people to reason with any approach to accuracy. Usually the cautious and qualified opinions of great scientific and sociological thinkers are carelessly skimmed by superficial readers, who exaggerate them far beyond the original intention of their authors, and turn them into popular catch-words. Thus these distorted and misapplied theories become simply dogmas, hard tyrannical dogmas, as despotic as they are unreasonable.

For instance, a great student having traced out, and attempted with all due reserve and modesty to formulate, a principle of "struggle for existence" in the physical world, this principle is (1) assumed to have been fully proved, and (2) its applicability is enlarged so as to make it a law of morals as well as of physics. Thus was born a dangerous dogma of our times, threatening to break up all law and order by undermining the great moral law of mutual forbearance.

It is unnecessary to multiply instances of cases where laws, observed (or imagined) to hold good in physical science, have been erected into moral laws and thus turned into harmful superstitions. All can supply such instances for themselves.

But let us consider if we cannot now see our way to terminating this continual swinging to and fro between the extremes of religious and scientific superstition, this unnecessary antagonism between two divine functions of the God-given mind, the function of faith or intuition and the function of reason.

The first thing to observe is this: that, if we cannot prove a thing by either the deductive method of the old schools or the inductive method of modern science, it does not follow that we must forthwith tumble into the abyss of superstition and swallow the thing on blind faith. Edgar Poe, in one of his satires, has shown the folly of slavery to these two schools of logic. He says, in effect, that when an obvious truth is announced to the world, popular clamor and jealous academical authority immediately demand of the announcer how he arrived at his truth, whether by the deductive or the inductive method; and, if by neither, then the truth cannot be true. Whereas, the real test of a truth is its fitness, its beauty, its power to enlighten and explain.

It is because people have allowed their powers of perception and discrimination to grow dim from misuse, or from abuse of their minds and bodies, that they have been obliged to try to guide their lives by the method of intellectual groping. And when they no longer feel the rope of so-called logic to which they are trusting, they begin to cry out with the fear of falling into the pit of blind faith.

The above remarks were suggested by the question as to what should be one's attitude towards Theosophical teachings; for some people seem to think that if these teachings cannot always be dovetailed exactly into the fashionable system of ideas known as modern rationalism, then they must necessarily be swallowed as dogmas.

For answer we would ask, What is one's usual attitude towards teaching in general? Is it not something like the following? We are attracted by the evident excellence, desirability and utility of the teachings; we see somebody teaching them with success; and we determine to put our-



CILGERRAN CASTLE, WALES, HOME OF GERAINT

selves under that tuition that we, too, may learn and profit. We put ourselves in the attitude of learners and get ready to hear something that to us will be new and perhaps contrary to our old notions. We do not go to the teacher as if we wanted to *teach* him, and demand that his teachings shall agree with our previous notions. But neither, on the other hand, do we undertake to lie down mentally on our backs and passively absorb anything that may be told us.

Take the case of a teacher of arithmetic. He gives you a new rule which he says is true. What will you do? Will you say, "I won't accept this until I see the

reason for it"? If you say this you will never see the reason for it, because it is necessary to try the rule (as the teacher advises) before its truth can become manifest. Or will you copy the teacher's words and figures like a parrot, and do the operation by rule of thumb and memory, without understanding the meaning of it? One meets with both these kinds of pupils; but the kind that learns is the kind that with open mind takes good advice and profits by it.

There are in the world today these same classes of people. First, those who are afraid to open their minds to anything the least unfamiliar to them. These remain in their old ruts. Second, those who are too lazy and jelly-like to think. These swallow any superstition and any leader that will save them the trouble of thinking. Third, we have the kind of people who realize that there are some things they do not know, and would be glad to know, who ask for advice and direction, who accept it, and who prove for themselves the truth and value of the advice and teaching they have received.

Theosophy, then, demands an open mind and an eager intellect. We must recognize that there can be an ocean of knowledge compared with which our own little mental equipment is as a stagnant pond. E.

The New Venezuelan Constitution

IN the recently published Venezuelan Constitution, the fifteenth since the United States of Venezuela amalgamated into one Republic, are several points of interest to foreigners. In international treaties the following clause shall be inserted: "All differences between the contracting parties shall be decided by arbitration without appeal to war." No contract of public interest made by the Federal Government, or by other public authority, may be assigned wholly or in part to a foreign government. All companies for executing such contracts shall be Venezuelan, with head offices in Venezuela. The Federal Executive may admit or refuse the admission of foreigners to the service of the Republic; it may prohibit, when deemed expedient, the entry into national territory of foreigners who have no settled domicile in the country, or to expel them therefrom; and may prohibit and prevent the entry into the territory of the Republic of foreigners specially devoted to the service of any worship or religion, whatever may be their order or hierarchy.

That the Venezuelan people, if properly led and governed, are capable of good work, is testified by the electric power plant at Encantada, seventeen miles from Caracas, worked by a forest waterfall, and comparable in cleanliness and efficiency with any foreign enterprise similarly situated; by the factory in Caracas which produces chocolate unsurpassed by any in the world; by the pearl fisheries of Margarita Island, commenced by Columbus and still worked profitably under foreign capital. But the almost constant fear of revolution is a terrible handicap to the development of the possibilities of the Venezuelan nation. Countries dominated by religious influences are considered low in the scale of freedom by the Venezuelans. As soldiers their endurance is astonishing, and of their business acumen none are doubtful.

The poorer classes are harmless, and courteous when treated reasonably, but long acquaintance with civil war and selfish ends have made them stand still as a nation. To such an extent is this uncertainty of life carried that a Venezuelan "regiment" in a transport was lately found by a visiting warship in possession of two sets of raiment, one government, one revolutionary, to be adopted as occasion arose! STUDENT

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Some of the Causes of Cancer, Casual and Real

MEDICAL studies of the causation of cancer make very perplexing reading. For whilst, on the one hand, they present figures showing the steady increase of this malady, on the other they enumerate causes which are not increasing, which are but as they always were. So it is clear that they have yet to light on the really effective factor. The *Los Angeles Medical Journal* has an interesting article in its current issue which points our remark. First come the statistics of increase:

In the last thirty years the mortality in England from this disease has doubled; in the United States it has trebled. . . . If the relative death rates for cancer are maintained, Dr. Park calculates that the mortality in 1909 from cancer will be larger than from consumption, smallpox and typhoid fever combined.

In England the proportion of deaths from cancer to 100 deaths from all causes of persons from the age of 35 and upwards is 8.5. The disease caused one death out of twenty during the year. The striking increase is phenomenal because of the improved hygienic conditions. Across the Channel, Ireland's figures are alike alarming, showing an increase of 30 per cent in ten years. In fact, the Registrar-General issues a special report on the disease. England and Wales alone report, in 1900, 26,721 deaths.

To every twelfth one of us who has passed the age of forty must come this dread disease.

Then come the causes. The areas of the world where cancer is thickest are examined. They are found to be those that are richly wooded and watered; and those where beer is most freely consumed. Beer and forests are the causes. As to beer, the writer says:

The evidence is striking. Lille, in France, has a phenomenal cancer rate, and the consumption of beer is extraordinary. It is needless to multiply cases. In no country can a low cancer mortality be found with a large consumption of beer.

As to forest areas:

The large cancer mortality at San Francisco is extremely suggestive. In Bavaria the wooded portion of the State shows the highest cancer rate; on the other hand, deforested sections have a low cancer rate. It is well known to the laity that houses surrounded by large trees, as well as the wooded sections of towns, have frequent cases of cancer, but the houses without shade or vegetation are exempt.

Disregarding the possibility of the contagiousness of cancer, we have here stationary causes assigned for a progressive disease. Beer-drinking is even less than it was, in England; so is the English forest area. Yet the disease has doubled.

The writer finally turns to the view that cancer is a result of lowered vitality. If, through beer-drinking, residence in an overwooded locality, or other reason, your cell vitality is low, and you escape other diseases, cancer probably awaits you.

So the real cause of cancer must be an increasingly low condition of public vitality, accentuated here and there by habits or environments, which, while not more detrimental than formerly, nor more frequent, show up the real cause in strong relief.

Cancer has never been proved to be due to a germ; it is a mutiny of a group of cells, which the nerves can no longer control. And we think we see the lines of its causation in increasing waste of vitality in sensuality of many kinds, and in child-labor. The ideal of self-control in the spheres of mind or body now hardly exists in the west of the world. What wonder that the body which we do not control loses the power of controlling itself? And what is child-labor but a robbery of the very soil of vitality ere the roots of health have had a chance to sink into it?

STUDENT

Nerve Currents Made Visible

IT has now been shown that our nerve currents can be transmitted along a wire, and then made indirectly visible. An excited or transmitting nerve passes its current in waves. These are from 750 to 800 per second in number, with a wave length of about one and a half inches. From the nerve they can be taken up by a wire, carried to a plate of phosphorescent calcium sulphide, and will then increase its phosphorescence.

STUDENT

Spontaneous Generation—Does Life Begin in the Sea?

ARE we to speak of spontaneous generation in the same tones as of squaring the circle or perpetual motion? On the whole the verdict of science is—yes; but an occasional dissident is not wanting. The last is a Dr. Littlefield of Indiana, who claims that he has evolved living organisms, resembling gnats, from inorganic matter. Because this is much too large a claim for immediate acceptance, one need not take refuge with the tacit assumption of science, that inasmuch as spontaneous generation has not as yet been detected in happening, therefore it does not happen. It might for instance be an almost omnipresent phenomenon through the deeper layers of sea-water, and yet remain undetected. According to the teaching of H. P. Blavatsky, it is occurring to this hour.

It has lately been shown that there is a stage in the formation of crystals, whilst they are collecting themselves from their solution in water, when they seem to behave as little living beings. Before they set into crystalline fixity, they seem to be cells, with a cell-wall, a nucleus, nucleoli, and a granulated cell body. And they are very active in all their doings. Suppose this to occur in sea-water, where there is a certain quantity of organic nitrates; and suppose them to take up some of this organic nitrogen into their composition; and to remain in the active intermediate stage; one can easily imagine the origination of an organic cell.

A French scientist has lately taken the position that sea-water was actually the place where life first arose. It arose as single cells, which, he says, are practically the same today throughout all parts of the animal kingdom. And in the bodies of all animals, the cells are bathed in a fluid which, whether lymph or blood, differs but little in its composition from sea-water.

Upon this view, two comments suggest themselves. First: that though the nerve-cell of a man and a newt may microscopically look alike, there must be profound differences beyond the ken of the microscope. Second: that this interior evolution of the cell, as we go up the animal kingdom; and that exterior evolution which consists in the ever increasing complexity of the combination of the cells into higher organisms; requires a conscious power behind, forcing the process. And we would suggest further, that if, by means of evolution, a home is being provided for higher and higher forms of consciousness, it is the overshadowing consciousness itself that is to be homed, that is a part of this forcing power; perhaps the whole of it. We cannot offer proof of this view; it must carry its own appeal.

It is interesting, by the way, to find a modern scientist corroborating the very ancient speculation that "from the Great Deep arose all things." Perhaps, however, the old Babylonians meant more by "the Great Deep" than we do.

STUDENT

The Mystery of Bird Flight—A Change of Polarity

IN the NEW CENTURY PATH of March 20, 1904, a correspondent asks the question, "Can bird flight be mechanically explained?" and quotes in answer a suggestion by a writer in the *Saturday Evening Post*, that birds have the power of reversing the force of gravity, and rising instead of falling, by their own weight.

On page 271 of vol. iii of *The Theosophist*, the same question is raised, and it is suggested that perhaps birds have the power to make themselves heavy or light at will. To this the editor (H. P. Blavatsky) replies:

There must be something more than instinct or unconscious volition. What is it? It is "a change of polarity and of normal gravity" not yet admissible by science. With birds and animals—as instinctive a mechanical action as any other they execute; with man, when he thus defies the familiar conditions of gravity, it is something he can acquire. Though the former act unconsciously, and he changes his polarity at will, the same cause is made operative, and both produce an identical effect. There are certainly alternating changes of polarity going on in the bird, while ascending or dropping, and a maintenance of the same polarity while sailing at a given altitude.

It is said that man's body is the storehouse of the reserves of all past evolution; has man forgotten the secret of changing his polarity. STUDENT



The Widening of an Horizon



MRS. PERRY returned to her native town after a lengthy absence abroad, to find the ideal of perfection she had cherished of her childhood's home shrinking daily as she took up the threads of her old life there. The town itself had expanded somewhat, but her companions of those olden days seemed changed almost beyond recognition; and she felt with a kind of dismay, this gray autumn afternoon, as she sat by the fireside reflecting upon the present situation, that the mental outlook of the social sphere in which she now lived, was well-nigh limited by the town boundaries.

"Is this my destiny," she cried in rebellion, "to be engulfed within a stagnant pool of self-satisfied mediocrity? Alas! my only chance of conserving the remnants of our fallen fortunes is to settle here, and for my children's sake I must of necessity endure it."

And so a weary round of uneventful years began. With limited means many wanted luxuries disappeared, for the needs of four healthy, robust growing boys demanded most of the sadly decreased income.

"They are positively uncouth," sighed the affectionate mother, one fine morning, as she watched them racing off to school, shouting gleefully as they ran—"they are beyond my control now."

And as she sighed, a little network of fretful wrinkles showed round her mouth, and perhaps explained her loss of influence with the children. Turning from the window she listlessly picked up the morning paper, when her attention was arrested by an advertisement setting forth the qualifications of a tutor.

"The very thing," she exclaimed; "why did I not think of it before?"

The upshot of it was that the beginning of the following month found Hubert Masters installed as tutor with four unwilling charges to win over before he could impart any teaching likely to result in benefit to his pupils. Taken from a school where discipline fluctuated between undue severity and laxity in accordance with the moods of the presiding genius, and where companions were mostly mischievous and undisciplined, the prospect of tuition by "their ain fireside" did not appeal to the boys.

Peter was stubborn, Charlie was mischievous, Alec was apathetic, while Reggie seemed to combine all four qualities and manifest them in turn.

A preliminary examination revealed a greater paucity of information than Mr. Masters was inclined to credit, but his doubts took on outward expression, and the boys were dismissed at its conclusion, uncertain as to the effect of their organized rebellion.

"By all means, Mr. Masters, you may have full control; I put them entirely into your hands; only see that they are gentlemanly in behavior, as well as honest, upright and manly, which I feel quite sure they are now, or they would not be their father's sons," said Mrs. Perry, with a slow smile.

Hubert Masters had ideas of his own about education. He believed in drawing upon the higher natures of his pupils, and his appeal was never to their pride or fear. And he was a student of human nature, and did not expect paragons instead of human beings overflowing with energy—so oftentimes misdirected—in the boys he came across. So he took them in hand primarily as souls and worked towards helping to bring out their hidden virtues, and in the struggle that arose inevitably in thus changing the current of four young growing lives, the irresistible weapons

he used were sympathy and love, while he called to his aid nature, and music, and art.

As the weeks grew into months, the clattering of noisy and muddy feet through the polished hall ceased. No unseemly shouting, no more stooping shoulders or slouchy gait. Marion Perry found herself the recipient of many a thoughtful little gift—Peter's first strawberries, or Charlie's pansies, or a wisp of silk from Alec's and Reggie's silkworms.

At luncheon Mr. Masters always tacitly assumed that the boys' interests were of paramount importance to their mother, and their reticence, born of remembered correction and disapproval, vanished in the face of her growing enthusiasm over their new studies and occupations.

What had Mr. Masters brought into her boys' lives? They were positively transformed. There was something far deeper than surface polish in their thoughtful acts and courteous bearing, while their affection and devotion to their teacher were very patent. She

had asked him once if he did not find Hurstville a very dull place, for she had early seen that he was a man of wide culture and experience, and his reply had left her in a very thoughtful mood:

"Is the field dull to the farmer who has sown it with golden grain and awaits the harvest? Is it of more interest to aid a struggling soul to free itself from the bondage of its lower nature within touch of one of our modern Babylons, than in the peace and tranquillity of some remote village? I think each are equal tasks in the sight of the Master of Souls."

"Yes, poor man, it was very sudden, I am sure I do not know what I shall do with my boys now, Gertrude and I were agreeing how fortunate you were to have Mr. Masters, so few clever men care to leave the cities, and yet our children here in the country are in just as great need of good teaching as the children of the cities," and Mrs. Perry's visitor sighed.

"George and Harry," she continued in a more cheerful tone, "have never done talking of the day that they spent in the woods with your boys and their tutor, and of what he told them of the trees and stones, and of the beauties in nature."

A sharp struggle went on in Marion Perry's mind. Why should she share her benefits with others—they were the result of her own forethought. Why should she—a picture of a bright transformed little Reggie rose before her mind's eye, as she had seen him that morning.

"So of course we helped him carry it home, mother," he had said, "it was far too heavy for the poor weak little fellow. Mr. Masters says that brotherhood is the real thing, that all great people are helpers and the way to grow great is to begin right away now in little things; it's the only way to be happy, he says, and he helps, and I guess he's happy."

That evening Mrs. Perry had a consultation with Mr. Masters, and the outcome was, that he applied for the vacant head-mastership of the town college.

And in the after time Mrs. Perry never regretted her decision in "helping and sharing," for that forward step on the path of brotherhood opened up to her undreamed of possibilities in her nature, and in a life of wider sympathy she modified her over-critical mental attitude and entered into the joy of a tolerant and loving view of those "who, in their pain and sorrow, are borne along with us" to alike work out, hand in hand and heart to heart, a common human destiny.

E. I. W.

WAITING

by JOHN BURROUGHS

SERENE I fold my hands and wait.

Nor care for winds, nor tide, nor sea:
I rave no more 'gainst time and fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays:
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways:
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me:
No wind can drive my bark astray
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years:
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruits of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights:
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave comes to the sea:
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Raja Yoga Question Box

HUMANITY has had helpers in all ages — men and women who, from the light in their hearts, have known how to teach their fellows the noble uses of earth-life, and to see the soul in all.

1 Who was Quetzacohuatl?

ANSWER — Quetzacohuatl was a Teacher who came to the Toltecs, the earliest people of ancient Mexico. He not only was a wise ruler, teaching his people to live a pure and simple life, and to avoid war and violence, but he also taught them the useful arts of picture-writing, work in gold and silver, and building.

2 Who was Deborah?

ANSWER — Deborah was a judge and leader of the people of ancient Israel. She inspired her people to rise against their oppressor, and when they won their freedom, she sang a glorious song of triumph which is read to this day.

3 Who was Æschylus?

ANSWER — Æschylus was a Greek patriot, who fought in the famous battles of Marathon (490 B. C.) and Salamis, and afterwards wrote wonderful dramas, in which he taught the life of the soul, touching the hearts of men, and thus leading them to a higher life. One of his Dramas was the *Eumenides*.



CLASS IN BUFFALO LOTUS GROUP

DEAR CHILDREN ALL

OVER THE WORLD: How often we in Lomaland think of the faithful hearts in the Lotus Groups here and there in all the nations! Week after week your work goes on, and the Lotus Buds of Lomaland send you messages daily which I am sure must reach your hearts and help you.

You in return send us the same help; and as you, through the NEW CENTURY PATH and in many other ways and by other publications, keep in touch with the activities in Lomaland, so we are en-

abled to keep in splendid touch with your life in the Lotus Groups and with the wonderful work you are doing in so many ways.

So many interesting reports come in from month to month, it is utterly impossible not to feel that a great light is being spread over humanity, and that the hearts of men must feel it, even though as Katherine Tingley has so often said, "their minds are turned away." And one who has kept pace with Lotus-Group activities month in and month out for a number of years, notices how much closer the Buds and Blossoms are to nature than ever before. From one of the Swedish Lotus Groups the Superintendent writes:

The last Sunday of May we devoted to the spring thought, the coming of spring, the joy of nature and the beneficence of the sun sending down to earth its warmth and life, the growing of flowers, the awakening of the birds and the buds. It was a great day for the little ones. On May 8th, we celebrated the memory of H. P. Blavatsky, and after speaking of her, one of the members spoke of the lotus as a symbol of the soul.

During the meeting on Pentecost we spoke of its significance in connection with the higher meaning of the nature-myth of Narcissus, and we distributed a narcissus to every child.

The following is from one of the flourishing Lotus Groups in England:

The most important event of the last month was, of course, the celebration of White Lotus Day. This took the form of a country ramble to one of the prettiest spots on the Cheshire side of the River Mersey, Bidston Hill. All gathered together, teachers and pupils, from the Old Swan, the Liverpool and the Everton Groups. We were favored with what the Buds have learned to call "real brotherhood weather," and the sun shone gloriously. After luncheon a very interesting program was given, including songs, recitations, and a beautiful little play in which each child represented a flower. The entertainment was concluded with the singing of the brotherhood song. Following this came a delightful climb over the hill and through the wood. The sun was setting in all his glory and the time for returning came all too soon. Our work progresses steadily and more than satisfactorily. Interesting nature talks form part of each meeting, and the children are showing the greatest possible enthusiasm.

Sweden sends in reports from many Lotus Groups, from which we

have room for only these extracts today:

Two little Lotus Buds, one only a year old and the other not three years, were with us for the first time. On the first day of May we had seed-sowing and tree-planting among the lessons, and the little ones showed the greatest interest. The talk for the day was about the magician Thought. On May 8th, we celebrated White Lotus Day. The "Lotus Home March" was played, and after that the new membership cards from Point Loma were distributed. Both children and teachers spoke of H. P. Blavatsky, and there was an undertone of deep gratitude throughout the meeting. The lodge-room was beautifully decorated.

On May 24th, a special program was arranged, each child taking part, some in speeches, others in dialogue and in song. Three songs were sung in English by those who are studying in the English class. It was a real spring festival, and when, at the close of the meeting, the children stood grouped about our beautiful Swedish flag, all with small flags in their hands, the tiny Lotus Buds stepped forward and the eldest recited a little poem. Then the little girls distributed flowers. Attendance is regular and children most interested.

During the last month our lessons have been carried on as usual and the children have learned two new songs, "Blossom, Blossom, Sweet and Fair," and "Spring Flowers." At one of our meetings we planted seeds and the children gained many lessons. They were told how to take care of the growing plants in the summer, and were so delighted that they carried home the little flower-pots as if they were rare treasures. The last meeting was held in the open air in a lovely park in the immediate vicinity of the city. The children sang several of their Lotus Group songs, and under the blue sky and beautiful green trees one of the teachers spoke to them of our beloved Leader, whose sole endeavor is to help humanity, and who stands as such an inspiration to the Lotus boys and girls throughout the world.

And our American Lotus Group teachers add their helpful notes to the great nature-loving chorus:

Our Lotus Group held a most interesting open-air meeting recently, about five miles in the country. Leaving the car-line we walked to the edge of a lake, under trees, through a most rocky and romantic path, and made our camp opposite a little stream under a spreading oak. There were enormous boulders scattered about, and between two we built a fire. After luncheon we climbed the hill and had a quiet talk under the towering shade trees. It was an ideal spot, the land gently sloping down into a valley, with a tiny stream murmuring below over the pebbles. A little further we came upon the lake, which was itself surrounded with trees and melodious with birds. After a long walk and the gathering of many wild flowers, we went back into the city most reluctantly. The whole afternoon was an inspiration.

AND, to quote but the tiniest part of the report sent in by the group whose picture you see at the top:

One glorious day not long ago the members of the Buffalo Lotus Group held a patriotic meeting out in the park, and several songs were sung by the children.

THE BIRDS

by EMILY P. SHERMAN

HAVE you ever found a bird's nest
In the meadow low,
With five baby Bob o' Lincolns,
Feathers yet to grow?

From your window in the morning
Have you looked to see
Five grave quiet little Phoebes
In an apple tree?

Have you seen the blue-gray birdlings
Far above the ground,
Dainty nest and limb for perches,
Mother hovering round?

On the bank beside the river
Have you watched them try,
Four young gray and speckled Bluebirds,
Stretch their wings to fly.

If you have not, then directly
Open wide your eyes,
And you'll find in field and tree top
Many a surprise.—*American Ornithology*



PEASANT FAMILY NEAR ARGOS, GREECE

Students'



Path

TRUTH

IF ye lay bound upon the wheel of change,
And no way were of breaking from the chain,
The Heart of boundless Being is a curse,
The Soul of Things fell Pain.

Ye are not bound! the Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will: that which was Good
Doth pass to better---Best.

I, Buddh, who wept with all my brothers' tears,
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,
Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty!
Ho! ye who suffer! know.

Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony.

Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.
Behold! I show you Truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than Brahm doth dwell.

Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.—*Light of Asia*

Theosophy in Commercial Life

THE impression is general that Theosophy and commercial life have nothing in common; that their purposes are all cross purposes. For this there are several reasons; one is, that Theosophy itself has been misunderstood and misrepresented. This is due largely to the efforts of certain self-styled reformers who have used the word Theosophy and the name of the Universal Brotherhood organization as ballast for their own pet theories and to further their own schemes. Many of the inquirers who send letters to Point Loma think that Theosophy is something quite up in the clouds with no particular connection with anything that has its feet on the earth. Another reason: half of the world is psychologized with the idea that religion and business never did dovetail and never will. In fact it has almost become a matter of ridicule to say that religion and business may walk together under one banner, and one sees smiles when a *business* man is spoken of as being a *religious* man.

Why is this so? Is it not because the philosophy of life we have been taught these thousands of years has not been a practical one, that it has not reached the deeper and truer heart life of the people? Commercial life is a great and important factor in the world today, and may it not be merely a means for the greater evolution of man's soul, one of the stepping stones by which man may attain to a happier state of existence?

There are eternal principles and eternal laws which govern every detail of life. Casual daily observation proves this to be a fact; and Theosophy sheds much light upon these principles and laws.

Our business men challenge the great law of justice and equity—that law which is the most basic of all of those principles which are today called Theosophic. Because of this, and because men work contrary to this law of justice, of balance, the business world suffers its share of chaos. If men understood, if men knew that they were divine, and that the *real* life was the life of the *soul*, I ask, would the money-making motive be the all-absorbing question in Humanity's life today?

The Theosophist knows that unless commercial life is based upon certain eternal principles, which are ever the same in all true religions and in all true philosophies of life, it cannot stand, it cannot last. The sordidness that exists in our commercial life today and the millions of failures yearly, alone prove the need of a better understanding of Theosophic

principles, and their honest application to all business and social life.

There is no crime in barter and exchange; there is no crime in profits, if justice and honorable dealing are the motive power. A man sows his grain, and his harvest is a thousand fold; a man does right, and happiness ensues; so when a man invests a dollar, why should he not naturally in an honorable way expect his talents to increase? What is worth a great deal to one man, may not be worth much to another.

Men say that brotherhood is not practical, but, as a business man, let me assure you that it is.

If business men realized that they were dealing not with rivals and competitors, but with comrades and brothers, would it be so easy to sacrifice the city's good for the private purse? If business men realized that absolute, inviolable, eternal law, and not chance, governed all the processes of commercial life, would some of the strong be so quick to take advantage of the weak? And if the weak knew if they understood human nature—and Theosophy is the only system of ethics which gives one the key to an understanding of human nature—if the weak understood this, would they allow themselves to be imposed upon and gulled? What a spectacle our commercial life furnishes us in some particulars—good men dying in our workhouses because they could not hold their own against those who are dishonest and unprincipled; good men driven to suicide by catastrophes for which others are directly responsible; the children of worthy parents deprived and neglected because the rivalry in business life forces the weak to the wall.

And the fever to make money! that is the most curious spectacle of all. So few have any worthy object in making it. Do not misunderstand me, for the Theosophist, believing as he does that the commercial life—and this term is widely inclusive—is one of the most dignified and important factors in the life of the nation, has no quarrel with money, nor with legitimate methods of making it. But the Theosophist has an object quite other than that of the man who merely hoards his money, or the man who spends it selfishly, or the prodigal. Without money the Theosophist in his work of reform, in his work of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, caring for the motherless, defending the persecuted and relieving suffering wherever found—without money and a good deal of it—the Theosophist would be seriously handicapped.

Nor does commercial life shut one out from living purely, acting unselfishly and behaving honorably as some religionists seem to think. The fact is, many a business man has greater opportunities for living the true, brotherhood life—for brotherhood means putting one's theories into practice—than does the religionist who writes a sermon or two each week and conducts a few literary clubs, but has no chance to demonstrate his theories in practical everyday life, and who has had no practical experience of the workaday world. Commercial life is an important factor in the world, yet we should remember that it is but a mere incident in the greater life of the soul—it is but a part of that which goes to make life complete.

J. F. KNOCH

Gratitude

GRATITUDE is the only natural compensation for all acts on any plane. The word is defined as "duty to benefactors," and duty is that course of action to which the Voice of the Silence, the inward divine Voice, ever prompts, and which includes all true thought and all true action. Our greatest benefactors are the Saviors and Helpers of Humanity, they who waken the heart-life.

The very thought of the word, "Gratitude," should warm us into life. Gratitude!—is it not a beautiful, gracious word? A thankful heart, warming and expanding, and giving out of its abundance! A benefit received, appreciated—and then a giving out of the radiation of the heart, a passing on of love and blessing to others who are in need! It always means a giving, and as we give in gratitude, the great heart forces of the Universe flow through us.

Gratitude prompts to action, action from the heart, not servile, or mere words from the lips, but a doing for others; and in the larger sense, when we have received and recognized the spiritual help that has been extended to us, this becomes a doing for and a serving of all humanity—all with whom we may come in contact. As the heart thus expands with true gratitude, all Nature opens her doors to us, and we find joy in each experience of life, joy in the sunshine, the flowers, the winds, the birds, and more than anything else, joy in serving and helping others. This is truly what Brotherhood means to men and to all creatures. H. G. S.

AMONG the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere
Who in the city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast.—*Longfellow*

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Does Theosophy teach anything in the nature of reward or punishment after death?

Answer Theosophy teaches the law of cause and effect in the most full and complete manner. It teaches that this is a divine law and extends to every plane of being. Every thought, every feeling, every physical act, is the result of some cause, and instantly becomes in turn the cause of some effect about to be. Nothing is too insignificant to fall under this law. Chance is inconceivable in this orderly universe. Every great event, every momentous crisis is but the culmination or the focusing of a number of lesser effects. So that all the forces man allows to play through his nature, bring their legitimate and inevitable result. Each second that a man lives he registers in the book of life his record. And the rewards and punishments, so called, come with the moments and years, in the very nature of things.

The life of man is exceedingly complex, being made up of so many elements, and the forces may so interact as to bring a series of results one after the other, perhaps for years, which may bear the semblance of rewards, while more disagreeable results, usually denominated punishments may be held in abeyance; but no seed planted will fail to yield its fruit the moment the soil becomes favorable. It may lie latent for centuries, but sometime it will sprout and have to be dealt with.

All this appears so natural, that it seems hardly worth while to state it. It is impossible to conceive of life without it. What change should death make in the manifestation of this law? I think to a mind which had not been twisted by creeds and dogmas, the idea that punishments and rewards are to be reserved until after death, would seem very curious. It would seem strained, peculiar, and would puzzle a normal mind to find out how a seed which was planted here in earth soil, could bear its fruit in some other state of existence, where presumably there is no such soil. Why indeed struggle after a far-fetched theory, when the simple plain truth is before every one's eyes?

Theosophy, of course, teaches that there is a relation between the life before and after the change we call death. They too must bear to each other the relation of cause and effect. But the effects which in their nature belong to the union of a soul and body, must await for their fulfilment until these conditions appear again, or until that soul again takes up a body after its needed period of rest.

What the condition after the death of the body is like, it is impossible for us through the brain mind to conceive. But it is plain that one whose desires and thoughts throughout earth life had been of a material and selfish nature, could not enjoy the same consciousness as another whose ideals had been noble and whose thoughts had been constantly for others. The attractions of the two would be different, and each would inevitably be led to his own.

When weighted with a body, one is often more conscious of limitations than power, but this obstruction removed, what is to prevent the realization of one's highest aspirations? But the aspirations of some being higher than others, their realizations must likewise be different.

G. W. VAN PELT, M. D.

Question Is the theology of the present day in harmony with the laws of the universe?

Answer It is hardly possible to say what is "the theology of the present day." There are many systems, varying from that enjoined by the Pope (which is that of St. Thomas Aquinas) to that of Lyman Abbott or Rabbi Hecht.

The average or current theology changes from age to age. It represents men's conceptions about God. Calvin, some few hundreds of years ago, a great theologian, thought it to be one of the "laws of the universe" (or of God) that if you were not one of those whom God had selected

for salvation from before the birth of time, nothing could prevent your eternal damnation to hell-fire. We do not now regard that as one of the laws of God.

And similarly: that which our theologians of today tell us of God, may in 200 years, from that higher standpoint and riper wisdom, seem as barbarous as the theology of poor Calvin seems to us.

We may be sure that as time goes on, and the spiritual sunlight from God falls more and more gloriously along its track, our conceptions of God—that is, our theology, in its true sense—will grow ever nearer the truth, will grow ever more into correspondence with the God-given "laws of the universe." But that which they are moving towards is ever greater than they. The mountain up which we climb has no top. From every new level we see more and more of the universe. But it is the very beauty and interest of life that no number of finites will sum into the infinite. No addition of knowns will equal the *to-be-known*.

Theology must necessarily therefore be incomplete. *But it need not be erroneous.* Theosophists hold that much of the theology of today is utterly erroneous, has nothing whatever to do with any facts or laws in heaven or earth; but also that some of it does contain the beginning of a future science of spiritual things.

Man has through ages grown up in and of this universe. He is beginning to comprehend it. The last and youngest flower of the universal which has grown up in his mind is his sense of justice. And if God is the soul of the universe, it is useless for theology to try to make us believe anything to be a law of the universe which our sense of justice rejects. True theology is that which the soul of man tells him of the soul of the universe. By our own souls we, each for himself, must test the theologies—by our own souls and by the facts we see around us.

STUDENT

Question What is man's ultimate future? Is there any mountain top?

Answer The first part of the question may be answered by quoting the words of Jesus (from the *Revised Version*), "Ye shall be perfect even as the Father in Heaven is perfect." When Jesus uttered these words he was proclaiming one of the fundamental teachings of Theosophy—the innate divinity of man; and man's ultimate future is the perfect realization of divinity, *i. e.*, the attainment of perfection, even as the Divine Source from which man sprang is perfect.

Is there any mountain top? There is, and when that is reached, there is another beyond, and when that other is reached, there is seen another and then another and another. For since man has his source and origin in the Infinite, his goal can be no less and no finality can be placed upon his progress; that too must be infinite.

Question Is the practice of Brotherhood essential for any reason other than the happiness of mankind?

Answer Yes, for the reason primarily that Brotherhood is the law of man's own being and is a fact in nature.

STUDENT

John Wesley and "Primitive Physic"

IT is not generally known that among the innumerable literary activities of John Wesley, and in addition to his 40,000 sermons, he wrote a book called *Primitive Physic*, on the prevention and cure of disease. Some of his aphorisms are just as good today as one hundred and fifty years ago. Here are a few of them:

For studious persons about eight ounces of animal food and twelve of vegetable in twenty-four hours is sufficient.

Water is the wholesomest of all drinks; it quickens the appetite and strengthens the digestion.

Those who write or read much should do it standing; otherwise it will impair their health.

Walking is the best exercise for those who are able to bear it; riding for those who are not.

Malt liquors, except clear and small beer, or small ale of due age, are extremely hurtful to tender persons.

Coffee and tea are extremely hurtful to people who have weak nerves.

We demand for a spoliated past that credit for its achievements which has been too long withheld.—*From the writings of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky*

Odd s and Ends

World's Headquarters UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization POINT LOMA, Cal.

Meteorological Table for the week ending August the 21st 1904

Total number hours sunshine
recorded during JULY, 254.85
Average no. hours a day 8.23
Observations taken at 8 a.m.
Pacific Time

AUG	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
15	29.898	75	66	73	69	trace	E	3
16	29.818	78	69	73	69	.00	NW	6
17	29.770	78	67	72	68	.00	W	4
18	29.768	76	65	68	65	.00	SW	3
19	29.816	75	64	72	66	.00	SW	3
20	29.768	75	66	68	65	.00	W	4
21	29.716	75	65	67	64	.00	NE	2

Native Americans at the World's Fair At the World's Fair in St. Louis are now assembled groups and families of the strangest peoples on earth. In no portion of these wonderful displays has a finer sense of selection obtained, possibly, than in the assembly of North American Indians. Chief among these are the Zuñis, Mokis and Pueblos, to be seen at the Cliff Dwellers' Concession. The North American Indian of the story-books is familiar enough to all Americans, but the Cliff Dwellers' descendants have really not been known to the outside world since 1897, when the first effort was made by scientific men to study and describe their manners, habits and customs. Like all our native races the Mokis have their priesthood. This is made up of old men, who are said to possess the power of divination. Mokiland is an arid country, rain is scarce, and the Mokis and Zuñis, never a savage people, live largely by agriculture. Hence the need of rain; hence in the still lapse of ages the cultivation of a mysterious rite by which the dwellers of the western continent sought to draw the replenishing waters from the skies to their parched fields. The Snake Dance is that rite. It is danced every year on the 25th of August, at Wolpi, in the Painted Desert. After it has been danced, the ceremonial requiring several days of body-racking labor, which no white man would survive, the priests consult and fix a day when the rain is asked of their deities. This rain, strange to relate, is often granted the Moki priests. After their consultation, they announce the time when their prayers will be answered. The priests, medicine-men and dancers use snakes in this dance; not harmless little ones, but eight and ten-foot rattlers, poison-fanged, whose bite would be instant horrible death to any living white man. During the dance the priests vex the snakes with feather wands; they tease them to madness, and the more the reptiles are aroused, say the priests, the surer are the signs of rain.

Useless Factors in Life EVERY new undertaking for the betterment of humanity always attracts to itself a certain class of useless factors. A careful analysis of this specific genus shows, as a rule, that they are almost useless

in any position in life. These are the kind who go about from pillar to post, trying to fit in somewhere, generally seeking prominence and positions which they are wholly unsuited to fill.

Common Sense

COMMON sense, applied to the daily duties of life, is in time bound to bring a man into place. It may seem a slow process; it is; but it is sure. Whatever difficulties the man of common sense may meet in following this line of conduct, he should have the discernment to know that they are lessons. When he has found himself in place, he can look back and count every struggle as a step for his ultimate good.

Duty and Wisdom

DUTY, rightly performed, leads to wisdom. Seeking wisdom, and neglecting the smallest duty, leads to retrogression.

What Is Duty

WHAT is duty? "There's the rub." In the name of duty we have seen our fellows persecuted unto death. Past history is full of records of this kind. No end of crimes have been committed, in the name of duty. Without common sense, we cannot gain wisdom; without wisdom, we cannot know our duty. To find the common sense lines, we must love principle, and we must have faith in our divine natures. It is the divine light which serves man in finding the path of righteousness.

It is a great deal braver to try to do something to better conditions, than to lounge around and criticise. If you mean to help along, don't get in front and block the way. Get behind and push. You will then see how little you feel like finding fault with the burden-bearers, after you have shouldered part of the load.

If a man should stand by a limpid pure spring and curse it, the spring never ceases sending up pure water. If he should cast clay into it, or filth, it will speedily disperse them, and wash them out, and will not be at all polluted.

The "Searchlight" Now Ready

THE THEOSOPHICAL SEARCHLIGHT, issued August 15th, is for members of the Universal Brotherhood only. It contains general information of the work of the Theosophical Movement throughout the World, and also important instructions necessary for the advancement of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in all departments. The first number of this series is now selling at 15 cents a copy. Mail your address and 15 cents to Clark Thurston, Esq., Manager, New Century Corporation, Point Loma, California.

To the Members of The Universal Brotherhood Throughout the World: In order to expedite improvements in the different Departments of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, it is necessary that all communications, connected with the work of the Universal Brotherhood, should be directed to Katherine Tingley, Loma Homestead, Point Loma, California.

(Signed)

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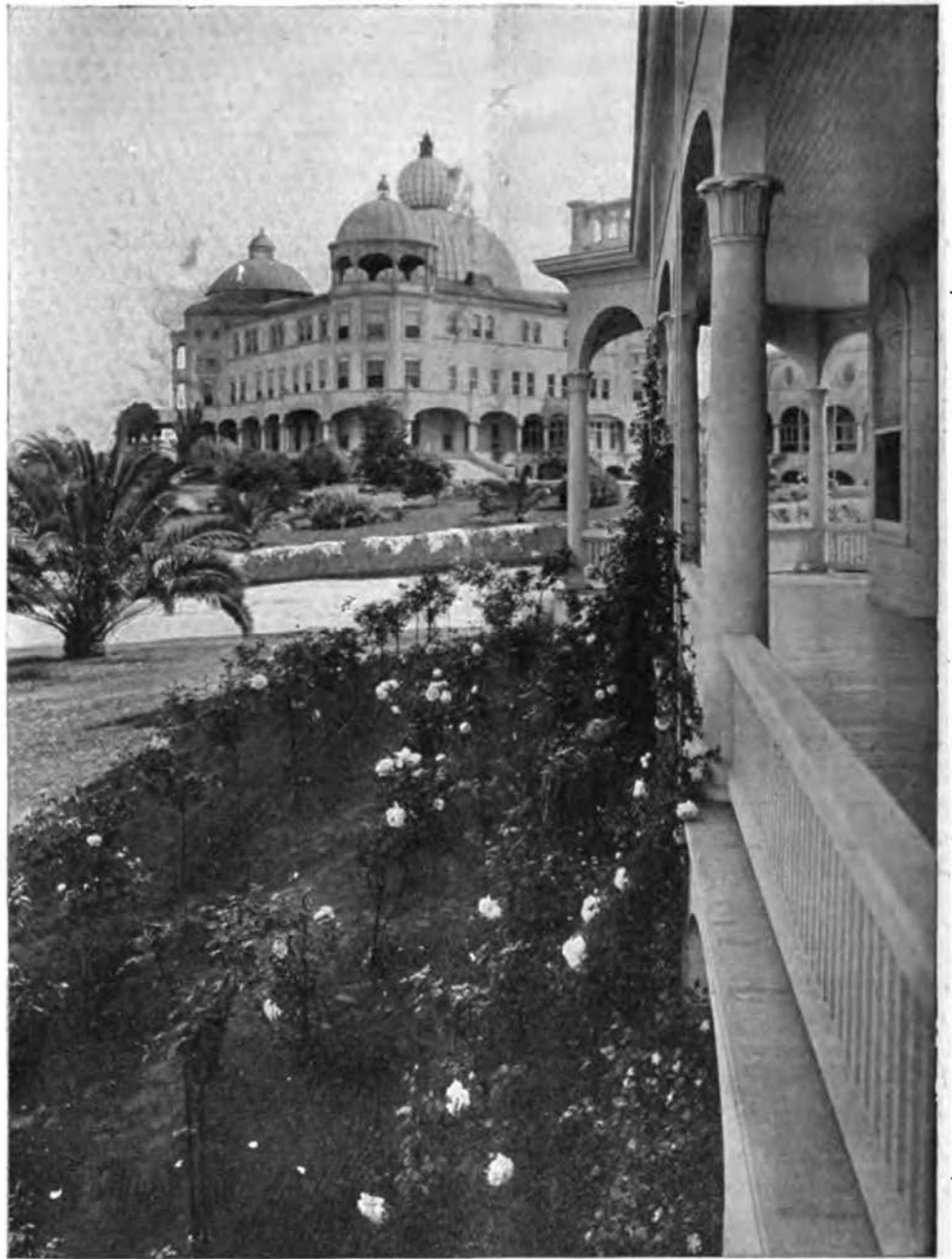
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CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Law of Peace and Mercy
What Is Nature?
Eating a Sacred Ceremony
A New Religion
An Accusing Picture
On the River Teifi—frontispiece

Page 4—XXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

To Prevent Unfit Marriage
Hypnotic Power of Stage
XXth Century Refinement
New Era Dawning
Men's Height Increasing

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

New System of Music
Study Needed
Battle and Song
Color-Visualisation of Sounds
Temple, Kom Ombo (illustration)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

A New Type of Woman
The Position of Woman
China's Awakening
Woman's Exchange and Mart—illustrated
A Chinese Hostess
Quick-witted Woman

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Indian Heraldry
Researches in Aryan
Cradleland
Thoughts from H. P. B.
Living Cliff-Dwellers
Indian Tales

Page 9—NATURE

Man and Nature
Where God Still Reigns (verse)
A Magpie's Instinct
Inquisitive Humming-Bird
Driel Ferry (illustration)

Page 10—U. B. ORGANISATION

Students at Isis Theatre

Page 11—GENERAL

An Old Chinese
Philosopher

Page 12—GENERAL

Scenes of the Recent
Cyclone at El Cobre,
Cuba (illustrations)
A Sorcerer Dissected
Despondency is Selfish

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Testimony from Shells—illustrated
Research by Light
Flying Dragons
Crystallization Never Claimed
as Vital Process
Antipathy to Natural Antiseptics

Pages 14—FICTION

Lloyd Ab Cilcoed
Dreamers (verse)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Raja Yoga Question Box
Eachylus
Mother and Child (illustration)
In Greece

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Lines to a Critic (verse)
To Be or Not to Be
The Higher Duty
If We Knew (verse)
Theosophical Forum

Page 18—ODDS AND ENDS

Meteorological Table
And Still It Moves
Got Up and Walked Out
Trying to Be Heard

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

The Law of Peace and Mercy

THERE is no law with which we are more familiar, and none which so constantly enfolds us as the law of cause and effect, or Karma. H. P. Blavatsky calls it "the ultimate law of the universe, the source, origin and fount of all other laws which exist throughout nature." It is the constancy of the law of causation which makes life possible. If we found that fire burned sometimes but not always, if we discovered that water did not always find its level, if gravitation acted only now and then—what an uncertain thing; what an impossible thing life would become! That, under like conditions, the same cause will produce a given effect, that is the very foundation of the world, and of all life; that is both the mercy and the justice of the universe.

Consider what life would be if we could not trust this great law. If

when we sowed wheat something else sprang up. Or if when we did a good deed, misery was the result—would there not be an end to all effort? The law that what you sow you reap is at once kind and just. It is the temporary insanity caused by selfishness that often makes some people think they should reap wheat after sowing tares.

What Karma, or the law of causation, is in itself no one knows; indeed we do not know the ultimate nature of anything. We can but say that the highest cause is the divine, the unnameable.

We Know the Ultimate of Nothing

What we call a law is the constant mode in which we find that a given thing acts. The law of gravitation is not the force that attracts things towards the earth. What that power is we do not know, though we have to take every step in harmony with it. Much or the whole of one phase of training in life is to know thoroughly the way Karma, or the law of cause and effect, works on the physical plane. The child learns that fire burns, that a fall hurts, and so on with all other things. There is no questioning of the invariableness of the law, and we all soon learn the working of Karma on this physical plane. But we do not learn the workings of Karma on higher planes. The world as a whole is not thoroughly convinced that all moral law is as invariable as are the known physical laws.

What a different world it will be when all know thoroughly that all untruthfulness, all dishonesty, all selfishness of every form must assuredly produce a bitter result which the doer must reap. Thus we know how Karma acts in a general way, though we do not know what it is, unless we say it is the working of the divine in all things—the ever present God "in whom we live and move and have our being." Karma is not at all akin to fatalism. We weave our own Karma from day to day. Of

We Weave Our Karma Day by Day

course we do not reap the harvest next day, or next year, but sooner or later, the result is sure to come. In the way some so-called Theosophists look at Karma there is a good deal of narrowness. If we say when we see a person suffer, "Oh! it is his Karma, serve him right!" a hard and unfeeling spirit will be engendered. We should remember that we are all related—all branches of the one great life tree—and the wind that shakes the tree affects each leaf and twig. There is race Karma and national Karma, and on this account we may for a time suffer as a unit of the whole; but here also perfect justice and mercy operate, for all unmerited Karma is made up to us again. Take for illustration the case of a great helper coming into the world to uplift the race. That helper must suffer keenly in the midst of human wrong and misery and cruelty—that suffering in him is caused by pity, by sympathy for those needing help, and his reward in the end must be unspeakably glorious.

It is not always safe therefore to conclude that the sufferer must have sinned to bring about his suffering—it may be that the sorrow of others has descended upon us, in our trying to help these great souls who hold back the heavy Karma of the world. Generally speaking, however, the

Reap the Har- vest of Our Own Sowing

sufferer is reaping the harvest of his own sowing, and it is in this way that nature teaches us to avoid the evil and to choose the good. H. P. Blavatsky describes Karma as the "law of readjustment which ever tends to restore disturbed equilibrium in the physical and broken harmony in the moral world." The universe is harmony and by virtue of the power of this eternal principle all that tends to disturb harmony is eventually overcome.

We may infer from this that while we work for, or in unison with this life of the universe our work stands, but in as far as we work out of harmony with the great law our work will be brought to naught.

Karma is, of course, closely connected with the law of Reincarnation: and as men are brought to a full realization of these two great truths or facts of the universe, they will shun the evil and do the good—thus will the world be lifted up and saved. There is no more deep-seated fallacy than that which men believe when they say in their hearts, that somehow or other they will escape the results of wrong doing. This fallacy is the evil principle at work, and when it is backed up in the name of religion we must see how very fatal it is to the life of humanity. We need to ever keep repeating, until it resounds through the whole world, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

S. J. N.

What Is 'Nature'?

IT has been remarked that, notwithstanding the freedom from ancient superstitions, on which we pride ourselves, we often unconsciously lapse into expressions which would seem to imply a belief in them; as, for instance, when historians inadvertently use in their arguments stories like the Trojan war, forgetting that these have been relegated to the limbo of myths and fables. And the use of the word "Nature" with a capital initial is a case in point. We speak of Nature's handiwork, Nature's wise and loving provisions, and so on, just as if we believed Nature was a goddess, wise, potent and beneficent, as did the ancients. And, for the moment, we ignore our religious formularies and our scientific theories, according to which the universe is run by mysterious "laws" and "forces," and presided over at a distance by the deity as a kind of titular and honorary president, and we introduce another deity who can scarcely be claimed by either religion or science, but is undeniably pagan. Finally, when called to account for this, we say, Oh, it is a mere figure of speech, a poetic license, and that kind of thing.

This reminds one of Macaulay's definition of poetry as the art of producing an illusion upon the imagination, and of similar ideas as to poetry which represent it as a means of exalting and pleasing the soul by means of illusions and phantasies.

Personally, we find a difficulty in believing that humanity can everlastingly console, exalt and inspire itself by illusions; and we believe that every illusion is based on a reality. These figures of speech and poetic fancies, which our irrepressible intuitions force upon our reluctant tongues, are no illusions but realities. The illusions are the "scientific" and theological theories we invent.

A remarkable inconsistency arises in this connection. We find people talking about the universal wisdom and care of Mother Nature, and yet shrinking in pious horror from the idea of a "Divine in all things." Not wishing to have the Deity inconveniently near, they have elevated him to a throne in the skies, and placed on earth in his stead this pagan deity, who is perhaps felt to be more complacent and less exacting of moral duties than the theological God.

The dry fact of the matter is that we know perfectly well that the universe is an expression of vast wisdom and illimitable power, and we feel that there is a Soul in it which is sympathetically connected with our own. And the sincerity of deep emotion and enthusiastic appreciation compels us to utter the truth.

"Nature" is the mind of God, or that part of His infinite mind which ensouls the plants and rocks. Nothing in the universe can be external to God; all manifestations, whether of force or of matter or of mind or of soul, whether human or animal or vegetable or mineral, are divine. Our intuitions are more reverent and more reasonable than our intellections. Let us then be faithful to them.

STUDENT

Where Eating Is a Sacred Ceremony

THE population along the Finnish coast has very tenaciously held on to and preserved many old-time customs. That this is not due simply to inertia is shown by the readiness with which they adapt themselves to new conditions and orders of things brought about by the steady progress of civilization. But they are a simple people, largely made up of fishermen, who spend by far the largest part of their time either in their open boats or else on the shore of some barren granite island near where their deep-sea seines are set. Theirs is a life very close to nature and that is largely the reason why they do not easily lose sight of that which is good in the old.

Some of their meals are regularly eaten in their boats or at least out of doors, but no matter what the situation is, they eat them with bared heads and in silence. They may not be entirely silent, but no light talk is indulged in, nor are any matters relating to their work taken up. To them a meal is *sacred*, and they approach it with reverent minds. They may not always say grace with their lips, but they feel grace in their heart. To them it is a sacrilege to eat with their hats on their heads, but toward others they are tolerant, for they realize that other people have other customs, and that each one is entitled to live according to what he considers right.

May it not be that in this custom of eating they are honoring not merely an ancient usage brought down from antiquity, but actually one of the fundamental rules of right living as known and understood during the Golden Age?

E. T. SEDERHOLM

A New Religion

IT is reported by the boundary commissioners in British Guiana that a new religion, or rather church, was discovered in the Rovaima district. An Indian chief named Jeremiah, conducts services three times a day in a church of his own building. Dressed in an enormous pair of boots, a very old pair of trousers, an ancient jacket, without any shirt or vest, elaborately constituted canonicals, seeing that the congregation are innocent of any adornment at all, this sacerdotal autocrat performs a highly original ritual.

First, there is counting from one to ten by the priest, or bishop, as he prefers to style himself, repeated by the congregation. Then a recital of the English alphabet similarly repeated, the whole being gone through ten times in succession. The devout worshippers then disperse, greatly edified, no doubt. The tribe, not improbably, may claim that they have the heart and idea of some missionary's teaching without the expense of formal attachment to any European creed. For the native mind, curiously enough, thinks about these things. The writer may quote as an instance, in Africa, an interview with King Prempeh, of Ashantee fame.

A prisoner in the hands of the British at Sierra Leone, chafing at confinement, surprised every one by deciding to go to church in state—much to the delight of the missionary world. The natural question arose, since he knew no English and could not possibly understand a word, "why did he go?" His grave and aged chiefs replied that by so doing he hoped to favor the conditions for his freedom. And the tale they told from the native point of view, of the Gospel preached in Ashantee, was not beautiful. The U. S. mails might well reject a detailed account of it in a public print. The native mind, not unnaturally, listens to the Gospel, but believes what the lives of its preachers tell, and is quite capable of forming its own conclusions from the contrast so often seen, even to the extent of declaring himself a convert for business purposes, while remaining at heart as before.

R.

An Accusing Picture

IN one of the churches at Barbados, West Indies, there is a remarkable picture by Benjamin West, the noted artist. It has now been restored, but at one time suffered the loss of both eyes under strange circumstances. For, neglected and forgotten, it lay in a rum cellar several years. Now it so happened that a colored man was in the habit of stealing the spirit from this cellar with little risk of being detected. After a time the delinquent came upon the picture and the well-known property of the eyes of a picture seeming to follow and stare at an observer in any part of the room became apparent. It seemed to the negro as if the Christ were looking at his pilferings in mute accusation and the sensation grew so marked that he cut the eyes out of the picture and fled in terror of the silent witness and his strangely roused conscience. The painting is one of the sights of the island.

STUDENT

On the River Teifi---Frontispiece

THE cover page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows a scene on the River Teifi, above the town of Cardigan, which lies on Cardigan Bay. The river takes its rise in one of the beautiful Welsh lakes, Llyn Teifi, fifty miles above the source; and, flowing through the center of the county in a southwesterly direction, falls into the sea at Cardigan. Cardiganshire in South Wales is exceedingly wild and mountainous, being composed of the Lower Silurian formation. Its mountains, however, have little grandeur, and there is a tract of dreary almost desert land along the sea-coast. But the country abounds in lakes and rivers, and many of the valley scenes are of entrancing beauty, especially near the mouths of the rivers.

SYDNEY, July 9th, 1904

NEW CENTURY PATH. Dear Editor:

In connection with a quotation in your issue of the 5th of June, 1904, from a letter by a Mr. Finch Hatton, referring to the aborigines of Australia that "the blacks of Queensland have been almost entirely exterminated by a system carefully planned and deliberately carried out by the Government of the country," and the comment thereon, that the aborigines of Australia "have been literally butchered out of existence," I also "unhesitatingly declare," from a knowledge of the facts, that these statements are not true. Faithfully yours,

T. N. WILLIAMS,
Representative Universal Brotherhood Organization for Australia

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

To Prevent Unfit Marriage

THERE is a proposal to amend the marriage laws of the State of Iowa to the following effect:

Whenever applications are made to the clerk of the district court for a license to marry, said applicants shall provide said clerk with a certificate from a reputable medical practitioner vouching that said applicants are physically qualified, and have been under instruction regarding the duties pertaining to the marriage relation.

The amendment is due to the efforts of "The Iowa Society for the Suppression of Disease and Degeneracy." This society is impressed by the great and increasing amount of physical, mental and moral degeneracy. It proposes to treat it by the double method of the instruction of parents respecting the natural laws governing parenthood, and by the legal prevention of the marriage of the physically unfit.

It is impossible in a short note to make more than a general comment upon so large a subject. We should, however, like to know what would be the qualifications expected in the "instructors." Would they be doctors, physical scientists, ministers of religion, or university professors? Or the writers of the malodorous books on "Marriage," "Love and Courtship," and so forth, with which the advertisement columns of so many journals now teem? We may express our belief at once, that *outside the teachings of Theosophy*, no true instruction on the profound laws called into action by marriage, is now to be had. They were known to some of the ancients, but the knowledge has long been lost to public view. *When they are once more fully understood—and this will come about through Theosophy—disease and degeneracy will disappear, and human life will become, in dignity and power and in its duration, what it has not been for ages.* All, and more than all, that the "instructors" can say of marriage, might be summed up in the injunction: *Raise the relation to its highest terms, and hold it sacred.*

Hypnotic Power of the Stage

TO those who assert that the stage has no educative influence, the recent arrest of a boy of 18 at Philadelphia should be of interest. The lad had seen a vaudeville act in which a performer altered with ease checks and bank notes, in illustration of forgers' methods. So impressed with the act was the youngster's mind that he attempted to raise the value of five money orders, with the usual result of detection, arrest and confession.

A pitiful tale, and a sad testimonial to the ability of the artist and the hypnotic power of the stage! Weak and sensitive natures, with no strong bias either to evil or good, abound in our day, and from their ranks come no small proportion of the criminals whose acts fill our police reports. Once detected, imprisoned and disgraced, they are sealed to evil, for the law cannot discriminate. There is no remedy, till the people themselves discountenance the depiction of crime in a favorable light, whether on the stage or in literature.

And yet there is another valuable deduction to be drawn from the miserable story. For if the vaudeville stage, poor as it has been made, produces such results for evil, what unlimited possibilities must the stage possess for good! In ancient Greece that was the case. The great dramatists were the teachers of the people, and a mixed Athenian audience was content to sit out three stately tragedies on one day.

Twentieth Century Refinements

ONE hears a good deal from time to time of the refining and elevating influence of art, and in this noble work it is admitted that even photography plays its humble part. Here is a case in point. The agent of a bioscope company has come to an arrangement with the Governor of Canton by which all executions are to be saved up, as it were, for one month. The exact number of dollars required . . . to lead him to make such an arrangement is not stated; but the idea is that by postponing the daily executions till the end of the month there will then be the respectable number of 200 to be polished off, and the biograph man hopes thus to secure a charming and delightful film for the benefit of his patrons.

"I once saw a photograph of an execution of Chinese pirates at Canton. . . . How proud and delighted must the present batch of criminals feel to know that

their farewell performance will be Kinematographically recorded for the purpose of providing a post-prandial bioscopic sensation for the highly cultured nation that provides them with Bibles, missionaries, opium and gin!—*From a current periodical*

Presumably this enterprise is not a joke, but only a specimen of the wonderful civilization we have attained; so wonderful, that having eliminated all the evil in their own country, missionary zeal has to find an outlet in "converting" the Chinese to—what?

STUDENT

A New Era Is Really Dawning

ARE we not too pessimistic in our views of human progress? Are we not too much given to assuming that changes can only come about through stretches of centuries? Yet even our metaphors might tell us better. We say that the keynote of human action is selfishness, self-preservation; that without this motive men would not act or work at all. As Sir Oliver Lodge recently put it:

There are those who think that only by maintenance of the Darwinian struggle for existence can the human race be kept in the path of energy and progress; that if the keenness of competitive struggle were suspended or even lessened, a reaction of inertia and decay and degradation would set in.

Yet we forget that in the terms of our metaphor a keynote can change by one passing chord of modulating dissonance. When Peter the Hermit preached the Crusades, thousands suddenly forsook their common limits and selfishness, and with wild and all-sacrificing enthusiasm went life in hand on a mission that was beyond the interests of their personality.

And the same may at any moment become true on a much vaster scale. One can conceive that so great a pulse of spiritual light might go out from the Center that throughout vast masses of humanity a new consciousness spread. Sir Oliver Lodge, in the conclusion of the noble address from which we have already quoted, caught a glimpse of this coming illumination, though in his enthusiasm he thought it was already come. He translated the near future into the present; in the modulation he already heard the resolution. These are his words:

We are, as men, beyond the struggle for existence now; we have entered on the area of cooperation and mutual help. We can control the forces of nature. We have not any longer to adapt ourselves to an environment; we can amend it; we can make our own environment. We are driven by the lash of no blind necessity; we can choose the good and eschew the evil, or we can choose the evil and forsake the good. Our destiny is largely in our own hands; we have become as gods.

STUDENT

Increase in the Height of Men

A LARGE woolen firm at Leeds has undertaken to compare the physical measurements recently made of its operatives with those made a couple of generations ago, and finds that the average chest and height measurements work out at three per cent increase. Workmen in the shipyards of the Tyneside and district are very much bigger than they were fifty or sixty years ago. Though here and there among special classes of workers, people of diminutive physique were found, the investigation proved that, on the whole, stature is increasing; a result which is, we believe, in accord with results derived from other observations. A generation ago a six-foot man was considered unusually tall, which is hardly the case today.

These facts are held to contradict the complaint that physique is deteriorating, but they do not necessarily imply an increase in the general constitutional strength. The Russian giant does not compare favorably in endurance or activity with his little Japanese antagonist.

Moreover, the figures relate to Leeds, a relatively small town in the midst of healthy and bracing country. The stress of deterioration falls on the population of great cities, from whose dregs the army is largely recruited. These facts tend, therefore, to corroborate a lesson with which the next generation will have to reckon. Great cities, as now built, with sun-excluding sky-scrapers, with narrow streets, with smoke-vomiting manufactories, with overcrowded and airless tenement houses, are a menace to national health and morals. They are constantly recruited from the best blood of the country, which, from the time of its arrival, steadily deteriorates.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

A New System of Music Study Needed

A CRUSADE has recently been initiated by German physicians in Berlin against overpressure in pianoforte teaching. According to the dictum of one of the physicians, no girl should begin the study of music before the age of sixteen. There seems to be scant logic and little sanity in this, even from the standpoint of a remedy. It is true, of course, that while much can be said in favor of, much also can be said against, the universally recognized system of music study, for overpractice is general. It is equally true the overpractice is but one, and sometimes a very unimportant one, of the factors that go to produce abnormal condition during adolescence, that period when the whole system is peculiarly sensitive to overstrain. But to attribute to the use of the piano, or even to the abuse of it, the ills that result from abuses in a dozen other directions, is absurd. Because the voice of one boy-singer is ruined through the avarice of manager or parent, is it logical for a physician to declare that no boys should be taught to sing until after the voice changes?

What students of music, or of anything else, need, is a better system of living, a simpler regime, a wholesome environment and a supervision that makes impossible morbid and unhealthy habits either of mind or of body. As to overpractice in music study, one can say everything against it and nothing for it. According to the rational system that is being worked out at Point Loma, where music is considered not as a mere accomplishment, but as a part of life itself, it is found that one hour's practice daily will give results that one, two, three, and even four hours' practice daily do not give in the Conservatories. The secret lies in *the life*, and when the life is regulated, when the desires are controlled, when the child gets a conscious grasp upon himself and an early and positive understanding of his own nature, then he can become proficient in music or in any branch of science or of art without danger of being graduated into a sanitarium.

STUDENT

The Battle and the Song

LORD WOLSELEY has declared that "soldiers singing as they march will not only reach their destination more quickly and in better fighting condition than those who march in silence, but, inspired by the words and music of national songs, they will feel that confidence and self-reliance which is the mother of victory." It has long been the custom for the soldiers of the Japanese army to sing as they go into battle and particularly when they rush to the charge. During the operation of the allied powers against Peking, the favorite song then, as now, was *Kimi Goyo*, the national anthem, which may be freely translated as follows:

May our Lord's dominion last
Till a thousand years have passed,
Twice four thousand times o'er told,
Firm as changeless rock, earth-rooted,
Moss of ages uncomputed.

In the Russian army tests were made a few years ago to determine whether or not music was of any value while soldiers were on the march. These tests resulted in the decree that regiments on the march and advancing to charge should sing national songs. Yet one more proof that, though the minds of an army may be ten thousand, the Soul is forever one. Let the colors be unfurled, let the music begin, and there is accomplished in a single moment the miracle. The personal becomes impersonal. The army moves on as one Soul.

STUDENT

The Color-Visualisation of Sounds

A T short intervals the papers fall to discussing the color-visualisation of sounds to which some people are subject. Though there evidently is such a relation, no conclusive work on it has as yet been done. The matter is by no means simple. Some people attach one color to one instrument, whatever the note it plays. A good proportion of these, for instance, associate with red all the notes of a trumpet. It is possible that careful investigation would show that in these cases the shade of red altered towards crimson or rose, the higher the scale was ascended; but this has not yet been shown. Another source of confusion lies in the fact that named notes have no definite pitch. The note C, for example, according to one scale of pitch, is B-flat or D, in others. To say that a person sees C as red therefore means very little.

Again: a note would surely appear as of a different color according as it was viewed by the mind as a keynote or as some other note in the scale. C is a keynote in its own scale, but a dominant in the scale of F. This may account for the difference of the colors attached by different people to the same note. It is possible, too, that each person may have his own favorite keynote, belonging in some way to his physical being; and to that, as a keynote, he may unconsciously refer any isolated note he may hear, giving it the color belonging to that relation. Clearing up of these points needs much experimentation.

STUDENT

MUSIC is not only one of the refinements of life; it is part of life itself.—*Katherine Tingley*

Over all and through all and beneath all that we call music, and, in fact, all that we call life, are undertones and overtones of surpassing beauty. At last our scientists are beginning to find what they consider proofs. But were our sense of hearing more refined, is it not possible that we might hear these marvelous symphonies of overtones as they rise upward to higher planes? The fact that these overtones exist is recognized by science. Do we recognize that by them all that is purest in the heart-life finds a noble and true expression? We feel that something like a connecting line or link exists between soul and soul; yet do we realize that its expression is musical? To listen deeply and reverently to good music has

long been recognized as a means by which the soul might be developed. But we have lost one great opportunity, which has been that of cultivating the voice, the noblest and at the same time the most misunderstood and neglected musical instrument on the face of the earth.

STUDENT

LET this suffice: I feel more than fully rewarded for my trials, my sacrifices, and artistic struggles, on noting the impression I have made on you in particular. To be thus completely understood is the most ravishing gratification of my longing.—*Liszt in a letter to Wagner*

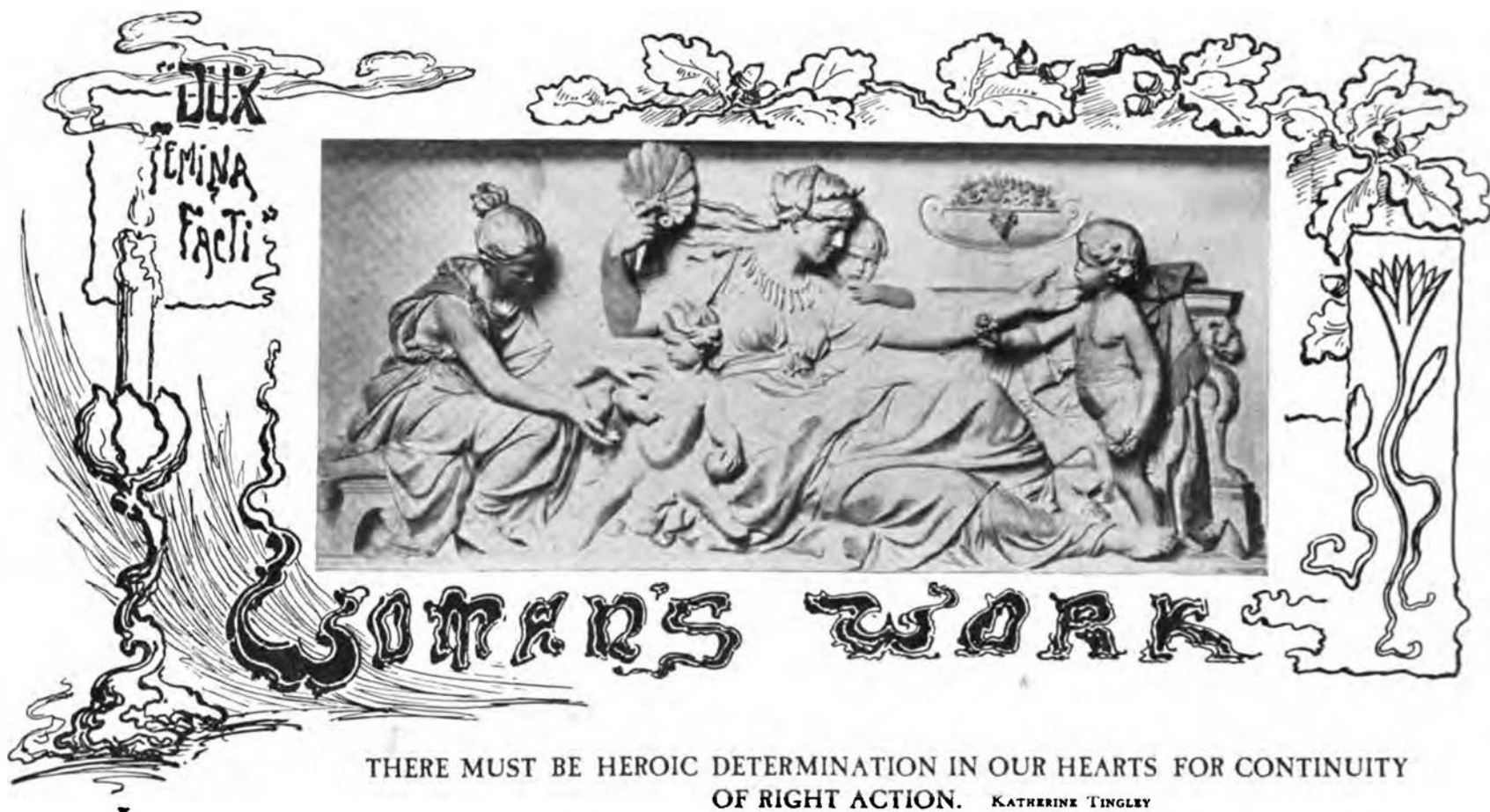
FEW composers of popular songs have been more successful than Stephen Adams, of England, composer, among others, of "The Warrior Bold," "Nancy Lee" and the "Holy City." According to one of our exchanges, the name Stephen Adams is the pen name of Michael Maybrick, brother-in-law of the unfortunate Mrs. Maybrick and her chief persecutor. He is now said to be extremely wealthy, ex-Mayor of Ryde, Isle of Wight, and quondam entertainer of royalty. Mrs. Maybrick herself had received in her girlhood a fine musical education and had an excellent voice. It was she who first sang the "Holy City," and it was she who aided the man, who later did his utmost to ruin her life, in setting the words of this song to music.

E. W.



TEMPLE, KOM OMBO, EGYPT

EVERY great national architecture has been the result and exponent of a great national religion. You can't have bits of it here, bits there; you must have it everywhere or nowhere. It is not the exponent of a theological dogma; it is not the monopoly of a clerical company; it is not the hieroglyphic writing of an initiated priesthood; it is the manly language of a people inspired by resolute and common purpose, and rendering resolute and common fidelity to the legible laws of an undoubted God.—*Ruskin*



ONE occasionally sees an individual woman of that progressive type which has not yet been classified by the paragrapher's ready pen. She is very much in the minority, but is significant in inverse proportion to her numbers.

A decade or more ago the aggressiveness of certain types of pioneer women, and the novelty of their position, gave them the reputation of being "masculine." That the woman-soul was trying to work out wider opportunities for expressing itself was beyond the narrow conception of that generation, as it is largely above the average comprehension of the present time. The effort to attain the consciousness of activities other than those which conventionality had labelled "woman's," was thoughtlessly considered an attempt to encroach upon man's territory.

Since the dominant tone of thought in any age is sounded by the opponents as well as by the allies of a movement, naturally enough a few venturesome women, who left the narrow hearthstone to learn something of the world's work, also believed that success somehow depended upon masculine methods and appearance. The old caricatures of "strong-minded women" gave distorted yet, in a sense, true pictures of the way in which many advocates of women's rights borrowed men's costumes and manners, with a frankly inartistic result.

With woman's rapid acquisition of various human rights, the racial limitations have so suddenly been extended that the reaction has too often perverted the new-found liberty into license. The comparatively quick removal of old restraints has here and there left its mark in the loud and ill-bred freedom and familiarity of the younger generation of both sexes. As parents we have not yet learned how to teach the children of a more fortunate age the lesson that added liberty brings increased responsibility and calls for greater dignity.

It is a wholesome sign, however, to note the disappearing of the aggressive manners which at one time were cultivated as a fad by certain crude but conscientious pioneer women. The principles underlying the practical utility of men's costumes have been sought for in making suitable, modish tailor-made garments and business women's apparel. Much which has been exaggerated in feminine thought and speech, has developed beyond the transitional stage of modern "swagger" into a simple directness of address. The truly progressive woman realizes, even though unconsciously, that the true, though so-called "masculine," quality which broadens her humanity, is a fundamental principle of thought and feeling and not a superficial detail of physical form or dress or speech.

A New Type of Woman

Thus it has come to pass that the rare woman whose keenest desire is an inner urge toward truth, has experienced

in rapid review the indignation against limitations, the novel sense of sudden liberation, the rather inco-ordinate attempts to use new powers and, finally, the resulting poise that comes from increased knowledge of her own strength.

It goes without saying that this type of women is misunderstood; the disciples of truth have always paid that price. She arouses the general opposition of conservatives, but is especially antagonized because she eludes conventional classification. It is not clear to her critics why she is so objectionable; for her ability, sincerity and deep feeling culminate in a broad impersonal insight that is confidently hopeful and free from bitterness. She puts aside the hot indignation, the sarcastic tone, the stinging wit, in discussing humanity's wrongs, which would be so hopelessly pathetic did not the suffering entailed carry with itself the ultimate cure. She has gained too clear a conception of the length of time the race has been in error to expect speedy reform. She has come to see that the "only sin is ignorance," that the cause of darkness is a lack of light.

This new type of woman, who sometimes is and as often is not, college bred, usually combines practical experience with the culture which comes from a study of life. Though her ideas are so feminine, her critics instinctively feel that "unwomanly" is not the word; while in breadth of view she too far outmeasures the average man to be called "masculine." Her garments, while seldom cut on the extreme lines of fashion, are not made nor worn like men's, her manners are less striking than the operation of her mind. The opposition she arouses is as much a matter of feeling as of thought, for the narrow prejudice and blind bigotry in the social mind know subconsciously that she is an undaunted fighter for liberation, and that her victories are won by their defeat.

A woman of this type was recently lecturing upon the "Socialization of Society." The subject was handled with a synthetic grasp of humanity's age-old evolution, and with a logical adjustment of economic relations to the ethics of development as a whole, which justly located the milestone of class consciousness on the road of impelling purpose by which the race seeks the greater consciousness.

The language of the speaker, her gestures, her masterly treatment of the subject touched her audience with the novel largeness of an impartial view, which is hopeful because it recognizes the trend of things.

With a delicacy of touch distinctly feminine, she sketched salient points in the workings of general principles, which could not have been more broadly outlined by the best masculine mind. The listeners forgot their partisanship in her statement of universals, which made them more conscious of their humanity. In short, the effort was a logical, masculine presentation of an intuitive feminine knowledge of truth.

These occasional individuals of the new type, whether working out the destiny of a public or private life, are active with the impulse of a message which is more subconsciously felt than understood. They possess, to a degree, the masculine and feminine qualities of mind and heart, which deeply underlie the outer sex divisions of form and bearing. Their mental and physical development and their personal lives are too much influenced by heredity and the prevailing sordid standards of life to be perfect in expression. But individually they stand as promises of a coming humanity that shall be broadened and refined, strengthened and sweetened in the larger consciousness that includes, while it transcends, the distinctions of sex. They are significant signs of the times that link a great past with a greater future. Mother Nature is ever wise in her selective choice of fitting forms. Knowing that mere intellect is blinded and deceived by the selfishness which everywhere masks the face of life, she trusts the intuitive woman-heart to feel and know the meaning of this message of a returning golden age, when developed humanity shall become ideal lovers of truth. L. R.

The Position of Woman

AH, how deep Hawthorne went into this world—how far beyond its conventionalisms! Hawthorne did impose a lien upon the future—just one. That was with regard to the position of woman. I do not believe that there is a sweeter page in literature than at the close of the *Scarlet Letter*, where Hester is seen, her troubles past, the letter no longer a stigma, bringing to her side women with wasted and burdened hearts.—*Moncure D. Conway*

And what could have been more prophetic than the words Hawthorne puts into expression, through Hester Prynne, when she assures these erring women "it is her firm belief, that, at some brighter period, when the world shall have grown ripe for it, a new truth would be revealed, in order to establish the whole relation between man and woman on a surer ground of mutual happiness? . . . The angel and apostle of the coming revelation must be a woman, indeed, but lofty, pure and beautiful; and wise, moreover, not through dusky grief, but the ethereal medium of joy." M.

China's Awakening

THE old is fast taking on the new, and in the flying trip from station to hotel one sees startling and picturesque contrasts and combinations—a Manchu woman with her satin black hair, wound around a broad, flat pin, the shape and size of a shingle, working an American sewing machine; or the sign of American bicycles hung on one of the wonderfully carved and gilded old shop fronts, a fine fretwork of men and trees, boats, houses and towers, carved in the open and the round, and once brilliantly gilded.—*Eliza R. Scidmore in Exchange*

ALTHOUGH the public of Brooklyn is unaware that such is the fact, yet it is true, that the largest and best-equipped livery stable in that city is owned and perfectly managed by two young ladies. The drivers in their employ are the best paid and treated of any in the city. At a recent strike of liverymen in Brooklyn the drivers of this stable refused to go out, giving, as their reason, they had no cause for complaint. It may be that woman is yet to give the touch that is needful in the solution of the labor difficulties which occur so frequently in this country. E.

The Woman's Exchange and Mart

MANY women at this, the very end of their journey to the "Far West," have found inspiration and delight in a visit to the Woman's Exchange and Mart at Point Loma. Their interest is aroused by the exhibit of artistic work, but a lasting enthusiasm is the result of a visit to the workrooms.

Imagine a spacious building, the windows of which have an unobstructed view of the blue Pacific. Everything in it is found to be unique, from the working tables and chairs of quaint and most practical design, to the skilful management of light screens arranging the space for the many departments.

And what a wonderful scheme of work!—developing in each worker a sense of responsibility and solidarity, that does away with the need of many intermediate workers and makes for each a place of trust. And in this day of specialties, of lifetimes spent in the repetition of one detail, is it not refreshing to see here the same woman at one hour doing the most exquisite work in hand book-binding, and at another busy with some simple duty of caring for the room? No one is bound to one line of work alone.

As there is no mercenary aspect to the work done here to hem it in, the Soul of these women-workers is free to express itself in their work; and new departments are being constantly added, as they discover in themselves some unthought of skill in the production of the beautiful and useful. The nature touch is everywhere.

One feels that the work of the Exchange and Mart, is a new departure in woman's work. The furniture, the interior decoration, the costumes made

there, have all a touch as of the hand of one wise in Nature's ways, so wise that cruelty and plunder will bear no part in the use made of Nature's gifts to mankind. All is blended in a sweet harmony that promises to the fortunate spectator a day in the near future when the hands of women will be free to work joyously in the making of real homes for the world's workers. M. M. T.

A Chinese Lady as Hostess in Washington

THE daughter of the Chinese Ambassador, little Miss Liang, enjoys the unique distinction of being the first Chinese lady to act as hostess in Washington society. She says:

My main object in coming to this country is to obtain an English education. I am already studying English under the tuition of an American woman. I am anxious to make great progress in the language of this country, so that I can mingle freely with the American girls. Things here seem very strange, of course, but every one is so kind to me that it is impossible to get very homesick. The young girls especially seem to realize what it means for a Chinese girl to be suddenly transported to a new world. I do not mean to criticize, but there is one thing that I don't understand about American girls, and that is their eagerness to discuss the subject of dress. Almost the day of my arrival in this country questions about the style of dress began to be put to me, as though that were the most important of all subjects. In my country these things are considered very trivial, and only the unlettered women waste time talking of them. As a matter of course, we dress according to the most approved custom, and think no more about it. S.

A Woman's Quick-wittedness

One of the most interesting incidents connected with the St. Louis Exposition was the prevention of a disastrous panic by a woman's song. During a severe thunder-storm the lights went out in Festival hall while a concert was in progress. The audience, as usual in such cases, became panic struck, but some quick-witted woman started in to sing America—others joined in with her and in a short time all passed out in safety. N. M.



CORNER OF WOMAN'S EXCHANGE AND MART, POINT LOMA

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Indian Heraldry---Totem-Poles of the North

THE totem-poles of British Columbia and Alaska, so often regarded as "savage" emblems are in reality as complex and accurate a system of heraldry as ever Europe could boast. The rules as to size of the device, the acquisition of the right to display tribal crests, the variety of the crest adopted, are all governed by ironbound customs which any of the coast Indians would scarcely ever think of wrongfully breaking. And the system possesses a real value in that a stranger from a great distance will, on arrival at a village, look for the totem of his tribe, and in the house so marked will be made welcome to bed and board during his stay in the district.

This reception by his lodge is looked upon as no particular favor, but as a matter of everyday courtesy and social right. Often a high token is obtained by marriage—such as the immense pole in Seattle which was taken from Alaska at great risk of serious disturbances.

But in the old slave days of a few decades past some of the emblems were acquired by conquest. The slave idea now is scarcely dead, some "adopted" children being regarded as such by their guardians.

The totems are skilfully carved according to conventional patterns in a wonderfully short space of time. The model is first made, perhaps two to six feet in height. This approved by the Chief, the final carving is proceeded with, sometimes requiring an immense fir, or more usually cedar, for its basis; but occasionally it is made of one or two pieces. The symmetry is extraordinary—the two sides of a face being carefully and exactly adjusted.

It is said that the Indians of British Columbia were not originally wood carvers, but that they acquired the art through their slaves, taken in Alaska during the last century. It is certain that in its way there is an unsuspected degree of artistic feeling in the Siwash Indian carving, but conventionalism is carried almost to an extreme. For instance, an engraved design has been described offhand as that of a grizzly bear, only to be corrected by the remark:

"No, it is an eagle, I can see its beak!"

The coloring of the totems appears to possess some sort of significance although it is doubtful whether there is any sort of strict science about it as there is about the size and description of the image. A white-faced man is regarded as the sign of a tribal feast—called a "potlatch"—but although practically every totem is highly colored, the significance appears to be uncertain. Some, indeed, of the smaller totems, such as those that mark graves, are merely painted pieces of flat board.

Far from being meaningless images, the totems possess an interest which vies with that of the symbolism of heraldic days, and although they show a degradation rather than a height of culture, there is evidence in them of a very high degree of civilization once attained by these tribes.

TENAS TYEE

Researches in the Aryan Cradleland of the Human Race

LONG ago, H. P. Blavatsky recommended archeological research in eastern Persia, western Turkestan, and the adjoining regions, remarking, for instance, that "the immense 'Salt Valley' of Dasht-Beyad by Khorassan covers the most ancient civilizations of the world." Central Asia, she asserted, in the face of most modern opinion, to have been the cradle of the Aryan race. And she quotes the ancient Greek geographer Strabo, who calls by the name of *Ariana*, the land of the Aryas, the whole country between the Indian Ocean on the south, the Hindu Kush and Parapamisis on the north, the Indus on the east, and the Caspian Gates, Karamania, the mouth of the Persian Gulf on the west.

THOUGHTS FROM H. P. BLAVATSKY

OF all the beautiful ideals of the Past, that truly religious feeling that manifests in the worship of the spiritually beautiful alone, and the love of plain truth, are those that have been most roughly handled in this age of obligatory dissembling.

The periodical rise and fall of human character on the external planes takes place now, as it did before, and the ordinary average perception of man is too weak to see that both processes occur each time on a higher plane than the preceding.

There are still men who, notwithstanding the present chaotic condition of the moral world, and the sorry debris of the best human ideals, still persist in believing and teaching that the now ideal human perfection is no dream, but a law of divine nature; and that, had mankind to wait even millions of years, still it must some day reach it and rebecome a race of gods.

Part of this region is now being attended to by Professor Pumpelly, financed from the Carnegie Institution at Washington. He is at work on the many mounds scattered over Russian Turkestan, just over the northeastern frontier of Persia. There are here, as H. P. Blavatsky indicated, remains existing at a far greater depth than in either Egypt or Babylonia. The excavator has now reached a depth of no less than 174 feet, finding relics throughout all that extent, relics beginning with the stone age, passing through the copper, and culminating in the iron. The pottery of the greater depths is entirely hand-made; nearer the surface it begins to be wheel-made.

Within the strata of the iron age lie the remains of the great city of Anau, and here are glass and enameled pottery. Professor Pumpelly does not commit himself to dates, and has sent home large quantities of the remains for expert examination. It is time we learned something more than what the Vedas indicate about the origin of our Aryan ancestors. And at last we seem to be fairly on the track. C.

A Race of Living Cliff-Dwellers in Northern Mexico

DR. BUSH, an American archeologist, has discovered in the interior of northern Mexico an existing race of cliff-dwellers. Besides the similarity of their dwellings, their habits appear to be the same as those which are indicated by the remains found in the deserted cliff ruins in North America. The stone-carved hieroglyphics in both cases are the same; the mummies in both cases are the same; and the newly-discovered living people are the same in size as the mummies. The hieroglyphics could not be interpreted, and Dr. Bush was unable to comprehend a word of the spoken language of these people.

This is a most important find, and may be the key to a great field of knowledge. For the writers of an immense mass of hitherto undecipherable hieroglyphics are here living and talking. It only remains for some one to go and cultivate a little friendly intercourse with them.

America is not the only site of cliff-dwellings. There are some on one of the islands of the Greek Archipelago, in Switzerland, and in Minorca. In none of them is to be found evidence of any high level of civilization. From remains found in neighboring cañons, it would appear that the cliff residences were often only resorted to as modes of escape from enemies; and the way to them is usually by ladders and staircases now in ruins. Indeed, they have often disappeared entirely, and the dwellings are entirely inaccessible. These people probably represent a descent from much higher forms of civilization. STUDENT

Indian Tales, Myths, and Legends of the Siwash Tribe

THE myths and stories of the Indians of the Northwest Coast of America are difficult to obtain in correct form, for, simple as the Siwash Indian seems, he has a deep sense of the value of silence as to his tribal traditions, and of the speech that hides the speaker's thoughts. It has been said that they will never repeat a story twice in the same way, and often will conceal under an appearance of ignorance their most cherished legends. Several of the better known tales, however, so closely resemble the stories of ancient Greece as to leave no room for doubt as to a common origin, although they have their original points. The story of Klisalagila, the Sunmaker, in Fatherland, is almost identical with the story of Phaeton driving the sun-horses in wild career out of their daily course. The legend of the Restorer resembles the Savior idea, which is universal. There is, an ingenious human side to these tales, in that they unconsciously ingrain into the childish character such ideas of morality, courage and manly behavior as few methods could.



Man and Nature in the New Order of Life

WHAT is to be Man's relation with Nature in the new order of life to which we look forward as a result of the reign of Theosophy and Brotherhood? To what ideal should we tend, what ought we to expect? We are told we must learn to walk hand-in-hand with Nature, to work with her, and to imitate her methods and processes. What does this mean?

Looking abroad in the world at things as they are and have been, we find two kinds of relation between Man and Nature. These are briefly summarized in town life and country life. In the one the object seems to be to get away from Nature as far as possible, and to replace her environment with an artificial environment better adapted to the lives we mean to lead in those cities. Nature is too large and slow and open and fresh for the occupations of a center of business and pleasure, and her trees and meadows have to be removed and hard, straight causeways laid instead; the vast spaces have to be circumscribed, and things made generally warm and snug. In short, the life of a city, the life which includes what we call progress and culture, demands an escape from Nature.

In contrast with this we have country life, which, in proportion as it is more natural, is less advanced and cultured; and which is progressive only in the same degree as it is modified by the introduction of artificial elements from city life, such as railroads and post-offices.

We have not yet learnt to use Nature or to co-operate with her. Instead, we either shun and banish her, or else yield and are swallowed up in her vastness. We have the city-man and the boor and some intermediate stages or blends. We go to the country for rest, but return to town for business, study, and for many kinds of pleasure. Active life is of the cities; country life is apt to tend towards barbarism and inaction.

Nature is too strong for us; she overwhelms us, lulls us to sleep. To get to work again, we must have our rooms and streets, our shaded lights and other bodily supports and mitigations. Nature is the great passive potency of the universe, and the divine human Will is the active energy. These two, cooperating, are creators. But Nature is in man as well as outside of him, and it is because man has not yet learned to direct his own nature that he is not strong enough to direct external Nature. We succumb to the powerful influences which we should master.

It will take a generation less puny and impatient, a race stronger and more forceful, than our own to be able to live with Nature in the proper relation, to be able to direct her with the power she demands and to utilize the gifts she bestows. It is written that he who would control Nature must be able to resist her seductions; and that she loves and reverences the will that can resist these seductions, and will minister to it. This means we have to do this in ourselves and overcome the seductions of our own nature first. Answering the original question, then—we may look for a new relation between Man and Nature to arise when

WHERE GOD STILL REIGNS

by S. E. KISSA

COME to the woods, O weary one,
For faith and hopes are there;
Under the leaves God's will is done,
His glory fills the air;
There is joy in the piping from the pond,
There is triumph in the velvet froud.
Come to the woods, O doubting heart,
And learn that earth is fair;
The city and heaven are far apart,
But God is near, out there
Where all is obedient to His will—
The woods are His, as He made them, still.

the new order of life, based on brotherhood, is established. This new state of affairs may be a revival of what obtained in very ancient times. The few natural forces we have to some extent tamed, such as heat and electricity, are nothing to what there is in Nature for the humanity strong enough to tame it. We may look for a life in close touch with Nature, in which natural potencies not now dreamed of will be used, and used, not for harmful purposes, but for the general benefit.

H. T. E.

Instinct of a Magpie and a Sidelight from Theosophy

A FRIEND of mine had a magpie which was taken from the nest at a very early age and brought up by hand. It had never seen a

surface of water, because it was always given its drink by mouthfuls at a time from a glass tube.

One day, when it was fully fledged, a saucer of water was brought into the room, when immediately the young bird showed signs of the liveliest satisfaction. It fluttered its wings, couched on the floor of its cage and went through all the characteristic motions of a bird taking a bath. Of course, it is easy to say "inherited instinct," but this does not explain what instinct is, nor how it is handed on by the parent birds.

May it not be that, as "there is no new thing under the sun," the animating soul of the nestling's body had lived as a bird before and that it needed only the bright surface of the water to reawaken its memory of other baths in past lives?

The suggestion is not intended as a final and complete explanation; but in a case where materialistic science has nothing to offer but a learned phrase which explains nothing, any idea which makes the mystery more thinkable should be welcomed. Moreover it is so simple that any child can understand it, which may, however, be a disadvantage in the opinion of the brain-burdened scientist. W.

Inquisitiveness of the Humming-bird

AMONG many interesting things to be seen at Point Loma are humming-birds, of which there are several species, one quite large. They all have one characteristic in common, and that is curiosity respecting human beings shown in their courageous approaches for the purpose of investigation.

They seem also to have a disposition to cultivate a friendly acquaintance. They will hover in the air a few feet away with their swiftly moving wings and gaze at this wonderful being first from one point of view and then from another, never omitting the front view by which they may look into the face and eyes. Frequently they make this close scrutiny from all sides, winding up with a near view just above the head; then, apparently satisfied, fly to a bush or tree near by and settle on a branch. And the object of all this curiosity wonders how he appears to that marvelous little bundle of life whose humming wings so swiftly move that they seem but a shimmering film about the iridescent hovering form. And the curiosity is not all on one side. There is a fellow-feeling that would easily ripen into friendship on the part of both, and man and bird are not so far apart as they appear; in fact, one common life binds both together, and each has a lesson for the other.

B.



DRIEL FERRY, ARNHEM, HOLLAND

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE good-sized audience which despite the unusual heat of last Sunday evening, comfortably filled Isis Theatre, at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, was well repaid for attending, and by frequent and hearty applause manifested entire sympathy with the sentiments expressed in the three admirable addresses of the evening. The first of these was presented by Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, entitled "The Realization of Personal Freedom." Among other things she said:

"It is odd to think of the volumes that have been written on this subject. Free-will and fatalism, these are the two poles between which the human mind has swung. One can imagine the smile of pity and amazement with which the men of one or two centuries hence, will look back upon the age in which we live and those which have recently rolled by us, and wonder how so-called great men could have written such ponderous treatises on a question which every one, even every child ought to be able to answer. It is an admirable example of the utter inability of the human mind to find out truth, when it takes the lead, and ignoring or despising the faculty of intuition, assumes the position of teacher. The whole controversy is such a comment on the ignorance of man regarding himself, who and what he is, and of the purpose of life, that without an abiding faith in the divine essence in human nature—now alas, so often buried—and in those great, compassionate Helpers who have made this essence manifest in the flesh, the situation would seem hopeless. But thanks to this, there are now a growing number of people all over the world who are on the road to finding themselves, and placing this marvelous and powerful instrument—the human mind—where it belongs, and can be made to do real service.

The beginning of the confusion here as everywhere is in the failure to recognize oneself. It is so common for men to think they *are* their desires, so that when these are not gratified they say they are not free. They want this and that, and finding themselves hemmed in, unable to obtain the object of their desires, they declare themselves slaves, the creatures of fate. If they are identifying themselves with these desires, this is undoubtedly doubly true, for they *are* then the slaves of slaves. What stability could there be, what possibility of peace, harmony and freedom, in a universe where all the personal, contradictory and clashing desires and ambitions were allowed to run riot. A persistence in this personal view of life, the determination to get what one wants for oneself, naturally brings its results in a present or future life; misfortune and helplessness in this direction come sooner or later, and then to the man ignorant of himself, comes the conviction that he has no freedom, and he curses his fate."

Miss Amy Lester presented an address entitled "The Reason of Many Things." Touching on the subject of the dual nature in man, Miss Lester said:

"Which has the right to—which shall live in my nature—a gluttonous appetite, which will destroy the whole body in catering to its insatiable cravings, or the enjoyment of that power which can control such tendencies and provide the body with that amount and quality of food which will give to it the most nourishment and beauty and strength?

"Which shall live in my nature—the withering force of the love of money—just to have it—or that power which loves to make useful and beautiful things—that will give to my labor a value?

"Which shall live in my nature—the impulse which would waste my life in flippant, empty, evanescent pleasures, or that power which gives the joy of following a noble, purposeful, light-hearted line of action?

"Which thing shall live in my nature—the disposition to be sanctimonious—self-righteous, to offer the sickening sympathy of whining cant—or the exhilaration that comes from exerting a healthy and generous influence by the sincere, unconquerable and glad performance of the things that need to be done every day?

"Shall I permit little scheming ambitions for position and prominence to fester in my nature, or shall I enrich and strengthen my whole being, and give of health and nobility to my surroundings and associations by the dignified execution of what belongs to my hands wherever I am standing?

"Why should I permit the need of simplicity, with all the beauty that this really means, to become distorted by crankiness and excess, into ugliness and uncouthness?

"This choosing is not only the necessity—it is the privilege of every human being. And the fact of any conflict is the sign that all life has not left the man on the inside, and that he yet has the capacity to live.

LOMALAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

*** "The Realization of Personal Freedom," "The Reason of Many Things," and "The Brilliant Past" ***

Reprinted from the San Diego News

"It is good to make the choice and enter the conflict for the reward that it will bring. Sustain ever repeated effort, no matter what phases may seem to occur—the reward is certain. Things difficult today become easier tomorrow—because these forces of character, brought into play by honest and faithful effort, will grow and become strong in their very exercise—as is true in any physical organ or function. And every moment there will be an increasing hope and faith and satisfaction in what the future will bring. This is a *good* way. But it seems to me that there is a new way, and a better.

"I believe that somehow it is possible to have that feeling which will give a delight in doing all rightful things, and will give the power to sustain every conflict that is right, simply because it is right. In this way there is no need to think or bother about reward, or wait for the real joys to come in some future time. Somehow, I am sure, very soon, in this way, will come a something that is beyond *all* price—something that is better than any price that could be thought of, no matter how big or fine—something that could not be bought, because there is nothing else that is worth nearly so much. And I believe that, even after the first touch of it comes, there is no more waiting or dependence upon the future, because every moment, every action done in this line, is filled with this feeling, which is of the very essence of Life. You would not have to hope for it, because it would bring newer and larger and fresher hopes. You would not have to have faith in it—rather, it would endow you with a new and a purer faith. Is there not that something in itself—that unseen thing—of which Hope is but the evidence and Faith but the substance, and that it of itself can furnish every other need and strength? Would you have to explain it? You would have done with all that bother. It itself would be realized to be the Reason of Many Things."

Mr. Fred G. Plummer, the well-known scientist, spoke on "The Brilliant Past." In proving his contention that the ancients had, in many respects, reached even higher stages of civilization than we have yet attained, Mr. Plummer delved into many arts and sciences and made statements showing the remarkable heights attained by the ancients. He cited the Damascus steel whose temper no cutler today can approximate. He cited the flexible glass and the prismatic glass of the "elder days," whose perfection are the despair of glass-blowers today. He cited the rustless iron of the Orientals, the hardened copper of the Romans, the immaculate linen of the Egyptians, the perfect silks of the Chinese, the subriparian conduits which irrigated the hanging gardens of Babylon, the never-fading frescoes of Pompeii, the musical scale of Pythagoras for which musicians of fine ear long for today but in vain.

He said that the compass was known to the Hindus scores of hundreds of years ago. He said that the five orders of architecture handed down by the Greeks have never been improved upon and a sixth cannot be found. He said that modern city building is puerile contrasted with the work that built the mighty cities of Babylon and Nineveh. In short, modern science and art would seem mighty small in the eyes of scientists and artists who have been dead and buried these eons and eons. In conclusion, he said:

"This subject has an application to a problem of the present day. We are confronted by a Yellow Peril, and the real reason that we fear, and have cause to fear, the New Mongolian is that he threatens to combine his old wisdom and experience with latter-day knowledge and invention. The combination is a strong one, and we shall be forced to do the same thing and do it better, quicker, and more thoroughly. Our Good Ship of Progress has a very pretty cargo of mechanical inventions and toys, albeit much of it is contraband of Law. It is true that if we take on some good solid ballast, we shall not show so much red paint, but we shall ride the seas of time better.

"We must be broad enough to recognize that the philosophy of the ancients was, and is the best, and indeed the only one we have. Our modern sages but repeat part of the wisdom of olden times, culled from every venerable nation, whose teachers studied *themselves*, and taught how we might know *ourselves*. And in the sacred realm of religion the same truth holds good. All good precept and "means of grace" comes to us from the star-spangled night of time when the Golden Rule was as strict and inflexible a measure of duty as it is today. The heavens have always declared the glory of God, the true God who has spoken by the mouths of his holy prophets since the world began."

Mrs. M. J. Dobson, a devoted Liverpool member, passed away June 18th, in Liverpool. We extend our sympathy to her family and friends.

REPORTS from the Stockholm Lotus Group indicate unusual interest and steady advance in all branches, particularly in the children's English classes.

✻ An Old Chinese Philosopher ✻

STUDENTS of history, in its broadest and deepest aspects, have long realized that the great events of the past have come into being under some universal law which governs the world's evolution. The material earth has passed through its various geological ages, under the law, until it became molded and hardened into the shape in which we see it today. Civilizations and empires have risen and been swept away at cyclic intervals by the same law of governance; and coincident with these, and in some degree underlying them, have been those systems of belief and ideal action which we are accustomed to call the world's religions. So that the general progression of all events, whether outward and material, or inward and spiritual, is foreordained for the perfection of all things, and is written in the stars, that man may some day come into his great inheritance.

If this be so, then there must be recurrent periods in the world's history which are times of transition. Old faiths have not stood the test of imperfect human interpreters, and have lapsed from their primitive simplicity. Old ideals have become encrusted with the speculative superfluities of intellect and ambition. Eye service has gradually supplanted the Doctrine of the Heart. It should, however, never be forgotten that this Doctrine of the Heart has ever been the same, the foundation and sum total of all the world's great teachers far back into the night of time. Only when the pure original teachings have lapsed from their true interpretation does it become necessary to recall them once again.

Every keen observer of current events will perceive that at this beginning of the Twentieth century, we have arrived at one of those periods of transition. It becomes a matter of deepest and increasing interest to know what occurred in the past at similar cyclic periods. We would do well to learn what we can from those teachers who (as is stated in one of the old Aryan scriptures), whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world, have come forward "for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness."

Almost exactly fifty centuries ago such a teacher, Krishna, appeared in India. He and his disciples and his immediate followers were the founders of a pure spiritual faith, which law, the foundation of the glory of ancient Indian civilization, is now almost forgotten.

Twenty-five centuries ago appeared two great men—Gautama, the Buddha, in India, and Laotze in China—the foundation of whose teachings were identical with that of Krishna.

Laotze and his disciples, and particularly one of them, Confucius, were the founders of those religious systems of ancient China which have now so largely departed from their original purity and spiritual simplicity.

Laotze was born about the year 604 B. C. He seems to have been a prolific writer, having written about 1,000 books; but only one of them, the *Tao Teh King*, has been preserved to us. This work fortunately contains, however, the very gist and heart of his doctrine. The book contains only about 5,000 words, but it is full of instruction and enlightenment to him who will read with an understanding heart. The translation of the words "Tao Teh King" is the *Way of Heaven*. Some translators have thought it better translated as the Word of Heaven, or the Heavenly Voice.

Let us see what this old philosopher can tell us about the Way of Heaven. It is surely worth while to know what were the ideas of this man 2,500 years ago, the origin and founder of the religion of the most ancient and populous empire in the world, consisting, as it does today, of 400,000,000 of people, about a quarter of the population of the earth.

One remarks very soon in reading Laotze's Way of Heaven that he lays no claim to originality—he is continually quoting the sayings of the "wise men of old." Thus he says in one place: "By holding fast to the Heavenly Way of the Ancients, the present is mastered and the origin of the past understood." And in speaking of Revealers of Truth he says: "Those of yore who have succeeded in becoming Masters are subtle, spiritual, profound and penetrating." All through the book he refers to the great ones who have gone before and expounds afresh their wisdom.

Before going further, we will now quote some of the sayings in the

Way of Heaven. Laotze says:

Therefore, the holy man embraces unity, and becomes a model for all the world. He is not self-displaying, and thus he is enlightened. He is not self-approving, and thus he is distinguished. He is not self-praising, and thus he acquires merit. He is not self-glorifying, and thus he endures. Since he will not quarrel, therefore no one in the world can quarrel with him.

There is a Being, containing all things. It existed before the heavens and the earth. How calm it is! How incorporeal! Alone it stands and does not change. It goes everywhere without hindrance, and can thereby become the world's mother. I do not know its name.

The holy man is always a good savior of men, for there are no outcast men. The good man is the bad man's instructor, and the bad man is the good man's capital. He who does not esteem his instructor and he who does not love his capital, though he may be intelligent is deluded.

One who knows others is clever; but one who knows himself is enlightened. One who conquers others is powerful; but one who conquers himself is mighty. One who is contented is rich.

The good, I meet with goodness; the bad, I also meet with goodness, for virtue is complete goodness. The faithful, I meet with faith; the faithless, I also meet with faith, for virtue is complete faith.

Contemplate a difficulty when it is easy. Manage a great thing when it is small. The world's most difficult undertakings necessarily originate when easy, and the world's greatest undertakings necessarily originate when small.

I have three treasures which I preserve and treasure. The first is called compassion. The second is called economy. The third is called not daring to come to the front in the world. The compassionate can be brave. The economical can be generous. Those who dare not come to the front in the world can become perfect as chief vessels.

Requite hatred with goodness.

Chevangtze, one of the disciples of Laotze, thus describes his master's teachings:

There is the *Tao* or Way of Heaven and there is the *Tao* or Way of Man. Practising non-self-assertion and yet attracting all honor, is the Way of Heaven; asserting one's self and being embarrassed thereby is the Way of Man. It is the Way of Heaven that plays the part of the lord, it is the Way of Man that plays the part of the servant. The Way of Heaven and the Way of Man are far apart. They should be clearly distinguished from each other.

It will thus be seen that Laotze's great book, *The Way of Heaven*, is not merely a book of ethical precepts. It is far more than that. It is a book of devotion, intended for the student of his own inner and divine nature, and is thus similar in character to *The Voice of the Silence* written by H. P. Blavatsky. And here we have a very wonderful and remarkable coincidence. It has already been stated that some translators say that *Word* or *Voice* is the best English translation of the Chinese word *Tao*, and so Laotze's book becomes the *Heavenly Voice*.

A large portion of the *Tao Teh King* is not immediately obvious. It will only reveal itself when pondered over in careful thought. The world today has too little of this inward brooding over the great principles which should guard the inner life. As Tolstoi the Russian thinker says:

If all men would only employ the tenth part of the energy that is wasted on the acquisition of purely material advantages, in settling the questions of their conscience, the world would soon be reformed.

But how are we to settle the questions of our conscience? And what is this conscience that will, fortunately for us, obtrude itself upon our inner, conscious life, whether we will or no? Can any doubt that it is the voice of the divinity within us, the unspoken word which leads us to the "Way of Heaven"—the "Voice of the Silence" which speaks to us clearly when we will listen, with its unspoken words? The world has too long lost the clue to this, the greatest inheritance of the human race. But the way is still open, and the "Lost Word," which is no word, may once more be found. "The Way of Heaven" and the "Voice of the Silence" are the same.

STUDENT

WHEN the sword is rusty, the plow bright, the prisons empty, the granaries full, the steps of the temple worn down and those of the law courts grass-grown; when doctors go afoot, the bakers on horseback, and the men of letters drive in their own carriages, then the empire is well governed.—*Chinese Saying*

FROM Seacombe, England, come reports indicating the usual activity and a greater than even the usual harvest in interest and joy on the part of the children.

Scenes of the Recent Cyclone



THE OFFICIAL AID COMMITTEE

That Devastated El Cobre, Cuba



LEFT BY THE STORM



FROM THE BRIDGE

A Sorcerer Dissected

WE lately met with a boy's fairy story, founded on a medieval legend of a sorcerer. This sorcerer possessed many strange powers, and he put them all to effective use in carrying out his fell purposes. He could cause his body to glow in the dark. He could raise himself several feet into the air, and stay there suspended upon nothing. He could deliver a sort of shock to any one whom he touched, and the spot where his hand had rested soon became very painful and ulcerated. When one of his hands was cut off in a fight, he reproduced it in a few days. He could fascinate by his glance, so that his victims were unable to take their eyes from him. And he obtained great reputation by predicting storms and rain several days in advance when as yet there was no sign of them.

All these things sound absurd, predicated of a man. Let us see if they are less so under other circumstances.

On consideration, one finds the elements of this formidable gentleman scattered over the animal kingdom. When he made his body glow, he was but doing what the glowworm exhibits to us every night. The power of giving electric shocks, ascribed so credulously to him by the old story, is possessed by several sorts of fishes. As to the ulcer which his touch left, we have lately learned from the naturalist Oswald Latter, that the imago of the moth *Dicranura Vinula* secretes from its mouth a very strong solution of caustic potash with which to dissolve and penetrate the tough silken cocoon in which it is immured. Why it does not destroy the tissues of its own mouth is not known; but then it is not known why the stomach does not digest itself along with every meal. The sorcerer could reproduce an amputated hand; but then the lizard can reproduce an amputated tail as many as 127 times. He could predict the weather; but so can many animals, and they take precautions to meet it. As to his levitation, the case is not so clear; but it is now becoming admitted that some of the phenomena shown by birds in their flight and ascent to great heights, as well as the power of some of them to remain under water against an upward pressure greater than their weight, and stay motionless, is inexplicable according to any known laws. And it may remain so, until we provisionally credit them with the power of changing their polarity with respect to the earth.

So the sorcerer turns out to be a mere abstract of some of the more remarkable powers at work in the animal kingdom! STUDENT

Despondency Is Selfish

NO condition is so bad that it cannot get worse, and it is a good plan when despondency is filling the mind with gloom, and when every way toward the future seems blocked with a blank wall, to stop short and organize the mental faculties and reflect that it all could be much worse. Then to that add the self-evident truth that there is a duty to life and to fellow-beings, which should be performed as faithfully as lies within human power.

Do not be contrary and stubborn and resentful towards life and the guiding force behind it, if things have not gone to suit. May be the way that would have suited was not the best way.—*Baltimore Herald*

THE duty of cheerfulness was one of R. L. Stevenson's favorite texts. Despondency is selfish, for it is indulging a private mood unwelcome to others. Look at that individual who plods along with bowed shoulders, eyes on the ground, and face of despair! Give him a wide berth, his presence is not inspiring. If that is how I look when I have the blues, I will take care to keep them to myself in future. Let me enlist pride and dissimulation in a good cause and turn them into virtues. To others I am not my private self; I am a friend and comrade, looked to for help and pleasure; I will still be that to them.

I can stop the self-reproductive power of gloom, by which fear and wrath, breeding with doubt and suspicion, generate new evils; and I can generate instead better luck. A downcast mien will frighten away the friends who might help me, and a gloomy spirit will guide my footsteps into paths of darkness.

Besides it is not *I* who am dejected; *I* am independent, ever the same, detached from the past, and always making a new start. The old hymn says, "I am weak, but Thou art strong;" let us alter it and say, "Thou (my lower nature) art weak, but I am strong." We may fall in the mud but there is no need to sit down in it. H. T. E.

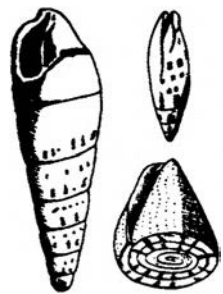
AS ONE of the few occasions when the wit of Rufus Choate was foiled an incident is recalled, when that brilliant lawyer was examining one Dick Barton, chief mate of the ship *Challenge*. Choate had cross-examined him for over an hour, hurling questions with the speed of a rapid-fire gun. "Was there a moon that night?" "Yes, sir." "Did you see it?" "No, sir." "Then how did you know there was a moon?" "The *Nautical Almanac* said so, and I'll believe it sooner than any lawyer in the world." "Be civil, sir. And now tell me in what latitude and longitude you crossed the Equator?" "That's more than I can give." "Indeed. You are chief mate and unable to answer so simple a question." "Yes, the simplest question I ever was asked. I thought even a fool of a lawyer knew that there is no latitude at the Equator."—*Selected*

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Some Testimony from Shells Found in an Artesian Well

SCIENTISTS are continually finding evidence that great and widespread changes of climate have occurred upon the earth; not once, but many times, and such evidence is cumulative proof of the *Secret Doctrine* teaching. One accidental discovery—if accidents can happen—was made near Tacoma, in the State of Washington, and is in the line of conchology.

During the boring of an artesian well, three shells were brought up from a depth of four hundred feet, and were immediately recognized by an expert as belonging to species found only in the tropics. That these shells should be found at a point nearer to the north pole than to the equator seems to prove two things: that the climate has changed since that four hundred feet of soil began to cover them, and also that the shells have not changed during the great interval of time that has elapsed, for they are identical with existing forms. The *Mitra episcopalis* is found from the Philippines to Ceylon, and has the form of a bishop's mitre, as its name signifies. Its beautiful markings of bright



orange on the white body are undimmed by the centuries which have passed since it was the home and protection of its little maker. The *Terebra maculata*, or auger-shell, is the larger of the three, and is white, with small brown markings on the whorls. It is found in the Philippines, in the East Indies, and on the coast of tropical South America. *Conus littoralis*, or the cone-shell, is also a native of the tropics, although one of this species is found as far north as Point Loma. It is white, with small brown spots arranged in rows, while the basal spiral is figured radially.

Such finds as these offer opportunity for speculation and theory-building, but the cautious investigator is never hasty. In this case there can be little doubt that the "find" was genuine, as the shells were picked up as they came from the mouth of the sand-pump, in the presence of reliable witnesses, and were immediately identified by Professor C. M. Drake before their ownership changed. There is, however, always the possibility of the mechanical migration of fossils and other geologic material; for instance, by ocean currents. The writer once found a large block of stone bearing several hundred cretaceous shells on a beach several hundred miles from the parent ledge. Its migration would have forever remained a mystery had not this stone been found firmly held by the roots of a great tree-trunk which had floated with its burden and been cast up on the beach. In a few more years the wear of the waves would destroy the wood, and the stone would have remained, possibly to bear false witness.

STUDENT

Research by Light May Check Vivisection Barbarities

THE exquisite researches of M. Charpentier into the N-rays may do something to check the present worship of vivisection. It is through anatomy supplemented by vivisection that the nerve tracks and motor paths and areas in the brain have been mapped out. Exactly this work is being done by the N-rays without pain or bloodshed to man or animal.

A small fluorescent screen is placed in the subject's hand. As a wire conducting the rays is moved about the arm, up the neck, and over the head, an increase of the fluorescence is noticed as it moves along the path of the nerves to the fingers. The whole nerve track is thus made visible. A series of these experiments are in progress, and they mark the beginning of a new path of knowledge. For it is already known that the N-rays differ among themselves, and are related in their differences to different tissues of the body. When they can be properly separated, artificially produced in their diversity, and then applied in investigation, a real physiology and anatomy—of life, not of death—will begin to open. And it may turn out that their applications in disease are as specific as the serums of which every laboratory—with its stables and cages and kennels—is the prolific mother, as specific and further reaching.

STUDENT

Flying Dragons That Existed Outside of Legends

WHENCE the flying dragons of the legends of all peoples, of the nursery stories, and of the myths? Are they constructed from whole cloth, purely imagination-made; or are they memories of creatures that existed immense periods of time ago?

The student can take his choice; but there *were* flying dragons, even up to comparatively recent geological times; and the "primitive man" of the geologist could have met with them, fought them, and been beaten by them.

The Pterodactyl, for instance, whose fossil remains have been found in the chalk at Cambridge in England, had a wing-spread of at least twenty-five feet. It had an immensely long body, a long neck, a relatively small head, and a great beak. The wings were huge membranes, strung between the hind legs and the shoulders. It swam, ran, or flew, according to the requirements of the situation; and was consequently a terribly formidable antagonist. In a general way it carried the suggestion of a lizard; indeed, the tree-lizard of the East Indies would almost do for a pterodactyl, if one were to look at him through some appropriate microscope. And there is no reason to suppose that these creatures would have fallen short of the very considerable intelligence possessed by our modern little friend. If they were as eager after men as he after flies, life then must have been far from dull.

STUDENT

Crystallization Was Never Claimed as a Vital Process

A FRENCH chemist, M. Boyer, objects to the recent scientific view that crystallization is a vital process. A vital process, in his view, is a raising of elements into a new state. If a crystal of alum is to form, there must be already alum in solution in the water. But if a plant is to grow, that is, if protoplasm is to form, there need not be protoplasm in the water. The plant will make it out of simple chemical elements.

But M. Boyer is not drawing any real line. It was never claimed that crystallization is, as a vital phenomenon, *on the same plane* as plant growth. One is mineral life, and the other vegetable. Moreover, in both cases, that which is assimilated undergoes a change of state. The alum in solution in the water changes its state to alum in crystal. The simple salts in the water about the plant change *their* state, passing from simplicity to the complexity of protoplasm.

One can conceive of a third vital process, which, for all we know, may be going on in our own bodies. We know now that "elements" are not elements, but compounds of some simpler stuff, protyle, ether, cathodal units, or something. May there not be a vital process going on now, which consists in the fabrication of "elements" from this?

And, in wondering whether this may not be going on, in secret, in our own bodies, one may as well take the convenient opportunity of wondering also whether our bodies have really *quite* lost the plant's power of making protoplasm out of chemical elements; and whether, indeed, the man of the far future may not re-develop both to a very complete degree?

STUDENT

Man's Seeming Antipathy to Natural Antiseptics

MOST people forget that sunlight makes doubly for health. Not only does it arouse vitality, or give vitality—though we do our utmost to prevent it by means of clothing that permits none of it to reach the skin in the faintest glimmer—but it kills the germs of disease. No germ lives long under direct sunlight, typhoid germs, for instance, hardly twenty minutes. This we also prevent in our great cities by building the houses so high that there are portions of pavements, and even whole streets, upon which sunlight never falls. Germ life here flourishes, carefully protected by its human victims. The oxygen of air is another natural germicide whose beneficence we take even greater precautions to checkmate.

In fact we live as far from nature as we can. We clothe the skin so that it cannot breathe, the head so that we grow bald, the feet to exclude earth-magnetism. What else now remains to do?

STUDENT

✻ Lloyd Ab Cilcoed---A Legend of Old Wales ✻

WELL now, I must be telling you who it was that came into Dyfed after Pwyll and Rhianon had been reigning there for may be a year and a day, and what he did.

His name was Lloyd, the son of Cilcoed, and he was an enchanter and very powerful. Also he was a cousin to Gwawl, the son of Clud, and his dear friend; and after that there is no need to be telling you that he was as dark and evil as he was powerful.

Now this Lloyd heard tell of the game of Badger in the Bag, and very angry indeed he was, and also he was afraid of what might some day happen to himself. For it was he who had taught his cousin all the evil he could, and he was even more dangerous than Gwawl, because of his magic. Well then, when he heard of Badger in the Bag, he made up his mind to go into the Islands of the Mighty, and work such hurt and harm and injury as he could on Pwyll and on Rhianon and on the men of Dyfed in revenge. When really if he had had any sense and had stopped to think he would have taken the vengeance on Gwawl, whose wickedness had brought its own punishment, or indeed he would have taken it on himself who had helped to make Gwawl wicked. But then, you see, people so seldom think of these things when they're for taking revenge. And Lloyd did not.

So Lloyd came to Britain and to Dyfed, and with him came all his people, and all his vast hosts, for he was a great king in his own land, though no warrior nor leader in battle. Indeed I have heard, and I think it must be true, that they did not come sailing in proud ships as another enemy would have done, nor armed with swords and shields, but flying high above the sea in the guise of black crows.

And that Rhianon knew of their coming, and sent forth her three birds to gather together all the eagles and hawks and bright-eyed falcons in the Island, and that these met the crow army before it came to land, and killed many of them, and were about to drive them back. Then Lloyd went to his magic, and made his people fall into the sea, and changed them into fish, the smallest and ugliest fish in the world, and led them towards the mouths of the rivers of Dyfed. Then the Birds of Rhianon called together the white gulls and the black gulls from all the coasts of the three Islands, and the ospreys and herons and all the birds that catch fish on the seas and rivers and lakes, and these flew along the coast between the mouths of the Towy and Teifi rivers, and did what they could for Rhianon. And for their services, it is said, Rhianon gave them an island in the sea there to be their chief city. And certainly the island is that, to this day.

But Lloyd's folk were in such millions that more than half of them escaped the sea-birds, and swam up the rivers till it suited him to bring them to land. And then he changed them to multitudes of small black poisonous flies and they flew away to a place within the mountains where they might be, and from which they might work their evil on the land.

"Well," said Rhianon, "this will be a trial for the king; and the end of it all will be for good. We shall catch this Lloyd ab Cilcoed yet."

Three years were Lloyd and his people in Dyfed, and they could not be seen and were not known, for either they were invisible or in the form

of some bird or beast. And though they were unseen, they did not rest from their labors. Their chief, most of all, set himself to find out the hidden things in the hearts of the men of Dyfed; and wherever he found a seed of evil he tended and watered it till it grew big; and he put all the selfish thoughts he could into that man's heart, and in time he brought him to Gorsedd Arberth. And by degrees he had gained his victory over many of the princes and Druids and many of the people. And wherever he conquered a man, he filled that man's heart with thoughts of hatred against Rhianon.

At the end of three years, whispers began to reach even Pwyll himself, whispers against the queen. For there were those who said that it was an ill thing for a man to marry one not of his own race. Or again, that no son would ever be born to one who married an immortal. And then they grew bolder, and it would be—how was one to know whether such a being were of the peerless wise races, or a mere fairy of the woods and lakes with nothing but world-old beauty and gaiety? And then—why should she not, in spite of all seeming, be one of some unfriendly and destroying people sent out to bring ruin upon a man or upon the human race?

For a long time no one would have dared to even hint of such things in public, much less to speak of them before Pwyll's face. But he knew they were being said; and, alas, he did not act strongly with these slanderers, forbidding them for their lives to whisper such evil, or driving them forth from the land. But day by day he grew more troubled.

Once when he was very gloomy Rhianon asked him why he was so troubled. And after a few moments in thoughtful meditation he told her. Then she bade him always trust in her and in himself, and no harm would come. But still she was very sad, because day after day she saw him grow unhappier, and because he did not speak of it to her again. And, indeed, it was to be seen that he began to ask her advice less often, as the time went on.

And so the evil grew, and presently nearly half of the men of Dyfed were tainted with hatred for Rhianon. They knew well that it was she, more than all, who stood between them and their wicked plans; for indeed it seemed that she

did nothing but what would check some evil. For awhile they could do nothing but grumble and plot and hate; and always it was Lloyd ab Cilcoed who was behind them, and it was he who never allowed a dark thing to be lulled to sleep and silence in the heart of any one. Evil thoughts and selfish desires were his constant companions.

As for Rhianon, she foresaw sorrow and she foresaw joy beyond it; and if Lloyd never rested in his work, much less did she rest in hers. She trained the true warriors around her, that when the day came they might be the best helpers in the world. And she trained the little children where she could; and she kept her bright immortal birds singing their songs nightly through the sleep of those she could influence, so that there came to be a small but strong body in Dyfed that loved and trusted her, and that would not let utter ruin come upon the green melodious Streamland in its dark hour that was coming. And that hour came when Lloyd had gained more than half of the people and was able to work his mischief, to his heart's content.

STUDENT

✻ DREAMERS ✻

by JOAQUIN MILLER

AH, there be souls none understood,
Like clouds, they cannot touch the land,
Drive as they may by field or town.
Then we look wise at this and frown,
And we cry "Fool!" and cry "Take hold
Of earth, and fashion gods of gold!"

Unanchored ships that blow and blow,
Sail to and fro and then go down
In unknown seas that none shall know,
Without one ripple of renown:
Poor drifting dreamers, sailing by,
That seem to only live to die.

Call these not fools: the test of worth
Is not the hold you have of earth:
Lo, there be gentlest souls, sea blown,
That know not any harbor known:
And it may be the reason is
They touch on fairer shores than this.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Raja Yoga Question Box

THE Higher Patriotism claims justice and liberty for all men. Where any seek for self alone there is cruelty and strife.

1 Who was Roger Williams?

ANSWER — Roger Williams was a Puritan who came to Massachusetts in 1631. He claimed for all the freedom of conscience he had crossed the sea to find. The Puritans drove him out of the colony and he was forced to find shelter with the Indians. They were his friends, for he believed they had rights, and he would not seize their lands without giving a return. He founded the city of Providence. Under the government he started every man was free to follow his own belief.

2 Who was Anne Hutchinson?

ANSWER — Anne Hutchinson was a woman of great spirit and talent who came

to Boston in 1634. She spoke her thoughts about religion freely and boldly, and was a power among the people. The Puritans condemned her words and banished her and her friends. They went to the home of Roger Williams and founded in Rhode Island a little republic.

3 Who was Thomas Paine?

ANSWER — Thomas Paine was a patriot, whose writings taught his countrymen the idea of independence. He fought side by side with them to gain it, writing by the light of the camp-fire words that filled their hearts with courage. Paine loved humanity, and wished to help all men to be free. He was Washington's trusted counsellor.

Eschylus

Extracts from the report of a short talk given to the members of the Lomaland Lotus Group, at a recent meeting, by a Teacher

WHEN you are older and know more of life and of the laws that govern it, the laws that control the stars and make us what we are, you will better understand the meaning of the symbols that the world's great teachers have used to express their ideals. Most people today have lost sight of the inner meaning of things, and, indeed, some of the best teachers of the present time have lost sight of the truth that behind even the smallest thing that we do there lies a great meaning, provided, of course, that our hearts are right; that our hearts and minds are attuned and working together.

You have today paid a tribute to the teacher Eschylus. I do not doubt that he had his failings and weaknesses, but he was a great Teacher, a reformer, and *he loved humanity*. Now, the ancients had a great regard for the teachings and the customs of their ancestors, a regard that we do not have today, as we should. We should study the lives and teachings of these Great Helpers, *but not in the ordinary way*, for there is something finer and more beautiful to be gotten from the messages they left and the truths they taught and the lives they lived. It is probable that if Eschylus himself were to speak to the people today, he would speak not as he did to those in old Greece, but would adapt himself to the present time and the people with whom he had to deal. This you must bear in mind, and when you come here and study the lives and teachings of these great Helpers, men and women, you are paying tribute to the nobility of their purposes and to all that was good in the work they did for humanity.

One secret of the great success of the Japanese in the present war—and do not misunderstand me, children, for you know I do not believe in war—yet it is, however, true that the secret of the marvelous power the Japanese have lies partly in the fact that they love and revere the truths that their ancestors handed down to them. By their lives they pay tribute to these truths, they honor them and hold them dear, and it is the memory of their ancestors' heroism that inspires them to fight, even to death, and to sacrifice all to their country.

And so today, in paying tribute to the great Souls of the past, we are teaching you to reverence, in a sense, your ancestors, those who have passed life's way before. You are being taught great truths, and though you may not understand their full meaning now, when you grow up and go out into the world and your places here are taken by other children, you will look back and remember the sweetness of this hour, and you



MOTHER AND CHILD—MODERN GREECE

will be able to give to humanity a finer something than you would have been able to give if you had not known of these great Souls and had not tried to color and enrich your lives by studying the truths they taught.

In Greece

DEAR CHILDREN: If we could look, as the fairies can, I suppose, across land and sea and over mountains and beyond great valleys into the peasant homes of modern Greece, we should see many a mother, and many a little daughter, I think, like these whose pictures are here. And I can fancy that their children must often look wonderingly towards the ruins of the old Acropolis and ask their mothers, just as the little girl is asking her mother, "What do those buildings mean and why do so many people visit them? And why have you taught me that they are sacred?" And I doubt not many a simple Greek mother loves to go back in thought to the ancient days and tell her little girl all that she can remember—for the heart has a memory, as well as the mind, you know—and I doubt not, also, that, just as we love to hear tales of our great warriors and the days when our forefathers fought together for freedom, so those little Greek children must love to hear of those

days when the hill of the Acropolis was magnificent and full, surrounded by its noble nine-gated wall, the chief gate being the Propylaea, of which we can still form some idea from the ruins that remain. There stood also the noble Erectheium, many grottoes and forts, and we still see the remains of the old Pelasgic wall; and although the glory of Greece seems to have passed, even the age of Pericles, when Greek art and philosophy and drama blossomed like a purple lotus under a glowing sky, we know that the spirit of it all still lives in the silences, and is waiting—waiting—for the time when it shall come forth again. AUNT ESTHER

DEAR CHILDREN: What do you think of snakes as watchmen? I live in Maine, and not far from my home are the stone sheds of a large granite company. Now most companies of this kind employ a night watchman to prevent truant boys from stealing tools, but this particular granite company never employs a night watchman; and this is why. The quarry is the home of an enormous family of ring-neck snakes, which are as harmless as a kitten, but the sight of these great creatures—and a few of them are six feet in length—is quite enough to prevent any stranger from going into the quarry. It is more than fifty years ago that one of the owners of this quarry forbade his employes killing any of these snakes. He said he was fond of them and that they were better behaved than humans! Anyhow, after his death the custom was kept up of protecting the reptiles. A TEACHER

Students'



Path

LINES TO A CRITIC

by SHELLEY

HONEY from silkworms who can gather,
Or silk from the yellow-bee?
The grass may grow in winter weather
As soon as hate in me.

A passion like the one I prove
Cannot divided be;
I hate thy want of truth and love---
How should I then hate thee?

"To Be or Not to Be: That Is the Question"

THE great help that Divine Wisdom or Theosophy brings, is that it is actually the truth about life; and the Truth shows us the unvarnished side of our furniture, the hidden, as well as the outside or public view. Though we may blame this or that for our difficulties, the truth shows us where the real cause of the difficulty lies; but it not only points to where the trouble is, and so gives us an opportunity to quickly and thoroughly get rid of it, but it shows us what a beautiful and glorious truth real life actually is: and that we can *be it* or have it as a living experience: for we have the power to alter our surroundings by altering our character, and we *can do it*.

This is one of the brightest, most hopeful and encouraging truths of Divine Wisdom, that *within* each of us lies the power to grow into perfection, or to realize to the full the purest and truest ideals. Accepting this as a fact in nature, then it follows that the contrary *cannot be true*, that others can do our work for us. So that our real friends will never leave us gazing too long, at the pictures made by the lives of others, that is the word painting we read in good books; or at the papers, speeches, talks and opinions of others; for though, if they are beautiful and true, it does show an appreciation in degree, but it also shows *selfishness*, a desire to get, and not to give, when it does not inspire us to immediately go and do the work *ourselves*, and in process of time to depend entirely on the God within. It is hardly realizable to what an extent we selfishly depend upon others, or vampirize them until we lose them, or they have the pure love and courage to free us, and at last we have to stand, as a *soul* without even their smiles and approvals.

But until we resolutely accept the Truth, that we *are souls*, we still serve the mammon of selfish desire, to get and not to give—the very foundation of vice and depravity, which shuts us out completely from the light, leaving us out in the cold instead of enjoying the unity, love and beauty of real life. So the greatest of all truths that Theosophy gives us, is that *we can attain*, and *must do our own work* or else it *will not be done*. The fact that we have read so many good books and studied their theories, and looked upon many beautiful pictures made by the thoughts and acts of others, and that they did us so much good, and were "so helpful" cannot weigh one feather in the balance when the Master comes, and asks us to show *our work*, what have *we done*.

Theosophy appeals to us as the Truth, and this priceless wisdom was given for no other purpose than to be made use of, to improve our characters and lives, and necessarily the lives of those around us. So, once we accept Theosophy, the question for us individually to ask ourselves, is: How much is the benefit I feel I have gained from Theosophy caused by my own work or the work of others? Just as a baby lives in its early years upon its mother's milk, so can we live for a time at the expense of another's Theosophy. The Supreme Law of Justice, as a man sows so he reaps, or the Lord or Master who expresses the Law, that is the Ruler, the Judge, when our "hour has come," will he say, "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity," or, "Well done good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

Theosophy says: These are actual facts in nature and the hour comes to each one of us, by the opportunities given to us, when we are judged for what we are worth. In very truth the total of every day's thought and action is entered up on our page in the ledger of the Book of Life, with the accumulations of right and wrong, credit and debit, the judgments of the Eternal Law entirely alter our surroundings or environment. If we have been basking in the sun of another's good deeds, which was our just balance from the past, yet have we realized this has given us rich opportunities for service in the priceless companionship of noble souls. If we have received this selfishly, then this sunlight will only be temporary, and one day we shall be left out in the cold, having lost our priceless opportunities for service, and when the Master comes, we shall be as the foolish virgins with no oil in our lamps, entirely owing to our *own selfishness*; gratifying our desire to *get for ourselves* and not to give; thus breaking the first and the greatest of all rules of true Life, the very Law of Being.

T. W. W.

The Higher Duty, or the Choice Between Duties

OUR higher duty is our duty to the Higher Self, the Self of all beings, and is always that which will help all. It is the duty which ever lies nearest us in the performance of whatever we have to do, and the motive and attitude in the doing of it. We may perform the act required, but if we do it with a wrong motive, anything less than the highest motive, we have neglected our higher duty. We may do our work, but if we do it in a wrong spirit, our higher duty is passed by. We, who are here to help humanity out of the darkness into the light, out of the bondage of selfishness into the freedom of larger love, must ourselves dwell in the light and put the larger love into all we do. If we do our work with a feeling that some other work would be better for us, and feel a dislike for the work while doing it and that it is a burden, then we are adding to the burdens of humanity; we are making more difficult the Leader's great work in bringing brotherhood and peace in the world, and giving her pain where we might give her joy and strength, and we make it harder for other comrades to be true to the higher duty.

Let us put the larger love and the joy of life into the work we have to do, and we shall have chosen the higher duty. With unselfish motives and right feeling we shall have the light to choose between duties whenever choice becomes necessary; but there is only one real duty at any given time, and that duty is the obligation due each moment to the Higher Self. However, because man's nature is very complex, and because he has by his past acts formed attachments and contracted obligations in many directions, hence his duties appear diversified and leave room for argument and speculation and false theorizing.

One man, bound by material ties and material obligations, ignores his mental and spiritual needs and duties, and so sinks deeper into matter. Another, forgetful of his duty to mother, father, or children, pursues a selfish path in the morbid gratification of his mentality; while still others, ignoring all duties of sane and healthful man, seek seclusion from association with their fellows to cultivate what they would think was the spiritual part of their natures.

How mistaken in the light of Theosophy as taught by Katherine Tingley, for she has shown us the need of the perfect blending of all the faculties and how service in material things can be the highest service to the Higher Self; in short, how all service, if rightly performed, is but a service to the God within.

A. S.

WE are apt, sometimes, to regard compassion as something different from justice, but a deeper study shows that compassion, wisdom and justice are in reality inseparable and are all aspects of the law which is the very foundation of the Universe. How can there be true compassion except in one who knows the heart of man, whose own heart has been in the furnace of suffering? Would we realize what compassion is, we must turn to the great Helpers of Humanity who have labored unceasingly for the regeneration of man and the establishment of the Universal Brotherhood of the whole human race. Humanity has long wandered in the desert, but has never been forsaken by the Teachers of Compassion, though as we look back through the ages we see these Teachers denied, discredited, crucified. How great has been and is their compassion that they still work on and help, and how great the opportunity of those who have felt and recognized that help.

STUDENT

IF WE KNEW

COULD we but draw the curtain
That surrounds each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit.

Know what spur the action gives;
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by actions,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner,
All the while we loath the sin;
Could we know the powers working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

Ah, we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the front of action
Is less turbid at its source,
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good ---
Oh, we'd love each other better
If we only understood.—*Selected*

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question Please explain the Divine Principle in all things?

Answer The idea of God has been degraded by our materialistic and unspiritual way of living and by our dogmatic religions. The most reverent and the most rational conception of God is that of an eternal Presence, everywhere and in every atom of the universe, giving life and intelligence to the whole. All nature is but the outward semblance of God; but, as we see nature through the veil of our senses only, we do not recognize its divine soul. Could we but rise above the illusions of our minds caused by ignorance and selfishness, our senses would become enlightened and we should see and know and feel the divine Presence everywhere.

As it is, our gross manner of life and our loss of clear insight (due to unbrotherliness) have caused us to regard most of the universe as dead and unintelligent. And to make up for this we have invented a personal God. Let us consider our own nature. If we look at ourselves with our senses, we perceive a solid body composed of flesh, blood, etc. But, closing the senses and looking deeper, we find a conscious mind pervading every atom of that body. Looking deeper still, with the trained insight of a purified nature, we should find our true self—the immortal soul. And it is so with the animals, the plants and the very earth and rocks; all have an outer seeming of solidity, but all are equally vestures of the One Life or Divine Principle.

Modern science studies the outer garb of nature, but is lost in confusion when it tries to penetrate into the causes of things; then it can only talk vaguely about force and motion and attraction and chance and so on, which are simply other names for the divine attributes.

In our day, only poets and men of genius get occasional glimpses of the universality of the divine Presence, commune with nature and walk with God; but in ages of spiritual enlightenment it has been, and will be, otherwise. God reveals himself to the pure; and to realize the divine in all things, we must first realize the divine in ourselves, which we can do by purifying our hearts and lives.

STUDENT

Question Wherein lies the excellence of the Raja Yoga System of education over all other methods?

Answer To those who have had opportunity to see the results obtained in Raja Yoga Schools, no explanation is needed. The results themselves speak with sufficient eloquence. To those who have not seen, and who have become alive to the needs and welfare of children, the promoters of the Raja Yoga System proclaim:

The originator of the Raja Yoga System, Katherine Tingley, has, in the construction and operation of this system of education, brought into play a new, essential and fundamental factor, of which the whole modern educational world has come to feel the need, but has not yet been able to discover.

This bold and unqualified declaration is not the fruit of speculation. The value and power of this factor is no longer a matter of experiment.

Improvements of method, as are natural to the progressive spirit of the present age, are recognized, and due credit is given. But, Raja Yoga consists of something much other than the modification and development of ideas previously current. A good measure of its value is in its un-failing application of new ideas, new methods necessary to meet ever differing individual cases, and the ever new needs consequent to active growth and unfolding.

One inestimable advantage is that the teacher and pupil each become imbued with an enthusiasm which lifts the sense of task, liberating the faculties of both, and brings to the work of each a feeling of life and joy.

The teacher is an integral part of the system, and to be such requires qualities and forces of character which only training in the system itself and a constant living of its principles can produce.

It would do no real service to set forth words in exposition of the Raja Yoga System of Education, because, as any one can know, the words could be imitated elsewhere without that genuine life behind them to justify their use.

W. T. HANSON

Question How would you answer an orthodox person who says that Theosophy only teaches morality but no religion?

Answer I would ask him what he meant by religion; whether Christianity or Buddhism or Mohammedanism or Hebraism or any other of the world's religions; and, if Christianity, whether the Greek, Roman, or Protestant church; and, if Protestantism, which of the numerous sects into which that is divided.

The fact is, that while there is but one truth, grounded on the unchanging principles of morality, there are innumerable religions; the reason being that the truth is divine and religions are man-made.

Theosophy is a system that appeals equally to people of all races and creeds, and the Theosophical Society is the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of all races and creeds. How then can Theosophy teach any particular set of articles of faith, or favor any particular church or sect, out of the thousands that exist? Then again, Theosophy is as old as the human race, and Christianity is less than 2000 years old, while its present forms are still more recent and are to a great extent merely local or national.

There can be no separation between religion and morality. Morality is the basis of true religion, the basis of the universal and eternal religion. True religion is founded on the wisdom that is revealed to the pure in heart. Those who follow the teachings of Jesus as recorded in the Bible, which are also the teachings of Buddha, and Zoroaster, and all the other great religious teachers; those who live unselfishly and overcome selfish passions, anger, lust and the like, and make their hearts pure and their lives clean, will have all the wisdom necessary for life. Such people are the truly religious; they need no hard-and-fast theological dogmas; they need no church or priest to step in and absolve them, for they are safe under the guidance of their own pure hearts.

Theosophy cannot narrow down its broad and universal platform to teach the articles of any little church belonging to some one race of humanity. But it can and does throw a new light on each religion, revealing what is true and beautiful and eternal in that religion, and showing up what is false and man-made.

The history of our race, both past and present, shows that Christianity has become so split up into sects and so enfeebled by lack of faith and by empty forms, that it cannot save society from the dreadful consequences of human passions. Therefore Theosophy must help Christianity, restore it to its original unity and effectiveness, and turn it from a warring sect into a religion that is at peace with other religions.

H. T. E.

QUESTION: Do Theosophists declare that Christianity is a failure?

ANSWER: When dear old Dr. Bartol, of Boston, was once asked if Christianity had proven a failure, he replied: "It has never been tried yet."

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Total number hours sunshine
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Average no. hours a day 8.23
Observations taken at 8 a.m.
Pacific Time

AUG	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
22	29.760	74	64	68	65	.00	W	5
23	29.826	74	66	68	65	.00	SW	3
24	29.824	73	66	69	66	.00	NW	9
25	29.794	74	66	69	66	.00	NW	10
26	29.751	74	66	71	69	.00	NW	5
27	29.716	77	67	71	69	.00	NW	10
28	29.776	81	67	72	69	.00	W	6

"And Still It Moves" THE following taken from the *Cleveland Press* tells its own story. Comment is needless:

The Rev. John Alford Fisher, whose resignation as pastor of the Franklin-ave Congregational church was tendered, by request, last week, and accepted, was not permitted to finish his farewell sermon Sunday morning. The service broke up before the minister was fairly started.

The church was crowded, many of the congregation being strangers drawn there by curiosity. Rev. Mr. Fisher rose pale but calm. The first part of the service passed off without incident.

The subject of the sermon was "Liberty." Rev. Mr. Fisher said:

"To some minds, enslaved in tradition and bound by the narrow withes of an antiquated belief, the conception of God as a spirit, filling the universe and permeating all things, is impossible. To these intellects a man who tries to lead gently onward toward a higher conception of the Deity, eliminating the idea of a human God on a great white throne, is a thing to be cast out, anathematized and damned.

"The best blood of the north and the south was once spilled in striking off the shackles of a race of mankind. But I say to you that the man who attempts to bind the intellect is lower a thousand times in the grade of humanity than he who places manacles on the body of his fellow man. I would rather be a peasant, humble and lowly, than a mighty potentate of the church bound by the miserable shibboleth of dogma. The Bible has been set up as a fetich to be worshiped, and yet Jesus Christ, whose utterances it claims to set forth, wrote not a single line of the book. Then why should we, in this day and age, look upon it as an infallible decree of the Most High? They say that we shall be damned if we do not believe. Then I say that I would rather be damned."

Several men and women got up and walked out. Others in the front part of the church applauded. Rev. Mr. Fisher waited for quiet and continued:

"I adhere to the doctrine of free speech, but at the same time I do not think one has the right unnecessarily to offend others of contrary view. But when they have eyes and see not, and have ears and hear not, then I believe it is the duty of the enlightened—to use a vulgarism of the Bible—to 'unstop' their ears and preach to them the truth."

There was more applause and more hisses. Still more of the congregation left the church.

"Is there anything the matter?" inquired Rev. Mr. Fisher.

"Yes," shouted Thomas Henderson, a deacon of the church. His face was flushed. "There is something the matter. This man came to us pretending to be a minister of the gospel—"

"Shame!" "Sit down!" Such cries came from all parts of the church. But Henderson took advantage of the first instant of quiet, and said:

"It is not because of his liberal beliefs that we object to this man, but because he is unkind, untrue and illiberal. He is—"

He got no farther. Every person in the church was on his or her feet trying to be heard.

Trying to Be Heard "Deacon Henderson's remarks are unchristian," cried a voice. "Let Mr. Fisher go on."

"It is thus," began the minister, "that liberty is strangled in the house of God. Where God is, there is liberty—"

"He came here under false pretenses," shouted Henderson. "There will be no preaching tonight."

"I will say no more. All rise for the benediction," said Rev. Mr. Fisher. When he had pronounced this, he said:

"One word more. I bear no malice, but the charge that I came here under false pretenses cuts deep. I bore with me the recommendation of some of the highest men in the church, and they are still my friends. The congregation is dismissed."

The "Searchlight" Now Ready

THE THEOSOPHICAL SEARCHLIGHT, issued August 15th, is for members of the Universal Brotherhood only. It contains general information of the work of the Theosophical Movement throughout the World, and also important instructions necessary for the advancement of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in all departments. The first number of this series is now selling at 15 cents a copy. Mail your address and 15 cents to Clark Thurston, Esq., Manager, New Century Corporation, Point Loma, California.

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Vol. VII

SEPTEMBER 11, 1904

No. 44

New Century Path

by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Infidelity Needs Compassion
Recreation Ground
Raja Yoga in Cuba
Japan After the War
Reliance on the Law
W. Q. Judge—frontispiece
Ancient Civilizations

Page 4—XXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Concentration,
Secret of Memory
Motive for Human Conduct
When Other Man Is Loose
Finns Coming to America
Substitutes for Alcohol
Beverages & Longevity

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

School for Fiction Writing
An Ancient Painting (illustration)
Swedish Chorus-Singing

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

A Mother's Plea
First Picture-Book
Australia's Orphans
Imagination
Lomaland Students (illustration)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

American Aborigines
All of One Race
Oldest City Unearthed
To Preserve Cliff-Dwellings
in Colorado & New Mexico

Page 9—NATURE

Pan Is Dead
Nature as a Teacher to
Those Willing to Learn
Pan (verse)
Protecting Birds on
Midway Island
The River Rhine (illustration)

Page 10—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre

Page 11—GENERAL

William Quan Judge

Page 12—GENERAL

East Indian Pictures—illustrated
"Guilty, But Innocently"
Doenvig's Life-Saving Globe
As Old as the Hills—illustrated

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Further Research on N-Ray
Secret of Longevity
Comet in a Test-Tube
Uniforms to Be Changed
Moon and Coral Insects
Blue Light in Surgery

Page 14—FICTION

The Stealing of Pryderi
Spencer's Fairy Queen (verse)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Raja Yoga Question Box
Breath from the Seashore—
illustrated
Warrior & the Tiny Lives
Silly Little Seed (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

At Sunset (verse)
Obedience to Principle
Self-Reliance in the
Light of Raja Yoga
Silence an Imperial Function
Wheel of Life (verse)
Theosophical Forum

Page 18—ODDS AND ENDS

Phacops Nautafabulous—illustrated
Keep Still
Bagpipe of Scotland

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Infidelity That Needs Compassion

THERE is an infidelity with which no good man should have any sympathy. There are infidels who are such, knowing what they oppose. There are men who, in no mistake, know the difference between good and evil, and distinctly knowing it, choose the evil and reject the good. But there is a state called infidelity, which deserves compassion rather than indignation—the dreadful state of one who craves light and cannot find it. I do think the way we treat that state is most unpardonably cruel. It is an awful moment when the soul begins to find that the props on which it has blindly rested so long are, many of them, rotten, and begins to suspect them all; when it begins to feel the nothingness of many of the traditional opinions which have been received with implicit confidence, and in that horrible insecurity begins also to doubt whether there be anything to believe at all.

It is an awful hour—let him who has passed through it say how awful—when

this life has lost its meaning, and seems shrivelled into a span; when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dead expanse, black with the void from which God Himself has disappeared. In the fearful loneliness of spirit, when those who should have been his friends and counsellors only frown upon his misgivings, and profanely bid him stifle doubts, which for aught he knows may be light from Heaven, and everything seems wrapped in hideous uncertainty. I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scathless; it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still—the grand, simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which

Hold Fast to the Old Landmarks

a human soul can pass, whatever is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God and no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man, who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to those venerable landmarks. Thrice blest is he who, when all is drear and cheerless within and without, when his teachers terrify him, and his friends shrink from him, has obstinately clung to moral good. Thrice blessed because his night shall pass into clear, bright day.—Rev. F. W. Robertson

Does not this sermon illustrate the pitiable character of the variance between internal conviction of the truth and instilled intellectual belief? A man discovers, as well he may, that theology is not the true foundation of faith, and that the particular theology which he has been taught is not reasonable enough to be the foundation of anything. Then he imagines that all morality and hope for the future must go, along with the tottering props which were supposed to hold them up. Then, if he is a man of strong internal faith and conviction, like the writer quoted, he falls back on the real foundation of morality and religion—the voice of the heart and the clear vision of the soul. Finally he may endeavor to reinstate his original creed on a new basis, and to make it agree with his newly-gained convictions. Or he may be so disgusted with his creed that he cannot

H. P. Blavatsky Brought the Key

take it back, and may replace it by some philosophy or humanistic system. Or finally he may give up serious thought altogether and make the best of life as he finds it. Only very strong souls have been able unaided to pass from religious creed to a recognition of the true philosophy of life, and to construct for themselves a faith that is identical with Theosophy.

To a world full of such aching hearts and doubting minds came H. P. Blavatsky, the latest of the great world teachers that appear in such crises of human affairs, and proclaimed again the ancient truths of the Wisdom Religion, which can solve all problems. She showed how all departments of speculation had fallen into confusion because the keys were lost and everything therefore looked at from a wrong view point. And she showed how everything at once became clear and luminous when the right key to the mystery was possessed. The chief key was the forgotten doctrine of human solidarity based on man's essential unity of interior nature—many personalities, one soul; many heads, one heart.

Far back of recognizing this unity in our own nature, we had fallen everywhere into diversity and confusion, and our philosophies and religions were a mass of contradictions, and our life a tissue of inconsistencies.

Live and Work Close to Nature

We had a religion saying one thing and a science saying another and a life giving the lie to both. Theosophy was the great unifier, reconciling nature with God, science with religion, duty with joy, law with liberty. No longer need we choose between the evils of a fettered piety and a licentious independence; henceforth the paths of stern duty and of aspiring freedom were one.

The best thing for one in the throes of such a despair as that described would be to go out into a new country, unpoisoned by the emanations of centuries of civilization, and there, laying aside for a time all mental questionings, live the simple life of a worker with nature. For then he would get away from his imagination, filled with delusions, and come in contact with the realities of life. His health being restored, he would be ready to perceive that joy and vigor are at the foundation of all life and growth and progress; and the sunlight which had healed his body would begin to permeate his philosophy.

But think what it would be if, instead of finding in that new land mere fields and trees, he should find a little garden-city of people living a new life in harmony with the bright sunlight and sweet beneficence of nature and enlightened by the luminous and inspiring Wisdom-Religion. Would

not that be a healing for his soul and mind and body—a healing all through?
H. T. E.

A Recreation Ground for the World

IN 1850 California was admitted into the Union. At that time the interest of the East was directed to this part of the country on account of its gold. Thousands of people flocked here with the expectancy that the El Dorado of the old Spanish explorers had been finally discovered. Since that time the general progress of the State has attracted world-wide attention.

Only a few years ago travelers thought little of this part of the country, but now it is visited by people from all nations of the Globe; and it does offer, probably, more condensed interest to the itinerant tourist than any other one State of the Union.

Indeed, it surpasses in climate and wonderful scenery every other individual State.

Do the Americans sufficiently study their own country? Americans by the thousands may be met in the capitals of Europe, and donkey-riding on the banks of the Nile, who are most woefully ignorant of the great West, and the superb natural scenery of it.

Many are quite satisfied to be shut in within a big modern caravan-serai in an European city, provided there be attractions enough to hold them there for a season.

Many are presumably traveling for their health, and in vain; while many others seem to be traveling to spend money.

The writer has toured the world on two occasions, visiting some of the most beautiful places on earth; yet none of these, in point of climate and scenery, can equal the Wonderland of Southern California.

It is true, that many thousands of travelers have within the last few years found their way to this Garden of America, to spend a season; and they come again and again. A few years hence, this part of the country will be considered the ideal recreation ground of the world.

STUDENT

Raja Yoga in Cuba

CUBA, since it has attained its freedom from the Spanish rule, has not been slow in grasping every opportunity offered it for advancing the general interests of its people. Through bitter years of suffering the Cubans have learned the importance of having the best educational advantages for their children. The result is that there are numerous schools in the different cities of the island supported by the Government.

Hon. Emilio Bacardi, Mayor of Santiago de Cuba for many years, has worked untiringly on this line. His visit, two years ago, to Point Loma, California, made it possible for him to study the Raja Yoga system of education. This he declared to be the ideal system; and he has worked strenuously to promote it in Cuba. Less than two years ago Raja Yoga work for children was begun in Santiago de Cuba, and the two large schools there today are having a widespread influence throughout the island.

The opportunity offered in this system will make it possible for Cuban children to be educated on very practical lines, such as must necessarily help to build the national life.

An educated Cuban, working for the interests of his country, with impersonal motive, will prove a power wherever he may go. The Cubans love their motherland with a rare spirit of devotion; and they are building for the future when they sustain the unsectarian work of the Raja Yoga schools in their island. These schools are supported by the contributions of the members of the Universal Brotherhood organization, and by a few others who admire the work. The teachers are unsalaried; it is their enthusiasm in this work, and their great interest in the Cuban people, which has helped to make these schools the success they have proved themselves to be.

STUDENT

Japan After the War

IT is easy to see that the prosperity of Japan will advance at a rapid rate after the war. Already its praises are sung in every part of the world, and there is a permanent interest growing with all peoples to know more of that Oriental land, and of the sons and daughters of Nippon.

Probably before a year has passed, it will become the Mecca of the

World; people will flock there from East and from West. While the material interests of the country may be benefited by such an influx of money as will come to them, it is a fact that its people will have to endure much and suffer long from the impress which will be made by a horde of travelers, following in the trail of the war.

The Japanese are very wise, though; quite insistent on protective lines for their country's good; and they have a very clever way of ignoring the people whom they do not care to entertain. In this lies the hope of Japan.

May it never lose its fascinating and forceful individuality. And may it be wise enough to hold itself in the ways of peace for all the years to come, for the Japanese are, indeed, a peace-loving people. STUDENT

Reliance on the Law

THE law of justice which is the law of harmony and love, is unfailing in its operation, and may forever be relied upon. If our motive is right and we do the best we can, we have nothing to fear, and we may trust the law to help us, for without fail we shall reap what we sow.

People think the law hard and are unwilling to reap what they sow, only when they do the wrong kind of sowing. But the law is no less beneficent in this case than in any other, for the suffering that necessarily follows wrong doing teaches a needed lesson, and we learn to live in harmony with the law, which works ever for the highest good of all; and we can only be in harmony with it when we work for the same ends, but if we do this nothing can prevail against us.

We not only want to see these facts and accept them with our minds, but we want to take them to heart so that they will be "a living power in our lives." To recognize the fact that the law is beneficent and unfailing and ever works for our highest good, and then to fret and worry, is very foolish. Not only are we wasting our energy in a very bad way and making it harder for others to be happy, but we are not relying on the law that we know is to be relied on, and are making ourselves miserable when we might be happy. By just a little positive effort and will power, how we can bring the sunshine into our lives even if the clouds do seem to gather.

We ought to sing "Life is Joy" in our hearts all the time; then our seeming burdens would grow light, and the joy that would radiate from us into the world would come back to us many fold.

BANDUSIA WAKEFIELD

Frontispiece---William Q. Judge

THE cover-page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week reproduces the familiar face of one of the great World Reformers and Teachers. The name of William Quan Judge is a household word in many countries, and with thousands of people who have been helped through his self-sacrificing life for their benefit. His compassionate heart was touched by the world's sorrows. He laid down his life in service on March 21, 1896.

A tribute to Mr. Judge, from the pen of one of his most devoted pupils, appears on page 11 of this issue.

Regions of Ancient Civilizations

It has been recently pointed out that the highest civilizations of historic and prehistoric times belong generally to belts on the earth's surface lying between the 30th and 40th parallels of both north and south latitude. On one such belt lie Southern Japan, Southern California, Georgia, the Bermudas, Madeira, Morocco, Algeria, Tripoli, Northern Egypt, Jerusalem, Mid Persia, Northern India and Thibet. And on another, South Australia and Sydney, Northern New Zealand, Juan Fernandez Islands, Valparaiso, Central Argentina, Uruguay, Cape Colony. F. J. D.

The "Searchlight" Now Ready

THE THEOSOPHICAL SEARCHLIGHT, issued August 15th, is for members of the Universal Brotherhood only. It contains general information of the work of the Theosophical Movement throughout the World, and also important instructions necessary for the advancement of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in all departments. The first number of this series is now selling at 15 cents a copy. Mail your address and 15 cents to Clark Thurston, Esq., Manager, New Century Corporation, Point Loma, California.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Concentration, Secret of Memory

THE other day, in an idle moment, the writer took up one of the large illustrated monthlies, imagining it to be the current issue, and began to read one of the "storiettes" at the end. In about ten lines it began to seem familiar. In another ten, the whole story was recalled, together with the circumstances and state of mind in which it had been read on an idle Sunday afternoon *three years before*. For on examining the cover, the magazine was found to be dated August, 1901. Turning to the other stories, they also were found to be familiar—for all of them had been read in those idle hours. The writer had never thought of any of them since; but they remained as pictures, occupying precious brain room, and even receiving space for the very words used by some of the characters.

This seemed a serious state of things. To how much better use could not that brain faculty of retention have been turned? People very commonly complain of their poor memories. They have really no such disability, and they can demonstrate it to themselves by finding that if they keep the back numbers of monthlies for a few years and then look at the stories they read once, they will remember them.

The secret is concentration. The story attracts the mind, and it stays upon the pages. Upon other matters less interesting it does not stay; it wanders between every two ideas into all quarters of the universe—or oscillates an inch. Which does not matter. The thread is broken. That which should be stored as a connected whole is stored disconnectedly, in different chambers as it were, like pieces of one kind of furniture scattered all over a house. A mind that is full, in this way, might just as well be empty.

And we read far too much, so much that we have utterly lost an art known to the wisest of the ancients, an art in whose practice the mind retreated into its own self and assumed the forms of wisdom. They came to know profoundly where we at best but speculate. It was not true, with them, that the mind can only know and speculate about that which the senses bring it. But we, with our much useless reading, have made our minds sterile. They can only receive, and even so not *thoughts* but pictures and "facts." The faint rhythm of tendency to retreat and become filled still shows itself at times—early in the day, for example, and at night. But we are careful that it shall get no headway. We seize a newspaper, a magazine, or a book (rarely), and soon reverse the impertinent tendency.

STUDENT

The Motive for Human Conduct

WE hope that the State Commissioner of Education for New York does not propound his view of the forces of modern society to the schools he visits. His words were:

You need not expect that people will stand aside because you have come. They are going to crowd you, and you will have to crowd them. They will leave you behind unless you leave them behind!

He was promptly "called down" for this, and accused of preaching the gospel of the prehistoric jungles. It may be so; but why, in that case, did not the critic extend his indictment to the last and all preceding books on political economy? For they also assume self-interest to be the one motive of human conduct.

In a general way it would seem that the books and the Commissioner are right. But a house-beam may preserve the solidest of appearance long after it has rotted within to a shell. We think it is nearly the same with the existing motive of human conduct. Men feel better than they act; but they are either waiting for the other man to begin, or wanting to be sure that if they began he would follow.

It is obvious that if this is true, a mere touch from the spiritual center, a breath, will topple over the old structure and display a new one already standing. And that touch is now very nearly ready for delivery. An enthusiasm for unselfishness would not be so hard to light up in humanity as some think. Possibly Theosophy may be the new timber. Who can prove it is not?

STUDENT

When the Other Man Is Loosed

IN vino veritas—"character in cups"—always comes up into one's mind in reading the records of disasters. What is a man's character—that which comes out in a flash under the urgent stress of vital peril? Or the one that prevails after thought? They are often quite distinct. When a man is slightly drunk, the elemental forces of character escape from control, and he does and says things much beneath his ordinary standard. But is it *his* character which is thus revealed; or the *animal* basis, sensual, selfish, common to us all? It is these same basic elements which rush loose from every quarter when, in a theatre, the cry of fire is raised. The other, higher, essentially human, last added, giving the keynote of the *man*, in moments of emergency comes on the scene a little later, after thought. This is seen in the captains of ships who leave the burning deck last; in that engineer who, crushed in a recent accident beneath his engine, refused extrication till he had dictated a letter disposing of his money for the protection of his family, lest he should die in removal without doing so; it is this which comes out in all heroism; and it is this which alcohol silences.

There are, of course, some whose soul has so entered into the fibres of the basic animal that they are heroes on the instant and by impulse. And there are others whose selfishness is but the more careful and calculated by time and thought. But both these are rare phenomena.

STUDENT

Many Finns Are Coming to America

DESTINY sometimes uses curious and devious methods to achieve her ends. In building a new nation here in America, she seems to have determined that the blood of every people on earth should course through the veins of the New-Worldsman of the future. She has by no means got through the list yet. The last infusion was from Finland. Up to recently there were hardly any Finns here. But in 1899 the Czar promulgated his decree depriving Finland of its constitutional liberty. The result has been that within five years 200,000 Finns have emigrated here. They are among the very best, the steadiest, the hardest working, the most sincerely religious, of America's adopted children. Under ordinary circumstances we should hardly have seen them here, for they have a deep and fervent love of home. So to that extent, against the record of its many evils, the tyranny of the Russian Government has this one good to set.

OBSERVER

Substitutes for Alcoholic Beverages

THE movement in Germany for the suppression of over-indulgence in alcohol has called science to its aid in designing non-alcoholic liquids which shall approach so closely in taste to their alcoholic equivalents as to be real substitutes. Most of the substitutes hitherto suggested and prepared in other countries, have been so only in name. They have had crude flavors and have been much too sweet. The new proposal is to distil off the alcohol from finished beer, and then carbonate the remainder. This will doubtless prove a satisfactory product, for the taste of beer is a taste, not an aroma. With wines, however, the aroma is the point, rather than the taste. And aromas are, of course, removed with the alcohol, in distillation. The only thing to be done is to add the ethereal "bouquets" afterwards with the carbonation. That this was not done is the cause of the failure of the latter attempts.

STUDENT

Ice, Alcohol, Health, and Longevity

DRINKING of ice-water and the icing of fruits and other foods, may be evils. They probably are, but they stand in the way of worse methods of relieving thirst. The American consumption of beer, for example, is eighteen gallons per annum for each person; the English is thirty gallons. Where the American has a glass of ice-water, the corresponding Englishman will have a glass of beer. The advantage, from the point of health and longevity, is here clearly on the American side.

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

What Shall Constitute a School for Fiction Writing?

THE mass of fiction today published, might well suggest the crying need of a school where those who aspire to write fiction may master the rules and traditions of that art, at least acquiring a certain degree of technical excellence in writing, at the same time becoming familiar with the works of the great masters of literary style.

Such a project has recently been agitated in one of the New York daily papers, and a series of opinions and views pro and con published therein. But it seems that what really corresponds to such a school exists at present in the literature classes in colleges where the study of rhetoric and the rules of construction are part of the regular training of the students. And as Richard Watson Gilder pertinently inquires:

If the students of fiction will not heed Professors Scott and Dumas for story building, or Professors Hawthorne, Thackeray and Stevenson for style, or Professor Turgeneff for dramatic fire, is it likely that they will give heed to Professors Brown, Jones and Robinson, who can after all, do little but point to the example of the masters?

The truth of the matter is that a certain amount of technical skill in writing may be imparted; and it is worthy of note that in the last fifty years there has been a steadily growing mastery of this skill among American writers. But is this progress in the technique of writing, or even this added to the *rapport* with all the best that has been done in story writing, going to give the impulse to writers of prose fiction that shall bear the test of broader and higher standards of excellence? Bliss Perry in his *Study of Prose Fiction*, says:

The only promise of permanent life for a novel is in the creative imagination of the writer. Everything else has proved transient.

And creative imagination is not stirred to life by study of technique or classic models. It is the fruit of heart-life lived, and its riches stored deep in the nature. It is this that gives a writer the power so to fuse the characters and incidents of his books that life is revealed anew and the reader is refreshed and lifted for a space. We quote from Bliss Perry again:

We have a right to demand of the future novelist that he shall see and feel and think. But he shall see things as they are, the world as it is, God's world. He shall feel in the men and women around him the pulsation of the infinite heart.

The fiction of the creative writer of the future will awaken the human heart to a deeper sense of the realities of life, will reveal deeper currents of the heart impulses of men and women, will quicken a new formula of the laws of life into a vision for us.

And life shall be *his* school, pure unselfish life!

STUDENT

PROFESSOR BRANDER MATHEWS of Columbia University says:

Why, indeed, should there not be a school of fiction! Any art may be taught, and why may not a man be taught novel writing? Was not Guy de Maupassant the pupil of Gustave Flaubert?—and many think that the pupil excelled the master. What Flaubert was to de Maupassant was the studio of Carolus Duran to John S. Sargent. It may be said that the master could not make many de Maupassants, but what of that? Did everybody who went to Carolus Duran become a great painter? Hundreds come and go in the atelier of Julian. Some can never learn to paint at all, perhaps; yet, should not the master continue to teach?

Fiction is an art which has traditions and has methods just as any other. It has its formulæ, which the student may learn, which will be of great help to him. Why should he not learn them from a master of romance or of literary style?



FROM AN ANCIENT PAINTING, PROBABLY DATING 200 B.C.

The Marvel of Swedish Chorus-Singing

SINCE 1867 it has been generally admitted that in chorus-singing Sweden leads the world. The old Norse spirit showed itself not only in battle but in song, and it lives yet.

In 1867 a band of 100 Swedish singers competed for a prize of honor at the World's Exposition in Paris. They not only won it but also the honor of being declared *hors concours*, or beyond all competition. In addition the Empress Eugenie conferred upon them a special gold medal. Since then, so far as Paris is concerned, their career as competitors has been regarded as closed. At each World's Fair they have been rapturously welcomed, but might not compete. The others must have *their* chance!

Judging by the performances of another Swedish band now touring in this country (having been requested to come for the "Swedish Day" at the St. Louis Exposition), Sweden has in no way retrograded since her triumph thirty-seven years ago. This band is giving concerts in various large cities, and bids fair to secure the same unanimous verdict in America as in France. It is generally agreed that its technique is well-nigh perfect, and that in expression and shading it equals the demands of any possible composition.

In every Swedish school both music and part-singing are obligatory. The children grow up singing as naturally as they talk, so that a finishing touch is easily put on at any time. Much of the best and grandest Swedish music is especially written for these choirs, which are a part of the life of even the smallest villages. College students sing the purest and highest music their country has produced, and might well be taken as an example, in this respect, by the young men of this or any other nation. We are glad to think that the visit of this band may have an appreciable effect in drawing closer the already close links between America and Sweden. May this be the first of many such visits! K.

MADAME RISTORI, of all great actresses, was the most difficult to act with, for the reason that she placed immense stress upon tone quality and value. The end of every speech that preceded hers had to be delivered in a quality of tone that led up to and blended with her own, and gave that which followed it fullest effect. Over and over again the luckless player who lacked insight had to repeat his lines until she was satisfied. What a hint lies in this to the singer!—*Exchange*

SOMEWHAT interesting is the following opinion, *apropos* the proposed school of fiction, for when physicians themselves disagree, who shall decide? This from Frank

Moore Colby, formerly of the New York University and now associate editor of the *Bookman*:

It is really pathetic that it should be suggested that a school be established for the teaching of fiction, just as though novels were turned out like shoes. It is an ironical suggestion, I take it; a covert sneer at American literature. Yet after all, such a school might have its uses. It would prevent the grosser forms of stupidity. There is at present little that is vital in American fiction, although there are some notable exceptions. We have no such writers as Hawthorne and Poe in this age, although there are many young writers who have shown ability, and it may be said that the books for popular reading are much better, as far as their literary form is concerned, than were such books fifty years ago. I do not believe that it would be possible to teach in a school of fiction anything more than how to avoid some of the great mistakes.

THE great Wagner festival which is to be held at Munich this summer gives every promise of striking a still higher note in the interpretation of Wagner's mystic and wonderful music-dramas. STUDENT



I WAS struck by an article in a recent number of the NEW CENTURY PATH. This paper affords some very valuable suggestions to the thoughtful parent who is struggling with the problem of "How to manage the children." And before I go any further I would like to say that I hope all of you see the NEW CENTURY PATH week by week, and find it as helpful as I do, for I seldom take up a number without finding in it an answer to some problem that has been puzzling me, or some bit of information on current topics that I have been wanting to get, or at any rate some helpful and inspiring thought. I should not like to have to get along without it.

There are many parents who shut their eyes to all that is wrong in their children, perhaps because it is painful to face it, or because it is easier to shirk it, or because of simple ignorance of how to deal with it. To be blind neither to the higher nor the lower nature; to fully recognize the wrong-doing which is fully corrected; but to also recognize the higher nature, the rightful ruler, whose place is usurped by the lower, and to help the child to realize this duality in himself, by making him inflict his own punishment—to touch that higher chord! What a power of discrimination and sympathy must there not be in the one who can awaken in an apparently incorrigible child, the inherent nobility which is his real true self! Would that there were more of us possessed of this wise sympathy, for then we should feel that we had indeed the right to be parents, and the task of helping the wandering little feet to tread the right path would become a joy instead of a problem, as it too often is. But we need not despair—constant striving after this wisdom in the light of Theosophy, must bring something of it to us in time—and the following quotation from a speech by President Roosevelt casts, as it were, an X-ray on the subject:

"There are a good many contemptible creatures in the world, but on the whole the most contemptible creature is the one bent on going through life for the easiest time the world can give. Next to him comes the man or woman who, from weakness—for it is nothing else—neglects to make the child able to meet and overcome difficulties, but teaches it to shirk them."

With those last words as a warning and a guide, I think we may pluck

A Mother's Plea

Extracts from a paper read by Mrs. Shurlock at Aryan Theosophical meeting, San Diego

DIFFICULT as it must be for you to believe what I say, yet it is true that the Kingdom of Heaven is nearer at hand than you can realize, and that all the storms, trials and sorrows that we see now raging in human life are but indications of the passing away of the old order of things. All we have to do is to seize our opportunities, to do faithfully our duties as they lie before us, ingrain in the very atmosphere in which we live the finer vibrations of the Higher Law.—Katherine Tingley

up courage and set forth afresh. Do they not reveal a pitfall into which probably most parents have fallen, and may they not account for the blight which seems to fall across many natures which gave beautiful promise in childhood? We shall find much more behind these words than we can realize at once. To help the child to face and overcome each little difficulty as it arises, is to make him master of his own nature and thus master of his own destiny.

It seems to me that this must be part of the Raja Yoga training, the wonderful results of which we see in the Raja Yoga Schools at Point Loma and throughout the world. Let us beware of excusing little faults and weaknesses, under the plea that they are "only natural." They are natural, but of the lower nature, which is constantly seeking growth at the expense of the higher. An amateur gardener had in his garden a rose-tree, the lower part of which sent out young shoots which bore flowers. But none of the roses were as vigorous and beautiful as they should have been. He was advised to cut away the lower branches, but this he was very reluctant to do. He did not want to lose any of those flowers, and he argued that it was natural for them to grow like that—Nature knew best, and it was wrong to interfere. But as the tree grew more sickly, he summoned up courage and ruthlessly, as it seemed to him, pruned the lower shoots, and oh, the lovely rose that blossomed out at the top! It seemed the concentrated essence of beauty and fragrance—there was nothing to equal it in the garden.

Let us apply the lesson, let us unswervingly prune away all that we know to be weak and contemptible, natural though it may be, and we shall see such blossoming of love, joy and unselfishness as we never dreamed of.

JAMES BAH WE TUK YESH, chieftain of the remnants of the Chipewa tribe, was married recently on his death-bed to his squaw, Martha O-Nah-Shank, who had been his wife for forty years according to Indian ceremony. The legal ceremony was necessary because the law does not recognize the common law marriage of the Indians. Being possessed of considerable property, he wished to insure its safe keeping in the hands of his squaw and had the legal ceremony performed. E. W.

The First Picture Book

WHAT the modern home—the modern nursery—would be without a picture-book it is difficult to say. It is the link between the child and the greater outside world, which he longs to contact and toward which his own heart is pushing him. It is the mother's kindest helper, taking her place often when duties press and the child demands attention. It is a tie between her and the little group at her knee, when they gather about the fire at the close of a day's work and play. Yet it is a man whom the modern mother must thank for this veritable godsend.

Three hundred years ago Johann Comenius, a musty little German professor, was laboring over his theories of education when something flashed into his mind from that region where the intellect enters only on condition of its quiescence and its service.

It was a vision of something that should make learning a little less laborious for children; for in his day children were taught "by force of arms," as it were, and education and the birch-rod were looked upon as destined companions on the long pathway toward the heights. It was the vision of a picture-book, and it was the idea of this be-wigged University Doctor that, as he expressed it, "Children should be taught by means of sensuous impressions conveyed to the eye, so that visual objects may be made the medium of expressing moral lessons to the young mind, and of impressing those lessons on the memory."

So Comenius made his first picture-book, and he called it the *Orbis Pictus*, the "World's Picture." In its rude wood-cuts it must have been quaint enough, its trees and animals, its curious little men and women, and the modern child would doubtless view it rather with astonishment than with delight. Yet it was the beginning. W. H.

It is the same hand that works and that prays, not a different one; unless it can do both it has not fulfilled its highest opportunity; and it is given to you to train such hands that they in their turn may go into the world with the spirit that dignifies labor and that brings worship into every day life.—*President Hazard of Wellesley College to the graduating class at the Boston School of Domestic Sciences*

Australia's Orphans

AUSTRALIA has unique and wholesome methods of dealing with many problems, politically, socially and otherwise. One of them is that orphans instead of being placed in asylums become wards of the State. "Every child who is not supported by parents becomes a ward of the State and is paid a pension for support and placed in a private family, where board and clothes are provided until the fourteenth birthday." E.

Imagination

IN the bright days of childhood, before passion has darkened and blurred the inward vision and fettered the creative faculty of the imagination, the child lives in a world of his own. His soul is awake and in touch with Life; he lives bathed in life's joy!

Nature speaks to him—her green hills call invitingly to him, and as he watches the sunbeams that sparkle and dance on the crest of the wave before it breaks, his own blithe heart dances, too, in merry unison! King is the child of the fair world around him, owning his kingdom by the divine right of Love and Sympathy.

Where then, it is asked, are our poets?

Why is childhood's promise so often unfulfilled?

The answer lies with us. Did we (mothers and fathers) see to it that the child's real inner world never slips from his grasp, that with the approach of manhood and womanhood, the glory and the vision of early days still linger, but with an added power and the wisdom born of effort, of self-knowledge and of self-mastery, there would no longer be need of these questions. Genius would be not the exception but the rule.

Let us, too, in our turn, hasten the realization of our ideals by the exercise of this same creative faculty; making pictures on the canvas of time, of a world inhabited by beings whose development from the cradle has been surrounded by helpful and harmonious influences. Let us not lose the secret of happiness which was ours in childhood, and possessing this, possess all things!

Kings and queens still, as of yore, asking of the world but permission to serve and to share.

M. V. H.

THE body of the Cherokee wife of General Sam. Houston is at last at rest on Indian soil. About a year ago an old soldier who was with Price's army during its retreat through the Arkansas valley, discovered the location of the grave. When the

Cherokee Indians heard of this discovery they made strenuous efforts to have the body of the Indian woman buried in the National Cemetery at Fort Gibson. The War Department has granted their request and the reinterment will take place at Fort Gibson on September 2d. The body will be buried with military honors. There is something truly pathetic in this faithful observance of old customs and traditions which the Indians retain to this day. N. M.

"DIVINE pity" does move now and then the hearts of women. A wealthy New York girl, highly educated and a daring and expert swimmer, has recently joined the Volunteer Life-saving Service of the United States. She enjoys the distinction of being the first woman to be regularly enrolled in this organization. Q.



TWO THEOSOPHICAL STUDENTS OF LOMALAND

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Are the American Aborigines All of One Race?

THE varieties of humanity indigenous to America are very great. In the extreme north we find the dwarf Esquimaux, four and a half feet high, and in the far south the Patagonian, over six feet. The variety of complexions may be said to embrace every hue known elsewhere on the globe, except the pitchy black of the Negro.

About one half of all the known languages belong to America; and the nations exceed those of the rest of the world in number, though not in size.

There are different opinions as to whether all these peoples can be classified as one race or several; but, though they differ widely among themselves, they are by no means so diverse as the races of Africa or Asia. Humboldt says:

The Indians of New Spain bear a general resemblance to those who inhabit Canada, Florida, Peru and Brazil. We have the same swarthy and copper color, straight and smooth hair, small beard, squat body, long eye, with the corner directed upwards towards the temples, prominent cheek-bones, thick lips, and expression of gentleness in the mouth, strongly contrasted with a gloomy and severe look. Over a million and a half of square leagues, from Cape Horn to the river St. Lawrence and Behring's Straits, we are struck at the first glance with the general resemblance in the features of the inhabitants. We think we perceive them all to be descended from the same stock, notwithstanding the prodigious diversity of their languages.

Ethnologists point to a distinctive shape of skull in the Americans; and, what is more remarkable, to a uniformity of color which does not depend on the climate. A brownish yellow ("copper") pervades nearly all the tribes from the Arctic Ocean to Cape Horn; the darkest are found in the temperate zone, while within the tropics are found fair complexions and even blue eyes and auburn hair. The weather does not affect the skin, the whole body being of the same color, whether clothed or not, and the infants being born brown. Thus it is evident that the prevailing characteristic brown tone marks a racial feature.

Judged by language also the native American is *sui generis*, though he speaks more different varieties of tongue than the people of the Old World. The number of tongues is about 450, on an average estimate. The language is agglutinative, made up by combining syllables into immense words, like "head-tree-lip-hair," for "goat." This and other peculiarities point back to an original root-language.

The aborigines of this continent have been divided into *Toltecan* and *American*, the former of which shows more signs of civilization, while the latter includes all the barbarous races, except the Polar tribes, which are classed as Mongolian. The Toltecan family "embraced the civilized natives of Mexico, Peru and Bogota, extending from the Rio Gila in 33° N. latitude along the western shore of the continent to the frontier of Chile, and on the eastern coast along the Gulf of Mexico." They also occupied a strip between the Andes and the Pacific.

These two families have, since their subjection and dispersion by their Spanish conquerors, lost their distinctive character; but, judging them by their earlier history, we remark a great superiority in the intellectual faculties among the Toltec races, whose pyramids, temples, etc., with their bas-reliefs and inscriptions are giving us revelations of their former greatness.

H. T. E.

The "Oldest City in the World" Unearthed in Babylonia

PROFESSOR BANKS, field-director of the Asian archeological work of the Chicago University, has unearthed the ruins of what is thought to be the oldest city in the world. This is Ud-Nun-Ki, or Adab, a city mentioned in the Code of Hammurabi. Excavating the site of Bismya, in Babylonia, he found the remains of four temples, one above another. Lowest of all, bricks were found identifying the remains as those of Ud-Nun-Ki. It is quite possible that beneath this are other layers, for the antiquity of civilization in the Tigris-Euphrates Valley appears to be beyond all reckoning. According to Berosus, the Babylonians had a traditional history extending back to 432,000 years previous to the deluge. This great cycle was also one in use among the Hindus;

not strangely, if one gives weight to the statement of H. P. Blavatsky, that the Akkadians, or pre-Babylonians, the mysterious and highly civilized people from whom the Babylonians got their writing and civilization, came from India into this land of then barbarians. Between the deluge and the second Babylonian supremacy—separated from the first by the Assyrian—the legend assigned a further period of about 35,000 years. Science, it is hardly necessary to say, takes no notice of these traditional figures, and dwarfs the whole period covered by them into three or four thousand years. But the foreshortening craze will not endure forever, and every important find in the mysterious regions of eastern Asia, once teeming with so rich and varied a life, brings its end nearer. No rational guess can be yet made of the age of the city of Adab. Its very name means primeval or first, and its ruins may contain something of its history.

STUDENT

To Preserve Cliff-Dwellings in Colorado & New Mexico

A NATIONAL endeavor is at last being made to preserve the remarkable cliff-dwellings in the Mesa Verde on the border line between Colorado and New Mexico. These wonderful ruins of prehistoric antiquity cover an area of twenty miles and one of the best preserved houses boasts 200 rooms. An amendment to the Indian appropriation bill which gives the President power to negotiate for the purchase of the lands and the preservation of the ruins has made this movement possible. The chiefs of the Ute nation will be approached by the government representatives and others interested in the acquisition of such national treasures and it is to be hoped that success will pave the way for a further practical recognition of the great need for similar work throughout the United States. Too much energy, too much money has been diverted from the archeological wealth of America to distant and more difficult work, while ruthless, commercial, Philistine hands have been destroying wholesale monuments of greater value to the nation and perhaps to the world. This with all due respect to the magnificent work of the University of California and other bodies who have possibly found national feeling blind to its own best interests in such matters and so preferred to go farther afield.

There is a national duty involved in the preservation of such national heritage; more, there is a moral Monroe Doctrine which should be assumed over the archeological treasures of the continent. It is so easy to forget that things whose value we can only guess are destroyed for a whim, or a few miserable dollars, while their antiquity of many thousands of years, their possible future recognition as priceless historical relics and records goes for nothing—because of our ignorance.

The shame of the loss of all the wonderful Mexican records, the destruction of their books, the obliteration of their arts is yet upon us as white men. Yet there is in the minds of some a suspicion that much remains merely concealed under a plain exterior, awaiting the time when we shall become sufficiently civilized to appreciate its worth. For, smile as we may, many of the Indians of this continent in their own silence regard us as but half civilized, unworthy to know much that they could tell us. These Indian people are not, as some think, becoming extinct either here or in Canada. They have their part to play in the future, and through them we may find an easier avenue to America's prehistoric past than any other. They are living prehistoric remains.

STUDENT

THE Creek Indians have a suggestive bit of symbolism coming in at the close of their annual Stomp Dance. After the dancing and feasting is all over, the chief medicine-man lights a great fire, symbolic of the common life of the tribe. All stand around silent, and when the blaze is well under way, the head of each family takes some of the burning fuel in a suitable dish, carries it to his own home and starts with it a fire on his hearth. In that way their common life is thought to be preserved.

NEWSPAPER wits do not always treat antiquities with proper respect. One of them remarked, upon reading about the discovery of a capstan two thousand years old in the Forum at Rome, that it must have been the one used in winding up the affairs of the once progressive Roman Empire.

Nature

Studies

Pan Is Dead—Man Has Banished the Gods

"PAN IS DEAD," laments the poet; and it is no mere figure of speech—at all events to us who believe in the sentience of nature and in the truth of many ancient beliefs as to the gods of nature. By neglecting to honor and recognize the gods we have perhaps banished them; that is, by refusing to respect and venerate certain natural potencies or intelligences, we may have actually caused them to cease acting. So that perhaps nature today is not all that she was yesterday; perhaps the ancients saw more in her because there was more to see; and perhaps the wonderful intelligent architects of nature, whose fabrics alone we can perceive, did actually reveal themselves to the more reverent and less pretentious observers of old. It may be that people whose lives were less artificial and impaired by unhealthy habits than ours, and whose ideas were not cast in the same formal molds, were able to so sympathize with their natural surroundings as to enter into a communion of souls with nature, and that this communion would be signified to the seeing eye by the vision of a form as of a god like those we see represented in the carvings.

Pan, the sea-nymphs and the wind-gods, are to us mere symbols; to these ancients perhaps they appeared visually.

But it may be said we are preaching polytheism. Not so; there is no idea of a multitude of rival gods, but only the notion that, just as there are men and animals, so there may be other intelligent beings whom we cannot see now.

We can drive animals away and men away, we can banish trees and plants, by denying them the proper recognition and tribute and by violating the conditions necessary for their existence. May we not also banish other things from our neighborhood; may not the presence of a horde of drinking, swearing, unbelieving, rough and inconsiderate human beings scare away beings and presences who could not exist in such an atmosphere?

As to Pan, he was degraded before he was banished; for this symbol, like most of the ancient ones, was originally much loftier and purer than in later and corrupter times. Just as Dionysus and Bacchus, the Greek and Roman God of divine inspiration, patron of the highest dramatic and choric art, degenerated into the god of wine, so Pan, the great God of Nature, worshiped with sacred ceremonies, degenerated into a god of license and was worshiped with licentious rites.

Nature as a Teacher to Those Willing to Learn

JESUS said to his disciples, "Consider the lilies, how they grow," and in so saying he turned their attention to Nature as teacher and implied that the law of growth by which an outwardly unattractive bulb unfolds into a dream of beauty and fragrance was the same law as that by which the soul of man transcends its casements and unfolds into

PAN—FORTUNATE

by THEODOSIA GARRISON

MOST good it is that Pan is dead.
We be a sad and sullen folk,
Who bend beneath a strange god's yoke,
And grind our hearts for daily bread.

To him what sadness has been spared,
Who died before the world was old
Nor saw his forests bought and sold,
His sky, fleet wood mates slain and scared;

Who died, remembering the dim,
Cool twilights when his clear pipes drew
The sweetest songster of the crew
To shrill an answer back to him;

Who dead, remembers only this—
The darkling rivers moonlit space
Wherefrom the white limbed naiad's face
Lifted its wet red lips to his.

What man would wish him life, to see
His happy river made a slave,
His sleek, wild creatures, fierce and brave,
Heart broken in captivity;

To know his nymphs and satyrs fled,
To see a stern god's altar made
Where once the crew of Bacchus played;
To know his forest mate with dread?

Oh, well that Pan is dead—that he
Hath missed all knowledge of the gray
Shadow of this bleak after day
And little mirth of gods that be!

—Selected



SCENE ON THE RIVER RHINE NEAR ARNHEM, HOLLAND

it is said, with the red grouse the honor of being the only British birds that are confined to the limits of the country. Since this announcement every bird has led a persecuted life, eggs and skins being eagerly sought by the would-be ornithologist and the trader, to the possible extinction of the birds before the bill is passed into law. Such a law would merely add the name of this bird to the list of prohibited birds and should by this time be in active force.

Is it to be supposed that we shall ever be permitted to approach more closely the hidden mysteries of nature and science, if this is the spirit manifested by our stage of progress? To think that Government measures should be necessary is a national shame, alleviated only by their existence and the broad humanity of their authors.

beauty and light. As the magician in the lily, the synthesis of all its little lives, works such a glorious transformation from the germ and food-stuffs stored in the bulb, so should man transform the lower nature into the higher and make every part of his being subservient to the highest.

When we consider how the lily grows, we find that it does so by a conscious power working within; that it receives help from without and gives help in return; that the law of brotherhood, of mutual helpfulness, of self-sacrifice for the general good, is a basic principle throughout all its growth, as it is in all Nature.

In the increase of cells by which growth is carried on, the parent cell yields its life to its progeny, and the plant as a whole blends its energies in the production of seed for future plants and in making provision for them till they are able to care for themselves, thus exhibiting a parental love which Mother Nature has implanted in all her children. If we but lived close to her great heart, we should feel the unity in all things and our kinship with all, and Nature would reveal to us her mysteries and teach us helpful lessons. B.

To Protect the Birds on Midway Island

A MESSAGE from Midway Island, the landing point of the Pacific Cable, states that the employes of the Cable Company have threatened to leave the island by the next steamer if the Navy Department order is enforced, which prohibits them from carrying fire-arms and shooting the beautiful birds of the island. The department has replied to the officer commanding the marines in the island, that the order must be rigidly enforced, as the Government is determined to stop the slaughter of these birds of plumage.

By the latest news from England it appears that a bill is before Parliament for the amendment of the Wild Bird Protection Act in one particular. In the original act the lonely little island of St. Kilda was omitted from the protection given the birds, as the inhabitants depend a great deal on the birds and their eggs. Recently, however, some scientist discovered that the little wren of the island is a rarity, sharing,

O.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

ISIS Theatre was well filled Sunday evening at the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, despite the most unusual heat and sultriness, and those who turned out were not only well repaid by the splendid musical program and the interesting and instructive addresses, but also enjoyed an hour's forgetfulness of the weather, so admirably contrived is the Isis Theatre ventilation. Too much could scarcely be said in praise of the excellent musical numbers by the Isis Conservatory students, who seemed to have chosen even a more excellent program than usual.

In the course of her address on "The Home Life," Mrs. Isabel H. Butler said:

"In these days the great ideals which were brought to the Western World by H. P. Blavatsky nearly thirty years ago, and which today are being demonstrated by her successor, Katherine Tingley, find their way into even the uttermost places of the earth. Many a wife and mother, feeling the magic power of a broader view of life, longs with all her heart to be of service, to do something—something—to bring these ideals into actual realization. And many a home-maker, too, feels helpless and discouraged when she views her own life and sees herself like poor Susannah Wesley, surrounded by pots and pans, or perchance in a hopeless maze of servants and calls, swept around in a perfect maelstrom of dinners, dresses, and—despairs. Yet in this very environment, which seems filled with a thousand obstacles, lies her greatest opportunity. No one has greater opportunity than the home-maker to give the world just a splendid big lift. She stands at the very center of things—whether she knows it or not. Before her lie the greatest of opportunities, the opportunity to re-form the home and re-fashion the home life on a better basis and a nobler plan.

"How shall she do it? By filling her heart with the love that lights all dark places; with the compassion that makes all burdens light; with the heroism that makes women and warriors forever choose the difficult; and in patience does her simple duties. She need not wait for special teachers from the north pole or for messages even from the moon. She knows the first step, which is the doing of the simple duty wisely and without losing her patience, and the next step will be revealed when the first is taken. That is enough. To lay down set rules is impossible. Cooking receipts are made in that way, but a true home life cannot be. Within her own heart she will find real wisdom springing up, as it were, spontaneously, if she does not become discouraged, if she seizes the opportunities that lie before her, if she does her duty by her children. And this does not consist in slavery to the household stomach, nor in submission to the fads and fancies of nervous or selfish or badly trained children. Many a woman steps into darkness just at this point through failure to discriminate between what is her duty and what is not. Raja Yoga contains the key to the solution, and the heart will bring the home-maker something of its message if she will listen.

"What is Raja Yoga and what has it to do with the home? It has everything to do with it. Raja Yoga, which is 'the balance of all the faculties, spiritual, intellectual and physical'—character building—where can it be better demonstrated than in the home itself? The tourists who visit Lomaland and witness the ideally perfect life of the children on the Hill, often contrast it with the best that the world affords, and always to the advantage of Raja Yoga. Yet the marvelous system is not alone the reason. As a seed cannot grow without the proper soil, so this Science of Sane and Joyful Living, which is Raja Yoga, could not express itself if the basis of the whole system were not the home life."

Mr. J. Ross White, in the title of his address, declared that "Without the Larger Life Humanity Must Retrograde." "Everywhere," said he, "we see at work the forces which tend to produce, on the one hand, a closely-knit tyranny of wealth and brains and bigotry, and on the other hand a large and irresponsible mass of underlings; conditions which would ripen into a reactionary and despotic form of society, if not checked by the growth of an uplifting and expanding spirit.

"And what is the new basis upon which civilization must be grounded, in order to render it stable in its present conditions? What is the larger life which is large enough to comprehend and harmonize so many conflicting interests and motives?

"It lies in a broader conception of the meaning of human life in general, and of the relation of the individual to the whole. Just as invention has knit together our material relations, so some new link must bind together our hearts; and it is the urgent need of this latter that the world is feeling, for its growing powers and responsibilities harass it like a new patch on an old garment.

"The conception of man as a separate soul is not large enough to be a basis for

LOMALAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

"Without the Larger Life Humanity Must Retrograde," and "Home Life"—Other Addresses—Music

Reprinted from the San Diego News

modern life; the personal career and destiny of an individual is too narrow a horizon to comprehend the vast prospects which modern knowledge and modern enthusiasms open up. It is true that we recognize that man has a collective life as well as an individual life, but we recognize it only as concerns his material needs. We have no philosophical

or religious conception to correspond with it. We know nothing about human nature itself, except the few details which science can give us as to our bodies and the vague speculations or dogmatic assertions of modern thought and religion.

"We have had social philosophies based on human nature conceived on a very low scale, in which man was regarded as a selfish animal and civilization was looked upon as an attempted adjustment of conflicting selfishness. We have discovered that selfishness is not the law of life and cannot be made the basis of a social philosophy. Experience has taught us that Brotherhood is an essential and indispensable condition, yet we have no fact in human nature on which to ground it.

"Yet Brotherhood is founded on a fact, and it is this fact that Theosophy is trying to get people to recognize. Human nature is something far vaster and greater than we have imagined. Not one of us has realized more than a minute fraction of his possibilities, or formed any notion of what his life might be. We are all shut in and weighed down by our limitations, our prejudices, our fixed ideas.

"How few of us ever stop to consider that we are immortal souls; and that, as such, we must necessarily be endowed with vast powers and privileges which we might call forth if we chose! We often feel the beating of a heart within our breast and get a glimpse of our possibilities; but conventionalism in thought and conventionalism in habit soon pull us back again into the commonplace. Under the divine impulse of Brotherhood we found commonwealths and communities, but the food and money question reduce these enterprises to the level of monotonous repetitions of ancient failures. There has been no ideal to inspire them, beyond the narrow ideal of material cooperation and a sharing of physical needs and pleasures."

Mr. R. W. Macell's address was entitled "The Growth of Art at Point Loma." Among many good things, he said:

"Art seems to me to be a bridge between the unseen and inner world and the mind of man, which usually only sees the appearances of things as they present themselves to his mind.

"Art is a means of awakening the perception of beauty and harmony in those whose minds have become more or less dead to all but the most ordinary and material aspect of the world in which they live.

"Art does not take that which is commonplace, and adorn it with some higher qualities that do not belong to it, but it lifts the veil of the commonplace and reveals some part of the beauty and harmony, which is the real inner nature of all that surrounds us in our daily life.

"Have you ever thought when reading some great poem, that the poet was perhaps endeavoring to tell what he has seen or felt in the most direct and literal manner? Have you not rather thought that it was all a pretty fiction such as the lesser and, I might say, false poets produce for the amusement of idle minds? Now it is certain that the art world does produce a vast amount of this fictitious art, so much indeed that the public may well ask 'What is art?'

"People have got so far away from the Truth that they now generally believe that the commonplace view of things is the most true and that sorrow, discord and unhappiness are the realities of life, and all that is beautiful and joyful is but a fiction. This kind of pessimism is so general that people hardly think of questioning it, they just accept and act upon it as one of the undisputed facts of man's life.

"This is one of the great enemies of Human Progress that Theosophy has to fight, this unconscious pessimism in which the world lives and dies. Two of the most important of Katherine Tingley's teachings are that *Man is Divine* and that *Life is Joy*.

"The fact that it is necessary to teach people these simple facts is itself the proof of the prevalence of the opposite views of the nature of Man and of Life. Now teaching does not consist of mere preaching or telling people things, however true and beautiful they may be, but it means bringing these truths right home to them so that they actually realize the truth for themselves and live as if they realized it. This is what is going on all the time at Point Loma; the life there is so arranged as to constantly give each one the opportunity to learn these truths and live by their light. This is the awakening of the Soul. This is the work of Raja Yoga. This is Theosophy and leads to Universal Brotherhood. And this is the mission of Art as I understand it."



William Quan Judge



And I sought for a man among them that should make up the hedge and stand in the gap before me for the land that I should not destroy it.—*Ezekiel 22:30*

LOOKING at history in a large way one cannot fail to see a certain ebb and flow, particularly in the larger sweep of events. Great periods of advance have alternated with corresponding periods of decline and decay, and there have been times in the past, some of which are known to history, and many of which we have at present no extant historical records—yet all of which have been marked by storm and stress, by great extremes of wealth and poverty, of virtue and vice, of the grossest sensuality and the purest aspiration at times of great political ambition, when there was much search and inquiry along lines of religion, when there was much current speculation as to immortality, destiny and the soul. Such were conditions when Socrates loafed on the street corners, plying his mystic questions; when Plato walked with philosophers and talked with the youth of Athens; such were conditions when H. P. Blavatsky came with her message of truth and of defiance; such were they still when W. Q. Judge took up his life work as her Comrade and Helper.

William Q. Judge was a great historical character, beginning his work as pupil and helper of H. P. Blavatsky at one of the most critical times known to history, a time when humanity's heart-cry for help had aroused into determined and active resistance all the fiendish, disintegrating forces known to modern life. He need not have battled, as he did, alone and single-handed, persecuted by his enemies, the leader, as it were, of an almost untrustworthy garrison, alone and misunderstood. He might have had ease, honors, competence and wealth, for he was a man of culture, a lawyer, and a man who would have made his mark in any intellectual pursuit. His heart went out in compassion to those in the shadows, in prisons, in the bondage of their lower natures, and he lay down his life, verily, to bring to humanity glimpses of God's sunshine, to teach men that they were Divine, actually Divine! to teach them that the perfectibility of man was not a chimera, but a fact; that Divine Justice was not a myth, but a reality. And those whom he called about him as students, what were not his sacrifices that he might fill their hearts, too, with love and with compassion, that he might lead them still nearer to that eternal spiritual sun, whose light burneth all souls pure.

W. Q. Judge was a teacher of what the world, at the time when H. P. Blavatsky came, most conspicuously lacked: a true philosophy of life. But his teachings did not originate with him, this he himself declared. These marvelous teachings of Reincarnation, Karma, of the divine in all things, did not originate with H. P. Blavatsky, nor with Katherine Tingley. (And, by the way, what a stupendous compliment has always been paid to the leaders of the Theosophical movement by enemies who declare that it did!) Only in the lives of those who stand as great teachers of humanity can we find a parallel to the courage shown by William Q. Judge. Think of him, alone, almost absolutely friendless, only a few about him whom he could trust, the many traitors, the many ambitious and selfish; this one determined to exploit phenomena, that one determined to run the Theosophical society on dogmatic lines; a third seeking place and power, and so on.

Many have heard of the time when he inaugurated the public meetings of the Aryan Theosophical Society in New York city at the beginning of his work, when, night after night he held meetings with not a single auditor in the chairs. Many of you are familiar, doubtless, with the reply he made to the friend who said: "What is the use, Mr. Judge? No one attends your meetings. You have given a magnificent address this evening and I was the only listener. What do you expect to accomplish, speaking to no one at all?" And Mr. Judge responded, "I am speaking to the whole of humanity."

Yet contrast present day conditions to the conditions of that time. See today how many lives are influenced by these teachings; from how many pulpits, from how many newspapers, by how many lecturers all over this land is Theosophy taught and preached—but often, alas, not practised! Then reflect that this could not have been if William Q. Judge had lacked courage superhuman, if he had lacked a devotion beyond anything the ordinary mind can conceive. And yet this instance was but one of many incidents in his life. Oh, if we could see the hidden, inner forces;

if we could perceive the spiritual mainspring of his life, so to speak, that made these things possible. No longer would it be a mystery, the presence on Loma Hill of a body of students vowed to humanity's service—the most compassionate body of men and women that exists in the world today.

"My one friend—the only one whom I can trust." These were the words of H. P. Blavatsky, and she spoke them of this student-helper by her side, William Q. Judge, who, while she held Europe and the Orient, worked and fought and "stood in the hedge for the saving of the land" in that lonely outpost in America.

When H. P. Blavatsky died, not only did she bequeath William Q. Judge her position as Leader of the Theosophical Society and of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, but her martyrdom as well.

It was in the midst of such experiences, and the midst of strenuous work, when the knowledge that humanity needed him, was ever urging him on, that help came to Mr. Judge, through his meeting with our present Leader, Katherine Tingley. It was in the slums of New York that he met her working. She, too, had passed through the fire. She, too, had known the crucifixions that none who work unselfishly for the world's forsaken ones ever escape. She, too, had given the best of her life out of sheer compassion, to the unfortunate, the wronged, the sick and the despairing of that great city. "But your work," he said to her, "this is Theosophy." She replied, "I have never used the word itself—'Theosophy,' I only know that humanity needs broader views of life," and from that hour Katherine Tingley and Wm. Q. Judge were co-workers for the betterment of the world's life. It would have been strange indeed, later, when he died, worn out with work and persecution, had he not left to her his work and his position and, as you well know, his mantle of persecution, at that time grown very broad. And Wm. Q. Judge made no mistake.

Do we honor William Q. Judge? We do. We honor him as one of humanity's great helpers, as one among the world's great teachers, as one among life's chivalrous warriors.

The Japanese, who have kept to a degree the Heart Doctrine, and whose religion is so nearly destitute of dogmas, have many customs which we might study with profit and incidentally find therein some reasons for their success. One custom is their abstinence from animal food, and another is what historians have termed, somewhat erroneously, "ancestor-worship." The Japanese do honor their ancestors, and they prove the tribute paid them to be honest and real by taking as examples much that is good in the lives of the warrior souls of the past. It is this that has caused to spring up in the hearts of the Japanese a patriotism so pure and so high that the defense of their country today is lifted far above ordinary lines and is actually a spiritual defense, and being unhindered by the dogma of eternal punishment, they have no fear of death.

Did William Q. Judge believe in God? Yes. Did he believe in Jesus? Yes, as one of humanity's great teachers. Did he believe in the doctrines taught by Jesus? He did. The Sermon on the Mount is pure Theosophy. Did Mr. Judge believe in the divinity of man? He did—yes, in spite of all that he suffered; in spite of the nameless shocks that he received from those who sought to impede his work; in spite of the ingratitude, the ambition, the baseness and the imbecility that he met with in some of those about him, who sought his place and power; in spite of all this, he believed man to be divine, a soul, as Christ himself taught, a son of God. Did William Q. Judge believe in marriage? He did. Mr. Judge's ideal of the marriage relationship has been expressed in Katherine Tingley's own words: "Those whom the higher Law hath joined together no man can put asunder." They both recognize the common law to be necessary to confirm and protect. Did William Q. Judge love little children? Yes. If he had not, there would be no Raja Yoga School in existence today. He could not build one himself, but he could lay the foundation, and this he did. Did he love humanity? He did love humanity; more than that, he served humanity, he lived for humanity and he died for it.

STUDENT

THERE are inscriptions on our hearts which, like that of Dighton Rock, are never to be seen except in dead-low tide.—O. W. Holmes

East Indian Pictures

HERE is a typical picture of an East Indian proprietor on his own land living, as we of Trinidad would say, "in the brush," that is, apart from, but near to, civilization. He may build his house as large as he pleases and provide accommodation for his cows, fowls, and perhaps donkey or mule, and cultivate as much land as he chooses, either to grow vegetables for his own use or sugar-cane to sell to the neighboring factories.



In the photograph we see the working of a primitive but ingenious sugar-mill: the old stump has a hole, in which a smaller stump, acting as a lever, presses out the luscious juice, which, running down the spout formed of an old piece of galvanized iron, flows into the calabash, which is the dried and cleaned fruit of a tree.

Living in a hot climate, needing few clothes, and where the soil will produce nearly everything they need in the way of food, these people are happy, contented and independent, know comparative ease, and are able to save most of the money which they earn by working on the estates. This money they either turn into silver jewelry or deposit in the Government savings bank.

In the picture we see that the woman holding the calabash has silver bracelets on her arms and a heavy anklet round her ankle. She is fully dressed as East Indian women always are, whilst the men are sensibly and modestly clothed. So impersonal and dignified is their carriage always, that even new European arrivals never experience any embarrassment when first seeing them more or less undressed, whilst the dear little children, often fully dressed in a piece of string with some buttons on it, are perfect pictures and form the most beautiful and fascinating studies in brown. These people love flowers, particularly red ones. On one occasion some English sailors came to spend the day with us. As the train stopped the first scene was as pretty and touching as it was unpremeditated. As the first tar alighted a little brown child, about three years old, went up to him and presented a big red flower. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

B. G.

HALF the time we are bragging of our wonderful powers, and the other half we spend in complaining of being over-taxed.—Anonymous

"Guilty, but Innocently"

THE following newspaper clipping looks as if it ought to go into our column of humorous brevities; but a joke is often only a very pointed way of bringing out some point of practical wisdom or some important truth. And this one suggests thoughts about judicial systems and justice:

In the Supreme Court recently, a case in which more or less interest was manifested was the case of State vs. Isaac Matthews, for trespass. A rather unusual verdict was rendered by the jury when they first entered to give their verdict, which was "Guilty, but innocently." His honor recharged the jury and sent them back with instructions to render a verdict of "Guilty" or "Not guilty." The final verdict was "Guilty."

The ideal form of administering justice would of course be to have wise, incorruptible and trusted judges to decide each case in accordance with their own opinion as to its merits and requirements. But we have not such judges, or not enough of them; although undoubtedly this primitive method is largely practised in private and is responsible for keeping many cases out of the public courts.

In the absence of absolutely reliable judges and of people ready to trust them and abide by their decisions, it becomes necessary to codify law; and, however voluminous and elaborate this codification may be, it must necessarily fail to fit all possible cases. General principles bear hard on particular cases.

It is evident here that the jury wanted to say that the defendant was guilty in fact but innocent in intention, and that they could not find an authorized form of verdict to fit their opinion.

STUDENT

The Doenvig Life-Saving Globe

CAPTAIN DOENVIG'S life-saving globe, invented more than a year ago, is now a demonstrated success. It is a sphere of thin sheet-iron, about eight feet in diameter, and entered through water-tight trapdoors. Within is a low sitting-bench running all around, and beneath this a considerable supply of food and water is stored. From the chamber a breathing funnel can be pushed up into the air, and this serves as a mast for small sails. A keel and rudder can be unfolded by mechanism from within. There is also an anchor, a set of oars and a cork belt running round the globe as a sort of external equator. On this, men can stand and row. The cost is small, and the weight no more than that of a life-boat. It can, of course, live in any sea, and when the ship to which it belongs sinks, it simply floats off. Each will hold from sixteen to twenty people, and in case of a shipwreck at sea, they would certainly be far better off than in the ordinary open boats. Hundreds of lives saved annually will presently stand to the Norwegian captain's credit.

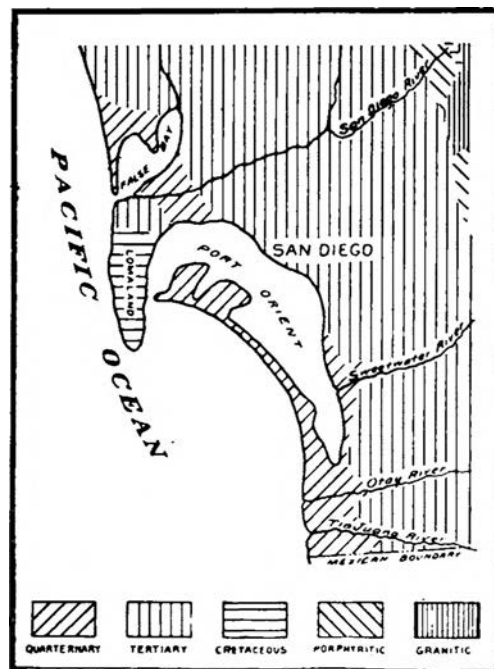
STUDENT

SO many shrines, so many creeds.
So many paths that wind and wind.
While just the art of being kind
Is what the sad world needs.

As Old as the Hills

LOMALAND occupies a unique geologic position in its immediate vicinity, not only because it is one of the most venerable pieces of land above the surface of the sea, but because its strata, where clearly exposed along the ocean cliffs, show it to have been undisturbed for ages. The superimposed horizontal layers, like leaves of a great book, speak of repose and a sphynx-like calm, contrasting strangely with the ceaseless worrying waves at its feet.

The data on the accompanying map are taken from one of the reports of the California State Mineralogist, and show in a graphic manner the fact that Lomaland is a cretaceous island, not improbably the highest summit of a great area now extending beneath the ocean. At a vastly later date the Tertiary formations added areas to the northern end of Lomaland and also advanced the mainland to the westward, leaving only a two-mile strip of water back of the island. San Diego river flowed into this strait and brought great deposits of Quarternary alluvium; building bars and delta till it connected the island with the mainland. It was then forced to flow either into False Bay or into Port Orient, and after the manner of rivers so situated, it alternated from one to the other, changing its outlet whenever its deposits became too high on that side.



1873, and a dyke was constructed across the alluvium flat as a protection.

In 1542 the harbor was called El Puerto de San Miguel, but when it was surveyed in 1602 it was rechristened Puerto Bueno de San Diego. When in 1835 the mission lands became the Pueblo or City of San Diego the harbor became known as San Diego Bay. Perhaps the changes of the river have forecasted that the government may finally adopt for the harbor the much better name—Port Orient.

STUDENT

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

"To Be or Not To Be"?—Further Research on the N-Ray

A VERY remarkable situation has developed in connection with the N-Ray discoveries of M. Blondlot and his French colleagues.

This gentleman, whose scientific reputation is beyond question, was led to the discovery of a group of emanations from the Crookes' vacuum tube, which he named with the initial letter of the scientifically famous French town of Nancy. Further research defined the peculiarities of the rays, that they can be reflected, refracted, concentrated, diffused and polarized. His colleagues took up the matter and went further, finding many other sources for the rays than a vacuum tube; and one of them, M. Charpentier, found that all active parts of the human body were among these sources.

All was clear and above board. The methods of the experiments were fully described, together with the properties of the rays to which they pointed. No one casts the least shadow of doubt on the *bona fides* of any of the French gentlemen concerned.

But the curious part of the affair is this: Scotch, German and Italian scientists have repeated the experiments and get no results! On the one hand there are well-established N-rays with a clearly defined set of properties; on the other there are no such emanations! What is the outcome to think?

This, we imagine: That, as the rays are of the nature of light, and have been studied by means of the increased luminosity they confer on a phosphorescent screen, to assume that the French experimenters have a refinement of observation of delicate changes which the others lack. The characteristic vivacity of French perceptions may obtain as well among their scientists as their laity. It is, however, to be noted that among American scientists, Professor Elmer Gates has, we believe, also worked with the N-rays and reached one or two very remarkable results with them, recorded recently on this page. STUDENT

The Secret of Longevity—Peaceful and Temperate Habits

A WOMAN has just died in Meadville, Pennsylvania, at the age of 134, and there is the expected chorus of surprise at her extraordinary longevity. We do not know to what she ascribed her health. The views of exceptionally old people on this matter are not usually of great moment. Their minds have mostly come to dwell on some fad, or quite unimportant detail of habit, as the cause of their sustained power.

But they have ordinarily been country-dwellers, of simple and regular habits and of peaceful temperament. Enquiry would probably emphasize the facts that they bore no animosities, could not be quarreled with, had some form of religion that gave them *trust*, were of actively kindly disposition, and were fond of earth, sunlight and air. We cannot promise an age of 134 to every one who will faithfully live according to this program. But there is no question that it is the path for those who desire days long in the land. Nor need the later years be a mere vegetating.

A Comet in a Test-tube—Striking Laboratory Experiment

A STRIKING imitation of a comet's tail has just been experimentally made in a laboratory by Professors Hull and Nichols. They produced a very fine powder from ground emery and lycopodium and enclosed it in an hour-glass shaped container. This was made as nearly perfect a vacuum as possible. The powder was then made to fall from one end of the glass vessel to the other, and as it fell, the rays from an arc lamp were concentrated upon it. Rays of light, as is now known, produce a pressure upon objects they fall on. And in the experiment, this was sufficient to repel the lightest particles of the powder. Whether the bulk of it were falling towards or from the end turned to the lamp, a fine cloud in the first case followed, and in the second case preceded it.

This appears to be the same phenomenon as is exhibited by a comet's tail. If the comet is approaching the sun, the tail is behind; if moving away, the tail (which in this case used to be called beard) is in front of it: that is, in either case farthest from the sun. The repulsion or pressure of the sunlight frays out the lighter parts of the cometary mass and

pushes them away from the sun. It may be a long time yet before we fully understand comets; but this is certainly a little step. STUDENT

Color Blending by the Eye—Uniforms to Be Changed

HAS the reign of Khaki-color come to an end for military use? It seems likely, for it has just been recognized by some of the War Departments that the juxtaposition of strips of the bright primary colors produces a tone which blends much more perfectly with the landscape than Khaki, and is, in fact, absolutely indistinguishable at a little distance. So we shall probably again see the bright uniforms of old times and the wisdom of our ancestors will once more have to be acknowledged. It is strange that this power of the human eye of blending colors was not recognized by the authorities before, for there are many illustrations in nature and art.

Any artist could have told that it is a common trick to lay bright colors beside each other in spots or lines to obtain delicate atmospheric greys; and some of the new color-printing processes have utilized this principle with great success. The Highland plaid is a case in point also. Woven of lines and bars of strong colors, reds, blacks, greens, etc., it amalgamates perfectly with the broken hillsides of Scotland. Turning to the animal kingdom, everyone knows what concealment is afforded by the stripes and spots of the zebra, the giraffe and the tiger. While in South America Darwin observed a lizard which was absolutely invisible till it moved, and its colors were bright red, black, blue, etc., in streaks. STUDENT

Are the Moon's Craters the Work of Coral Insects?

ALTHOUGH the moon is but a quarter of a million miles from us, a mere trifle when compared with the distances of the fixed stars, the planets, or even the sun—with our greatest telescopes we can see masses of debris no larger than a medium-sized house—yet controversy still wages, and seems likely to wage, upon the nature and origin of the strange markings upon its surface.

The curious smooth plains, the mountain ranges and isolated peaks, the long brilliant lines radiating from some of the ring-shaped mountains (the so-called craters), the craters themselves, and even the actual shape of the moon, are subjects still of mutually destructive theories. We had supposed it definitely proved that the prime cause of these scorings and contours was fervent heat, but just as we were feeling comfortably that the question was finally settled, we were roughly challenged by being told on excellent authority that many of the chief features were due to the action and presence of snow and ice! Now comes another professor, Dr. Voigt from Germany, who advances, in *Sirius*, the German astronomical organ, the startling idea that the brilliantly white ring-mountains are the work of coral insects in long-vanished lunar oceans! He declares that if the water disappeared from the earth the tropical portion of the ocean beds would be startlingly like the familiar lunar scenery! If this unheard-of idea could be proved, it would explain a portion of the mystery of the moon, and would give us a new base to work upon. R.

Blue Light Being Used in Surgery and Dentistry

BLUE light has at last found its beneficent way into operative surgery, and especially dentistry. A despatch to the *Press* from Geneva says that Professors Redard and Emery have been using it for extractions. The patient is put into a dark room, and looks at a sixteen-candle-power blue lamp for about three minutes. The sense of pain then departs—the report does not say whether from the whole body or from the head only—and the extraction is then painlessly performed.

We want more details. It may be that there is an element of moral suggestion here. But the experiment is so simple and so entirely harmless that we hope it may be repeated in the fullest manner. A general anesthetic which does not affect consciousness as chloroform does, and is not open to the dangers attendant upon the introduction of cocaine into the spinal cord, would be the greatest blessing to surgery that the century can offer. A newspaper report credits Dr. Leduc of Paris with the successful use of electricity to produce anæsthesia. SURGEON

✻ ✻ The Stealing of Pryderi ✻ ✻

IT was when a baby prince was born; and it was the duty of the highest ladies in the land to watch with the child each night. Two nights there were faithful watchers; but the third night some of them were secretly haters of the queen. It was their right and their privilege under the law to watch that night; and when Rhianon warned Pwyll, he answered that he knew no reason why they should not have their right; and it was not well, he said, for a king to break the law without a good reason. And she would give him no reason—how could she, when he was not trusting her perfectly? But sad her heart was for him, knowing that he would bring a sorrow on himself and on his land.

Well, there the ladies were in the room, and the child Pryderi in his golden cradle beside them. And one of them was an enchantress, Lloyd's wife, who had taken the guise of a Princess of Dyfed. And by the power of her wiles and crafts and illusions of magic, she had put a sleep on all of them before the midnight hour; and it was a crime for those appointed to watch with a baby prince to sleep in those days. And before the morning a black, huge, flaming-eyed raven had flown to the window, and that was Lloyd ab Cilcoed, and the enchantress gave him the child through the window and the raven was gone.

Before dawn the ladies awakened, and the first to awake were the worst of them, and that, too, was the work of Lloyd's wife. And they saw the empty cradle, and were in great fear because of the punishment that would be for them, if it was known that they had slept. And the thought came to them that it would be well if they told some lie to hide their fault. And the lie was, that Rhianon had come to the room in the night and put an enchantment on them so that they could not stir, and that she went to the cradle and stood over it with her two arms in the air, and a mist came around her, and when the mist was gone there was no one there and the cradle was empty.

That was what they told the faithful ladies, and though they did not believe it, they could not prove that it was untrue, because they knew they had been sleeping. When the queen herself came to them, she saw what had happened. And she bade them tell the truth and fear nothing, for she knew they had fallen under spells and magic, and would not allow any punishment to come to them.

"Spells and magic, indeed, lady, but it is not we that will need protection!"

"What mean you?"

"You know well what we mean—you that have sent the king's son back by enchantments to your soulless kin folk in the wilds."

"Indeed, foolish and wicked you would be to bring this lie against me. As I am queen, I will protect you if you tell the truth."

"Sorrow on the land, if such as you are to be queen here longer!"

With that they went about and spread their lie over the palace. And there was no one to contradict them, for the faithful ladies could only say that they had slept and knew nothing.

And so the sorrow came, and the mischief was done. As for Pwyll, it seemed as if a mist had fallen on his mind so that he could not tell what to do, but sorrow and sorrow. And because of this, and because half the country would have risen against him otherwise, he did allow them to try the great immortal queen before judges who were, compared to her, like sheep elected out of the flock to sit in judgment on their shepherd. Half of them would have driven her forth from Dyfed, but half were warriors that knew her, and would not have it so. For herself, she had no defense to make, and would not stoop to argue with her accusers.

And those two sides came near to making war on each other; but Rhianon saw that the evil side would have conquered if they had at that time. So she put it into the mind of Pendaran Dyfed, her best champion, that she would do some penance until her son Pryderi returned. And the penance was that she was to sit at the gate of the palace in Arberth every day between sunrise and sunset, and whoever came there she was to tell him that she was there in punishment for killing her son.

And Arawn, the great king of the wide Underworld, heard of Pwyll's weakness, and called him to his own realm, and decreed for him such a fate as would make him as compassionate as Rhianon, and so strong and noble that he would not lack faith in her again while the sea rolled or the mountains were standing. And he sent him forth to wander through the Three Islands and through Ireland; bereft of crown and throne and retinue and sovereignty, to do service where he might until Pryderi should have reestablished his mother's rule in Dyfed. And he made him a poor man, a common soldier, without even a name to him, for did not he know that Pwyll would win a new and nobler name ere long, and at last return and destroy the last taint of dark magic in the land?

And in Arberth, Pendaran Dyfed was set to rule in Pwyll's place. And a good ruler he was, too; keeping the bad ones in check, and holding the land in trust for Rhianon and for Pwyll and for Pryderi when he should

return. And his best helpers were the rest of the warriors that had been with Pwyll in Rhianon's country. And they banded themselves together to protect the queen from any wrong or insult further than the penance they were bound to allow her to do.

And that penance she did daily, though there was never a man or woman in Dyfed that would dream of letting her carry them so much as one step. But the children came running to her whenever they passed that way, and many of them she carried, and indeed a joy it was to her to do it. And so the days and months passed.

STUDENT

Fragment from

SPENCER'S FAIRY QUEEN

THOUGH virtue then were held in highest price,

In those old times of which I do entreat,

Yet then likewise the wicked seed of vice,

Began to spring: which shortly grew still great,

And with their boughs the gentle plants did beat:

But evermore some of the virtuous race

Rose up, inspired with heroic heat,

That cropped the branches of the sient base,

And with strong hand their fruitful rankness did deface.

Such first was Bacchus, that with furious might

All th' east before untamed did overrun,

And wrong repressed and establish'd right,

Which lawless men had formerly fordone:

There Justice first her princely rule begun.

Next Hercules his like ensample show'd

Who all the west with equal conquest won,

And monstrous tyrants with his club subdued:

The club of Justice dread with kingly pow'r endued.

It often falls in course of common life,

That right long time is over borne of wrong

Through avarice, or pow'r, or guile, or strife,

That weakens her, and makes her partly strong:

But justice, though her doom she do prolong,

Yet at the last she will her own cause right:

As by sad Belge seems: whose wrongs though long

She suffer'd, yet at length she did requite,

And sent redress thereof by this brave Briton knight.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Raja Yoga Question Box

A NEW continent, a new nation! Men and women of deep insight, steadfast, stood ready to serve and help humanity.

1 Who was George Washington?

ANSWER—George Washington was the first President of the United States. They called him the "Father of His Country." When we needed a leader he was ready. He was a brave General and led us through the bitter struggle for Independence. Paine, Hamilton, Lafayette, Adams, Franklin and others were his comrades. They helped him to free America and lay the foundation of a superb national life.

2 Who was Mercy Warren?

ANSWER—Mercy Warren was a New England woman. She was born in Massachusetts in 1728. During the Revolutionary War she wrote patriotic dramas and poems. She also wrote a history of the war.

3 Who was John Adams?

ANSWER—John Adams was a distinguished lawyer, born in Massachusetts in 1735. He was a true patriot. His words won many friends for the Declaration of Independence when it was laid before Congress. He became the second President of the United States.

A Breath from the Seashore

A GREETING to you, Buds and Blossoms, from this shore of the broad Pacific, where we Raja Yoga boys of Lomaland spend so many delightful hours. Here we come to bathe in the ocean,

and if you have ever tried to wade out into the foaming surf you know what fun we have. Most of us can swim, and enjoy being lifted high by the waves, or letting them wash over us completely. The fresh, cool touch of the briny water gives us added strength, and the air is just full of life-giving ozone set free by the kelp which grows a little further out where the sea is shallow.

The surf is always sweeping in over this sandy shore, but so



Looking westward over the Pacific from one of the Cliff-caverns on Point Loma

clean and pure is the sand that the water remains just as clear as crystal, and we can see the tiniest objects lying on the bottom. The sea here is just full of beautiful things, and their colors glow like rich jewels through the glittering water. Stones and plants, fishes and shells are all colored in many different hues, mostly, however, in brown, green and purple, although some of the fishes are of the brightest golden red with spots of cobalt blue.

If you ever come out this way to pay us a visit we will promise you a hearty welcome and a good ducking! Hurrah!

A RAJA YOGA BOY

The Warrior and the Tiny Lives

"YES," said Meg, "people are becoming more intelligent and by and by they will allow themselves to be guided, and then they will know more about their nature and their bodies."

"A great deal has been found out, but there is still a whole lot more to know before people can keep 'health and happiness.' And what we eat has something to do with it. You know very clever people have discovered that our bodies are made up of tiny, tiny lives, and from what we eat they take nourishment and that gives the body strength; but being that kind of strength that does not last long we require to eat several times a day to keep from getting faint."

"But there is another kind of strength. All the little warriors whose hearts are filled with a noble purpose, have the power within themselves to help nourish the tiny lives—if the tiny lives are not being overfed by food."

"And sometimes," said Meg solemnly, "before the warriors can give their bodies this strength from themselves, there is a fight, a real fight."

"You see, as a rule, the tiny lives are being overfed, and they have become greedy, and when the warriors begin to give them just as much to eat as is good for them they rebel; and then comes the opportunity for the warriors to decide what is wisest and best; because of course they

are too heroic to be conquered by greedy tiny lives. So they think the matter over.

"They know quite well that the body dies even if it be fed six times a day on the very richest foods; and they also know that a great purpose never dies and that strength from that which never dies is more lasting than that which comes from food. So, as they know there is lots of work to be done in the world, they decide it would be very good for the tiny lives to depend a little on the strength that lasts longest, and they gradually train the tiny lives to know this by giving them just enough to eat and no more."

"And when the tiny lives are feeling upset, thinking they are too faint to do anything, the warriors show them their foolishness by making them do their will—and they do it."

"And then, they find out that this strength of will gives them more lasting energy than the food they wanted; you see, by not being overfed they were able to take it."

"But every one won't allow the warrior to take command, and then the tiny lives go on getting greedier, and greedy tiny lives make people too dull and stupid to think of a noble purpose, so they are quite cut off from knowing the greater and grander energy."

"So, by and by," continued Meg, "when more people are guided by intelligence, nobody will be offended when his friends say, 'No, thank you,' to whole lots of food they would be better without; for, being true



Raja Yoga Boys on the seashore at Lomaland

friends, they will want them to live as long as possible and know grand things. Indeed, they would be very much distressed to see a friend wanting to eat too much of what was offered. They would at once begin to think very seriously about being their brother's keeper."

ANNIE P. DICK

I HAVE a pet lizard named Peter, and he loves to sit around on my tent walls or chairs and tables and make sudden rushes for flies. But he is very dainty and independent and does not trouble to catch every fly he sees; he takes his choice. And the occupation never loses excitement, for it is always an open question whether he will catch the fly. He probably reduces the number of that insect about one ten billionth per cent. He was so winsome, with his wise little eye and his head cocked on one side, that one day I tried to catch him. But he gave a sudden wiggle and I had in my hand a warm scaly tail all wriggling and twitching, and Peter had disappeared. He preferred liberty without a tail to possible imprisonment or death with. They say he will soon grow a new tail, as useful and as ornamental as the old, and may he keep it! E.

Students'



Path

AT SUNRISE

ALLAH supreme, beneficent,
Who fashioned suns and worlds beyond,
Allah of grace munificent---
Behold the wronged.

At dawn of day I lift mine eyes,
Where, in the blushing of the east,
I gather hope of Paradise---
Low at thy feet.

Stars fade before thy glories rare,
In purple hues the clouds adorn,
From darkness mounts the sun in air,
And breaks the morn.

Lo, Allah, on my fainting heart,
Let full thy beams of courage shine,
Of heavenly joy grant me a part,
Allah, Allah, divine.—*Selected*

Obedience to Principle

It is painful to behold a man using his talents to corrupt himself.— Thomas Paine

IN this quotation Paine states a truth not generally recognized. The law of nature is "Work with me and great shall be your reward; work against me and that which you have shall be taken from you." Use your talents in obedience to principle and they shall increase; use them against principle and you corrupt yourself. Nature cannot be trifled with. She rewards for unselfish service rendered for her, and sends punishment and loss for all action against her.

Brotherhood, and the virtues we are all familiar with, are not alone mere mental creations found necessary to well-ordered society, but are directly related to the great basic principles of life, therefore of vital importance. To make these principles the foundation of action is to steadily establish character, and through character the soul acts. Obedience to principle is the right royal road—the only road to enlightenment. The road of indifference to the common good, of self-seeking, the path of blind belief, is the path of misery and ignorance, and results in loss of character and in spiritual death. No true teacher ever taught the path of ease and selfishness as the way to the truth. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force," is a Biblical truth too often shelved and misunderstood. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," said Christ, and is to be taken by him who is devoted to principle. "Behold I (the soul) stand at the door and knock," and through the voice of conscience proclaim and make clear the path of duty—"To make Brotherhood a living power in our lives." And the kingdom of heaven is attained when the soul, the universal savior, is resurrected and floods with its wisdom and joy the mind of man and gives that "peace that passes all understanding."

Love thy brethren of all nations as thyself, is the great ideal requiring the devotion of our hearts. Let us not imagine that we understand all that Brotherhood, in its real sense means, or the best way to work for it. We have to get rid of much that is vague and sentimental in our character. Brotherhood is spiritual unity, is the greatest of all things to be conscious of, because it includes all there is to be known. Yet there is a royal road—the only road—and it leads to the heart of the universe, it is the road of self-purification. Every removal of an error from our own mind and heart, every effort at self-control, and every victory helps the human race, and as our vision under this wise and safe treatment gets clearer, we see wider and better avenues of helpfulness.

There is a great need for clear judgment, we are under a psychological influence of false values; loss to us means too often loss of material possessions alone, and to him who suffers such loss we have nothing but pity, but for him who acts against good principle and thus suffers a loss

of character, what words can describe his loss? And in the eyes of truth who has suffered the greater loss? To condemn a wrong act is right, but to condemn the actor is quite another matter. Our condemnation unconsciously to us discloses our character, and proclaims to our fellow men that upon which we place the greater value, and consequently the probable course we would take if circumstances offered a similar choice. All this arises out of a false worship of the body and all that adds to its comfort, the soul not being understood and placed in the background, to be thought of once a week perchance as something to be saved, and not thought of and realized as the vital active source of all that is good and worth having in human life and man's real self.

To be obedient to principle consists then in opposing with the divine power of the soul the failings and selfishness of our baser self to the permanent benefit of all that lives; become, in the words of Shakespeare:

Brave conquerors, for such you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the high army of the world's desires.

E. J. W.

Self-Reliance in the Light of Raja Yoga

SELF-RELIANCE is reliance on the Self, and in the light of Raja Yoga, it is reliance on the Higher Self, the Self of all beings. One who has true self-reliance will rely on this higher and universal self, not only in himself but in all. In the Raja Yoga training of children this is done. They are taught not only to rely on this self in themselves, but to help others to do the same, recognizing the true self in all. They are also taught to control and use the lower self in service of the higher, for only so is it to be relied upon. One would not trust a wild and untrained horse to take him safely to a desired destination, but with the animal in control and the reins in hand it may be safely relied on. So it is with our lower self, it may be relied on only as the higher controls and guides it.

If we always relied upon the true Self while doing our best, however inadequate it might seem, how much worry, unhappiness and wrong expenditure of energy we should be spared. True self-reliance saves one from worry with its waste of energy, and puts the joy of life in all, while better enabling the Self to work through us with its wisdom, power and love.

To appeal to the Higher Self in others and rely upon it, helps them to realize it in themselves and rely upon it also. It is said of Lucretia Mott that after she had delivered an antislavery lecture in Boston, she found upon leaving the lecture-room a mob awaiting her in the street and she was advised not to attempt to go through it; but she said she was not afraid and that this friend would see that no harm came to her, saying which she took the arm of one of the mob and he saw her safely through the crowd. She relied on the Higher Self in the man and not in vain. Many similar instances might be given showing how the better self in man steps forth when a trusting appeal is made to it.

The more nearly we approach the kingly union of the purified lower self with the higher, the greater will be our self-reliance, and the better service shall we be able to do in the world. BANDUSIA WAKEFIELD

We have never attained or even understood the extent of the powers of the human heart.—H. P. Blavatsky

Silence as an Imperial Function

THERE is something sublime in the reported custom which formerly required the Mikado of Japan, during the reign of the Shoguns, to spend a certain number of hours each day seated in motionless silence upon his divine throne, "in order that the nation might have peace." He was to them an actual deity, the embodiment of the national consciousness and they believed, with good reason, that if the national spirit could be quietly calm for a while every day, there would be little danger of civil war or other internal trouble. Very likely we should find similar results in our personal affairs if we indulged in a few minutes of silence each day. Such a time, if observed daily, soon becomes the vitalizing, sustaining center of the day.

It is a bath in Eternity, cleansing from the worries, hopes, tempers, fears and sorrows of Life, and renewing strength for the everlasting battle. To be silent that we may have peace; by giving the tense brain or over-vitalized muscles an opportunity to relax and begin again. It is a simple thing to do and easily within the reach of every one, and well worth trying, for it does bring rest and peace. S. E.

"THE WHEEL OF LIFE"

by LONGFELLOW

NOTHING that is shall perish utterly.
But perish only to revive again
In other forms, as clouds restore in rain
The exhalations of the land and sea.
Men build their houses from the masonry
Of ruined tombs; the passion and the pain
Of hearts, that long have ceased to beat, remain
To throb in hearts that are, or are to be.

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

Define Mind, Soul and Spirit.

Answer

These words are used so vaguely and variously that they cannot be said to have any fixed meaning in our language today. But we must try to give some definite notion of what a Theosophist would mean by them.

The ordinary idea in the world today would probably be that the mind is the conscious or thinking part of man, as distinguished from his visible body. The words Soul and Spirit would be used indiscriminately to denote the immortal and divinely-illuminated part of man. Religion, in the theological sense of the word, is not philosophical, and does not distinguish between these two words.

The chief error in this, from the Theosophical point of view, is in making too sharp a distinction between mind and soul, and in regarding the soul as something altogether disconnected from this life, and belonging to heaven. This removal of the soul from actual life and making it a mere abstraction belonging to a vague future life, is the false notion introduced by dogmatic theology. To a Theosophist the Soul is the real man, and is trying to manifest itself here and now in this life.

A Theosophist would define man as a Soul inspired by the Divine Spirit, and using a bodily tenement or instrument as a means of operating on earth.

The word Mind refers to the conscious intelligence of man—the field of thought. The mind hovers between the divine and the animal, being inspired, now by selfish thoughts, now by noble impulses.

Thus we have the Soul as the real man, the true self, illumined by the divine spirit. But this real self is obscured by the false self which takes form in the *mind* owing to the mind's connection with the lower nature.

The destiny and duty of man is to blend his mind with his Soul, so that the mind may be redeemed from the delusions and bondage of the lower nature, and the whole man become a conscious power for good.

The vital point is this: Let us remember that we *are* Souls, pure and strong, illumined by divine knowledge, filled with divine compassion. It is our untamed passions, and our ignorance of the workings of our own faculties, that fill our mind with delusions and prevent its union with the Soul. But we can choose, and we can aspire, and then the Soul will be able to overcome and dispel those delusions. Then, when the Soul guides, when there is perfect balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and moral, the Mind, Soul and Spirit will work together in perfect harmony and in accord with the Higher Law of our being. STUDENT

Question

Do you endorse the new theories about eternal life in the body being possible or desirable? If death is the law, what age should be the full allowance for man?

Answer

The full allowance of life possible to the human body must vary widely according to racial peculiarities, racial age, climate, and other factors. But it is certain that in no historic times have these limits been reached. Assuredly they will not be reached by ourselves for a long time to come, even if we revolutionized our habits and adopted wisdom as our guide. The number of sins and mistakes made by us all, tending to shorten physical life, is almost beyond enumeration. We are in every way out of tune with natural law.

Suppose it all corrected; suppose that from birth we had never eaten too much, nor the wrong things; never breathed impure air, been dirty, nor worn the wrong kind of clothing; never committed any act, nor thought any thought called immoral; had never sulked, lost temper or quarrelled; had lived in the sunlight and fresh air instead of crowded

cities; never poisoned ourselves with stimulants and narcotics; had kept our hearts full of love, charity and compassion; had trusted the divine law, and never worried; had never feared death nor anything else; had habitually walked with our souls and in the light of immortality; suppose that we had been perfect in all these things—there would remain the fact that two parents, and four grandparents, and eight great-grandparents had not lived such perfect lives, to put it mildly; and that the influence of that "not" cannot be wiped out in one generation.

From these considerations, carried out as far as they will go, we can get some dim idea of the figure by which to multiply the Psalmist's poor little seventy years in order to get a right idea of the length of days possible to man when he shall have learned wisdom.

At this point another vista opens. Theosophy does not teach the possibility of eternal life in the body. But it does teach that at some other epoch than this sin-laden one of ours, man may have learned to replace the wear and tear of his body *as it occurs*, and much more perfectly than now. To some small extent we do it; but does it not seem possible that, far hence, when we have attained to right living, there may come such an understanding of the body that its decay is corrected cell by cell and moment by moment? We do not mean the kind of understanding that science gives us; that is only an outside understanding. But the same kind of real understanding as we have of the way to move an arm or a leg, and which is altogether beyond the possible teaching of any book or person. We only experience death because we cannot fully replace what is worn out; at last the deficiency is so marked that some important organ cannot go on with its work.

More than this can hardly be said. It seems probable that notwithstanding all possible purity of life, and the application of all possible wisdom in dealing with the body, its life centre would *at last* need rest and recuperation. No wisdom can transcend the eternal law of oscillation and rhythm. But death under such circumstances would be nothing like the process we now know by that name; so unlike as to make all speculation of ours absurd. It seems only safe to say that any idea of it we can now form must of necessity be wrong from its great imperfection. In the meantime there is plenty of work immediately at hand. H. C.

Question

What evidence has Theosophy to offer that we lived in the past and will live in the future, outside of mere surmise and conjecture? Don't you have to call in the old article named faith, which the priests require now as well as in all past ages to bolster up their claims? Please explain and advance reasons, other than the silly and usual childish ones, for instance, that many persons can remember their past life on the earth, and that a past life on the earth can only account for the work of men of genius. Why not tell us how and in what way Theosophy knows these claimed facts?

Answer

The attention of this questioner is invited to the great amount of literature on Reincarnation, published in many languages, throughout the last thirty years.

But we may now briefly say that we accept the theory of Reincarnation because no other explains the difference of human character; no other indicates how man can discharge his great duties, namely: the understanding of human life, the worthy living of our present human life, and the compassionate helping of his fellows. We do not see how any of these duties can be carried on elsewhere; nor do we see how it is consonant with justice that by the mere fact of death man should be allowed to leave so many of his accounts on earth permanently unpaid, so many inharmonies between himself and his fellows permanently unharmonized. The place of debt must be that of payment; the place of quarrel, that of reconciliation; the place to help, that where help is needed. C.

THE true spiritual and primitive Christian religion is, as much as the other great and still older philosophies that preceded it, the light of Truth—"the life and the light of men."—H. P. Blavatsky

WHEN Life shall become to us a continuous and uninterrupted hymn of praise to the Great Eternal Spirit; when our hearts shall beat in tune to the exultant pæan of thanksgiving voiced by all Nature; when our lives shall so swing in unison with all that lives, that our being becomes like one grand sweet song—then, indeed, shall human strife and human misery flee away, and the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity shall be established over all the earth, and shall be recognized as an integral part of the Universal Fitness of Things. STUDENT

Odds and Ends

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Meteorological Table
for the week ending
Sept. the 4th, 1904

Total number hours sunshine
recorded during AUG., 223.70
Average no. hours a day 7.22
Observations taken at 8 a.m.
Pacific Time

AUG SEPT	BAROM ETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
29	29.776	77	67	71	69	.00	W	2
30	29.758	77	64	70	67	.00	W	3
31	29.751	75	63	68	65	.00	NW	3
1	29.734	74	64	69	66	.00	W	2
2	29.682	74	63	67	65	.00	W	2
3	29.746	72	63	67	65	.00	SE	2
4	29.752	76	66	73	70	.00	NW	4

"Phacops Nau-
tafabulosus"

DEAR —: I enclose something for you to study!
— has full details; but I would like your opinion
on it. It was caught (!) off coast of South America. Notice dorsal
and caudal fins, and also HEAD, shoulders, arms and CLAWS!!! Is
it fish, flesh or fowl? ??? Or none of these?!!

Yours,

P.



PHACOPS NAUTAFABULOSUS

DEAR —:

I showed it to M— and M— he
Said such a thing could not possibly be.

I showed it to W— and W— insisted
That such an enormity never existed.

We wakened up E— as he solemnly dozed
Whose sarcastic opinion is duly enclosed.

Then J. the Uproarious pranced into camp
And he said the thing was a damnable vamp.

R— suggested that third race man
Was constructed on this thing's general plan.

But C— said nothing, for safety lies
In saying of nothing but looking wise.

H. C.

Abomination of
Desolation

DEAR —: I think the cut which you send is the
"Abomination of Desolation," spoken of by Jeremiah;
for that, as you know, had "dorsal and caudal fins and halibut, psal-
tery and all kinds of music." If it is not this, it is perhaps the "as-
trally-precipitated" picture of one of Mr. M—'s fish stories. There
is a look in the thing's eyes as if it wanted to be true and couldn't.

I believe I could write an article all around it.

H. T. E.

"Keep
Still"

Keep still. When trouble is brewing keep still. When slan-
der is getting on his legs, keep still. When your feelings are
hurt, keep still, till you recover from your excitement at any rate.
Things look different through an unagitated eye. In a commotion
once I wrote a letter and sent it and wished I had not. In my later
years I had another commotion and wrote a long letter, but life rubbed
a little sense into me and I kept that letter in my pocket against the
day when I could look it over without agitation and without fears. I
was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was
not sure it would do any hurt, but in my doubtfulness I leaned to ret-
icence and eventually it was destroyed. Time works wonders. Wait
till you speak calmly and then you will not need to speak may be.
Silence is the most massive thing conceivable, sometimes. It is
strength in very grandeur.—Selected

Bagpipe
of Scotland

VERNON BLACKBURN, a musical writer of some consid-
erable note, says the bagpipe finds its most appropriate
expression in death music, in the dirges of Scotland. He says:

The musical wail of the Gaelic Muse is among the ineffable realizations of tragedy
in the world. She touches the depth and height of sorrow; and fit companion
in that expressed grief is her national instrument. . . . As you wait by the
coffin of the dead you hear the dim sound of the coronach as it grows keener to
your hearing. The pedal note is a long monotone of grief, an enduring moan
for the thing that has been. The melancholy and windlike harmonies that are
blown above that note hither and thither fall to the varying mood of the
mourner, who finds, it may be for the first time, with wonder and dismay, that
to the human heart even the sense of loss must, in its acutest knowledge of the
present, take a relief and a change which seems almost a treachery. Such music
as this, thus played, and on this instrument, once more, in its gloomy and mag-
nificent completion, shows that in the mourning over the dead, Scotland triumphed
unto the attainment of the culmination of her musical art.

THE simplest truths are mightiest in their force.

LET right deeds be thy motive, not the fruit which comes from them.

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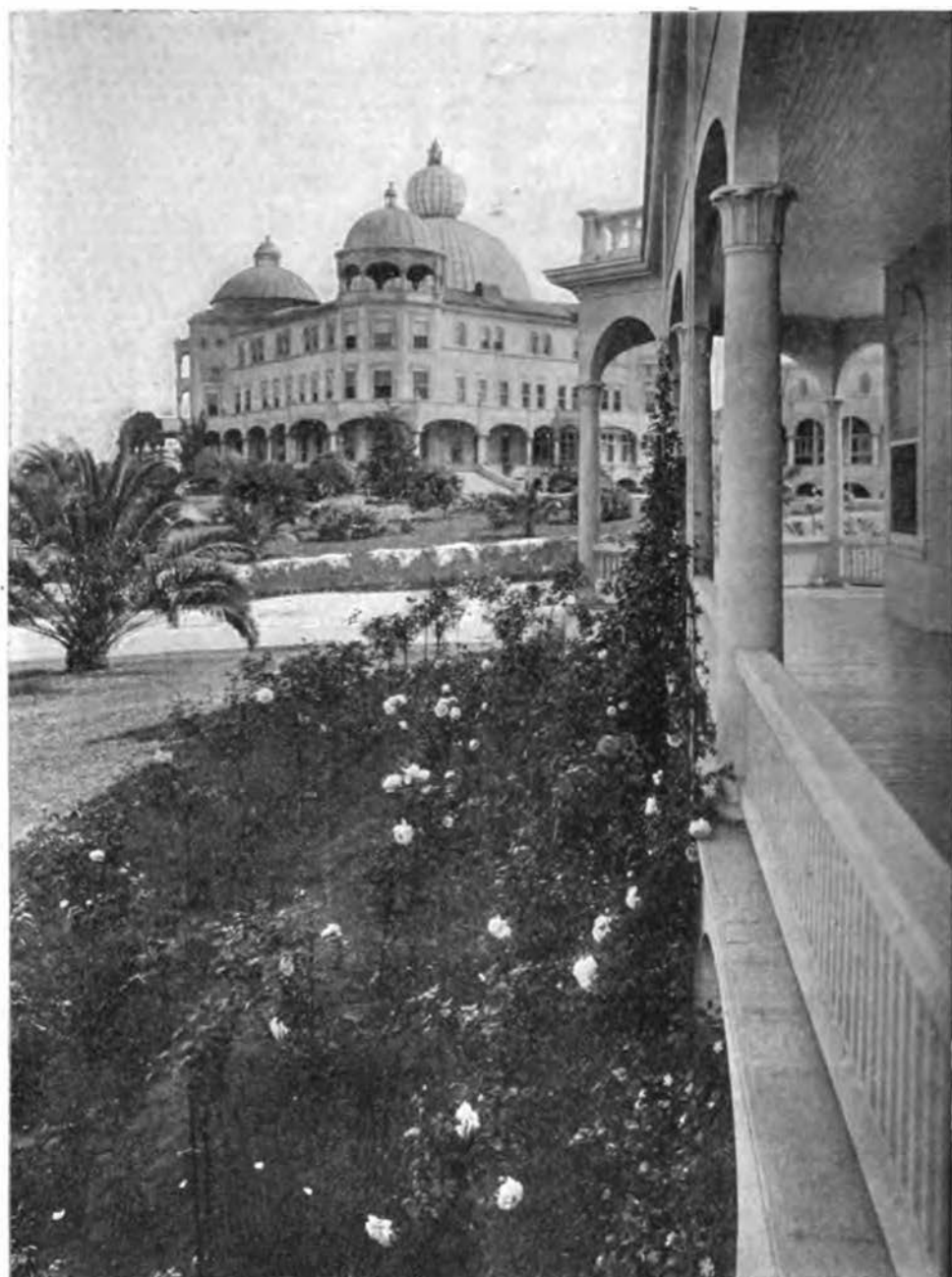
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No.

New Century Path

by KATHERINE TINGLEY
WEEKLY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

The American Indian
and the Filipino
Philæ Inundated—frontispiece
Public Moral Health
"Haunted Machines"
A Suggestive Libel

Page 4—XXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

The Indian in Canada
March of Civilization
Bacon-Shakespeare
Controversy
A Belated Theory

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Temple of Edfu—illustrated
Philæ—illustrated
Hymn to the Nile (verse)
The Effect of Music

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Woman and Hobbies
Indignant Magistrates
Costume of Japanese Women
Princess Jamsabina (illustration)
A Woman Miller
Humanity's One Mystery

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

An American "Copper"
Atlantis to Figure in
Modern Science
Simplicity of the
Chinook Language
Prehistoric Cave-Dwellings
Found in Africa

Page 9—NATURE

The Ancient View of
Mother Nature
A Prayer (verse)
Why Not Use
the Insects?
Nature, Ever Beautiful,
Ever True

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Opportunities for Studying
Human Nature
Raja Yoga Academy
Opens October 6th

Page 12—GENERAL

Painted Rock and Its
Prophecy—illustrated

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Latest Conception of Science
Is There Organic Life
on the Moon?
How the Sun Governs
the Earth's Magnetism
Milk as a Fire Extinguisher

Page 14—FICTION

A Story
Life's Treasure (verse)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Raja Yoga Question Box
Brotherhood Rules
A Patriarch Tree
Swedish Peasant—Dramatic
Representation by Raja Yoga
Children (illustration)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

God's Dream (verse)
Practical Theosophy
Necessity for Right Action
Storm Thoughts (verse)
Theosophical Forum

Page 18—ODDS AND ENDS

Meteorological
Maeterlinck & the Stage
White Ants as Food
Millionaire on Money
Franklin's Hints
for Health

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

■ American Indian and the Filipinos

THE World's Fair has been the direct means of bringing to light something which otherwise might not have been known for years—possibly never, in view of the disappearing races of the North American aborigines. Its bearing on the ethnology of the races of this continent is apparent by the subjoined newspaper clipping:

"Naket cheochefkte?" said a stylishly attired American woman to an Igorrote Indian in the Philippine village at the World's Fair this morning.

These words, spoken in the language of the Creek Indian, mean "What is your name?"

The Igorrote was sitting lazily smoking in front of his hut. When he heard the words he sprang to his feet and answered in his native tongue, "Are you a Filipino?" The question was asked in a surprisingly eager manner.

Mrs. Edward C. Merrick, who had addressed the Igorrote, is one-sixteenth Creek Indian. She was for several years the official interpreter for the Dawes Commission.

She talked to the Igorrote about an hour. He could not understand a word of English, but could carry on a conversation in Creek readily enough.

The Igorrote was surprised when she told him that it was the language of the Creek Indians. This discovery seems to indicate that the East Indians and the North American Indians must have been of common blood.

The Vanished Pacific Continent

The supposition that there formerly existed an enormous continent where now the Pacific rolls its waters, is today practically a scientific and established fact. As a spur of this prehistoric Pacific continent, now given the name of Lemuria, ran around to the south of the present Africa, then up north past the British Isles towards Greenland and Norway, which later formed part of the succeeding continent of Atlantis, the portions of earth above the surface of the waters of the then oceans were sufficiently contiguous to allow of inter-communication and transmigration, as well of human and animal as of plant life. With this connecting land in view, prior to America, which, however, rose in portions before the final and complete submersion of Lemuria, the racial affinities between the head-hunting Igorrote and scalp-hunting redskin, are less surprising. Add to this the Atlantic continent succeeding Lemuria as a habitat of life in all its forms, and the chain of evolutionary progress may be followed with scarcely a break. Now that it is known that the "Turanian" or "Scythian" tribes of Eastern Europe and Central Asia had many and very remarkable habits resembling those of the American nomad and sedentary tribes of red men; that their

■ Turanian & American Languages

languages and dialects, both Turanian and American, had identical words for the same thing, and similar terms of phrasing to express the same ideas; that several of the peoples living in Asia Minor and Western Asia wore the typical American scalp-lock—the questions therein involved seek a more definite answer than is given usually by our text-books. Tzetzes says that the Solymi of Asia Minor were "*trochokourades*"—"shaven all round the head;" and Herodotus (iii: 8) mentions that the Arabs had anciently the same custom. Indeed, Jeremiah (ix: 26) says the same of the Edomites, the Moabites and the Ammonites, who were *Semitic* peoples.

A recent writer, furthermore, brings forward startling proof to show that many of the nomad Scythian tribes practiced the habit of shearing off the scalp-lock, or tuft, of their fallen enemies, thus proving that scalping was not purely a redskin custom.

It is interesting to recall here that the astronomical notions of these peoples, both in Asia and in America, had identical and similar names for the same objects: as, for instance, the naming of the constellation of the "Big Dipper" by the term of the "Bear," used by the tribes of "High Asia, the Phœnicians, Arabs and Greeks, and by the Iroquois" (Camille Flammarion, *The Heavens*).

The riddle of peoples separated by thousands of miles of ocean using commonly, identical words, ideas, and abstract terms to express the same objects, becomes understandable and intelligible once the existence of the two great prehistoric continents of Lemuria and Atlantis is granted.

G. DE P.

Philæ Inundated --- Frontispiece

THE cover-page of the NEW CENTURY PATH this week shows a very characteristic view of the inundation of the island of Philæ. The rising of the great stream, due to the discharge into it of its great affluents, has reached its height. Many of the constructions at Philæ are under water, wholly or in part. The periodic rise and fall of the Nile is like the flow of some great natural artery, and seems like the consequence of a diastole and systole of some great natural heart of life, whose pulsations are not in seconds but in seasons and years.

Sacred Philæ was one of the mystery places of the ancient Egyptians. Today there remain on the island, which is itself not more than 400 yards long, some of the finest and best preserved remains extant. Four large and imposing temples, a long colonnade, and a number of obelisks, with a Roman triumphal arch and other antiquities make a whole of remarkable interest and exceeding beauty.

Philæ is only 6 miles from Aswan, the ancient Syene, s. s. w. of the latter place. It is close to the Nubian frontier. The famous island of

Elephantine, which the Arabs call "Jezeeret-el-Shaf" (islet of flowers) on account of its great fertility, which is just opposite to Aswan, is said to have been connected by wire with Philæ in days of old. Such is the tradition. Both at Philæ and at Elephantine are famous Nilometers, though the one at the latter place was the renowned Nilometer mentioned by so many ancient travelers.

Beautiful, mystic, sacred Philæ! Built on the bed-rock of an islet in mid-stream. Surrounded by the yellow life-giving waters of the Father of Egypt, it is yet to this day covered with remains which in some instances are nearly perfect. Who has not seen a picture of the "Kiosk," or "Pharaoh's Bed"? But the temple of the Lady of Philæ is older, far older, as the Kiosk is of the time of the Lagidæ.

The temple pylons of our Lady of Philæ rise upward, covered with the cunning craft of the stone-cutter, and raising one's mind by their silent massive strength. Peace and happiness are like the keynotes of this strange old place.

The turquoise sky overhead, the yellow-gold sands on all sides, the green-yellow water slipping silently and swiftly by, and the faint hum of the cataract's swirl reaching the ear—the whole remains with one forever.

STUDENT

Public Moral Health

"EVERYBODY," says New York city's attorney, Mr. William T. Jerome, "who has studied public life, has been appalled by its corruption."

No one speaks with more authority, with more intimate knowledge of his facts, than he; and few have waged war against the conditions he exposes, with more courage and persistence.

Naturally he asks, "why should public life be so debauched?"

His answer is as startling as his own question: "I have come to the conclusion that it is only a reflection of private life; there is 'grafting' (bribery, speculation, etc.) everywhere; this sort of thing runs through everything, high and low."

"A reflection of private life"—a charge against a whole people! Not of course against each and every individual person; but a charge against a very large sprinkling amid the nation; and a charge (tacitly made) against the great mass of the rest that they do not hold their ideal of public life high enough to make corruption impossible. And this again because they do not hold their ideal of *private* conduct high enough.

In the ancient republics, at the height of their power and splendor, every individual felt himself a part of the community, and so acted; holding his private interests second.

That principle would make a very fair working basis of morality, even apart from anything else. But today our very morality is selfish and individualistic. Each aims at being moral to himself (when he does even so much). He does not steal (when he does not) in order that *he* may not be a man who steals, not that there may not be *other* men defrauded by him. He is thinking of himself, is selfish in his very virtue.

Civic life is stained with the same. The leading citizens will work for a city park, not so much with the city in view as that *their* business or pleasures will be furthered by a beautiful city. Of how few is it the aim to realize the ideal of a beautiful city utterly apart from any selfishness! So far is it gone that we think it natural and inevitable that the "city fathers," in consulting together for the good of their common home, should each, at the back of his mind, have more or less completely *his own* interests at view. We are accustomed to find selfishness everywhere; we expect it, are unshocked by it.

So we say that apart from any religious or other basis of private virtue which each citizen may have, there must be another. And that other is a love of the welfare of the community in which he lives and of which he is a part; a love so real that *when he is upon the business of the community*, in the council chamber, at the voting station, or wherever, *it shall be as a member of the community he is acting* and not as a private person, not as a possessor of private interests, thinking of the whole, self dropped from thought.

Gradually his ideal will rise; gradually it will spread; gradually in the smaller towns and communities a spirit will arise like that of the ancient republics, and will spread to the larger; gradually an atmosphere of public life will be created in which "grafting" and speculation are impossible. A power will have been evoked whose action will make dishonesty show its

own hand, and at last fear to be. The word "politician" will lose its scandalous significance, and as a designation be a certificate of respect. And the general public betterment will react upon private life and sweeten the whole of the intercourse of men.

STUDENT

"Haunted Machines"

THE word *machine* does not usually evoke ideas of spontaneity, or individuality of character. And although more than one romance writer has made an ensouled machine the hero or villain of his story, it is only as such and for that time, that we accept the idea.

Every inventor, however, whose experience is large, knows that from time to time he constructs a machine which will not do what is expected of it, or does what is not expected; yet is in exact structural similarity with others whose behavior is normal. And in many of these cases he never reaches an explanation. Watches are common instances of this. A writer in a current railway journal gives a number of cases in point. Here is one by way of example:

Another and even more curious instance of the unexpected was that of a well-known electrician who built and tested for three years a certain piece of apparatus. As it worked perfectly, a large amount of capital was put into buildings and plant for the production of these pieces of apparatus for the market, and many were built; but the manufacturers were totally unable to reproduce the original either in effect or durability.

In another case, two similar boilers were connected by necks at top and bottom, and a fire built under each of them, the boilers being about half full. The water, without apparent cause, behaved very strangely, all going into one boiler and then into the other.

Possibly the Psychical Research Society would like to take up such cases as examples of haunted machines.

STUDENT

A Suggestive Libel

HOW little do people *interpret* the signs of the times, as well as *read* them! There is a war in the East: what forces are contending? Japan and Russia, of course! And behind that? How many see what is bound up in the vast issue of the struggle?

A story is *said* to have appeared in a pamphlet prepared by the Cuban Commissioners to the St. Louis Exposition, to the effect that America was *bought* into her undertaking for Cuba's freedom. It is *alleged* that when the Cuban Government saw this statement they ordered the suppression of the pamphlet.

No one seems to be able to run to earth the author of this story. What is its object? Not especially to insult America, but to represent Cuba as insulting America.

Imagine the statement widely believed here that official persons in Cuba were saying that we were *bought* into our aid of that country. Much ill feeling would be roused, and more or less estrangement effected. It is not the first attempt at such estrangement, nor will it be the last.

If they are successful, the result will be that Cuba *again lies unprotected* save by her own courage. Should it turn out, an almost absurd supposition, that there *was* an immediately suppressed pamphlet containing the statement—the statement that Señor Palma distributed bonds before the war, in America, among influential persons to buy their aid—then one wants to know a good deal about the persons who wrote it, their religious and political connections, and the underground wires linking them to what organization.

Señor Palma utterly repudiates the statement. "Not a single bond," he says in his dispatch, "was given by me to any person whatever in the United States, except for value received, and none were given to any one connected with the American Government. Any such insinuation is an insult, not only to the United States, but to the cause of liberty and humanity which did so much for Cuba, and also to me personally."

OBSERVER

The "Searchlight" Now Ready

THE THEOSOPHICAL SEARCHLIGHT, issued August 15th, is for members of the Universal Brotherhood only. It contains general information of the work of the Theosophical Movement throughout the World, and also important instructions necessary for the advancement of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in all departments. The first number of this series is now selling at 15 cents a copy. Mail your address and 15 cents to Clark Thurston, Esq., Manager, New Century Corporation, Point Loma, California.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Red Indian in Canada

AN expert inspector of the Canadian government, a man who has for years traveled among the Indians of that country, altogether denies that they have any special susceptibility to disease. He admits that great numbers have been wiped out by smallpox, consumption and measles, even in some cases whole bands. But he points out that this occurred before the Department of the Interior, whose treatment of the Canadian Indian has always been eminently humane and creditable, had had time to organize medical services for the prairies. The other cause of the mortality was also casual, not essential. Of old, the Indian kept his wigwam and its environment hygienically clean by the simple process of moving away from it into another district. But now he cannot be a nomad; he must stay on his reservation. Or he does not roam because he knows that game is not now to be had by that process. So the still uncleaned wigwam and environment *now* begin to give trouble and breed disease.

This theory occurs in the course of the official report from the Ministry of the Interior. The Minister points out that there are Indians in every stage between barbarism and high civilization. Dr. Oronyatekha is head of the World's Order of Foresters and was educated at Oxford at the personal charges of King Edward, then Prince of Wales. There are Indians in the professions, in commerce, in the civil services, and in factories and mechanical trades. The great bulk of those who were once in half starvation, as hunters on the plains, are now, thanks to the government, well supplied with cattle and rapidly learning the arts of agriculture. In regard to the question of the education of the Indian, we note that Minister Sifton rather favors a very moderate education of a large number than a full education of a few. However educated, he thinks the average Indian cannot compete with the white man as yet; he had better go back with a measure of education to his own people. There, his contact with white men, and the awakening of his faculties, will tell favorably upon the rest. Whilst any Indian with any special aptitude or genius will make that felt and will be enabled to pass forward to a higher education useless as yet to the bulk of them.

Altogether the report is full, careful and sympathetic and reflects much credit on the Department and on the Canadian government. H. C.

The Long March of Civilization

A WRITER in a California contemporary derives much Californian comfort from a consideration of the westering tendencies of empire. The Caucasian races arose in Central Asia. Then came the great civilizations of Babylon, Assyria and Phœnicia. Then Northern Africa, Greece and Rome. Then Spain, and then England. Then the flame leaped the Atlantic and sojourned—burning at its brightest—in East America. Now, he thinks, it is crossing, or has crossed our continent, and on the Pacific coast will glow with an intensity beside which all its former efforts will pale. One can only ask—What hinders it, since it has leaped one ocean in a century and a half, from leaping another? There is an older light than the Caucasian in Asia, one of whose beginnings history knows nothing—the Chinese; and another yet older than that. What if the three should elect to blend on *that* side of the Pacific, and give to us Californians but the honor of its first reflection? Yet there are civilizations spiritual and civilizations material, and they may not have the same headquarters; nor may the former trace the same path of circumambulation as the latter. The essential meaning of the word civilization is *the power of living together*, and all material advances are but the secondary effect of that. We use the word as if it required no definition or qualifying adjective. Our whole attitude towards the past, our quiet ascription to it of a barbarism that was complete in proportion to its remoteness from now, is false and stupid because of our confusion of civilization with complexity of material life. It sometimes occurs to us that there were very high civilizations in the remote past which would have left *no* traces had not some of their wise, foreseeing the future, left such traces as Stonehenge and Carnac; structures whose proper interpretation waits yet. STUDENT

The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy

MR. CHURTON COLLINS has been making some strong remarks about the people who maintain that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare. He says: What . . . the Baconians ask us to credit . . . is that a man, whose conceptions of love, of beauty and of friendship found . . . exact expression in his essays on those subjects, . . . was the author of "Venus and Adonis," of the Sonnets, of "Romeo and Juliet," and was the delineator of "Viola," of "Portia," of "Rosalind," of "Hermione," of "Imogene;" that a man without a spark of genial humor was the creator of the "Merry Wives," of "Falstaff," of "Mercutio," of "Touchstone," and of "Dogberry;" that a writer in whose works there is no trace of any dramatic imagination, of any light play of wit and fancy, of any profound passion, of any esthetic enthusiasm, transformed himself into the poet of the marvelous dramas in which all these qualities are essential and predominating characteristics; that the master of a style, the notes of which—in color, in tone, in rhythm—are unmistakable, became at will the master of a style in which not one of these notes is, even in the faintest degree, discernible. . . .

And so on. Mr. Collins' point seems to us to be well taken. But they raise a much wider issue. We think that there is an unconscious but quite real instinct actuating the Bacon-Shakespeare people, inspiring them—not to add glory to Bacon, but to take it from Shakespeare. *It is a subtle and refined form of the persecution instinct*; it arises, according to the law of induction or reaction, against any one who emerges from the deeper life with a message for this one. It animated, for example, the persecution of Bruno, of Joan of Arc, and in our own time of H. P. Blavatsky. Men go a certain way with a message-bearer, and then under the impulse of a force they do not understand, swing back into a reaction. And this takes every form from the grossest to the subtlest. Shakespeare was an educator; exactly how much he did to broaden the consciousness of his own time we, who have come into his work as our ingrained heritage, may not now fully appreciate. But it must have been a very great deal, amply enough to arouse the opposing force. May it not be this whose now harmless and belated and absurd ripples, are subtly inspiring the people who fling their little pebble against a great figure? STUDENT

A Somewhat Belated Theory

A PROFESSOR of an eastern University has published a book—*Adam and Eve*—whose main contention is so nearly obsolete that its advancement almost brings it to us as a novelty. His theory is that the Adam and Eve story in Genesis is not myth but history, exact, cold-drawn history of the origin of the human race. First comes something with which we cordially agree:

. . . The evolutionary hypothesis that the human race began in a savage state and slowly worked up to its present condition . . . is, in the presence of established facts, an assumption as groundless as anything one can imagine. On the other hand, a sudden emergence from the savage state to one represented by the ancient civilizations of Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, and that of many other countries, is not an emergence of which history shows any evidence. Hence, the theory that the human family began high up in civilized and social life, but afterward suffered a decadence, has probabilities in its favor that amount well-nigh to an absolute certainty.

Quite so; but it does not therefore follow that the human family began with two people, one made out of the other, and that they fell from their primeval perfection through indulgence in an apple. It may be, as the Professor states, that,

All discoveries in the last twenty-five years or more, are in harmony with the Bible record, that the first beings on earth that wore the human form had a body just as perfect, and a brain or an intellect just as capable of working, and a language just as complete in expressing thought as those of any man now living.

But this is so small an element in the Bible story as to make it almost irrelevant among the points of a brief for that. The Professor wants the literal six days and all the rest of it. We agree with him that the story is truth, and even in a sense historical truth. But to the symbolism that it contains, and to the explanation of its history, we maintain that Theosophy alone can give the key. STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama



THE CORONATION AT EDFU

Temple at Edfu—Egyptian Architecture

IT is on the walls of the Temple at Edfu that we read the inscription by which Thoth commanded that over every doorway be graven the emblem of the winged globe. The solar disk, light, life, growth—the royal asp, guardian of treasure spiritual—on either side the outstretched wings of the "Great Bird." The temple still stands, one of the best preserved in all Egypt, its giant pylons typical of Egyptian architectural forms, its incised mural carvings, typical of that decorative treatment of the human form whose secret Egypt has yet to teach us—what wonder that the sunshine, pouring into the apertures

of its courts, should give an effect of mystery and of magic? Nowhere have we better examples of the peculiarly decorative use of the human figure than in the temples of old Egypt. Here the lowest of bas-reliefs, there the simplest of incised outlines; again, the slightest intaglio.

The Egyptians understood better than we understand today how to combine the symbolic with the æsthetic. The figures upon the walls of Edfu, as shown in the illustration, are of the most refined type. What wonder that the Egyptians held to their belief that portraiture had an unseen, though very real, influence on the destiny of the soul?

When one recalls the marvelous Parthenon frieze, where figures of men and gods and animals are so handled as to secure an unparalleled decorative effect, one involuntarily recalls the carvings of Edfu, and upon other of the temples of old Egypt. What wonder that Solon, when on a visit to Egyptian priests, heard from their lips these words, "You Greeks, you are but children—children!" STUDENT

THE palette of the old Egyptian artist, so archaeologists have discovered, contained seven depressions, each formed like the royal cartouche, each containing one of the seven colors used. These were, so far as we know, white, yellow, green, red, blue, black and a dark brown.

Of the yellow there was a bright tone and a dull; of the blue, three kinds were chiefly used, the azure, a greenish-blue, and a dark color approaching indigo. The reds were dark and somewhat orange in hue, all the colors being, in fact, characteristically Oriental.

The knowledge of color values possessed by the old Egyptians, particularly of the handling of colors in juxtaposition, prove them to have possessed a knowledge of color and harmony yet to be rediscovered by ourselves. Thirty, forty, perchance even sixty, centuries have passed since some of their brilliant decorations were completed, yet the colors remain the same, here brilliant, there severe and dun, very few faded, apparently, and always supremely decorative. Their flat, severely outlined masses of color give us, though modern art would not have admitted this fact fifty years ago, the secret of successful mural decoration.

The temples of Philæ, mainly in the capitals of their columns, give many exquisite developments of the lotus theme, that *motif* of nearly all Egyptian decorative forms.

FINE voices, it is said, are not frequently met with in those countries where meat diet prevails. The sweetest voices are found in Irish women of the country and not of the towns. Norway, a country of flesh-eating people, is not a nation of singers; but Sweden, where the peasantry and the middle classes live chiefly upon fruit and grain, has produced some wonderful voices. We have only to look at nature and observe. Carnivorous birds croak; it is the grain-eating birds who sing.

Philæ—Once the Home of Humanity's Helpers

A TINY island just beyond the limits of Egypt proper, rising suddenly, as the sun might rise in a dream, in the midst of the turbid waters and red granite rocks of old Nile. A few date palms, ruins, a waste, the Temple of Isis, a smaller temple and—what is there to inspire and hold one captive? Scarcely a quarter of a mile long, perhaps five hundred feet in width, the whole tiny isle could be traversed in an hour's time; yet time and space are lost sight of by one who goes to Philæ with anything like the heart's own fire burning within him. Haunted by more than memory, verily, one reads on every side the truth that Philæ was and is a sacred place, *once the templed home of those who lived to help humanity, but were driven away by man's ingratitude.* Now waste and desecrate, yet is it not desolate, for locked within the silences it still holds safe all the fragrance of that rare flower that bloomed within its temples in the past. Philæ, even today, is one's ideal of a sacred place. To see it in the sunlight, to see it at night, to see it—rarest chance of all—during the inundation of the Nile, is to come close indeed to the secret of things. There is a serene, colossal ease in Egyptian architecture, and this one feels when looking at these water-girt temples. The glory and the wisdom of past civilizations, one of the centers of which—a very light upon the pathway of the world's life—was Philæ, has not passed, save as ships might pass in the night, *but to return.* STUDENT

HYMN TO THE NILE

From the works of Enna, a poet of the Nineteenth Dynasty, who lived about the time of Rameses II

HAIL to thee O Nile!
Thou showest thyself in this land
Coming in peace, giving life to Egypt—
Giving life to all animals,
Watering the land without ceasing.
The way of heaven descending.
Lover of food, bestower of corn.
Giving light to every home.
He produceth grass for the oxen.
He careth for the state of the poor.
The inundation comes; then cometh rejoicing.
Doth not its outburst water the fields.
Overcoming mortals with joy?
What was not, his moisture bringeth to life.
Men are clothed to fill his gardens.
Shine forth, shine forth O Nile, shine forth.
Shine forth in glory, O Nile!

The Effect of Music on the Emotions

WE little realize the extent to which music is an indicator of the emotional forces prevailing in our social and national life. The home of all true music is the human heart, from which, great centre of life, radiate the countless streams of feeling which ensoul and inspire our national songs.

We cannot separate true life and true music. Yet what is the effect of popular music, remembering that it plays directly upon the feelings, the emotions, these being by it intensified or strengthened. For we cannot divorce popular music from the feelings, of which it is the expression and of which it may be-

come the cause. A body of people, swept upon the same wave of musical feeling and giving expression to this in song or chorus, literally, in the deeper sense, become one in heart and mind. For the time being the discordant elements that

lead to separateness between man and man are either obliterated or transmuted. That is why it becomes a serious matter to indulge either in performing or in listening to the baser forms of popular music in use today. The effect of such music is distinctly demoralizing, and the modern comic song is perhaps the lowest point to which the mind has descended in all our musical history. Its effect upon both soul and mind is degrading.

Good music is steadily increasing in popularity, notwithstanding, for musical societies are springing up in all directions, and not in centuries has there been so marked and popular and general an effort to awaken a love of music in the masses as is the case today. STUDENT



PHILÆ DURING INUNDATION



THINK OF THE SOUL:
I SWEAR TO YOU THAT BODY OF YOURS GIVES PROPORTIONS TO YOUR
SOUL SOMEHOW TO LIVE IN OTHER SPHERES:
I DO NOT KNOW HOW, BUT KNOW IT IS SO.

—Walt Whitman

ONE of our contemporary writers is now advising women, "when they have nothing in particular to do," to cultivate a hobby; and she quotes the case of a man who fought disease for years with a strawberry patch, and of a woman who fought loneliness and despair by keeping humming-birds.

It is almost difficult to imagine a woman now-a-days who honestly has "nothing in particular to do." Never before was there such a need of readjustment in the world's affairs, never before was there so much work to be done, so many loose ends to be picked up, so many tangles to be straightened out. The Dark Ages saw more, perhaps, of misery and sorrow and hunger and absolute privation. But Heaven knows there is enough in the world now to keep busy an army of ten thousand unselfish workers.

Whittier has said somewhere that if he were a young man and had his life to live over again, he would seek out some persecuted and unpopular cause and ally himself with it, heart and soul. He gave us the secret of conquering disease, of mastering discouragement, and overcoming despair. One might, to save argument, call such a cause as this a "hobby." Whatever the name, it would lead one to forget self in working for others, and that is enough to frighten away almost any disease. That is nearly all that one needs to make the wheels of life fly merrily on, frictionless. There is absolutely nothing which so destroys as the ceaseless turning inward upon self, self, self. It is a disease that is peculiar to a certain type of women because, as a class, women are not pushed out into active positive work by the circumstances of their environment. They have a greater margin of time in which to cultivate their little personal peculiarities, their whims, their crotchets, their grievances. Some women spend that margin in just that occupation—others do not. The first find life the reverse of a constant joy; the second find it a daily privilege and opportunity. The first need advice, plenty of it, about cultivating a hobby. The second need no advice of that kind, for their hands and hearts are full of unselfish work. The first type are the prey, the easy victims, of the destroying agencies in human life; the second are coworkers with the forces that build.

We have been told, again and again, that at no time in the history of many thousands of years have the forces of good and of evil in human life been in such deadly conflict. Every act is vested with a thousand-

Woman and Hobbies

fold significance, either for good or for evil. We little realize what the simplest turn, here or there on the long pathway, may disclose. We must be eternally vigilant, or we will stumble. There is absolutely no avoiding it and a false step when one is on the mountain's height and at the precipice edge—one well knows what must be the result.

It has been frequently said that women are more personal than men. It is true. They have, as a class, a fearful heredity to overcome. For ages they have been shut within their homes, shut away from all knowledge of larger affairs, kept close to the spinning-wheel, the grinding bowl and the loom. The result has been that they have grown, in one sense, small, even though, in another sense, deep and true. Today, in this time of sifting and of readjustment, women have a chance to overcome that hereditary tendency and step out of the old personal ruts into the broad new shining path of service. But few, comparatively, will have the courage to do this, for it means the resolute surrender of the personality.

Of many women the personality is all that is apparent. It seems to be the largest part of themselves. Yet, if cultivated, it will, in the end, destroy them. It will blight their hopes, destroy their lives, take away their every chance of serving and sharing. It may lead to nothing more than a pettiness, an unworthiness, a smallness of life. It may lead straight to insanity.

The advice given that women should cultivate a hobby is good advice, if that will be the means of taking their attention away from themselves. But it is doubtful if any work taken up for purely selfish reasons—merely that one's mind may be at ease—will have the right result. It is more than likely that the mind will turn inward still and that little real benefit will be gained. But if the sympathies be awakened, if the woman be stirred with a feeling of genuine compassion, so that she *forgets* about herself, really *loses* herself in the work or service that claims her attention, then she has taken a tremendous step. It matters little whether it be caring for little children or the collecting of postage stamps, for, as far as the effect on the woman is concerned, her own mental attitude is what decides for or against her.

As the world goes, very few women step into this larger life of their own volition. A selfishness which takes some form or other nearly always holds them back. They have to be forced into it by sorrow. When

sorrow comes, when disappointments gather, when some cruel blow takes away all that is personally cared for, then it is that the woman faces the real situation. She has her choice, then, of falling backward, weary at the prospect of utter loneliness, or she may find her soul at last and step into her soul's kingdom. If her choice is the latter, be sure the world has then another warrior who will help and toil and serve.

But why need women wait until sorrow tears them to pieces? Why not choose the selfless way, why not make, of one's own accord, the little daily conquests over self? Be sure, if this be not done, when comes the great time of choice, all, all may be lost. Then of what avail is sorrow, save to destroy? Raja Yoga? Never has the world so needed anything as this philosophy. It is the philosophy of the sane and selfless life.

STUDENT

Indignant Magistrates

WE thoroughly approve all honest efforts to remedy the depraved moral conditions of our large cities, and appreciate the difficulties to be met with in overcoming them, but there is certainly much to condemn in the methods that are being used by the detectives or "plain clothes men," as they are termed in New York, who are nightly arresting innocent women and dragging them up before police courts. We doubt whether the moral effect of arresting the guilty woman has any worth, but when innocent women are humiliated and disgraced it certainly is time to cry "halt."

In one day, in New York City, recently, several innocent women were unlawfully arrested, as was proved by the testimony later. We quote one of the most pathetic:

"Then the case of Mrs. Mary Provederra was called. She is a frail Cuban woman who lives with her husband and child at 135 East Thirteenth street. Gilmartin handed up an affidavit in which he charged her with soliciting. The woman could not speak English and sat in the pen with the rest of the women prisoners, without understanding what it was all about. Her husband sat among the spectators with the child on his knees. All he knew about the case was that his wife had not been home all night, and when he made inquiries at the station yesterday morning to learn if she had met with an accident in the street, he was informed that she was under arrest and was then at court. He went there with the baby, and Agent Kelly of the Children's Society took him into an ante-room and questioned him.

"He said that he was employed in the Hotel America at Fifteenth Street and Irving Place, and that his wife came from Havana a month ago, when he got money enough to start housekeeping here. She went to see him at the hotel Thursday evening, and she started for home at 8 o'clock. The bright lights and the many stores excited her curiosity, as she had seen nothing like that in Cuba, and she gazed about her. She became confused on Third Avenue, and asked a passer-by in Spanish to direct her to her home. The passer-by could not understand what she said and went his way. Then the policeman arrested her."

One magistrate, at the hearing of the cases brought before him, was so filled with indignation that he had to get up and walk about his chair to recover his good temper again.

Another magistrate, who had several cases of the same kind, reprimanded the policeman who had made the arrests severely, and said, "It is better that fifty women walk the streets and speak to men, than that one innocent girl should be arrested."

E. W.

Be not haughty because of thy knowledge: converse thou with the ignorant as with the scholar, for the barriers of art are never closed, no artist ever possessing that perfection to which he should aspire.—*From the Book of Ptah-Hotep, among the old writings contained in the Parris Papyrus*

DON'T you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over? They want to be off, and you want to have them off, but they don't know how to manage it.—*O. W. Holmes*

Costume of Japanese Women

IN this day of dress reform, we most sincerely hope that the Japanese women will not become so imbued with modern ideas that they will exchange the graceful, healthy and becoming style of the Japanese gown, for the European and American fashionable garments that are so trying to even the handsomest of women. And they are most incongruous on the dainty forms of the Japanese women.

That the Japanese gown is most suitable for athletics also, is vouched for by the following report, (quoted in an exchange) from an American woman who played tennis in Japan with native women:

"It is wonderful how agile they are," she said, "and it certainly is a most extraordinary sight to see them playing in the regular Japanese dress, the pretty soft silk robe so associated with reclining ease, and the thick soled sandals.

"You can imagine the effect of the sunlight on the sheen and gorgeous hues of the silken dress. Of course, the serve and return of the balls sends the gayly costumed little ladies into the prettiest of posturing. They look like flowers lightly blowing about the court.

"The thick soled sandals are not hard to run in. Indeed, I was assured they were most comfortable for the sport."

A Woman Miller

WE see in Miss Anna Webb, of Summitville, Indiana, one of the few women millers of the country, another surprising case where necessity has produced the requisite ability. When her father, the town miller, died, some years ago, all he left to his family was the mill. A brother-in-law undertook to carry on the business for them, but met with failure owing to lack of knowledge in this line of work. Then it was that the daughter

of the late miller rose to the emergency, and being familiar with the work, took sole management of the mill. Success attended her efforts.

She has paid off all the mortgages and equipped the mill with the newest and most modern machinery. Her ability has been recognized far and near, and recently she was made an honorary member of the Indiana Grain Dealers' Association. She is as modest as she is clever, and desires to avoid all publicity in her life-work.

N. M.

Humanity's One Mystery

PRESENTIMENTS are strange things; and so are sympathies; and so are signs; and the three combined make one mystery to which humanity has not yet found a key. I never laughed at presentiments in my life, because I have had strange ones of my own. Sympathies, I believe, exist (for instance, between far-distant, long-absent, wholly estranged relatives), whose workings baffle mortal comprehension. And signs, for aught we know, may be but the sympathies of Nature with man.—*Charlotte Bronte*

WHAT would result were our soul suddenly to take visible shape, and be compelled to advance into the midst of her assembled sisters, stripped of all her veils, but laden with her most secret thoughts and dragging behind her the most mysterious, inexplicable acts of her life? Of what would she be ashamed? Which are the things she would fain hide? Would she, like a bashful maiden, cloak beneath her long hair numberless sins of the flesh? She knows not of them, and those sins have never come near her. They were committed a thousand miles from her throne; and the soul even of the prostitute would pass unsuspectingly through the crowd, with the transparent smile of the child in her eyes. She has not interfered; she was living her life where the light fell on her, and it is this life only that she can recall.—*Maurice Maeterlinck*

I AM accustomed to judge my own faults severely, yet always to extenuate those of others with "If" and "But."—*Johanna Ambrosius*



H. I. H. PRINCESS TSUNE JAMASHINA
Wife of the Japanese Emperor's Son, in European
Court Dress

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

The Curious Nature and Usages of an American "Copper"

THERE are now in existence a few Indian "coppers" in British Columbia and in Alaska. These curious marks of dignity are usually of immense value, which increases with time and change of possession. Perhaps two feet in height, and more or less oblong, sheets of copper are beaten into the semblance of a human face in the upper half, and a cross-shaped ridge divides the whole into four portions. This shield is then covered with pine gum, which is burnt into a dull black surface. Only a chief may possess a copper, which usually has an individual name known from Oregon to Alaska. In the old days of frequent fighting, these shields probably had a real value, as being made from virgin copper found in Alaska and often acquired by conquest. At the present date their value rests on the enormous accumulating price paid for them by a tribe as an evidence of wealth, and perhaps contempt.

At the appointed feast time the rival tribes will meet, and the copper may be produced—possibly it will be "The one who brings ruin to a tribe," boastfully so named from its great value.

It may be that last time it changed hands the copper demanded 5000 blankets. This time a chief and tribe who have acquired sufficient dignity to buy it will, in rivalry, heap up thousands of blankets amid all sorts of ceremonies and boastful oratory. Maybe the ceremony will last for days, counting the blankets and demanding more, which are boastfully produced until an enormous sum, represented by the blankets, is paid for the copper. Some may be worth thousands of dollars. This idea of showing superiority over a rival by "destroying property," is very complicated and works by rules almost incomprehensible, although several have claimed to be able to explain it fully.

Should a serious quarrel arise, a piece of the copper may be broken off and given to the one challenged. He must, in his turn, produce a similar token of value destroyed in order to return the broken piece, which is then riveted to its original copper. The pieces are broken off in regular order, commencing at the bottom. Within the last fifty years such a transaction might well mean war, so seriously was it regarded.

But occasionally, instead of giving the copper back with its accumulated value, the feeling would be so intense that the insulted chief would throw the copper into the sea as a supreme mark of his utter disregard of wealth compared with his contempt for his rival. This was a crowning shame to the tribe to whom it belonged, because they could not then repurchase it to show their superior wealth.

STUDENT

Atlantis Beginning to Figure in Modern Science

THE much discussed subject of Atlantis comes up again in the current number of *Revue Scientifique*. The writer reasserts, against the objectors, the former existence of a great continent connecting Europe and America. In view of the now swiftly extending work of the archeologists, the article is most timely. With every year's research the horizon of civilization recedes. The nearer we approach the "beginnings" of civilization, the less do they appear as beginnings. In every direction we are finding that when the curtain rises, civilization is already in full swing.

The explanation is afforded by that sunken continent whose highest mountain peaks survive as the Bermudas, the Azores and Madeira, and whose mainland is 3000 fathoms below the ocean surface. Here, according to Theosophy, civilization (*in any sense understood by us*, for there was a *yet earlier epoch*) began. And as the vast continent sank, and only great islands remained, to disappear in their turn, various causes combined to make this Atlantean civilization almost disappear. The remains of the peoples degenerated, wandered in various directions, and became at last the rude cliff-dwellers, cave-dwellers and mound-builders, whose traces we find everywhere. But before that, and while the original civilization was already at its height, seeds from its bloom were sown and quickly flourished in America, Egypt, China, and elsewhere. And from some of these, taking root in Central Asia, came our own Aryan stock. Many of the traditions and myths of the older nations relate to

the actual history of Atlantis; many of their gods and heroes were actual Atlanteans.

STUDENT

Remarkable Simplicity of the Chinook Language

ALONG the Pacific Coast from Oregon to Alaska, and some distance inland along the rivers a babel of tongues holds sway among the Indian tribes, although many of them are by this time extinct, or nearly so. Many of the sounds are almost unpronounceable to foreigners, and the consequent difficulties of the traders gave rise to a Lingua Franca known as Chinook, because of the basis of the Chinook dialect upon which it was founded. In a few years this artificial language spread over an immense territory, although possibly it was only a graft on an old stock which the tribes may have had among themselves. It is a fact that Chinook or the "trader's jargon" as it has been called, is not by any means among the least utilitarian of languages, even in this day of dying and merging Indian races.

Although a few hours only should suffice to gain a good acquaintance with Chinook, its power of expression is remarkable; indeed, a knowledge of it would be of no little aid in learning any language, since its chief characteristic is the reduction of all communication to a perfect simplicity. Many a time a learner of any language has racked his brains for a translation which, paraphrased by a teacher into the language sought, appears so amazingly easy, that the difficulty seemed only to lie in its unexpected simplicity. This simplicity is soon acquired by the Indian trader, eking out his speech with signs, words, intonations, and every possible means of conveying thought.

For instance, a prison is merely "skookum house," "the strong house;" God is "hyas tyee sagahie," "big chief up above;" America is "Boston illahie," (Boston country); England is "King George illahie." Tree is "stick," so a totem pole becomes "Tyee stick," (chief's pole). Some names of birds and animals are onomatopoeic.

Many of the words are pure French from the old *coureurs de bois* and Hudson's Bay Company French Canadian guides. One or two expressions have a decidedly amusing origin, such as the daily greeting "How do you do?" "Klahowya!" It is said that a popular trader named Clark lived among them, and every white man who passed always shook hands and remarked effusively, "Clark, how are you?" Hence, "Klahowya!" So legend tells.

The genius of the language appears to lie, not in grammar, but in conveyance of ideas by the fewest possible number of words and signs, somewhat after the Chinese "business" or "pidgin" English. Similarly to the Chinese also, the Indian of the Northwest has a great difficulty in pronouncing his "r's." "Len" is at first difficult to recognize as "rain."

Such a language created in the last century or so, to meet a demand for its use, is decidedly a matter of interest to philologists and may even throw some light on the evolution of more scientific tongues.

The Lingua Franca of the Levant and the Swahili as used in East Africa have similar traits as intertribal languages.

TENAS TYEE

Prehistoric Cave-Dwellings Found in Africa

MOUNT ELGON, on the coast of Lake Victoria Nyanza, in Central Africa, is beginning to yield traces of a prehistoric occupation. Its sides are covered with immense caves, hollowed out of the volcanic agglomerate of which the mountain is composed. The floor of most of them is occupied by reed huts, inhabited now by some few hundreds of savages who have not even a tradition relating to the authors of these stupendous examples of cave-cutting. The explorer, Major Powell-Cotton, thinks that a full examination of a number of the caves would throw an interesting light upon their prehistoric inhabitants. His suggestion is that they were mines. It is possible, but why, in that case, their enormous size? As Northwestern Africa was part of Atlantis, and as the line of Mid-African lakes was possibly the east shore of that continent, we should suggest that these caves may have been dwelling places of Atlantean survivors.

M.



The Ancient View of Mother Nature

THERE is a great trinity which lies at the root of all creation. It is the trinity of God, nature and man. This is found symbolized in all religions and cosmogonies, and it is a necessary postulate in every cosmic philosophy or science; for, though the ideas may be disguised under strange names, they are the same. In ancient Egypt, Osiris was God, Isis Mother Nature, and Horus their offspring man. We still have a trinity in our religion, but it is a theological one, and has lost its meaning. We speak of the Fatherhood of God, and the more enlightened religious thinkers are getting back to the old truth which Christ taught that all men are the sons of God in a very real sense, being temples of the divine spirit. But we forget our mother, Nature.

Man was created by influx of the divine breath into the earth; so that while his parentage is divine on the one side, it is natural on the other. And, as man is one with God, through the divine spark in his heart, so he is one with nature, inasmuch as from her mighty soul he derived his faculties and organism. The word nature may have acquired a degraded significance through our paltry conceptions of the natural world, and through the use of the word in modern science to denote forces blind and ruthless; hence to speak of nature as man's eternal mother might seem to suggest heathenism and a lapse into savagery or into what is understood by "nature-worship" or "naturalism." But, if we had time, we might, under the guidance of the great teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, lead our readers into the treasure-house of ancient mythology, and show how the ancients recognized nature for a goddess and venerated her as the source and bestower of all bounty. But such true worship and reverence is not consistent with the abuse of nature by devastation, the shunning of her by fleeing to cities, nor the dissection of her by the scientist's scalpel.

But how man's heart goes out towards his mother, in spite of all the fear that prescribed religion and prescribed scientific belief can inspire. Ever and anon he lets go of his conventional ideas and indulges in a panegyric on the bounty and magnificence of that parent whose heart he feels pulsating with his own. Man feels his oneness with nature and with God, in spite of all the artificial beliefs that have stunted his intuition and all the idols that have divided his adoration. Everywhere we find such utterances.

Speaking of Hedvig and Augustin, a writer says:

They studied together the life and changes of the vegetable and insect kingdom; and every plant, every flower, every little winged or creeping creature around them must reveal to them its name, its life and the history of its development. To see the great in the small became to them a daily delight. The remarkable analogies which they discovered between the life of nature and human life, the little and the great, led them to a still deeper understanding of connection between the two, and to anticipations of the great harmonies of life—those which are and those which shall be when discords cease.

Another writer (W. J. Gallagher in *Great Thoughts*) says, speaking of sunset scenes:

Is not this realm, where tone and tint and shade and depth of grass and darkness of pillar and crag intertwine and mingle, and make as it were a melody of light and song, still a fairyland, still a possible happiness, to a large extent, where a man may lose his cares in a grander study, and where one may find that inner refreshment which goes deep—so deep that no one can understand its full solace, save those who have lain lovingly on Nature's bosom, and who have drunk patiently of her inexhaustible fountains?
H. T. E.

A PRAYER

by A. LANFMAN

OH, earth, oh dewy mother, breathe on us,
Something of all thy beauty and thy might,
Us that are part of day, but most of night,
Not strong like thee, but ever burdened thus
With glooms and cares, things pale and dolorous
Whose gladdest moments are not wholly bright:
Something of all thy freshness and thy light,
Oh earth, oh mighty mother, breathe on us.

Oh mother, who wast long before our day,
And after us full many an age shalt be,
Careworn and blind, we wander from thy way:
Born of thy strength, yet weak and halt are we.
Grant us, O mother, therefore, us who pray,
Some little of thy light and majesty.

Why Not Use the Insects?

AS a rule, man has very little use for insects. Truly we have the honey-bee, the cochineal-insect and a few others, which we have learned to use; but most people, if they had their way, would rashly do away with the greater part of the insect world, and vote them outside the general order of things. Of course they would soon find out what an egregious mistake they had made, and quickly reinstate them, if possible, as all sorts of now unknown calamities would inevitably ensue. Nature's balance, as we know, cannot be lightly disturbed, even in small affairs, much less in any wholesale manner. No doubt, as time goes on, we shall find out more about the use of insects, and shall be able to turn them to account for creative and productive purposes.

There are two instances in which this has already been accomplished on a commercial scale in California.

One of these is the successful introduction by fig growers of the *blastophaga*, or fig wasp, an insect imported from the fig orchards of Asiatic Turkey. For a long time it was a mystery why the Smyrna fig could not be grown successfully in California. At last someone endowed with an unusual genius for observation discovered that the fig wasp, common in Asiatic orchards, played an important part in the fertilization of the flowers of the fig trees. It is attracted by the particular shade of the color of the flower of the Smyrna fig, but there was at that time no insect in California which seemed to care about that color, and hence the flowers remained unfertilized. After many disappointments, the fig wasp was at last introduced into California; and lo! the Smyrna fig can now be grown here as successfully as anywhere.

Again, only three short years ago one of the worst enemies of fruit growers in California was the black-scale, a sort of little black shell, like a miniature limpet, which is very destructive to fruit trees, sucking away their sap and destroying their life. Suddenly it is announced that from Africa has been imported a fly called the *Scutellista*, which when introduced into an orchard suffering from black-scale, will clear out the whole pest in a few weeks. All that you have to do is to send for three or four little flies, which come in a bottle through the post. You turn them loose in your orchard and they begin at once to attack the black-scale. They multiply with such marvelous rapidity that in a short time not a trace of the scale is to be seen.
E. V.

Nature, Ever Beautiful, Ever True

ONE of the most wonderful things in nature is the exquisite beauty and perfection of many of the minutest organisms which the microscope alone reveals. Emerson tells the Rhodora to say:

If eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

This seems to be true, even when eyes (so far as we know), are not made for seeing. But we look at everything from the human standpoint, and our vision is limited, perhaps not yet fully developed. We know not what vision other beings may have. Longfellow says:

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the Gods see everywhere.

Nature's builders also construct with utmost care the minutest and most hidden parts regardless of human eyes. If we all thought more about the perfection and simple truth of our work, and less about how it should appear to others, our work would be better.
STUDENT

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

TWO characteristically excellent addresses were given at the meeting of The Universal

Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Isis Theatre last Sunday evening—one by Mrs. Grace Knoche, containing a glowing prophecy for San Diego, and the other by the Rev. S. J. Neill, declaring that man is his brother's keeper. The

orchestral numbers by students of the Isis Conservatory were exceptionally delightful. A piano solo was contributed by Miss Julia Hecht.

Mrs. Knoche's paper was entitled, "A Hundred Years from Now." In glowing terms she pictured a sunrise as seen from the mountain top, and declared it to be the emblem of the better day that is dawning. "Only those who are still in the valleys declare the day cometh not, it is yet night," she said.

"Compared to that which is to come, the world today is indeed like a city in a valley's depth, shadowed by unbrotherliness as by the wings of some brooding evil. The spectacle is not a reassuring one. There is some brotherliness, some kindness, here and there, a little sunlight, but as a whole the world's life presents a picture of chaos. Go into any great city, and in spite of its art, its education and its philanthropies, what will be forced upon your attention? First of all, child labor, the various forms of immorality, vice, crime and cruelty, slaughter-houses, divorce courts, penitentiaries and asylums; reformatories that do not reform and educational institutions that do not educate. Yet there is a promise of better things, and those who are willing to look outward and upward, may get a prevision of the dawn and a vision of the sun-kissed day.

"What is the picture of a hundred years from now? We see a land fair and smiling, dotted with little homes, set like the nests of birds close among the trees, or here and there upon the slopes; a land yielding fruits in abundance, all that mankind needs, and to spare. We see animals, wild and tame, living out their own lives, as now they are not allowed to do, some actively helping man in his daily work, as at present, others helping in other ways, but all, man and animals, together, living in tacit, though not unrealized comradeship. O, the need of it! Would there were lifted today some hand strong enough to turn our slaughter-houses into shelters for the tens of thousands of domestic animals, which starve and freeze, unhoused through the winter, year after year upon our western prairie-farms—and why? Because men must have gold. And, looking ahead a hundred years (a sort of bird's-eye view), we look in vain for any great, seething, unhealthy centers of life such as we have today, whirling, congested, turbulent and foul. We call them today the "slums of our great cities," and sometimes the city itself might be so described. Instead of these we see in the Twenty-first century thousands of small communities scattered here and there, each a ganglionic center as it were, of the world's common and quiescent nervous life; and coming close to this world of the Twenty-first century, the air itself is different. It is more rarified. The earth moves more swiftly; the clouds and winds are kinder; tornadoes and cataclysms are well-nigh unknown; the great wastes and deserts of all lands have been turned into gardens; and men themselves live a simpler life, the Higher Law recognized and followed by the majority. Not by all, for where there is sunlight there is bound to be some shadow, but by nearly all. The world will not be perfect in the Twenty-first century, but it will be a Paradise, as H. P. Blavatsky has said, compared with what it is today.

"And the majesty of the law in those days! How well we know today that the law of our statute-books needs a new interpretation; that while we need new laws we need still more a higher interpretation of those we already have. We need a higher justice to plead humanity's common cause, and in that day our prayer for these things shall be answered. The Courts of Justice shall be still so named, perhaps, but they will have become great assembly places where men shall gather to make clear all things for righteousness; halls for the translation of the Higher Law into the language of those laws made by man; halls for friendly conclave, not bitter and personal battles; halls before which only the ignorant will stand in terror, only the weak will stand in fear. To the Courts of Justice in the Twenty-first century parents will bring their little children as they brought them in Egypt and old Greece—but as they do not bring them today. Today the very thought of a child in a court-room makes one shudder.

"More than that, from out the higher interpretation given the old laws, new laws shall spring, and what a change will then take place; for in the Twenty-first century the laws will be enforced; public officers will be unsalaried and men will serve their fellows for love, not for gold."

The Rev. Mr. Neill's address was under the title "Am I My Brother's Keep-

LOMALAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Mrs. Knoche's Address, "One Hundred Years from Now"—Rev. Mr. Neill, "Am I My Brother's Keeper"

Reprinted from the San Diego News

er?" "In the story of Cain," said he "the writer introduces the element of what we call 'poetic justice.' Cain has slain his brother, and the ground which received the blood of Abel is at enmity with the murderer: 'when thou tillest the ground it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a wanderer shalt thou be in the

earth.' What is the thought which is contained in this? It is the fact that life is one, that the universe is one, and that there is harmony or correspondence between one plane of the universe and other planes; between man's body and his mind, or between the moral and the physical planes of the universe. The moral and spiritual atmosphere, if they are bad, impure, will they not affect the physical conditions in which we dwell? Just as in man, body and mind interact, so do the different planes of the universe interact upon each other. It may be a long time before the working of causes in the spiritual is made manifest in the physical, but sooner or later that result is sure to come.

"Cain put himself out of harmony with nature by violating the great law of Brotherhood, and nature was no longer friendly—the world was no longer a home, he was a fugitive, a wanderer. The story of *The Wandering Jew* contains the same idea. Doré, in his picture of *The Dream of Eugene Aram* vividly depicts the horror of the murderer when he finds that neither the water nor the earth will conceal the body of his victim. All this is the expression, in different ways of the great law that nature, in all her parts, is most closely related; and, as the occultists have always taught, man is the little image of what nature is in her entirety. The writer of the story of Cain, therefore, shows a true philosophy of nature.

"We are our brother's keeper. If nature, in all her domains is so closely related, how much closer must all men be related to each other! We are taught by St. Paul that we are members one of another, and that if one member suffer the other members suffer too, and if one member rejoice the others also rejoice. In the healthy body all the different members work silently together for the common good. If society were in a state of social health the same condition of things would prevail which we see existing in a healthy body. We should be living in accordance with the language of the Scripture where it says 'being of one accord, of one mind; doing nothing through faction or through vain glory, but in lowliness of mind each counting other better than himself; not looking each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others.' As things now are men generally do look on the things of others, but it is with the selfish desire of making them their own.

"It is not always very easy to take care of ourselves, but I think it is even harder to wisely care for our brother. It is not always the wisest way of taking care of our brother to scold him, or hit him on the head, if he is doing wrong, or if we think he is. There is something in human nature that causes us to hit back, and to repay anger with anger, and sharp words with words equally bitter. Yet it cannot be kind to let our brother walk into the fire or over a precipice, or go to a place infested with the plague. Kindly, but earnestly, and strongly, we should try to prevent him from going into danger. There is one safe and sure way in which we can act as our brother's keeper, and that is by being right ourselves, and thereby bringing to bear on our brother the powerful force of a good example. If we point our brother in one way, while we ourselves take the opposite way, we may be acting the part of Cain. And many have been slain through the force of evil example.

"I have often found that parents were led to live a good life by the thought that they were moulding the lives of the children after their own example. 'Oh, I don't care so much for myself, but I wouldn't like to lead the little ones astray.' That is often heard, and often acted upon, though never spoken. I am also aware that many, alas! are not as careful as they should be in this respect, and the result is that both the children and the parents suffer.

"Now if a similar feeling could animate us in regard to our brother which moves a good parent to set a noble example before his child, then I think we should be our brother's keeper in a very important sense.

"It is truly said that 'devotion to the interests of another' is one of the first steps in true discipleship. There can be no rest, no peace, no lasting safety for the world while it lives according to the selfish spirit which prevails so widely. The world must always be in a state of unstable equilibrium, and in a state of war, until each man feels he is his brother's keeper—until we look every man not to his own things only, but also to the things of others. Do we wish to be magicians? We can, if we will exercise a Divine Power. We can 'overcome evil with good,' and thus be 'fellow-workers with God.'

"There is no power in the universe equal to that of overcoming evil with good."

Opportunities at Point Loma for Studying Human Nature

ONE might fancy that the opportunities for this study would be equally good wherever men congregate. Human nature, it is often said, is the same the world over. Material is not lacking—the book lies open, and it might seem as if one had but to turn his eyes upon the pages to read and learn. But there is this difference. There are few places, if any, where the pages are wiped so free from dust, where there are so few blurs upon the characters. There is a certain kind of breeze at the Point, which tends to blow away the clouds and illusions which mask the real outlines, and these stand out with relative clearness. Whether they be good or bad, false or true, they can be more easily discovered by the earnest student here than elsewhere. And furthermore, what is of greater help still, there is a force and training at the Point, which clears and strengthens the inner eye which is to read these pages.

People have come here from the four quarters of the globe, with the avowed purpose of studying themselves and others, in order that they may better serve the race. There is, so to speak, an atmosphere for this study created, just as distinct as a musical, an art, a commercial atmosphere in certain centers. This must in time develop within itself a special atmosphere for all that is beautiful and noble and worth learning, but it must be the greater, the all-inclusive atmosphere, for the center at Point Loma is for excellence, a center for character-building. Whatever else is built must be built upon that.

The world at large has been handicapped in this study, because it has lost the knowledge of the true philosophy of life and of the laws which govern the universe. Of what use would it be for one, for instance, to examine a huge machine, operating at full speed, with no knowledge of mechanics, with no instructor to explain? Only a master mechanic would stand any chance of understanding the working of that machine. But *the other* would stand helplessly by and wonder, or in case he was so ignorant as to be egotistical, he would make false guesses and state them to others, equally ignorant, as facts. So in like manner, what chance has one to make an intelligent study of human nature, who does not know the elements of which it is made up, of the law which governs it; of the subtle forces which play upon it? Theosophy teaches these things. Simply an understanding of the duality of human nature clears the vision marvelously, and liberates the mind. It is perhaps due to this knowledge that we have had so much success in our efforts to help children.

Some of the Cubans have said that they began to respect their teachers, when they discovered they could not fool them. This is one of the secrets of bringing out the good, never to allow the evil to come to the front and cover it and declare itself to be good. This is the game which is played over and over again—an exercise which is practised in a majority of human natures until they have become proficient in it. Children are, fortunately in most instances, a little clumsy at it. But in many adult natures, it actually seems as if the whole education and training had consisted in simply this: in learning, not how to reveal and strengthen and bring to the front the pure and real nature, but how to conceal it and place in the foreground the selfish nature and make it appear as the other. And the effort to deceive has been so persistent that they have arrived at the point of deceiving themselves. The selfish nature may take the pose of a saint, a wise man, even a selfless man, working for the benefit of the race, and yet one motive behind another may be uncovered, until finally we arrive at the most powerful one, that which underlies and keeps all the others moving, and it may be as black as night. All these things become perfectly true philosophy. The children at Point Loma do not get a chance thus to bury themselves. Whatever of good is in them must step out to the front and assert itself. Every time the selfish nature asks a favor, giving as a reason for its request some unselfish motive, the mirror is quickly held up to the moral gaze, and the request is not granted. The real nature has a chance, and is not beaten at every turn. Children started on this plan will not have the terrible, pitiful, stupendous undoing that come to so many adults in this age.

What is being done for the children, the adults are with greater difficulty trying to do for themselves. Each in studying himself grows to understand those about him, whom he recognizes thereby to be a very

part of himself. With them as with the children, things are intensified. The very fact that unselfish service is demanded calls out everything that is selfish. The battle is engaged in, and that which is stronger in each must win. All come to realize how essential this training is—how useless it would be to try to help humanity without understanding it, without feeling to an extent at least, its past, its present conditions and future possibilities! Lacking this, all efforts must be in the dark. But with this, and a pure strong purpose, what cannot be done! Such a body of people can grow great and powerful enough to clear the earth. And they will do it!

STUDENT

The Raja Yoga Academy, Point Loma Opens Thursday, October 6th, 1904

THE opening of the Raja Yoga Academy at Point Loma, Cal., accentuates the phenomenal success of the Raja Yoga system, as introduced by Katherine Tingley four years ago.

This system of special training of the young has astonished, by its results, many of the best minds of the present day, who have given it their careful study.

Early in 1900, this system, unknown in its application to the young mind, was first applied to a group of five children, under a teacher specially trained by Katherine Tingley. The result of that simple effort is already manifest in the extension of the Raja Yoga School system. Hundreds are already in the first school at Point Loma; two large schools have been opened in Santiago de Cuba; there is also one in San Diego, California; and in San Francisco and Roseville, California, and in London, England.

The new Academy is the outcome of this successful effort for the education of the young; and it meets the many demands of parents from all parts of the world, whose children have been awaiting admittance. It is designed to fill the gap between the ordinary curriculum of the University and that of the primary schools. This new Academy is preliminary to the Raja Yoga University.

The Raja Yoga system prepares the child to adapt itself to the different conditions of human life; thus, the comprehensive and broad method of this system brings out the latent ability and energy in children, often undreamed of by parents and educators.

The course of study comprises the general course in English, adapted to the ages of the children, in which are included choral training and domestic economy.

Special studies are Music, Art, Literature, the Languages, elementary Law and elementary Science.

FINE ARTS—Painting (oil and water coloring) Modeling in clay, Wood-carving, Drawing, Architecture.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS—Practical Agriculture, Practical Horticulture.

MUSIC (a Department of the Isis Conservatory of Music)—Theory, Harmony. All modern instruments. Vocal Music.

GENERAL LITERATURE

LANGUAGES—French, German, Spanish, Italian and the two classics: Latin and Greek.

ORATORY

SCIENCE—Elementary Civil Engineering, elementary Mechanical Engineering, elementary Mining Engineering, elementary Chemistry, elementary Astronomy, elementary Physics (including electricity), elementary Physiology and human anatomy, elementary Biology, elementary Geology, elementary Botany.

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL—Complete Business Course. Stenography a specialty.

WE have not long to wait, and many of us will witness the Dawn of the new Cycle at the end of which not a few accounts will be settled and squared between the races. This new cycle begins in the next century, and when the end of it is reached much that is now unknown will have been revealed; the earth itself will give up the secrets of the past, in ignorance of which our day has laughed at the ancients; the Fraternity will have caused "accidental discoveries" of manuscripts and objects, the finding of which will make many a theologian quake and bring to the barbarian followers of the ancients great joy that they did not bow down and worship the Golden Calf of today.—*Written during the last years of the Nineteenth Century by H. P. Blavatsky*

IN Southern California, fifty miles east of San Luis Obispo, are the Carrisso Plains, a nearly level desert, bounded by high chaparral-covered mountains; a hot, dry, thirsty Sahara of fertile soil, which needs only an abundance of water to make it a land of prosperous homes. Doubtless it was once an inland sea, for at the lowest part of its concavity the dazzlingly white bed of its last salty lake is clearly defined, and the scorching heat-rays now torment the traveler with mirage-like visions of dancing water-waves on its surface. Near the southern edge of this desert is a large U-shaped rock, with the opening facing the north, and on its inner

facings are curious symbols and colored pictures of unknown antiquity. The dry lake-bed brought visions of clear, cold-running streams, so the absolute stillness of this enclosure brought its opposite. The current of the thoughts ran swiftly and suggested other currents. The word "current" seemed to have a range of application to all the realms of Nature; not alone to water, but to air, fire, sound, electricity, light; to the trend of events and opinions, and to the migrations of men and animals. It implies a more or less orderly progression of things towards a destination which is always discovered to be only temporary, for motion is cyclic, and its laws, though appearing complicated, may be found to be quite simple.

The same current is both a destroyer and a builder. If we follow a stream of water from its sources in the numerous springs or swamps of



the mountains forming rivulets, which combine to make creeks, and these to form great rivers, we find that on the elevated areas where the currents run swiftly and noisily, that they cut or erode the land surface,

while the great deep river, moving slowly and quietly, is the builder of the wide and fertile valleys suited for the homes of men. The current is, therefore, a great leveler—forever tearing down hills and filling hollows; tending towards a smoothing of the topography which other agents of Nature are forever disturbing. Water has its enemy, or its opposite, in fire, and from time to time great areas of the earth's surface are raised by volcanic or seismic processes, and it therefore follows that the topography as it exists today is a real equilibrium, when all the agencies are considered.

But this is not all. The river enters the ocean and, merging with it, loses its identity as a river, but it does not, nor will it ever cease to exist. The evaporation from the water surface is condensed into clouds which, carried by air currents, eventually strike against the fire currents—the mountains—and from the resulting rains the streams are again fed. No one would argue that any particular atom of water circulated over the same cycle, but we know that in time each atom returns again and again on its appointed mission. Although the flow of streams is ever variable, and evaporation is subject to many fluctuations, still we may positively state, for the entire surface of the earth, that evaporation and precipitation are not only closely related, but are equal.

It is a fact that animals and plants breathe, and that, with a few unimportant exceptions, the animals use oxygen and the plants carbon. Who shall say that there is not a world-wide equilibrium between them which man has from time to time disturbed? Who shall

Painted Rock and Its Prophecy



disprove the statement that any destruction of the flora of the earth must be followed by war, pestilence or famine? Perhaps it is not provable by any statistics, nor by any process of figures, but can anything else be true?

A step farther into this subject and we return to the painted rock—and to ourselves. Ethnologists have ever sought to delineate the currents of race-migration, working backwards, as they must, joining the many widely separated streams of tribes, nations and race types. Charnay, Winchell and others have traced out many principal lines of these currents, and they and their followers have conceded an Atlantis and a Lemuria. If science

has suggested that the lemming of the Scandinavian peninsula still continue their remarkable migrations because land existed ages ago towards Iceland, why should it not be admitted that the inspiration of Columbus was a desire to go "home?" If other peoples knew for ages that the earth was a spheroid, there might be at least one man possessing the intuition of a Norway lemming. If the wild geese of the Arctic fly northward, may it not be that the unrest of the seekers for the north pole is a legitimate desire to return to a home which was theirs ages ago, when the areas now at the pole were in a semi-tropic zone, as geology insists?

We scientists do not like the word "reincarnation," and when we do discover it, will probably give it another name rather than make a concession. But we are open to flattery, and as soon as we recognize that the ancients excelled us in many ways, and that some of them were really creditable people, we may be willing to have some honors thrust upon us, which will be received with becoming modesty. We will be proud to claim that we built the pyramids of Egypt and Yucatan;



that we planned the irrigation systems of Babylon and Arizona; that we built the cities of Nippur and Pajarita Park; that we mixed the paints of the Mayas and of the American desert; that we made the glass of Pompeii and hardened the copper at Lake Superior; that we calculated eclipses in Assyria and used the calculus in India; that we used incubators in Egypt and China, and were adepts in embalming; that we wrote the laws of the Medes and Persians, and have been changing them ever since; that we made India ink and papyrus, and furnished a literature that has never been approached either for philosophy or diction. But greater things than all these we will do, for that is the Law. Greater things than have been discovered we shall find if we work in a knowledge of the Law, and with the currents.

In the arid areas of the Southwestern United States the winds are the principal agents of destruction and construction. Little by little the mountains are worn off, and the detritus forms great tracts of drifting sand which we call deserts. Whatever ruins of any old civilization might have existed on the higher elevations, they must in time be eroded and destroyed. Whatever ruins existed in the valleys are now covered by the desert sands, and are thus preserved for future exploration. Whatever traces of ancient or comparatively modern peoples might be exposed at this time to view would be found at the edge of the desert—at that "critical point" where destruction and construction are balanced.

These rock paintings do not seem to claim any profound antiquity, but they suggest possibilities of no small moment. STUDENT



✻ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✻

The Latest Conceptions of Science

SCIENCE is advancing into its new fields of discovery and hypothesis with extraordinarily definite steps. If we get these new concepts clear, we can see at what point a new factor, of which science has so far taken no account, must be allowed for.

If we imagine a drop of water to be magnified to the size of the earth, the molecules of which it consists would be somewhere in size between shot and cricket balls.

Each molecule is still *water*. By breaking up that molecule, we find according to science, three atoms within it, two of Hydrogen and one of Oxygen.

But the atom is in its turn composed of still minuter particles, called electrons. If an atom be magnified to the size of a cathedral, then the electrons will be like full-stops, flying about within it. The atom of Hydrogen contains 800 of these; that of Oxygen, 12,800; that of Radium, 180,000. All electrons are alike; it is the number of them contained in an atom that marks the difference between one element and another.

But further: neither atom nor molecule nor electron are "matter" as we have been accustomed to think of it; there is no such thing. The electron is a flying point of negative electricity; the atom is a sphere of positive electricity within which the electrons fly about. They cannot leave it because it attracts them. They cannot coalesce with each other because, being alike negative, they repel each other.

The sphere of the atom is not an empty space; it contains ether, like all else of space. When two electrons, in their flying journeys, come too near each other, they are mutually repelled and fly apart. The concussion, so to speak, causes an agitation in the ether which if it were in air would be a sound; in this case it is a flash of light—of course, too minute to see. So *all matter* is constantly emitting pulses of (to us) invisible light. This constitutes one of the sets of "rays" just discovered. Radium atoms have so many electrons that this phenomenon becomes quite noticeable. Another set of "rays" is made up of electrons *individually* escaping from the atom-sphere for various reasons. These are the "cathode rays." And yet another set is made up of *groups* of electrons escaping and constituting another element. If—purely by way of example—800 of the 180,000 in the atom of Radium were to escape as a group, an atom of Hydrogen would have been formed.

In one way and another, then, all atoms are breaking down into simpler ones, and also losing their energy in the form of light.

In other words, chemistry is about where bacteriology is. We know a great deal about purification and fermentation, which are the *breaking down*—under the influence of bacteria—of organic molecules and cells. Of the other bacteria, which *build*, we know almost nothing. Perhaps they are nearly all too small or for another reason invisible.

And chemistry now knows about the breaking down of atoms, almost nothing about their building, almost nothing of the nature of that magnet which draws together the free electrons of space into the unity and systematization of atomic life. May such a "magnet" not be a *center of consciousness*, fashioning thus its own body? May not the essentially *living* thing in a cell be such a magnet, attracting molecules, generating in each a secondary center so that they attract atoms; and generating still more subsidiary centers of itself which, attracting electrons from space, fashion atoms? May not, in fact, the mysterious entity known as *positive* electricity, be consciousness? This would be the "presiding elemental" of the medieval alchemists.

One's speculation is tempted to move outward and, considering the solar system as an atom, and the planets as electrons, busy itself about the magnet-centre of consciousness that drew *that* together. But the field is too large to do more than glance at now. There is an infinity in both directions, towards the great and the small. And the more we come to know, the more clearly does it appear that the laws that govern at one end, rule also at the other. The solar system is an atom, and the atom a solar system.

STUDENT

Is There Organic Life on the Moon?

THIS question, one of the most interesting of all the problems of astronomy, and one of the most puzzling, is again brought prominently before us by some recent observations of Prof. W. F. Pickering of Harvard University. He has been making a close study of our companion, in the clear air of Mount Lowe, California, and has confirmed and extended his previous observations in Peru, etc., respecting the suspected changes of color upon the moon's surface. He is absolutely convinced that a rapid darkening, beginning shortly after sunrise (on the moon) followed by an equally rapid fading towards sunset, takes place at certain spots.

As these spots are blackest at full moon, it is clear they are not shadows, for shadows are invisible at that period. There must be some actual change of color, and we can imagine nothing but some form of vegetable life which could produce such effects.

Professor Pickering also announces changes upon the floor of the great ring-plain Plato, a new small crater having rapidly enlarged, and some other very minute craters having been seen for the first time.

If these observations are confirmed, the orthodox theory of the condition of the moon will have to go the way of many other theories to doubt which was, at one time, rank blasphemy. For if there is vegetation, and, as Prof. Pickering insists and insists with strong reasons, hoar-frost, there must be an atmosphere and probably rivers.

We must remember that H. P. Blavatsky teaches that the moon is not completely dead, so there is clearly room to expect to find low forms of life upon its surface as it slowly disintegrates. H. P. Blavatsky says, "For she is a *dead*, yet a *living body*. The particles of her decaying corpse are full of active and destructive life, although the body which they had formed is soulless and lifeless."

R.

How the Sun Governs the Earth's Magnetism

IT is well known that the axis of the sun, the imaginary line from pole to pole, upon which that vast globe turns, is not square to the orbit of the earth; in fact, the sun's axis is inclined to the ecliptic an angle of 82 degrees. As we travel round our great life giver, twice a year we find that one or the other of his poles is inclined towards us, in March and September, and twice a year, in June and December, the axis is in a neutral position.

It is interesting to note that some well-known British astronomers have demonstrated lately that at the former period, *i. e.*, when the sun's north or south pole is pointed towards us, the greatest activity and disturbance of the electric and magnetic conditions of the earth takes place.

Theosophy has always taught that the influence of the sun over the earth and ourselves was far greater than scientists were prepared to admit, and it is satisfactory to find, at last, this is being established, and to see day by day new demonstrations of our relation to the heart of our solar system.

A Belgian astronomer also suggests that the earth's electric currents are derived from the solar magnetism. The earth is an armature revolving in the sun's magnetic field, as in a dynamo. By this rotation (from west to east) an atmospheric current is generated in the opposite direction. This, by induction, excites another in the earth's crust, from west to east. Thus is surmounted the difficulty presented by a current moving in the same direction as the rotation.

STUDENT

Kerosene Fires—Milk a Good Extinguisher

IT has lately been said that the proper application to burning kerosene or gasoline, from the explosion of lamps and stoves, is milk, not water. The burning fluids float on the water, and thus spread further. But with milk an emulsion or mixture is formed, and a small quantity suffices to extinguish the flames.

This is worth an experimental trial by every householder, but we imagine that for such an emulsion to occur, the milk and kerosene would have to be strongly shaken together—a maneuver hardly possible when it was most needed!

STUDENT



A Story



"THE soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it, and it is only when she braces it loosely that the armor of manhood fails!"—*Ruskin*

A large passenger steamer ploughed her way tirelessly through the ocean dividing England from South Africa. Her wide decks were deserted, for it was the dinner hour, and below in the spacious saloon men and women were dining with that luxury and superabundance, which modern civilization seems to think necessary for its comfort and well-being. Amid the glare of the electric lights, the glitter of silver and crystal, the plate-laden waiters rushed to and fro, while a continuous wave of conversation rose and fell to the accompaniment of the ship's band playing overhead in the music saloon. At a side table sat twelve men and women whose faces denoted characters more or less interesting, while at one end presided one of the ship's officers. Tall, fair and blue-eyed, his face expressing manliness and courage, he was one of those sons of whom Old England may justly feel proud. Not entering into the general conversation, he nevertheless responded pleasantly when addressed.

Undoubtedly the most attractive figure in the group was that of a girl about twenty-five years of age, whose simple dress of white muslin, exquisitely delicate, served but to enhance the beauty of her delicate complexion, big brown eyes, and waving hair, which curled naturally round her forehead. Above and beyond all, however, was an arresting expression, "the soul of a High Intent," which would have glorified a less perfect face.

Presently out of the general din arose a man's voice: "For pity's sake don't let us talk religion!"

The protest seemed but to fan the flame, and another voice exclaimed: "Are you not interested in some kind of religion, Miss Manwairing; I see you reading a paper I have never seen before?"

Dorothy Manwairing smiled. "You mean the NEW CENTURY PATH," she said. "It is the organ of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, but Theosophy could hardly be called new; in fact, it is as old as the world!"

"What is Theosophy, anyhow?" asked a woman at the other side of the table.

"Well," said Dorothy, "Theosophy literally means the 'Wisdom Religion,' 'Divine Wisdom.' But in simple language just this: 'To do what you have to do to the best of your ability, and to think of others more than of yourself.'"

"Oh!" said the woman in a rather disappointed voice. Evidently here was nothing to offer a new sensation or help to pass the tedious hours more pleasantly. "Are you a Theosophist?" demanded the first speaker.

Dorothy hesitated. Then, with slightly flushed cheeks, she said sweetly: "I think I may say, in the words of a noble woman, 'I am trying to be.'"

The silent officer at the end of the table flashed her a brief smile—and, "how beautiful she is," he thought. An hour later, as Dorothy stood alone on deck, leaning over the rail, gazing into the star-lit sky, she strove to bring her mind into tune with the Infinite, and "her face wore the utter peace of one whose life is hid in God's own hands." Quietly to her side came the young officer. "You cannot guess," he said, "what your words at dinner tonight have been to me; for I, like you, am trying to be a Theosophist. Have you heard much about Point Loma?"

"Why," she said, "I have been there!"

"Oh, lucky; thrice lucky, you!" he exclaimed. "Could you, would

you tell me something about it, and the life at Point Loma?" he asked.

"Gladly," said Dorothy; "but where shall I begin, when all is so beautiful and wonderful? I arrived in the evening; such a one as this, with only the light of the stars to reveal the white buildings and palms, while against the pale, grey sky the lights in the domes of Temple, Homestead, and Homes stood out steadfastly. A concert in the rotunda was just ending, and I have no words to express the different feelings that followed each other through my mind. Perhaps you will smile when I tell you that what impressed me most the next day was the khaki-clad men. You know so many people think of Theosophy as a profound philosophy, which, of course, it is; but it is a real joy to realize how absolutely practical in every way is the life at Point Loma. Briefly, we may say that every man and woman there, and the children, too (oh, those happy children), are hard at work, not only realizing their ideal, but idealizing their real."

"Did you meet the Leader?" he eagerly asked.

"Yes," she replied, "I saw her many times; spoke with her once or twice, and during all my visit felt her kindly solicitude around me."

"Tell me of her, please," he urged.

"Do you know these lines of Lowell's?" she said. "I think they describe her much better than I can:

Yet holds she not her soul so steadily
Above that she forgets her ties to earth,
But her whole thought would seem to be
How to make glad one lonely human hearth:—
For with a gentle courage she doth strive
In thought and word and feeling so to live
As to make earth next heaven!

"My word! What a privilege has been yours!" said he. "What would I not give to be able to go there!"

"Some day, no doubt, you will," Dorothy replied. "All things come round to him who well can wait."

It was the last night of the long voyage, and the two stood again side by side looking over the unfathomable sea. "Well," said he, "tomorrow we part, and then will end for me a time that has made a great difference in my life; you know it is none too easy here on board; there are none in sympathy with me, and some are antagonistic; but by silently doing my duty as best I can, I mean to pull through. And you?"

"As you are already aware," she replied, "I am going to keep house for my brothers in Johannesburg. And as yet it is all strange and unknown to me; but one could not be even a visitor at Point Loma and not absorb some of that spirit of unquestioning trust in the Divine Law which enables us to ac-

complish anything if we only will to do so; and I am not afraid."

The silence that followed was more eloquent than words, for soul spoke to soul the imperial speech of souls. Bending slightly towards his companion, and with a look of admiration clearly defined upon his manly face, it was evident that the silence would soon be broken.

"I wonder shall we ever meet again," at length he said.

"Perhaps we may," said Dorothy.

"Do you hope that we may?" he insisted gently.

Softly, but unhesitatingly she answered, "Yes."

"Then some day I shall come," he said.

"When you come I shall be ready," she replied.

Silently his hand closed over hers as it lay on the rail, and the light that had never before shown on land or sea for those two surrounded and enfolded them. Then the night was filled with music, and—

Love took up the harp of life
And smote on all the chords with might,

Smote the chord of self that, trembling,
Pass'd in music out of sight.

B. G.

LIFE'S TREASURE

by ADELAIDE PROCTOR

I WONDER did you ever count
The value of one human fate,
Or seen the infinite amount
Of one heart's treasure, and the weight
Of Life's one venture, and the whole concentrate
purpose of a Soul?

And if you ever paused to think
That all this in your hands is laid
Without a fear:—did you not shrink
From such a burden? half afraid,
Half wishing that you could divide the risks, or
cast them all aside?

You well might fear!—if Love's sole claim
Were to be happy: but true Love
Takes joy as solace, and looks above:
And sometimes through the bitterest strife, first
learns to live her highest life.

If then your future life should need
A strength my Love can only gain
Through suffering—or my heart be freed
Only sorrow from some stain,
Then you shall give, and I will take, this crown of
fire for Love's dear sake.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Raja Yoga Question Box

THE great souls of the past and of the present teach us how noble and beautiful life may become when Heart-light shines through all acts.

1 Who was Margaret of Scandinavia?

ANSWER — Margaret of Scandinavia was a great historical character. For many years, in her son's name, she ruled both Denmark and Norway wisely and well. The Swedish nobles, seeing this, asked her, in 1389, to become the ruler of Sweden also, and to this she consented. She worked for a union of all the Scandinavian countries. She was powerful, but gentle and good.

2 Who was Gustavus Adolphus?

ANSWER — Gustavus Adolphus was the greatest, noblest, and bravest of Swed-

ish kings. He introduced true discipline into the army. He was loved and trusted by the people, and almost worshiped by his soldiers. Industry, commerce, and education progressed under his wise rule. Through his bravery many of the enemies of Sweden were subdued. He fell in the battle of Lützen, 1632.

3 Who is Oscar II?

ANSWER — King Oscar II is Sweden's present ruler, a good, true, and wise man. He is beloved by his subjects and through his wisdom Sweden has become a harmonizing power among nations. King Oscar is devoted to the sciences and arts, to education, and to all things that help make brotherhood a living power in the lives of men.

Brotherhood Rules

DEAR CHILDREN: The following rules have been written out by some of the good people of a little town in northern Italy, and the children in the schools are learning these rules by heart. This is what a friend who is now traveling in Italy writes:

Love thy schoolmates, for they will be thy co-workers for life.

Love knowledge, the bread of intellect. Cherish the same gratitude toward thy teachers as toward thy father and mother.

Make every day thou livest the occasion for some good and beneficial deed; always sow the seeds of kindness.

Honor good men and true women, esteem all men as equals, bend thy knee to no one.

Do not bear hatred to anybody; don't insult people. The word revenge shall not be in thy vocabulary, but stand up for thy rights and resist oppression.

Don't be a coward; stand by the weak and respect and love justice.

Remember that all goods of this world are the products of labor. Whoever takes the good things of this world without giving their equivalent in labor robs the diligent of their just dues.

Exercise thy mind; observe and think and try to ascertain the truth of all things.

Do not assume that to be patriotic one must hate other nations or glory in war. War is a relic of barbarism.

Let it be thy purpose in life to hasten the day when all men, as free citizens of a free state, shall live in peace and happiness, in true brotherhood.

DEAR CHILDREN: There is a lady here who has been raising and caring for canary birds for many years. A confirmed invalid, the greater portion of her time has been devoted to the care of her little songsters and the cultivation of flowers.

The two little pets that deserve special mention are of the Hartz Mountain species, and are beautiful singers. They are named "Sanky" and "Charlie," the former twelve years old, the latter two.

During the moulting season, some ten years ago, "Sanky" became very sick, and seemed likely to die. Previous to this time he had been anything but a docile bird, and his mistress was not over fond of him, but when the little fellow became ill, her great heart went out to him in his suffering and helplessness. He came to his good mistress like a sick child, and she would hold him in her hand for hours, keeping him warmly wrapped, talking to him all the while just as though he were a little babe.

She would say, "Baby is sick; just the sweetest little birdie that ever lived!" So, at all hours of the day, more particularly at twilight, she talked to the bird; the sickness passed and he became again the sprightly little songster. Sitting alone in her room one day, with the canary perched on the back of her chair, she was startled at hearing a piping little voice say, "Baby is sick!" She instinctively knew that the bird had talked. From time to time he learned other words, and now his vocabulary consists of thirty-seven words.

"Charlie," the younger bird, pronounces twenty-four words. They both sing or pronounce very plainly, "He is so, so beautiful, just as pretty as he can be and live, live, live!" The lady has another bird, whom "Sanky" never appeared to like, and in a short time he was singing in a most decided tone, "I dislike her; I dislike her." The lady holds many conversations with her pets, as for instance: Mrs. C. — "Who are you?"

The birds — "Mother's beauty." Mrs. C. — "What are you?"

The birds — "Just as pretty as can be and live."

"Sanky" was very fond of the lady's husband, and at noontime he would perch in the window and watch for him to come up the street, for he always brought him something nice to eat.

There came a day when his kind-hearted master did not appear. "Sanky" was perplexed. He watched several days, then he knew something was wrong, and the little bird moaned as though his heart were broken.

Meanwhile his master had died. Who shall tell to us what was in the heart of that innocent little bird? Give to birds, and to all creatures the best there is in your hearts. They reason far deeper than we can know.

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?

Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught The dialect they speak, whose melodies

Alone are the interpreters of thought?

Whose household words are songs in many keys,

Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!

Whose habitations in the tree-tops even

Are half-way houses on the road to Heaven!

A. I. M.



Dramatic representation by Raja Yoga Children in their International Play given at Isis Theatre, San Diego and in the Greek Theatre, Lomaland

A Patriarch Tree

DEAR CHILDREN: One of the professors of the great Leland Stanford Junior University, California, has made an interesting report about a big tree of California, a *sequoia gigantea*. This tree, when cut down in 1900, revealed its age to be 2,171 years, and it was therefore 271 years old when the Christian era began. Now this tree grew on without any-

thing happening to it for something over five hundred years—at least that is the story told by its uninjured rings—when it received a wound.

What a world of knowledge this tree might reveal if it could only speak! When we think how much happens in just a week or just a year, can you imagine what it must be to stand and stand and stand for more than two thousand years and see people and generations and families and communities and whole nations rise and fall, and come and pass away again? Yet so it stood, with the same sunshine to warm it, and rain to feed it, the same soil to nourish it that feed and warm and nourish the trees of today. Something to think about there, isn't there? UNCLE FRED

Students'



Path

GOD'S DREAM

GOD wept!
O'er earth's vast loneliness, there fell like rain,
Compassion's tears!

God smiled!
The sun shone out on high, and pierced again
The mists of years!

God slept!
While angel voices stirred in sweet refrain
The midnight hour!

God dreamed!
And in that dream, the sunshine and the rain
Blended as one! And when He woke again,
Behold! a flower!

Practical Theosophy

I

KATHERINE TINGLEY has lifted the Theosophical Society out of the purely theoretical, into which it was fast drifting, to an eminently practical position. The time for mere preaching is past, now is the time for doing. Now is the time for living our ideals, for putting into practice that which we have learned. It is no longer enough to go out in the world and tell a patient audience that "Brotherhood is a fact in nature;" we must show them that it has become a fact in our own lives, and that we ourselves are the first to be ready to do the many seemingly difficult things we have asked others to do. We must show it in the many little things we meet with in our everyday life, for we are judged according to the way in which we deal with them, and with us the whole work is judged, for we are recognized as an indissoluble part of it.

This inside reform must precede the outer, but now the outer work is being done in many different ways under Katherine Tingley's direction. It embraces all the different objects of the International Brotherhood League, and is of the most far-reaching importance. To do it well we must enter into it with love and compassion, for only with these in our hearts can we overcome the many disappointments which are sure to meet us. If we look only at the surface we may be discouraged, but if we remember that these souls around us are hungry as we are for something higher, are anxious to live a nobler life and are groping around in the darkness for a ray of light, then we shall feel our hearts go out to them and whatever we do to help them, will be Theosophy of the truest and most practical kind.

E. T. S.

II

Said his mother to a crab, "Why do you walk so crooked, child? Walk straight."

"Show me the way and I will try to walk as you do."

But since the old crab could not walk straight her son laughed at her advice.

The world has had advice enough, it has had precepts enough. Every race has its bible and its golden rule, but in spite of them humanity has gone so far astray that to the vast majority their application now seems not only impractical but impossible. To them life with brotherly love as its basic principle is quite inconceivable. History shows no record of it. To be sure we have legends of a Golden Age, but they are only legends.

When we used to try to teach brotherhood by talking and lecturing we were told, "That is not new, Christ taught that." Which was most true, but his message has lost its meaning because it has not been practiced. We felt sure that the new message was practical, but we did not know how practical, for we had not put it to the test.

Katherine Tingley knowing that the world could not be reformed by

a disembodied, verbal philosophy, however excellent, called her students together to teach them practical Theosophy and to give humanity a living example to show them the way. For men have lost faith and do not believe that a way exists.

If we do not practice Theosophy, how can we expect others to? Doing one's work cheerfully and well is practicing Theosophy. We have found that Theosophy applies to every department of life, religious, social and industrial, as well as to character building. It is not enough to know how to do a thing; we must do it, and do it well. Knowledge is valuable, but performance is of greater value. The motive must be pure, but a pure motive can accomplish nothing. It must be combined with achievement. Practical Theosophy will accept no passive devotees. "Show me the way, and I will try to do as you do." The responsibility is great.

G. Y.

ONLY he deserves freedom who has day by day to fight for it.—*Goethe*

RELIGION is a fire which example keeps alive, and which goes out if not communicated.—*Joubert*

The Necessity for Right Action

THERE is very good news in the air! Though many have spent, and many are yet spending their time in dreaming, speculating and discussing on the problems of life, some clinging to and fighting for decayed institutions, and others making vain attempts to manage the world from their own point of view; yet, there always have been those who knew the great plans for true success and progress, and the vital necessity for action on those plans to bring about a realization of their glorious possibilities.

These great helpers of the race, and their many associates and fellow comrades have worked with all their power for the establishment of the rule of righteousness, of justice, honesty, sincerity and compassion in human affairs; and they have already surmounted the chief difficulties in the way, have gained the summit of the enemies' stronghold, and have dictated their conditions of peace.

So that very soon the human family will feel the touch of the Master hand, of the higher law at the helm of the world's affairs; a divine hand that does not overlook even the humblest worker in the great cause of human progress; and will deal beneficent justice and compassion to all; each in their turn, as indicated by nature's perfect laws.

Never was there a time of greater necessity for the steady, unfaltering pursuit of *right action* to hasten on the realization of this great good. By right action at such a time we can help many out of untold lives of misery. *United work on brotherly lines* is really the key to the new order of the ages. Not to dream, not to argue, not to muse and think alone, but to do.

In trying to get a clear conception of an idea, it is a very wise method to go to a good dictionary and read there the correct definition, and then act upon it. Unless we check our thought by the standard meaning and by right action, it becomes soiled by desire, which discolors the meaning of ideas, making confusion. So to start away in thought and action, with a confused idea, can only lead us into a muddle, and right into the very difficulties we thought we were going to escape from; so we require to "study and work, work and study," as Katherine Tingley says, to be really successful and to learn to be a helper and not a hinderer in the world's progress. This applies just as truly to educated as well as uneducated people, for their education has not been on these lines of the limitations and modifications of human thought.

The great dictionary and encyclopedia on the problems of life is the standard one, Theosophy. That true Theosophy that has come to us from the pure lives and work of the three great teachers, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley; the very mention of whose names has an inspiring influence and a clarifying action on our thought and lives, so noble has been their devotion to humanity.

So we repeat again and again, and honor and ever call to mind those names of good influence, the names of our teachers who have given their rare abilities and pure lives to the service of humanity, and the result of whose joint work is now permanently established at Point Loma. From this center, the good, pure and inspiring influence of their names and work is spreading, yearly, monthly, daily and moment by moment in ever increasing volume for the benefit of all that lives, transforming our modern life and making possible a heaven on earth.

T. W. W.

STORM THOUGHTS

I

INNOCENCE AND GUILT

ONE saw in the lightning's vivid track
The path the storm king trod,
And one in the searching flame of heaven
The cimeter of God.

II

INVOCATION

Be still, my soul, and know thou govern'st me,
Let not the fever of this mind
Tempt thee, my guide, to halt behind—
Stretch out thy hand for eye in mastery.
Teach me, 'tis thine, but thine, to read the clouds,
To ope the way when duty calls,
To raise up when the sense life falls,
And in its darkness thy white light enshrouds.
Await the taking when I bend the knee,
Shorn of the woe that conflict brings,
Stript of the world's vain murmurings,
Subservient at last, alone, to thee.—*Selected*

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

Will you please define, to the benefit of non-Theosophists, wherein lies the beauty, and also the sublime harmony of the teachings of Theosophy?

Answer

The beauty and harmony of Nature that surrounds us on every hand is felt by all whose sensibilities have been awakened. We feel that Nature is a harmonious expression of some great spirit, and it is a common experience that the contemplation of great mountains, vast deeps—any of the grander manifestations of the natural world—are connected with the feeling of the sublime in man; in fact, call this forth in him. People have reached out towards God through his works.

Think, then, of a system, a scheme of Nature greater than any proposed by philosophy except the Theosophical, in which the human being finds his place and expresses himself with such beauty and force, correspondingly, as do trees and mountains, the valleys and rivers. Think of man in a universe of this kind, the natural environment of humanity once it has crossed the waters of unwisdom and stepped into the knowledge of *His* divine nature. Think of what the harmonized human nature might reveal in the way of noble qualities and heroic capacity to do and help.

There is open to the human being a destiny that Nature, our joy and solace, is debarred from; for, whereas Nature is in unconscious harmony with the law and unconsciously follows and mirrors its workings, in man all the fires of life and mind and soul may be awakened, and it is for man to consciously attune his being and effort with the hidden music, that lies at the root of all life, waiting for the divine call that will sound when the supremacy of man's higher nature is secured to the race, waiting to unfold such beautiful and harmonious life-forms as we as yet dream not of.

Think of the emotions of the human being uplifted, purified—not killed out, leaving heartless corpses, but strengthened in the purifying process. Think of the human relations not reduced to a cold abstraction of unnatural asceticism, but warmed and made electric and heart-satisfying by being freed from selfish desire and inspired by the conscious power to execute noble purposes in united work with others.

Think of an awakened human being in a world that expresses his heart harmonies in the midst of Nature, through him free to bloom into a diviner beauty of environment than we yet know.

Think of a universe that reveals the law to man's opened eyes, where man has found his true place, and all the other kingdoms of Nature work joyously at his bidding to fulfill the purposes of life.

The beauty and harmony and sublimity of the Theosophical teaching lies in this revelation of the perfect work-shop and the perfected workers—a revelation of a universe where all that is unity and diversity expresses its being in harmony, the key to it all being the courageous and faithful moral life, the unselfish endeavor, the choosing the better rather than the dearer, that is man's part.

The widening and deepening of unselfish love for humanity in the heart of man, that is the chief corner-stone of Theosophical teaching, is what will put *man* "in his heaven and all right with the world."

STUDENT

Question

What interpretation do you give to the following:
"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you:

"But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.—*1 Peter iv: 12, 13.*"

Answer

There was a date, whether before or after this was written we do not know, when the Christian teachings, originally broad and universal, became narrowed down into the formal creed of a sect. Or perhaps, rather, this change took place gradually through the centuries that have elapsed since Jesus the Christ walked on earth. But let us now interpret the passage according to the original meaning of the words used, as explained by Jesus himself in his recorded sayings.

Jesus taught that "the Christ" was the divine self of every man. Man was created by influx of God's breath into an earthly mold; this divine spark can grow to full self-consciousness in the man who reverences it and makes his life pure, and the man is then a Christ and has attained salvation. But Jesus himself stood out above the rest of humanity as one of the world's great Messengers of Truth; he was a special manifestation of the divine spirit, as are all the great teachers; and though all men are potential Christs, this one was able by his power to be a leader and teacher to humanity.

In the text we are told to remember that when we begin to aspire towards the awakening of the Christ in us, we thereby issue a challenge to all the forces in our earthly nature that tend to drag us down into sensual and selfish life. And we also issue a challenge to the world, which is not prepared as a whole to entertain the same aspirations, and which will, therefore, often be at variance with us in our new standard of life. But these tribulations we accept cheerfully, because we have confronted them purposely as one who willingly undergoes arduous training to prepare himself for some desired attainment. Believing fully that a greater happiness, a greater blessedness, a larger field for the exercise of our divine compassion awaits us if we can transfer our life from the selfish center to the true center, we are ready to undergo purification in the *fire* which shines from the Spirit and burns up the dross of passion and vanity in our hearts.

The important point to remember is that this purification, this resurrection of the Christ in us from the grave to glory, is not a thing that can happen only after death in some vague spiritual state; it is a process that can take place in us now in this life. This world may be wicked, but it is we who have to regenerate it. To give up the task in despair and console ourselves with the hope of a future heaven, is to shirk our sacred mission as bearers of the divine light.

H. T. E.

Question

What is man? Is he a unity; is he a duality, or is he a trinity, as viewed by Theosophists?

Answer

Anyone looking into himself will surely find at least a trinity. He will be conscious of the war between higher and lower impulses. He will be conscious of doing unworthy things against the protests of his better self; and of doing fine and unselfish things against the drag of his lower nature. And he knows that between the two he, himself, has the power of choice all along the line. Sometimes his choice is so entirely with one that he forgets the very existence of the other. He may be so strongly moved by the need or peril of others that he altogether forgets his own interests, as we phrase it. Or he may let in sensual or selfish desire in so overwhelming a flood as to temporarily blot out the traces of his better self.

A trinity is, therefore, clearly perceivable by us all. Some of the mediæval Theosophists very vividly called these three the Demon, the Man, and the Angel. In less forcible terms we can say the Animal, the Man, and his Soul.

This may have been the trinity in the mind of Paul when he spoke of body, soul, and spirit. What we called animal, he called body; what he called soul, we have called the man; what he called spirit, we have called the soul.

H. C.

Odds and Ends

World's Headquarters UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization POINT LOMA, Cal.

Meteorological Table for the week ending Sept. the 11th, 1904

Total number hours sunshine
recorded during Aug., 223.70
Average no. hours a day 7.22
Observations taken at 8 a.m.
Pacific Time

SEPT	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
5	29.722	78	66	72	70	.00	W	4
6	29.770	78	66	70	67	.00	E	4
7	29.738	76	67	68	67	.00	NW	7
8	29.756	73	64	68	68	.00	S	5
9	29.782	79	67	77	70	.00	SW	4
10	29.792	79	68	74	69	.00	S	2
11	29.744	79	67	71	69	.00	S	4

Maeterlinck and the Stage MAURICE MAETERLINCK's views of the modern stage are not optimistic, nor are they untrue. The educational value of the stage has been forgotten by us of the present day; the grand ideals of the ancients have fallen to what we now understand by the stage; and the result is that more harm is done to morals than good, by the suggestion of virtue ultimately triumphing and vice dethroned. The stage today touches the lesser emotions rather than man's highest intellection: hence its present-day moral level. Maeterlinck says:

"I go to the theatre in the hope of hearing something which will bring to my mind the true phase of human life, to see before me the beauty, the grandeur, and the gravity of man's every-day existence. Instead of that I see and listen to some childish tale based on lives of exceptional people who give utterance to exalted and extravagant sentiments. I wish to see a man and I am shown a hero. We have made no progress in the dramatic art, and are even now behind the ancients.

"A time has come for the complete regeneration of the stage, and it is not far distant when the very soul of mankind will make itself and its sentiments manifest without the aid of the senses."

Where White Ants Are Food A RECENT book on the *Congo Free State* gives this picture of the fondness of the natives for white ants: "In the white ant month the natives have a very busy time. The river is deserted and men and women, boys and girls, go out to gather the white ant for food. I cannot say I admire their taste, but the white ant is not bad as food—merely very rich. In this month he is about an inch long; the natives gather him in hundreds, pull off the wings and roast him. The native boys have a shorter way with him. Sometimes at mess white ants flopped on to the table, attracted by the light.

The boys, who were waiting, pounced on them and without further ceremony popped them into their mouths."

A Millionaire on Money ANDREW CARNEGIE, in a recent letter on the use of riches, says: "In the final aristocracy the question will be, what has the rich man done for his fellows? It will not be asked under what form he worshiped God, but how he served man."

Franklin's Hints for Health HERE are, somewhat abridged, the dietary rules laid down by Benjamin Franklin in *Poor Richard's Almanac* for 1742:

Eat and drink such an exact quantity as the constitution of the body allows of, in reference to the service of the mind. The exact quantity being found out, is to be kept to constantly. The difficulty lies in finding out an exact measure, but eat for necessity, not pleasure, for lust knows not where necessity ends.

If thou art dull and heavy after meat, it's a sign that thou hast exceeded the due measure, for meat and drink ought to refresh the body, and make it cheerful, not dull and oppress it.

If thou findest these ill symptoms, consider whether too much meat or too much drink occasion it, or both, and abate by little and little until thou findest the inconvenience removed.

If a man casually exceeds, let him fast the next meal, and all may be well again, provided it be not too often done.

Use a little exercise a quarter of an hour before meals, as to swing a weight or swing your arms with a small weight in each hand; to leap or the like, for that stirs the muscles of the breast. A temperate diet arms the body against all external accidents.

A sober diet maintains the senses in vigor, it mitigates the violence of the passions and affections, preserves the memory and helps the understanding.

Three good meals a day is bad living.

Where one dies of hunger a thousand die of eating.

To lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals.

A full belly is the mother of all evil.

He that never eats too much will never be lazy.

Eat to live, and not live to eat.

To the Members of The Universal Brotherhood Throughout the World: In order to expedite improvements in the different Departments of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, it is necessary that all communications, connected with the work of the Universal Brotherhood, should be directed to Katherine Tingley, Loma Homestead, Point Loma, California.

(Signed)

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Leader and Official Head*

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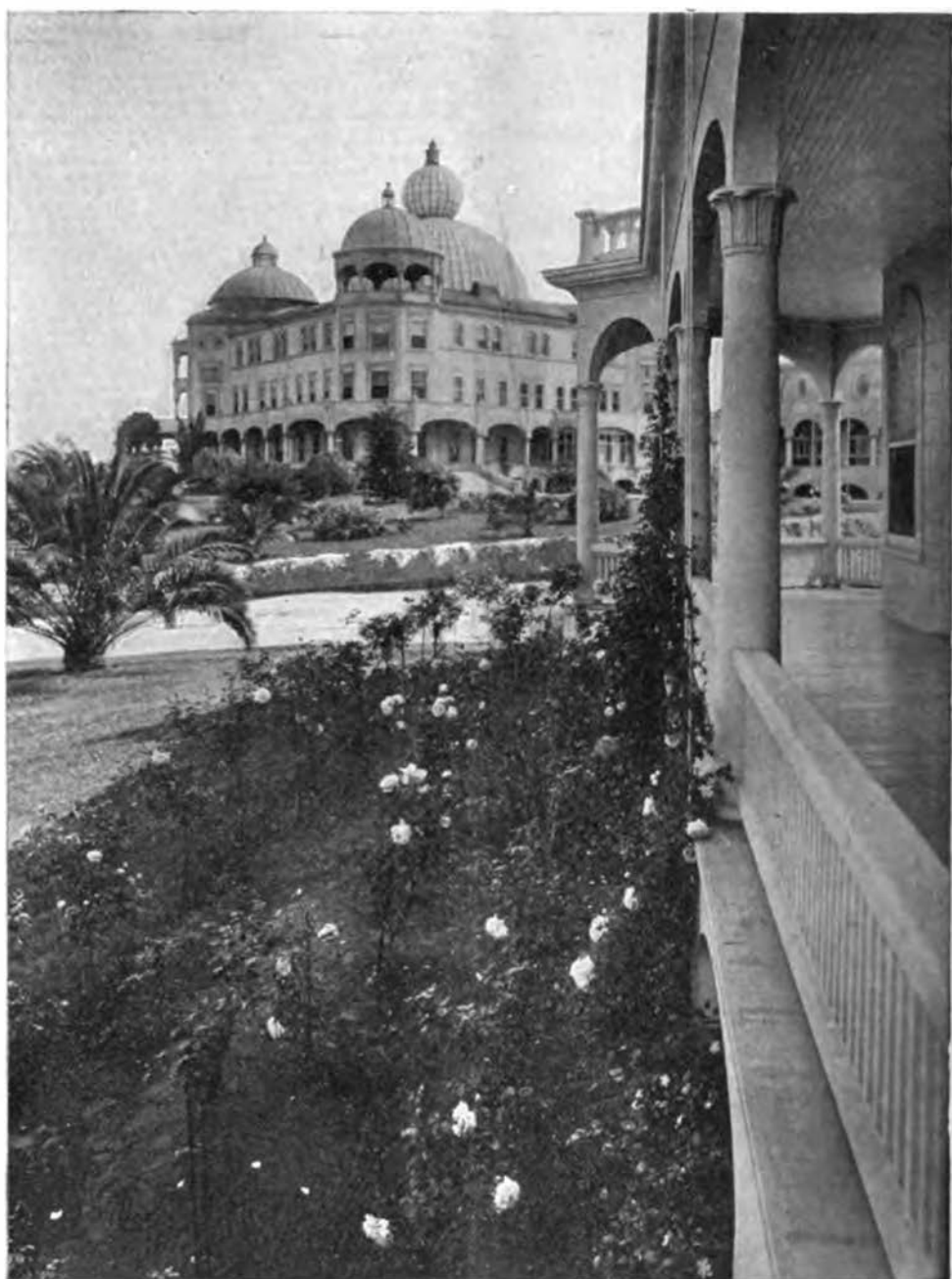
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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Mean View of the Christ
City of Geneva—frontispiece
White Race of China
Gold Fields of Japan
Ireland's Past and Future
Cliff-Dwellers' Ruins for Park
Russia's Reasons for War

Page 4—XXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Moderate Drinking
Moral Insanity
Absence of Good
Women as Butchers
Diet and Stature

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Tendency to Mysticism in
Russian Literature
Artist & Mural Decoration
The Gaffer (illustration)
Fragment (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Selfishness & Insanity
September (verse)
Mr. Sargent's Just
Action
Hall of Fame
Glena Cottage (illustration)

Page 8—ARCHEOLOGY, ETC.

Whence Came
the Americans?
A Passing Oriental
Civilization

Page 9—NATURE

Floral Index of
Human Progress
The Life Natural (verse)
Freak on a Lomaland
Climbing Rose
Cuban River's Birth (illustration)
Plant That Goes to
Sleep When Touched

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Homer
Lomaland Cliffs (illustration)
Friends in Counsel

Page 12—GENERAL

Among the Polar
Eskimos
A Trinidad Silversmith
and Forge—illustrated

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Can We Know the
Inner Truth?
Experiment in Silk Staining
Three-Color Printing
Friendly Bacteria
Saturn's Ninth Moon

Page 14—FICTION

A Story That Has
Never Been Told
Spencer's Fairy Queen (verse)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Raja Yoga Question Box
The Story of Bran
Letter from Pomona—
illustrated

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Columbus (verse)
How to Study Theosophy
Reincarnation
Be of Good Cheer (verse)
Theosophical Forum

Page 18—ODDS AND ENDS

Meteorological
Ireland and the Church
of Rome
The Origin of "Windfall"
Libel and Slander Defined
Lomaland

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

■ ■ A Mean View of the Christ ■ ■ ■

THERE is a picture now on exhibition at the London Royal Academy, by Sigismund Goetze, entitled "Despised and Rejected of Men." It is creating a great sensation, is mostly welcomed with much unction in religious quarters, and is declared to be "a powerful and terribly realistic presentment of Christ." Since engravings of it are getting about over here, and since it is being received with the same chorus of pious approval—though many healthier and therefore dissenting notes are to be heard intermixed—the picture may already be intelligibly criticized.

In the center of the canvas, Christ is represented nearly naked, bound to a pedestal, with his hands behind him, crowned with thorns, with dejected head, and contorted with pain. Around, passing by, is a throng of

disregarding figures of modern life, a priest in full robes, a fine lady of the world, a scientist examining a test-tube, a newsboy howling details of a divorce case, a fashionable roué, a Calvinist preacher (judging by appearance), a yokel from the country, and so on. All are represented as utterly careless, in their several preoccupations, of the tortured figure tethered to the pedestal above their heads. And this is considered to convey a profound religious lesson! Is it not because of this abject

No Strength, Courage, or Compassion

presentation of Christ that Christianity is where and what it is? The conception is utterly nauseating. The central Figure has no manliness, no strength, no suggestion of profound wisdom or comprehension, hardly any even of compassion and pity. At best it is a Figure appealing for pity; in no wise is it one extending pity to others because in its wisdom it sees their dire need of help. It is an appeal belonging to the same order as Dickens' description of the death of little Paul Dombey. If it has anything at all to do with religion, it is religion upside down; religion rooted in sentimentality, the religion of the school girl. In the name of Christ himself, there should be protest on every hand; it is the very bedrivelment of his work and purpose.

The incarnation of Christ was to help. When he came to an understanding of himself there descended upon him a full comprehension of the needs of all humanity, a wisdom looking before and after, of which few of us can form any conception. In a full consciousness of *strength* he must have faced—as he must now be facing—the problem he had willed to solve. Yet the pictures show us a consciousness of *helpless inadequacy*, of dejection, some even of self-pity! Yet he had *willed*—not

Jesus Came to Help, Not to Lament

merely hoped or craved—to save, to teach, to guide, to illuminate. And that great act (or word) of will thrills space yet, and will do so till the hour of its perfect accomplishment. He brought a sword, was a *fighter*—against evil. And behold, the forces of evil against which he fought and fights, taking their very subtlest form, are precisely those which have succeeded in getting him represented as a meek lamb, led *complainingly* to the slaughter, as one who wept powerlessly instead of acted. If he had been that, why should he or his followers have been persecuted? Why should the Titan of Evil have cared a snap *what* he said or did? His force must have at least equalled that of the Titan, or he would not have roused it to rage furiously.

He was a warrior, with the sternness and the strength of one, if also with the compassion of one. He flung a sword, not a tear, into the old world. And if we seek the compassionate side of his consciousness, it must be with the motive that after we have touched it and been filled by it, we, too, may stand up and fight. There comes a time in our development as true men and women, when it is shameful to seek help, to crave the balm of another's compassion; when the only help we will

An Inspiring View of Christianity

accept is that which comes to all who use in good fight all the strength they already have. To them the reservoirs are open without their asking. The only compassion we get from the heights should be in measure of that we bestow on the depths. Let us defeat the enemy by making a new and true conception of Christ. Then the standard of a vital and redeeming and inspiring Christianity can be raised to same purpose. And this new conception will of its mere self be a notable defeat of the enemy.

H. C.

City of Geneva—Frontispiece

THIS week's cover-page of the NEW CENTURY PATH shows a view of the city of Geneva, Switzerland. This view is considered one of the most interesting that can be taken of Geneva on account of the number of historic points included. The bridge is one of the largest, there being several, as Geneva is built on both sides of the lower end of Lake Lemman, or Lake Geneva. The snow-covered mountains are Mount Blanc and its chain, Mount Blanc itself being the highest peak in the view, to the right. To the extreme right of the picture is seen the tip of Rousseau's Isle, where the famous philosopher, Genevise by birth, used to pass many an hour. The Rhône here re-emerges from Lake Lemman.

The origin of Geneva is unknown, though it is mentioned in *Cæsar's Commentaries* on the war in Gaul, as a town of the Allobroges. It is very ancient. The celebrity which it has acquired under Calvin and his

associates, as well as for its watches and jewelry, is a matter of history and common knowledge.

STUDENT

The White Race of China

THAT there exists a white-skinned race in China is the belief of more than one man of science. They are supposed to have been formerly quite numerous, and to have been driven into the mountains of northern China by the invading Mongols.

It is a curious thing that next to nothing is known of these white-skinned folk, except the bare fact of their existence. Their present dwelling places seem to be in the mountains around the desert of Gobi or Shamo, thus extending from the Altyn-Tag range up to the mountainous barrier separating the Chinese empire from Siberia—practically an unexplored region.

While so little is known about this strange race, it is premature to hazard any definite hypothesis as to the special branch of mankind to which they belong: but nevertheless it is interesting to recall the fact that the cradle of our present so-called Aryan peoples was in upper Asia, according to scientific knowledge. For all we know, this white race may be a branch sprung from the same general ethnic trunk; or, indeed, it may be of another race altogether. The mere fact of their being called white-skinned is in itself a sufficiently vague and unsatisfactory statement, for what may appear to the Chinese to be "white," might well appear cream or "moon-colored" to our own eyes. Certain it is, that very ancient records of several different Oriental peoples speak of a moon-colored race having once held sway over a part of what is at present Asia, and their descendants, if this be true, may still survive as the representatives of a forgotten people.

In any case, the existence of this mysterious race is sufficiently proved to induce one of the faculty of the university of an eastern city, head of the department of Anthropology there, to leave his duties for, possibly, a life-long stay in the Flowery Kingdom. This gentleman, according to report, will devote his time to finding and studying the mysterious race. He says:

The white race of China, which I intend to investigate, is almost unknown to science. They were formerly much more numerous than now, but were gradually driven to the mountains by the Mongolians. They will furnish a much more interesting study than even the hairy Ainu, and they will be of more value to science. I cannot describe them or their life to you, as nothing is known of them, except that they exist.

Quite outside of this white-skinned people, it is interesting to notice what this same gentleman says in regard to China and its future possibilities as a nation. He is quoted as saying that one of the reasons why he should regard his life-long stay among the Chinese as not useless, is because he is convinced that within three years China will occupy the center of the world's stage in commerce.

The thought is a sanguine one; China holding the center of the world's stage of commerce within a lustrum, would indeed be a startling proof of the belief that this is a time when events are moving swiftly; and would be a curiously rapid corroboration of a statement of a recent great writer and thinker—H. P. Blavatsky—that the Twentieth century would see not a few accounts squared between the races.

P.

The Gold-fields of Japan

FOLLOWING closely upon a report of the crisis in Russian financial affairs, brought about by the war with Japan, comes the news that a large and very rich gold-field has been discovered in the province of Iwate, Japan. While banks are failing, and others are trembling on the verge of failure in the Russian empire, the credit of Japan is as good if not even better than before the commencement of the war; and the discovery of these gold-fields will have the inevitable effect of raising Japanese credit even higher than it now is.

The Japanese government itself will develop these auriferous deposits. Subsequent to an inspection by the government engineers, it has been decided to rush work there, and a proclamation has been issued to that effect.

The minimum estimate of the possible yield of these fields is \$500,000,000; while the annual yield, with the force and machinery to be employed, is estimated at \$15,000,000.

As is usual now-a-days in things Japanese, no European will have a hand in this. It is to be Japanese entirely. Nippon has cast off its

swaddling clothes and has sprung with a single bound into full maturity, but it seems to be, from all appearances, a maturity which admits of indefinite growth and expansion. There are no signs whatever of senility or decadence; but there are signs of marvelous vital power and of a great future national destiny.

G.

Ireland's Past and Future

MR. GEORGE MOORE, the novelist, sees "no future for the Irish race. It has fulfilled its destiny. Every race fulfills its destiny. It grows to a certain height, like a flower, and fades. That is so with Ireland."

The flower symbol, as expressing the whole history of a race, is a bad one. If we are building arguments on symbols, let us try a *tree*. Will you—because your tree has been deprived of water and sunlight, and sapped by parasites—say that its flowerless poverty is because it has fulfilled its destiny?

This symbol appears to us to be pretty close to the actual. Only of late years did Ireland see hope for *political* justice; and in that hope, with its partial fulfillment, she has already begun to put forth bloom.

But she has to win another and profounder freedom—mental, spiritual. Not till then will the perfect flower once more appear. For we believe that Ireland's future will be the reappearance of a long-forgotten past; forgotten, yet remembered as legend in which she herself has forgotten to believe.

STUDENT

Cliff-Dwellers' Ruins as a National Park

THERE is a project on foot to purchase a section of the Mesa Verde country, Colorado, from the Southern Ute Indians for the purpose of converting it into a National Park. But the negotiations have come to a standstill for the following reason:

At the request of the Secretary of the Interior, Senator T. M. Patterson went to the South Ute Reservation to interview the tribe on the subject. It appears from the Senator's report that, so far from entering into negotiations with the United States Government, the Indians absolutely refuse to treat at all, on account, as they say, of the failure of the government to carry out the terms of a former treaty in 1896, in which the latter agreed to bring water to the reservation for the sale of certain lands by the Indians. The Utes say that the government has failed to do this.

Senator Patterson reports that the Indians say they will act as soon as the government carries out the terms of the treaty of 1896.

Wherever the fault may lie, as regards the hitch in the negotiations, the project itself, of converting these lands into a National Park, is a most highly commendable one. The section under consideration contains extensive remains of the Cliff-Dwellers.

The archeological value of these ancient remains has but lately begun to enter the minds of the majority of us. Prehistoric America is too little known. It is to be devoutly hoped that this new step of the government will be followed by even more generous appropriations towards obtaining a better knowledge of prehistoric America.

H.

A Russian's Reason for the War

IT appears that Russia's entry into Manchuria, and refusal to quit, was based on profoundly religious reasons. Sapozhnikov, writing in the *Strannik*, says:

The opposition to the retention of Manchuria proceeds from a misunderstanding of the mission which God ordained for Russia. Our country is providentially called to extend and maintain the orthodox faith in the whole world. Did not the Lord Jesus Christ utter the memorable words, that all peoples must come to him in order to avail themselves of the fruits of the redemption? Left to themselves, the Chinese would not experience the need of receiving Christianity, and they would remain forever in the darkness of idolatry. Hence the divine law forbids Russia to return Manchuria to the Chinese.

One can only wonder why Russia, charged with so sacred a mission, ever promised, and promised many times, to get out of Manchuria.

It is clear that "the Lord Jesus Christ," in urging people to come to him, really meant that they should come to Russia. And if they will *not* come? Then it is Russia's duty to come to *them*, and, incidentally, annex them. Other Russian papers declare that Japan is anti-Christ; that the war is a "holy war"; and that to Russia belongs the duty of establishing God's kingdom on earth.

OBSERVER

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Moderate Drinking & Abstinence

IS the strictly moderate drinking of alcohol injurious? This is an old question, and now in a fair way to be solved. The British Institution of Actuaries recently caused an investigation of 125,000 lives, covering a period of sixty-one years. It need hardly be said that the Institution was purely moved by zeal for statistical facts, and had no concern with social or religious considerations.

Briefly, the report is this: That throughout the whole of the working years, the abstainer's life is the better.

In the ten years from forty to fifty years of age, the prime of life, there are 6,246 deaths among the abstainers, and 10,861 among the moderate drinkers, an excess of 74 per cent in that decade. The excess in death rate from twenty to thirty years of age is 11 per cent, from thirty to forty is 68 per cent, from fifty to sixty is 42 per cent, and from sixty to seventy is 19 per cent.

If figures are ever conclusive on any point, these settle the question. And they are in accord with more fragmentary data collected and published at various times during the last twenty years.

They are in accord also with what one would expect from the classic experiments of Parkes, Ridge and others. The first named surgeon put three soldiers to do various kinds of work, including marching—giving them coffee, meat extract and alcohol. He kept up the experiments three days, so that each soldier tried the work on each of the three fluids. In each case, the man who received alcohol collapsed first.

It is doubtless the word *stimulant* which does so much to keep up the use of alcohol. We do not draw the distinction between things which stimulate—like food and sunlight—by *adding* something; and those which merely *call out reserves*, or which redistribute.

And stimulants of the latter class may create a very marked sensation of added vitality, and yet have done grave harm. Further research is greatly needed, statistical and other.

STUDENT

Moral Insanity & Its Various Whims

ABOUT two years ago we referred to the case of a nurse who, upon trial, was found guilty of the murder of thirty-one persons, her patients. The crimes had extended over a period of twenty years, but it was only the last which aroused the suspicion that finally unveiled all the others. Her manner was kindly and confidence-inspiring, and she always gained the respect and liking of her patients. The murders would have been many more, were it not that after proceeding to a certain point in her poisoning, the whim frequently took her to save the patient's life after all. Then she would stop the doses, administer the right antidote treatment, and land her victim in safety. But the motive of this reversal was neither pity, fear nor remorse: merely a variant of the same curiosity that led in other cases to murder. If she was incapable of love, so was she of enmity. Nor was there a charge or suspicion of sexual immorality against any part of her career.

The verdict at her trial was "moral insanity." The words mean that whilst there was no trace of intellectual delusions or weakness, whilst her *mind* was clear, active and sane, her *moral* nature was perverted.

But of late, in prison, symptoms of *mental* insanity are setting in. That is, she imagines that all the food brought her is poisoned, refuses to eat, and risks death from starvation. Her habitual cheerfulness is consequently gone, but there are no other alterations. She speaks freely of her crimes, but still with no trace of regret, only with a sort of scientific and impersonal interest. As to her poisoning delusion, the explanation is obvious. It is only a translation to her own case of what she habitually did to others. Her mind is full of it, and she can conceive of no reason why it should not be done to her as she did it to others. Finally, she is sure it *is* being done to her.

Now, it is obvious that the words "moral insanity" tell very little. But they *do*, nevertheless express or imply the most obvious fact in human nature—its duality, its mental and moral poles, and the fact that these may vary in almost perfect indifference to each other. In this case, despite her crimes, there was *no marked accentuation of evil*, merely

An Absolute Absence of Good

an absolute absence of good. She had the same quiet interest in the phenomena of life and death as the rest of us. But there was nothing whatever to check it. She experimented and noted as bloodlessly as a botanist or a chemist. There was no rage, no passion, no more than there was sensuality; merely curiosity. And as she had the same liking as the rest of us for being liked and respected, she did her duties well and neatly and (outwardly) kindly. Nor was there any reason why she should not be cheerful; so she accordingly was.

She was in fact an evolution of absolute selfishness, not in the sense of grasping things, but in that of perfect indifference to any other pleasure than her own. She was not a glutton, a drunkard or a sensualist. There are plenty of similar people whose self-control lies in the reason that it is not comfortable to let loose the lower instincts. They had rather have clear minds and feelings.

In other words, the woman appears to be one of those whose selfishness, entire and perfect for many lives, has at last divorced the soul. She has now no tendril clinging to the divine world. She has stepped altogether and apparently finally from her place in the universe of living human creatures. The future can offer her no home among mankind. She has retreated to another order, that of those who have dehumanized themselves.

How many more of these creatures are in the making? Let us remember that our link to humanity is *love*, expressed in deeds; and it is real so long as we love even one other with a love that "seeketh not itself." It is real even so long as there is a *proportion* of that true love mixed with what is ordinarily called love. Real love asks nothing; it gives *only*. And while any of it remains it may grow. It is the one bond between life eternal and life temporary.

STUDENT

Women as Butchers & Brutalizing

SOME months ago, in the East, a small boy was tried for, and convicted of, a number of purposeless murders. Not even he himself had any particular reason to give for them.

At the trial it came out that for months before his birth, his mother had been assisting his father in the work of slaughtering animals; for he was a butcher.

No one seems to have observed a connection between this fact, and the murderous tendencies of the boy. Yet one would have thought it obvious enough even to the very sheep that the woman killed.

The case rises to one's mind in connection with a movement for excluding women from working in the packing-houses—a movement that may be selfish enough, but is none the less admirable. A Kansas City butcher declares that he has seen women "standing in a pool of blood, with arms bared to the elbows, cutting open hogs' heads while the flesh was still quivering." The President of the butcher workmen calls such work "brutalizing" and "unwomanly."

About two thousand women are (or were) employed in the Chicago stock-yards, and the number was increasing. Most of these are or will be mothers, and some work up to within a short period of their motherhood. No one whose attention is called to it (except a scientist) but will know the likelihood of the after-coming children's minds being stained with blood in which their mothers worked. The scientist we need not count; he has denied too many things that time proved.

C.

Diet Does Not Change the Stature

AN interesting experiment in diet was recently tried by the Mikado of Japan. Anxious to create a taller race of men for military service, he fed on a largely fleshy diet a number of small boys in government schools. The diet was in fact an average European program. The doctors charged with the experiment sent in their report last year. They had not found any change at all. It would seem, then, that diet and stature are not so closely related.

C.

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Tendency Towards Mysticism in Russian Literature

Look for the flower to bloom in the silence that follows the storm: not till then.

GREAT convulsions of national life are often followed by an out-reaching in the hearts of the people toward mysticism. This comes after periods of storm and stress, when the heart is listened to, at least by the few and for a space.

Not without significance are the twin facts that out of Russia came H. P. Blavatsky, Mystic and Teacher, with her message of brotherhood and peace, and that out of Russia came also the suggestion for the disarmament of nations. Two peace notes were sounded and from Russia.

From the "Song of the Tribe of Igor" to the poems of Pushkin and the romances of Turgenieff, Gogol and Tolstoi may seem a far reach, and yet between the lines of their works one glimpses the mysticism that sleeps in the heart of the Russian people as a whole. Darkened and disturbed now is the whole national life by the storm cloud of war; later, when peace shall come, it were against the law that there should not be a great uplift. Whether this comes by victory or by defeat is not the question. The real issue is whether or not the people shall, awakening, find their feet planted upon the pathway of purification.

The Russian language is as intricate and beautiful, as full of color also, as the language of ancient Greece. In its literature a high note is sounded, the undertones of which strike deep in the roots of life, its overtones declaring the Soul, outward-reaching and upward-searching.

Russian literature is unique, as national literatures go, in that while springing almost wholly from the nobility, it is marked by a marvelous sympathy for peasantry and peasant life, even though in some of our best-known Russian novels this sympathy slips easily into sentimentality and idealism.

In no other land are there to be found such extremes as in Russia, crass materialism at one pole and the purest mysticism at the other; virtue balancing vice; wealth, the deepest poverty; culture foiled by the most pitiful ignorance. What wonder that that crusade of 1873 is inexplicable on any sociological theory, that Exodus, so to speak, when thousands of wealthy and highly educated men and women left their cultured life, their homes—for what? For their ideal, their dream, which they called "the people." It was but another version of the old, old search for the Soul. The future holds for all the world vast surprises, and mighty opportunities are sometimes closest to those who are in the depths and whose horizon is shadowed by clouds.

THAT Women's Clubs have brought about many changes in the work and opportunities, as well as in the education of women, individually and collectively, no one denies. In many cases their work broadens into a wide sphere of influence for good. It speaks nothing but praise for these organizations, that the statement should be made, that were it not for the Women's Musical Clubs of the United States, many of the musical virtuosi would remain unheard by the people in small towns and cities throughout the country. These clubs guarantee to the great artists as much as they can afford, and give their townspeople the opportunity of hearing good music. It is said that many of the great pianists, violinists and singers would never visit the smaller cities of the United States were it not for the encouragement and help given by the Women's Musical Clubs. This state of things has given rise to a new profession for women. They become impresarios, making arrangements for the artists in the cities in their vicinity. E. W.

The Artist and Mural Decoration

"HE has too much genius to receive the medal of honor," said Boutet de Monvel of Henri Martin, when another artist, with less genius but more regard for academic rule, carried off the coveted medal at the Salon of the Champs Elysees last year.

Puvis de Chavannes one day met André Michel, and taking him by the arm, said, "Come, I want to show you the painting of a new man who will accomplish much in the future. You must not lose sight of him." It was thus one of the greatest students of mural decoration who practically discovered young Martin, and his ability to recognize genius is yet overshadowed by the brotherliness of his spirit, for a selfish man would have looked upon Martin as a rival.

It was full twenty-five years before Chavannes himself was appreciated in France, such is the power of tradition. But he persevered and won a place, applying laws, not new save to this generation, but old laws whose translation we may still read upon the temple walls of old Egypt, even upon the simplest *Kakemonos* of modern Japan.

Said young Martin recently, according to one of our exchanges:

I have tried to make my mountains quite flat. Mural painting cannot be treated as easel pictures—perspective cuts holes in the wall which you wish to appear flat. While your subjects are taken from life they must be treated conventionally, not that your work need be any the less true. I lived for months in this country which I have tried to represent, spending every day in the fields in order to study the peasants as they worked. It was impossible to pose a model cutting hay. I should have lost all feeling of motion and my picture would have been stiff and unnatural. I therefore followed the peasants as they mowed the grass, making hundreds of quick sketches of them as they moved from place to place. In the same way I studied the children and sketched them at their play. I lived with these people, shared their thoughts and emotions before I began to paint my frescoes. It is only what one accomplishes in his work that really counts—the rewards one receives are of little consequence.

And governments are learning! In the simple incident referred to by the artist we see a step towards that unity without which real art must fail of its full expression.

I was indeed most fortunate to receive from the Government this order to decorate an entire hall in the capital at Toulouse. It is seldom that we poor artists are accorded so much liberty. Usually I am asked to paint one fresco—X paints another in an entirely different style, Y still another—thus all harmony is destroyed. No matter how good the individual work, each spoils the effect of the other.

And much may be expected of one who says:

You Americans are fortunate; you have no traditions of bad art to unlearn. In Europe we are bound down by tradition and it is hard to break away. . . . Yes, I love to work. I am never so happy as when painting. STUDENT

SAID Adelina Patti, recently: It is pleasant now to think of those living singers who, in their regard of others, perpetuate the fine traditions. No one then who had attained to fame would find a word to say that was not kind and often more than generous. Among them all, one of the loveliest natures was that of Jenny Lind. Her whole life through, she was the same sweet, enthusiastic soul.

DVORAK, when asked, "Who was your teacher?" replied: "I studied with God, with the birds and the trees and rivers, and myself." Easily may one believe him, composer of the beautiful "New World Symphony," and the "Slavic Dances."

LET us work ceaselessly, patiently, indifferent to results, only caring that our motive be pure, attuning our every thought to the currents of Divine Life that make for the uplifting of humanity. Let us not look for results and wonder and wait, but do, DO, DO.



THE GRAFTER
FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET

FRAGMENT

by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

WHAT form is best for poems? Let me think
Of forms less, and the external. Trust the spirit,
As sovereign nature does, to make the form;
For otherwise we but imprison spirit
And not embody. Inward evermore
To outward—so in life, and so in art,
Which still is life. . . .
What matter for the number of the leaves,
Supposing the tree lives and grows? Exact
The literal naivities of time and place,
When 'tis the essence of passion to ignore
Both time and place? Absurd. Keep up the fire,
And leave the generous flames to shape themselves.

STUDENT



"I COUNT LIFE JUST A STUFF
TO TRY THE SOUL'S STRENGTH ON, EDUCE THE MAN."

OUR scientists have long been exercised over the facts disclosed by insanity statistics.

Little by little the public is awakening to the fact that not only is insanity increasing among women with an alarming rapidity year after year, but it has become less curable than formerly.

There is another side to the insanity question, however, which is rarely spoken of. Where one person goes insane ten stop just short. We never hear of them. They drag out a miserable existence, making life a burden to their families or cared for in some sanitarium, where they are treated for "melancholia" or "hysteria." Recently one of the largest sanitariums in Europe, which was founded expressly for the treatment of nervous diseases of women, has published data which are most interesting.

According to these data, "melancholia" and "hysteria" more often afflict women than men, and unmarried women are more frequently the victims than those who have the care of families. The type of woman most subject is the introspective, sensitive and pessimistic, in other words, the selfish. The physicians of this sanitarium meet with success just in the proportion that they are able to induce the patient to forget about herself and think about others. Medicines and nourishing food are needed, of course, but some remarkable cures have occurred which prove that selfishness is really at the root of the difficulty.

For instance: one patient who declared that she could not walk at all, and who obstinately refused to try, climbed a flight of stairs one day in a very great hurry, to rescue a bird which was in danger of being killed by the family, or rather, the sanitarium, cat. Another patient whose case was treated in her own home, refused to leave her bed, although in the opinion of both physician and nurse she was perfectly able to do so, and would have been a well woman if she could have forgotten her ailments in some absorbing work. One day she happened to be left entirely alone for about an hour, when she suddenly heard a piercing scream from the next room. It came from her sister's baby. For the first time in something like five years she actually forgot herself. To save this child from threatened danger she got out of bed, rescued the

Selfishness & Insanity

baby (which had merely poured a cup of cold water upon itself), took care of it until her sister arrived and

hour later, changed its little dress, went to the pantry and found a cake for it—and then, having come to her senses, recovered!

One's sympathy goes out not half so much to these women as to the families they afflict, and to the communities which are forced to endure the burden of their care and get on without the help which these women might give. It is interesting to note that the majority of such cases

occurs among unmarried women, those whose hands are comparatively free. Think of the work that might be done for humanity by such women as these, for in the majority of cases they do not belong to the class which has to struggle for daily bread, but are able to command a certain amount of money and practically all of their time.

There is no denying the fact that sensitive and high-strung women feel, beyond others, the shattering pressure and nervous strain of modern life. There is no denying the fact that the very diseases which take one so near the border-land of insanity, are often cured by just quiet, rest and nourishing food; in a word, the securing of better physical balance. But there

is also no denying the fact that selfishness, and a deadset determination to be the focus of attention, lies at the root of a vast proportion of such cases. We rarely find hysteria and melancholia in the ranks of our truly selfless philanthropists, among those who are busy housewives and the mothers of families, nor, with rare exceptions, among working women.

Is it not time that we, as women, preached the "Gospel of Unselfishness?" Is it not time that something be done to thin out the ranks of those whose complaints make life a nightmare, and who wouldn't take health if it were offered them, if that meant the giving up of their caprices and whims. Isn't it time that some absorbing occupation be found for that goodly company of the unoccupied, the selfish and the morbidly vain?

It is easy to forget about the disease by just beginning again on "woman's rights and man's wrongs," but what we really need is a cure. S.

SEPTEMBER

by HELEN HUNT JACKSON

O golden month! How high thy gold is heaped!
The yellow birch leaves shiae like bright coins strung
On wands; the chestnuts yellow pennons tongue
To every wind its harvest challenge. Steeped
In yellow, still lie fields where wheat was reaped;
And yellow still the corn sheaves, stacked among
The yellow gourds, which from the earth have wrung.
Her utmost gold. To highest boughs have leaped
The purple grape—last thing to ripen late
By very reason of its purple cost.
O Heart, remember, vintages are lost
If grapes do not for freezing night-dew wait.
Think, while thou sunnest thyself in Joy's estate
Mayhap thou canst not ripen without frost!

Mr. Sargent's Just Action

IN response to an inquiry just received from one of our European members, we are glad to state that Commissioner-General Sargent of the Bureau of Immigration, Washington, D. C., declared himself unequivocally with regard to Mrs. Maybrick's return to this country. He said recently, "When I learned that Mrs. Maybrick intended to return to America, orders were sent to the officials of New York to admit her without question. After all that has been done, not only through private effort but through the state department, to obtain Mrs. Maybrick's release, it is not difficult to imagine what the sentiment of this nation should be if we should hold her up at Ellis Island. Mrs. Maybrick left this country an American citizen and she will be allowed to return as one."

It was Mr. Sargent who released the famous "Eleven Cuban Children," after an imprisonment of some six weeks at Ellis Island, said detention being due to the Gerry Society whose methods have been seriously disapproved by thousands who have studied the persecution of Katherine Tingley. Mr. Sargent took this stand, after a personal and most thorough investigation of the Point Loma Institution, including the Raja Yoga School.

His stand with regard to Mrs. Maybrick, after opinions have been flying about in certain quarters that this unfortunate woman was no longer entitled to citizenship in this, the land of her birth, is characteristic of Mr. Sargent. Would that every nation could boast that all officials were as honorable, just, and unprejudiced as he is.

The *New York Sun* of August 16, 1904, contained the interesting statement that Assistant Commissioner of Immigration, Joseph Murray, who is in charge of the port of New York during the temporary absence of Commissioner Williams, declared that unless otherwise instructed *he would not give Mrs. Maybrick permission to land here.*

It was Commissioner Williams who supported Mr. Gerry in detaining the Cuban children. This might have led to international complications of the gravest sort except for Mr. Sargent's just and wise action.

Has not Mrs. Maybrick been persecuted enough? Was it possible that Mr. Murray was acting under instructions from his superior officer, Commissioner Williams, in declaring his intention to detain this wronged woman at Ellis Island? Strange, is it not, the record that character writes, and blessed among nations is that one which can count among its officials even a few whose heart and mind work together, whose professions play not at cross-purposes with their lives.

STUDENT

AT the Woman's Congress, recently held in Berlin, University Study for Women was discussed by representatives from Germany, Great Britain, France, Denmark and the United States. Miss Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr College, defended university work for women and fortified her assertions by recorded facts. She particularly assailed the time-worn suggestion that university work overtakes the physical strength of women and renders them unfit for matrimony. According to the facts which she presented, more men break down from overwork in American universities than women. She also declared that, not only did university women not lose the inclination to marry, but almost without exception they became mothers and showed not only wisdom, but rare unselfishness and tact in solving the difficult problems of homemaking, of wifehood and motherhood. Her address was received with great applause. And this in Germany.

E.

A Hall of Fame for Women

MOST of us recall the balloting, in 1900, for names to adorn the "Hall of Fame" in New York, and at which no woman received a sufficient number of ballots to give her a place. When we consider how many women there are of whom America may be proud—Mary Lyon, Emma Willard, among educators; Dorothea Dix and Lucretia Mott, among philanthropists; Charlotte Cushman and many others, among actresses; Maria Mitchell, among scientists; Louisa Alcott, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Helen Hunt Jackson and others, among our writers; Abigail Adams, Mercy Warren, beautiful and brave Dolly Madison, Sarah Bache, Betsy Ross, Mary the mother of Washington—the list is certainly long. When one considers these, the omission must be due to ignorance rather than design. Now funds have been given for the erection of a Hall of Fame for Women on the beautiful new site of the University of New York, adjoining and connected with the present

Hall of Fame for Men. In it there will ultimately be tablets commemorating fifty American women of note, and ten not of American birth, but who were conspicuous in our national history.

STUDENT

M. BAUTAIN, formerly Vicar-General and Professor at the Sorbonne (Paris) and himself a great orator, recently expressed himself as follows with regard to women as lawyers:

Women naturally speak better than men. They express themselves more easily, more vividly, because they feel more rapidly and more delicately. There are so many women who write in an admirable and remarkable manner, although they have studied neither rhetoric nor logic, and have not even a perfect

knowledge of grammar. They write as they speak, and their language has the same charm. Add to this the sweetness and flexibility of their voice, the variety of their intonations, according to the feeling which animates them, the mobility of their physiognomy, which greatly increases the effect of words, the picturesqueness of their gestures, and, in short, the gracefulness of their whole exterior, and it will be seen that, although not destined for orators by their sex or social position, they have all the power of the orator, and all his success, in their sphere and in the circle of their activity. For none better know how to touch, persuade and influence, which, I think, is the end and perfection of eloquence.

A LIBRARY of 1700 volumes on the matrimonial institution has been recently donated to the University of Chicago. It is said to be the largest in the world treating exclusively on the subject of the family life, marriage and divorce. If words were sufficient there would be today no child labor, no insane asylums, no penitentiaries, no unhappy families, no divorce courts. Something more is needed; that is all too evident.

Does it seem that the contamination of women and of the home can further go when we read in a daily paper of a woman appearing in court with a babe in her arms, to answer to the charge of running a woman's pool-room? Racing sheets and cards were found by the woman detective in the refrigerator, along with the ice and tomatoes. And yet there are those who fail to see that some women would better serve their race by not becoming mothers!

A NEW pianist, only seventeen years of age, whose mastery of technic is said to be extraordinary, has been brought to public notice at the St. Louis Exposition. She is Señorita Laura Rayneri, daughter of a professor of architecture at the University of Havana, Cuba, and she recently graduated from the National Conservatory of that city.



GLENA COTTAGE, KILLARNEY, IRELAND

GLENA COTTAGE, built by Lord Kenmare, overlooks Glenna Bay, one of the many beauties of the Lower Lake. "The Glenna Mountain (1,820 feet) casts deep shadows over a quiet and lovely nook called Glenna Bay, the clear waters of which reflect the green forests densely covering the face of the hill."

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Whence Came the Americans?

ACCORDING to the declared principles of modern scientific research, the function of a theory is merely to serve as a provisional explanation of facts until such time as other facts are discovered, when the theory is enlarged or changed. Thus the scientific mind must be perfectly open and free from bias, and no theory must be allowed to become set into a dogma. If this latter were to happen, there would be a tendency to dispute facts or to distort them in the effort to make them conform with a pet theory.

Thus, with regard to the ethnology of America, our preconceived notions as to the evolution of man from barbaric or semi-animal ancestors might lead us to try and trace back the history of the present red man to that rudimentary stage. But, if skeletons were to be discovered in association with the relics of extinct animals, and human productions found in very ancient sedimentary deposits, we should have to widen our theory. We might have it then that these remains are those of the original barbarians, and that the red men are the descendants of more civilized races that migrated hither at a later period.

But then somebody might discover ancient temples, with hieroglyphics, which, being interpreted, would prove that the ancient race was not barbaric, but more civilized than the later. And so again our theory would need enlargement.

Altogether, it is about time we gave up trying to make the narrow evolution theories explain facts in ethnology; the facts are getting too numerous and exacting.

On the contrary, however, when we take the key offered by H. P. Blavatsky, and enlarge our conceptions of time, and of destiny, and of human nature, in accordance with that stupendous knowledge to whose threshold she leads us—all becomes clear, and every new fact merely confirms and illustrates our theories instead of upsetting them.

The method of scientific induction is, of course, infallible—provided always that we have *all* the facts, and that they *are* facts, and that we have a perfectly unprejudiced and logical mind to reason from them. These conditions may possibly be attainable in that remote future when the human race has become ultimately perfected; but meanwhile there is a shorter and surer method of learning. This method is to take the hints that have been so generously given us from the storehouse of ancient wisdom, and test them by seeing whether they explain things. Theosophy *does* explain things; it gives keys which can be applied to every department of research, with the same illuminating effect in each. But to try to disentangle the skein of so vast and intricate a fabric as the origin and development of human races, by beginning at the ends, is an enterprise quite hopeless in its difficulty.

The miscellaneous facts discovered about the ancient Americans lead to various theories, according to which particular facts, and how many facts, we take as the basis for our reasoning. The discoveries of human remains in circumstances pointing to great antiquity, have been too frequent and various to be always accidental. Human skeletons and bones in a fossilized state, or associated with bones of extinct mammals, have been found at Guadaloupe, Natchez, New Orleans, in Florida, Charleston, Missouri, and in California, etc. Those in the coral reef at Florida are estimated to be 10,000 years old, and the skeleton found under four buried forests in the delta near New Orleans is put at 50,000 years. Articles made by man, such as pottery, occur in very old deposits.

Similarities between customs suggest that the Americans came from Borneo, from Australia, from Africa, West Europe, East Asia and Polynesia.

But wherever they came from, or however they came, the monuments and other traces they have left show them to have belonged to a very advanced, as well as very ancient, civilization. The tumuli of the Mississippi valley, resembling the remains of Assyrian palaces; the stone buildings in Yucatan; the ruins of Copan and Palenque, and all the varied information about the Aztecs and Toltecs, and Incas, that has been collected, show that the past history of humanity on this continent

is a subject too vast and intricate to be successfully unraveled piecemeal; and it requires the illumination of a much loftier conception of the human race to arrange all these facts in their proper order. Although the early Spaniards systematically destroyed ancient monuments and works of art, we have still the ruins with their hieroglyphics; which latter, being interpreted in the light shed by ample collateral knowledge of the symbols and teachings of the ancient universal Wisdom-Religion, will show how very large the Americans figured on the past pages of history.

H. T. E.

A Passing Oriental Civilization

A WRITER in a recent publication gives a description of life in Siam, which shows how the ancient Oriental civilization of these people is vanishing before Western influences. There is a special privileged caste of pure-blooded natives, called "saked" men, who are those in the service of the king or attached to the person of a noble or a tribal head. They are marked on the side or arm with the insignia of the person whom they serve pricked into the skin and dyed. As this caste is confined to natives, it seems likely that soon the only pure Siamese will be those of the royal family, and the very poorest; for the mixed races of traders are crowding the natives into the lowest positions.

Great Britain controls the export trade of Siam, and the Chinese are its industrial backbone. The Siamese women prefer Chinese husbands as being better husbands, and the resulting hybrids are more Chinese than Siamese in their characteristics.

The native Siamese is being crowded into the lowest walks of life. Even in Bangkok, the capital, where reside the king and all government officials, he finds it difficult to retain prestige, while the place itself is taking on the motley appearance of an Oriental city turned topsy-turvy by electric lights and trolley cars penetrating quarters of such squalor one marvels that life can exist there at all.

The city is overrun by pariah dogs and crows, which cannot be killed owing to the Buddhistic faith, and which are, indeed, very necessary as scavengers. At every turning are evidences of the decay of native art, and in their stead the hideously commonplace things "made in Germany." The Siamese were at one time marvelous artisans in silk weaving, ceramics, ivory-carving and silversmithing; and the museum contains specimens of an ancient artistic prowess which cannot be matched.

Bangkok is a kind of Venice, intersected by canals, which are the chief means of transit, and largely flooded during part of the year. A large part of the population lives in floating houses, and another part in houses built on stilts along the canals. Among these dwellings flows an endless succession of boats and water-craft of all sorts; and all of these are built on the most graceful lines, which marks a survival of one ancient art at least.

Speaking of the character of the people, the writer says:

My travels around the world have never brought me among a people seemingly more contented, more happy, than these Siamese. Their wants are few and easily supplied; a single piece of stuff completes the scanty, inexpensive costume; rice and fruit, and fish, to be had for almost nothing, constitute the food; betelnuts, which high and low chew, may be gathered. Life moves very easily for them, and they go to their death with unbounded faith that Buddha will care for the next world, wherever it may be. Really, these followers of Buddha have life's true philosophy. Living, they hold to their simple faith as conscientiously as the Mohammedans, which is tantamount to saying more conscientiously than the so-called Christian sects. Dying, they pass with confidence into the unknown, and their bodies are burned and scattered to the four winds. The friends that are left behind act with as much philosophy and quietude of spirit as the deceased himself. For those who cannot afford a private funeral pyre, there are public ghats, where the bodies are burned and the ashes of the bones are scattered.

To those weary of the monotonous rhythm and blatancy of Western music, Siamese music comes as a welcome relief. It is in a different mode, free from mathematical cadence, and quiet. A series of gongs, peculiarly modeled and varying in size from a large cup to a punch bowl, supplies a scale of soft mellifluous notes; and to these are added varieties of the xylophone and a reed instrument of surprising depth and breadth of tone.

H. T. E.



A Floral Index of Human Progress

NOW that the search after facts is beginning to give way to the search for the causes of facts, it may be in order to point out some curious coincidences in the development of the human and vegetable kingdoms, or planes of life.

There are at present existing two essentially different types of plant structure, *viz.*, the aggregate, such as the palm; and the individualistic, such as the oak or pine. The distinctive feature of the aggregate type is that every leaf or branch, as of a palm or cactus, is a more or less separate plant, which is, however, unable to fully live alone, but is joined, more or less closely, with others to make up the perfect plant. This type includes a great system of plants, all marked, in greater or less degree, by this aggregate formation. Beginning with the palms, we find an unbroken line of closely related forms extending through the dracenas, yuccas, aloes, agaves, cacti, sea-kelp, lichens, ferns, to palms again. There is another great sweep of life represented by the pine or oak, in which type each plant is a single and entire individual; for an oak-branch has no separate life whatever, any more than a man's arm has a separate life.

Now, it is found that the aggregate type seems to have very largely predominated in the earlier periods of the world, at a time when human beings were the most closely bound together into races and nations; when there was, in short, the most aggregation and least individualism. But as personal distinction of unit from unit progressed, the aggregate forms of plant life were replaced by those of the individualistic type, which now so largely predominates. But it is worthy of notice that even now the palms in the tropics, and the sea-kelps and lichens in the arctic and sub-arctic regions, are of the greatest relative importance where the tribal unity is closest; while in the north temperate zone, where the great development of human individualism exists, the individualistic type of plant life so completely predominates that we regard lichens rather as curiosities, and ferns as, at best, ornamental. It is also worthy of notice that the grasses, which are in many ways a connecting link between the two structural types, are the most widely diffused, and the most indispensable, form of plant life now existing. A more extensive and exact botanical knowledge will doubtless be able to trace some very interesting and important details in these relationships.

At present there is a perceptible increase in the popularity of plants, fruits and flowers of the aggregate type where there is the strongest tendency toward fraternity, cooperation and human unity in general. May we hope to see the earth once more covered with palms, ferns and Human Brotherhood!

STUDENT

It is said in the herds that walking does not quench thirst, but it bringeth one to the drinking place.—*From the Precepts of Chiron the Centaur*

THE LIFE NATURAL

by JESSIE STORRS FERRIS

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

THE gods are not all dead; here 'mong the hills
Is air ambrosial, and the tangy sweet
Of strawberries is nectar all enough.
We hunt the furtive game, and on the banks
Of mountain torrents cast our baited line.
Then lay us down beneath the quiet stars
To sleep unbroken and to innocent dreams.
The keen, bright air and utter stillness bind
Undreamed-of-peace about our tired brows;
And that fierce life that moves in all of us
Springs up anew, a ringing sword, unsheathed
From the strait scabbard of our fevered life.
The Youth we thought had withered, scorched Faith
Too delicate for the hot breath of the world,
And prismic Hope, that lodgment never finds
But in pure hearts of simple trustfulness,
And Reverence, that long had buried been,
And Love we thought had taken winged flight,
Leaving a train of evil birds behind,—
All, all come back, here in the changeless hills.
We breathe, we move as beings born again,
And that elusive thing named Happiness.
That we had hunted up and down the world,
Flees from us not again, but sweetly stays,
And makes our lives a poem of Rest and Use.

— *Selected*



BIRTH OF A CUBAN RIVER

to make a flower and already has plants with branches, leaves and buds, but transforms what might become an ordinary branch into a blossom.

A Plant That Goes to Sleep When Lightly Touched

ATROPICAL mimosa, which grows among the grass, inconspicuously trailing along the ground, is so sensitive that it earned from the Spaniards the name of *Adormidera*, or Sleepy Plant. It is fascinating to watch its motions as the children strike it with a twig and command it to "Go to sleep." The feathery fronds, like little acacia leaves, slowly and gracefully fold themselves as flowers do on the approach of night, until in a few seconds all of the leaves which have felt the influence of the blow are "asleep." A quarter of an hour later they have discovered that there is nothing to fear, and again cautiously open their palms to the light, like little hands trying to catch the sunbeams and the rain-drops. There is something of a plant intelligence shown by this pretending to be dead when danger threatens, if that is the meaning of it, an intelligence beyond mere extinct.

STUDENT

A Freak on a Lomaland Climbing Rose

OCCASIONALLY nature furnishes us with something called a "freak," but which may reveal to us some of her hidden mysteries. Such a one was recently found on a branch of a climbing rose at Point Loma. It illustrated plainly the fact that a flower is a branch of leaves transformed for a special purpose. This specimen was in the midst of the transition stage from branch to flower. It plainly showed that it was a branch, as some of the petals were an inch higher up on the stem than others, and after the first circle of petals, which showed the flower most plainly, the other petals were scattered spirally up the stem, each succeeding one a little higher up, and some of these had pointed green tips like a common foliage rose leaf.

There were also just inside the lower row of petals some narrow leaf formations which seemed to be on the road to stamens. Around the stem, below the lower row of petals, were sepals quite perfectly formed and green. The road was not so long from a foliage leaf to a sepal as to petals and stamens, so this stage was already reached. Another peculiarity about this branch was that it

seemed bent on making flowers all along up the stem, for the foliage leaves, instead of being arranged one in a place at regular intervals, were in groups of several near together, the groups being separated by the usual spaces between leaves. This arrangement continued to the end of the branch, which extended a foot beyond the center of the flower.

Though this may be a case of retrogression, it still shows the path of evolution of a rose blossom, for in going back the same road would have to be traveled, though in the opposite direction. Nature is economical and conserves her forces. She does not start anew at the beginning of things when she wants

B.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE large audience in Isis Theatre, Sunday evening, at the regular meeting of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society was unstinted in its applause of the splendid Wagnerian musical program rendered by the students of the Isis Conservatory of Music, and the deepest interest was also manifested in the two scholarly addresses of the evening. The first of these was by the well-known Californian painter of flowers, Miss Edith White. Her subject was "California." In part she said:

"At the termination of the Mexican war, when California with other lands was ceded to the United States, many Americans viewed with disparagement the 'worthless acquisition.' Daniel Webster pronounced it a desert, with no possibilities whatever.

"In spite of the pessimistic views of leading minds of that time, California today may well be proud of a romantic history, a steady and rapid growth and a brilliant future.

"In 1849 the attention of all the eastern states was turned toward the discovery of gold in this state, and men of courage and adventurous spirit braved hardships and dangers in quest of fortune.

"My mind goes back to a little band of people, men, women and little children, who, with emigrant wagons drawn by oxen, started out one bright spring morning to cross the great American desert. Their hearts were full of hope, for they had heard the tales of marvelous wealth. Bravely they faced the hardships of this perilous journey. The path was all untrodden. Streams unbridged and swift and deep lay before them, and on the dusty plains their cattle often perished from drinking alkaline waters. Indians haunted their way, and brave were the hearts who kept the watch at night over tired women and children. Then picture the way-worn travelers, after four long months, arriving in some western mining camp. Picture the greetings, the generous help, given by those who had, a little earlier, trodden the same hard way.

"These pioneers of California lived a free and generous life, rough though it was. Men were freed from all conventionalities, and the impulses of the heart were the mainsprings of action. If some poor fellow lost his life in a mine accident, his family's purse was quickly filled; and if some villain did a wrong, punishment was no less speedy.

"Churches were unknown—their absence slightly felt—and schools were very primitive. The school-house was often enough a cabin 'neath the pines, and the master some youth who had found mining less to his taste than books.

"Upon this stock of sturdy, free-thinking men, has been engrafted the culture of the east. As years passed by, California grew into a prosperous and progressive state. Railroads spanned the continent and flashing engines passed, in days, the weary wastes o'er which those emigrants had toiled for months.

"Far down her coast, where mild winds temper the rays of southern suns, a city has been started; a city which has been called the 'key to the Orient,' and the 'Athens of America.' Nature has so favored this fair spot that men have nothing more to ask of her. What more fitting place than this for the beginning of new ideals in living? Where can there be greater inspiration for the production of a grander art or diviner music? Where a more perfect environment in which to nurture a new and higher race of men, who will become the teachers of the world?

"Here Katherine Tingley is creating a wonderful University—schools under the Raja Yoga system. It is the great educational system of the age. To this school are coming students from all countries, and to all countries teachers are going out from this school. This is the centre, from which is radiating a new light, which is dispelling the gloom of ignorance and its great trail of suffering.

"Here new ideals of national and international life are being taught, and the students of this school are making possible to the world the conditions which men long for but do not know how to create. California is the Land of Promise, not only as a state of intense commercial life, but a state already grounded, as one of the great educational factors of the world's work."

Mr. S. G. Bonn's address on "Death" was followed with the keenest interest. It was entitled, "Death—One of the Crowning Victories of Human Life."

"The Theosophical view of death has often been presented by students who have learned something of it from the three successive teachers of the Theosophical movement," said he. "And it will have to be presented many times yet before the black cloud that clings about the very word 'death' has been dissipated forever.

"The death of real Theosophists will also—when it is a more frequent phenomenon—do a great deal to dissipate this cloud. For they will be careful to die

LOMALAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

Miss White on "California," & Mr. Bonn on "Death—One of the Crowning Victories of Human Life"

Reprinted from the San Diego News

in such a way as to help the bystanders to understand and appreciate the beauty and mercy of death.

There is a short period when the soul is neither this nor that side of the gate, but in the gateway. It can look back into this world—the darker one—which it is about to leave for awhile, and forward into the other, the world of free-

dom. And as it goes on into that other, it can hand back a final message for the comfort of those it leaves. It is a great fact, to which, so far as I know, there is no recorded exception, that no soul which has ever reached the gateway with its dying body still in some measure responsive to its touch, but has spoken, in the final moment, of freedom, or of light, or of peace, or of joy. And if those who stand by would remember that they, too, are souls; that their hour of freedom, too, will come; if they would stand as souls, holding back their personal grief, then they would strike a bond of union with the other, which, because it was from soul to soul, would be eternal.

"Freedom is the word we should associate with death. Bodily life is in part a bondage for the soul. The soul is in the body as a man in the roar of a great city. Every cell, every fiber of muscle and nerve, every organ, is in continuous touch with the soul, which is in amongst them, or with that part of it which is in amongst them. It must lend its attention to the busy hum, even though, when all is going well, we notice nothing. So closely are we in touch with the body that if but a few of the cells are out of gear, and a little pain or neuralgia is going on, we cannot without a great effort of will attend to anything else at all.

"Hints of death come to us on all hands. By night we are nearer to death than by day. The bodily pulse is slower and feebler; the currents of life slacken. But who does not know that if by night we are awake, if we are in the fresh, open air, and not poisoned by lamps and walls, and carpets, thoughts come in, realizations of truth, perceptions of beauty, which never visit us by day when the currents of life have the sunlight in them? We are nearer to death; all the vital doings are at their quietest; yet our minds and perceptions are deepest and fullest, and freest. As the outer life has waned, the inner has waxed. How would it be with death, when the outer life had become nothing? It is because we do not perceive an outer and an inner life that we fear death, which touches but the outer. Music stills the outer life; and color, and beautiful scenery; all of these are best at night, because it aids their stilling. Then the soul begins to come by its freedom, comes into its proper nature. And when the music has ceased, or we close our eyes upon the scenery, the state remains awhile, the soul remains with itself, in its own atmosphere. Can we not imagine the perfection of that in death? Of course words have very little to do with such a state; they cannot at all express it. No one can describe how he feels in looking at perfect scenery by moonlight, or in listening to music. And still less can any description be made of the very ultimate of this beauty of freedom that comes in death. The soul, so to speak, *wonders*, at first; and when its wondering is gone, it cannot usually convey anything through the lips; it has freed itself too entirely from the body. And if it had not, it could but say: Light, light. Some here, perhaps, have been privileged to stand at death-beds where, perhaps, after a long illness, the body had, so to speak, *thinned away* before the soul rather than *died*; where, it may have been for hours, the soul passed back and forth, using to the last the weakening energies of tongue and voice, getting half visions and half telling them, visions mixed, it may be, with earth memories and imaginings, colored with previous belief, and then conveyed but dimly with the common words that remained in the dying brain; and yet saying enough to show that gate after gate of light was opening, fuller freedom coming upon it moment after moment. And at last it can say no more. Yet its touch remains upon the hearts of those it loved. That will never fail. That is the real communion which we on earth have with those we call dead. It is not a communion of words; has not to do with hearing or seeing; it is not even of thought, as we consider thought. It belongs to the heart life, and this life death cannot touch. With the heart we know our friends who are here; by the same we know them after, and *know them to be*. There is the proof of immortality to those who can find it. Life touches life through all the universe.

"Death is the kindly giver of all that men ask. Theosophy teaches that if men die full of love of all physical life, with no conception of any deeper life, it is to physical life that they are soon returned. If they die worn out with pain and toil, and longing for rest, it is rest that comes upon them and stays with them till they are restored, and till the love of physical life comes back. If they die full of love for humanity and desirous to work for all good things, death opens—not closes—the ways to such work."

Homer

THERE is a hopeless uncertainty among scholars regarding the facts of the life of Homer, the sublimest writer that ever put emotion, thought, and nature into language. This god of language did his work with so much genius that he created emotion, thought, and nature itself that he might have worthy tenants for the palace homes he had builded; and he likewise created groups of words, words which were never piled before or since into such perfect language structures—that he might thereby offer fitting habitations to the princely spirits he evoked from the infinite realms of imagination.

Homer was endowed with a consummate knowledge of life; his lines burn at times with the splendor of a meridian sun; again they are as exquisite as a perfect summer dawn, and anon they flush with all the gorgeous coloring of tropic sunset.

Homer's great works have been called his daughters: Antiphilus personified them and invoked them to "Go join the Muse's choir in heaven."

The estimate in which they are held is indicated by epigrams from the Greek anthology. Leonidas of Tarentum wrote:

The fiery sun, when wheeling up heaven's height,
Obscures the stars and the moon's holy light;
So Homer, seen 'mid the poetic Throng,
Dims by his splendor all the orbs of Song.

Another epigram declares:

Homer so sang of Troy destroyed by fire,
That envy seized the towns that stood entire.

Modern scholars have thrown much doubt on Homer's identity and on the authorship of the two great master works, ascribed, in universal popular estimate, to the Prince of Poets. Among the ancients there was no evidence that Homer's actual existence was disputed, nor do the records which have been preserved to us indicate that any one, during the time of classic Greece, denied that Homer was the author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Yet, from the time that his name appears in the classic authors till the present, the questions are still unsolved: Where did he live? Where did he die? When did he die?

The uncertainty as to his birthplace is shown by the following lines:

Seven rival towns contend for Homer dead
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

This has been pronounced a libel on the several towns in question, and on the Greeks in general; still the verse is extant. An equal uncertainty of the age in which he wrote, and the place of his burial, has prevailed from the earliest period.

That the Prince of Poets was called in his youth Melesigenes, from the fact of being born on the banks of the River Meles; that he traveled through the known world during the prime of his years; that he became blind during that period, and that he sung his immortal epics, as a sacred bard, from city to city, from country to country, during his declining years, are facts which are derived chiefly from a history of his life which was published a short while after the age of Herodotus, about 450 B. C., and which is supposed to have been written by that fascinating and illustrious historian.

A passage in the *Odyssey*—the words being of the blind harper, Demodocus, at the court of King Alcinous—is thought by some scholars to have referred to Homer himself. The passage reads:

Whom the Muse loved, and gave him good and ill—
Ill that of light she did his eyes deprive;
Good, that sweet minstrelsies divine at will
She lent him, and a voice men's ears to thrill.

The Greek for Homer is *Omeros*, and it is said that the equivalent of this word in the Cumæan dialect was *Tuphlos*, which latter word means *One with a Guide*. Critical scholars know that a blind man is often led by a guide, and hence they have decided that Homer got his name *Tuphlos* because he was blind; they seem to have overlooked the real meaning of the word *Tuphlos* as applied to the immortal poet: *One with a Guide*; that is, one who has received illumination, one who has divine guidance, one who could enter the domicile of the Muse; as he himself declares, "Sweet minstrelsies divine at will she lent him, and a voice men's ears to thrill."

Omeros, in the Bæotian dialect, means a union; so there seems no possible connection between the two words, *Omeros* and *Tuphlos*, the one meaning *union*, and the other meaning *blind*; but if we apply the idea of illumination, as interpreted above, we readily see that the two

different Greek words, which were used to designate the Poet, can be used, and naturally would be used, the one in Bæotia and the other in Cumæ, in consequence of a racial difference in forms of expression; while at the same time both divisional races of the Hellenic people intended to convey an identical idea. The one with the divine guide is as one is in a real spiritual unity, in a state where the personal, intellectual, mortal consciousness is identified, or united with; that is, *united* to the universal, the immortal, the spiritual guide, or *SELF*.

For at least twenty-seven centuries Homer has been the fountain from which warriors, statesmen, orators, dramatists, romancers, priests and artists have drawn divine conceptions. So long as readers approach his verses in the true attitude they will be suffused with the afflatus which illuminates every page of his volumes.

IVERSON L. HARRIS



A GLIMPSE OF THE LOMALAND CLIFFS

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

ALL nature is smiling today at Lomaland, and, to add to the joy of it, there is a calmness in the broad, blue Pacific ocean which breathes peace to all human kind. As far as the eye can reach, it is all ocean and sky. The stillness of it, only broken by the sound of the waves as they roll in upon the high cliffs of Lomaland, calms the mind and brings one to the thought of how sweet it is to be in the quiet for awhile.

What a contrast is this peaceful and restful nature picture to one that marks the struggles of two nations, just over the sea, westward—Japan and Russia, who are battling, in their efforts for supremacy, brother against brother, sorrow and death following.

I love to look forward to a few years hence, when there must be a change in the affairs of men for the betterment of all. These horrors of war haunt me night and day; and I question my soul; I call out in my tears for an answer to come to me that shall tell me that my prayers are not in vain.

Yes, a turn in the affairs of men—a great surging tide of universal love, to breathe into human hearts an inspiration of divine meaning. Yes! A turn in the affairs of men which shall compel right action; which shall place men unafraid of suffering and persecution, to make royal laws; beneficent laws which will force a higher arbitration among the nations, and condemn war as barbarous and savage.

A nation may gain its victory, and it may prosper as the world goes; but there must be an undoing—a balancing of all injustices which have come about through warfare. Pages of pathetic history must be written as the results of all this, before the final accounting is cast by the law.

In the silence I recall my prayer to the divine law, as well as my pity for those who cry out in the wilderness of human despair for light. And lo! a vision is mine. I see! There is time in the near future, when man's ingratitude to the higher law shall have lessened; and some of the peace I feel in the silence today shall have clothed the nations in its garments. Then shall have come the beginning of a new life for all.

Grateful am I for this quiet time; it has given me new strength and a larger hope for the fulfillment of the law which shall ultimately give unto each man peace.

LOTUS

AN expedition to Greenland, in quest of sagas and ethnologic information, started from Denmark nearly two years ago. The story of this expedition, as told in the words of Knud Rasmussen, is now to hand. Many interesting sketches have been made and a large number of songs and sagas collected, but the particulars given deal with the life and customs of the Greenlanders, and with the weird phenomena of year-long day and night.

The expedition reached Cape York and started north in search of men. They found some Polar Eskimos, who received them hospitably, and set to their task of sketching and collecting information. It was a time of snowstorms, and they hardly knew the difference between night and day; for they had acquired the Eskimo habit of sleeping through unpleasant weather, and often slept twenty-four hours at a stretch, afterwards working for another twenty-four hours. The coming of the "Great Darkness" is thus described (we quote from the *Boston Evening Transcript*):

On my return home that evening I met an old Eskimo woman, Arnaluti. She stopped me and, pointing out over the sea toward the west, she asked: "Do you see that out there?" "See what?" I asked. "Out there over the sea! The darkness, which is coming, the great darkness," she answered. The sea was smooth as a mirror, and the mountains reflected themselves in the heavens. It was already growing dark, but one could yet see a long distance ahead. A black cloud-wall rose against the whole western horizon. It was the polar night which was approaching.

A period of terrific rains and storms then set in, during which the whole community, its houses destroyed, had to take refuge in a cave and face scant provisions and darkness. Afterwards, when the winter had set in and expeditions could be made on the ice, they visited a cave, which is described as follows:

With its high overarching vault, and its two deep side aisles, which were divided by a sharp stone partition, it appeared like an ancient sepulchre. The aisles, with their large protruding stones, suggested an unfinished work of man. The background was covered with ice, and in the dim light of our torch it looked like a Greek altar of marble. Crystals of ice hung down in fringes, and hoar-frost flowers sparkled like diamonds. The floor consisted of large unhewn stones, which had been thrown in by the strong southwestern waves. By the flickering light of the torch, in our hairy bearskin trousers, we ourselves must have appeared like two satyrs balancing themselves between the stones.

The sun had gone down towards the end of October, and towards the end of February it would return:

A Glimpse of the Native Silversmith

THE profession of silversmith in Trinidad is a very lucrative one, and the craftsman is kept busily employed turning money (silver and gold) into various articles of jewelry. Judging others by themselves, those who bring their hardly earned money to the smith, sit down and watch, whilst the coins are being melted, so that he may not remove some and substitute alloy—if time admits, they will remain and watch the whole process, and an extremely interesting one it is.

As will be seen in the picture, a little round furnace of clay is made in which it is burned, the coins are put in a small metal bowl, live coals placed on the top, and then put into the fire which the smith blows rapidly with his bellows all the time. When the coins are melted he pours the liquid metal into a small narrow trough; it at once solidifies and he drops it into the basin of water standing in front of him. He then hammers the bar out flat and proceeds to cut it up into pieces or pull it out into wires as the design may require. Some hammers, pincers and nails are practically all his stock in trade, and very

Among the Polar Eskimos

The Great Night

One walks around as if blindfolded. It feels as though one could hardly open the eyes. Everything is blurred. The world shrinks together, and it is even difficult to breathe. It is as if a leaden weight hung over body and soul! There is a feeling of infinite hopelessness in going to bed in the evening, knowing that when one awakes in the morning it will still be dark. It kills ambition, and produces a state of overwhelming mental dullness. Everything disappears in the darkness—the days, the nights, the thoughts; and one knows that one cannot wake up before the light returns. Oh, let there be light! Let there be light!

The description of life among the Eskimos is interesting:

The family which we had chosen consists of a husband and his wife, a girl and a boy. We have now been made members of the family for an indefinite period. All our possessions are reduced to a knife and a cup of metal. Everything that we eat—and our appetite exceeds that of the Eskimos themselves—we are unable to pay for. They know it, but yet they are just as happy, these kind, honest souls. They are satisfied to keep us as two queer house pets, who give them a great deal of amusement. And we also make the house interesting to others. Everybody who comes here must at once come in to get a good look at us.

Our existence is truly elysian. We are feasted and fattened and spoiled in this little Eskimo hut, which is as hot as an oven. The temperature is generally 88°, and the perspiration rolls off of us, despite the fact that we are entirely naked. We must, of course, follow the customs of the house.

Our food is very varied, compared to what it was in the cavern, where we often had to eat half spoiled walrus three times a day, and be happy if we got that. Our landlady has a well-supplied pantry to choose from; frozen narwhal meat, different kinds of seal, narwhal hide, frozen walrus liver—an excellent dessert—dried narwhal meat and walrus. We eat these things to our heart's content, and enjoy them as delicacies, as indeed they are. Most of the food we eat

raw; for it is not every day that we get anything cooked, and whether the meat is fresh or spoiled, it goes down just the same. The climate here requires rich food and plenty of it.

Outside it is dark, although it is daytime, and bitterly cold. Inside two small blubber lamps are burning. We have just consumed a solid breakfast of raw frozen meat, and are now lying down and vegetating on the shelf-bed. Beside me lies my friend comfortably stretching himself out; the perspiration trickles down in muddy streamlets on his not altogether clean body. He has just been lying there philosophizing; now he ruminates. He gave a little finely composed lecture on the pleasures of life, and insisted that the less we possess the better off we are. He illustrated this point by our blissful existence here among the Eskimos. Yes, it is idyllic! On the shelf-bed next to us the two ladies of the house are sitting down sewing. Their toilettes do not inconvenience them.



of Trinidad, West Indies, at His Forge

beautiful work he turns out, although somewhat rough and unfinished.

The woman and little girl are his wife and daughter. The wife has on her very best veil which is of silk, probably four or five yards in length, edged all round with silver bells which jingle sweetly as she walks; round her neck are two or three heavy solid necklets and above a row of hollow golden beads. Through her nose is a narrow golden ring from which hangs a smaller ring to which is attached a flat pendant; the serdhandai on the little girl's head probably belongs to her mother the better to display it for the photograph; it denotes marriage, and when not worn a red line down the centre of the head



takes its place. The population of Trinidad presents a curious mixture of East and West, of Asia, Africa, and Europe. About two-thirds are natives, of African race. There are sixty or seventy thousand coolies from India. It was a Spanish possession till 1797, and of this there are many traces. In 1802 it became the property of Great Britain. Lastly, a good number of years ago, many French settlers arrived and blended in. B. G.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Can We Know Anything of the Inner Truth?

THE English Premier's address to the British Association, of which he is president, must have been a little confusing to that august body of scientists. For, whilst on the one hand, he paid a number of graceful compliments to science in her recent advances into the hidden depths of matter, on the other, he assured his hearers that their conclusions could have very little to do with the truth.

His argument was somewhat as follows:

The process of evolution has provided us with our faculties. But not that we might use them to produce fine theories about electricity and matter, not that we might know the inner truth about anything. No; only that we might get food, bring up children and outwit and fight rivals and enemies. The faculties were evolved through animal and savage ages by straining at those occupations, and therefore to those occupations only, are they fitted. Mind was evolved in the same way and for the same purposes.

In using mind and faculties for the purposes of science, minute observations, elaborate reasonings and calculations, we are putting them to a work for which they are quite unfitted. And the results therefore *must* be wrong and contradictory. For example: these senses tell us certain things about matter. But when, with the mind, they are used scientifically, they tell us, this last year or two, that there is no such thing as matter, as we see it with the common eye; it really consists of points of *immaterial* electricity. They may contradict that again, during the next few years; and so on. What shall we do?

But Mr. Balfour himself supplied something of an answer. "Sometimes," he said, "the plain teachings of experience were contradicted by an imperative instinct or sentiment, which treated experience as counsel treated a hostile witness, till it was compelled to confess its secret. Men of science had always been restive under the multiplication of the entities.

They had sought eagerly for signs that the world is a modification of a single medium, rather than a composite structure built up out of sixty or seventy elementary substances."

That intuition turns out, under experience, to be correct—unless this experience too, is presently found to have another explanation. In the same way "action at a distance" seemed a plain fact of experience, but it was to Faraday's obstinate disbelief in it that we owe some of the most crucial electrical discoveries.

These intuitions—not founded on experience, at first seeming to contradict experience, yet subsequently found true, that is, in accord with, and explanatory of, further experience—had not had, thought Mr. Balfour, enough attention.

They come, according to Theosophy, from a higher region of consciousness than mind, one that understands the universe because the universe is a radiation of its own essence, and is therefore conscious.

But science may be a long way from that conclusion. In the meantime its work is the reduction of real things to pictures which the mind can understand, and by whose aid it can do things which are useful to us.

STUDENT

Experiments Being Made in Silk Staining

TWO French experimenters have been working in order to discover the cause of the natural coloration of silks. Why do some silk-worms produce white silk, others yellow, others green? It appears that this coloring matter is derived from the leaves, originating in their chlorophyl; and that by administering certain coloring matters to the worms with their food, the silk can be dyed at its formation. So far, the experiments are in a very early stage, and the chief success was attained with red.

Leaves stained with methylene blue produced a blue silk, but the color was very faint and the worms did not seem favorably impressed with the flavor of the stained leaves. Dyeing is however, made so easy that this process does not seem of very great importance.

DYER

Three-color Progress in Printing

A RECENT invention has placed the three-color commercial process in a still more highly advanced position than heretofore. Hitherto it has usually been necessary to print the three impressions at intervals of hours, yellow first, because of its opacity, afterwards the red and the blue; but by the new printing machine all three colors are superposed at one operation, the paper taking the three impressions consecutively without loss of time in drying. One material note of progress is the production of perfectly transparent inks which enable the yellow to be printed last of the three, thereby giving it the advantage it needs in drying, this color remaining moist longer than the others.

The leaps and bounds taken by this process of reproducing by photographic means colored pictures, landscapes, and even portraits, are quickly bringing about a revolution in our literature. Almost weekly some worker seems to add a new touch, until even the cheapest of our magazines now find it possible to present colored work which would have been prohibitively expensive and even impossible a few years ago. Thus we find very few colored magazine covers and illustrations of the present day produced by the older processes. Although direct color photography may yet be in the far distance, indirect methods such as these are already making our magazines a veritable education in art for the multitudes who read them. We may be sure that, perfect as the results now seem to be, the field is yet but lightly touched. From the successful and universal production of colored illustrations by mechanical means a growing demand for more perfect work of this kind has arisen, and even now it is an axiom that advertisers must avail themselves of color-work to be in the first rank.

With this increasing demand we shall doubtless find increasing production and improved methods until, trying door after door in their urgency, the pioneers will at last find the one hiding the secret they need.

STUDENT

Friendly Bacteria—Interesting Experiments in Paris

IT appears probable that there are bacteria standing as necessary intermediaries between us and our food, in the same way as there are bacteria between the root (covering it as a cap) and the soil, in the case of plants, serving to make the matters in the soil assimilable by plant life. Dr. Charrin, of Paris, sterilized some suitable food and fed with it two sets of rabbits. But in the case of one set, after the sterilization, he reimpregnated the food with bacteria. The other set died; enteric catarrh and other troubles set in, apparently due to non-assimilation of food. In fact they were starved—not in the midst of plenty but with plenty in the midst. The first set flourished.

The next point is to find out *which* bacteria are the valuable ones and which the poisonous. Perhaps it would be correct to say that the problem is to separate the bacteria which are *builders*, which take the food up a step towards the state needed to form part of the living body, from those which are *destroyers*, which take the food *back*, possibly generate ptomaines from themselves or in it, or at best leave it as it was. We must cease thinking of bacterial life as wholly inimical to us, for there is little doubt that the results reached by Dr. Charrin in the case of rabbits apply also to us.

STUDENT

Saturn's Ninth Moon May Have Been A Comet

PROFESSOR PICKERING has now placed the existence of "Phœbe," Saturn's ninth moon, beyond doubt. But she is so far away from him—8,000,000 miles—that it is a question whether he did not steal her as she wandered heedlessly by as a comet or asteroid. The same unpleasant suggestion is made with respect to the moons of Mars and one of those of Jupiter. Small people must be careful in wandering about space till the point is settled.

Saturn's moons are scattered over a very wide area. One of them is only 117,000 miles from him—half of our moon's distance from us; the farthest, after Phœbe, is 2,225,000 miles. Phœbe requires a year and a half to traverse her orbit, but Saturn's nearest achieves his little path in less than a day.

STUDENT

✻ A Story That Has Never Been Told ✻

JEANETTE sat on the hill-top picking sage. Below her lay the great blue ocean; above her head stretched the blue dome of the sky. She was thinking, "What a glorious land this is! Truly, it is God's land. It is the home of the soul. How I wish all the people in the world could know it! But they don't, poor things; and oh, how I wish I might get so strong that I could go out and tell them about it, and bring them all here."

Jeanette had been an invalid all her life, and now in Southern California she was finding herself, and in the knowledge gained health was being secured.

The brilliant sunshine, the sweet, pure air, and the song of birds were Jeanette's companions on the hill-top. It was Sunday, and the people in the world to whom her heart went out, brought a vivid picture to her mind of what she would be doing were she in her city home in the East.

"There is three hours difference in the time," she was thinking, "and probably the family are on their way to church at this moment. Oh, how glad I am to be in this delightful land!"

Then Jeanette gave a little gasp of horror at herself. "What rank heresy that sounds like," she thought. "Well, it is true, anyway, and I am getting courage out here in this clear, pure atmosphere, to be honest with myself. In the name of all that is rational, why should I apologize to Public Opinion for preferring to sit on this beneficent warm earth, centered in the very heart of the universe, with the great sea and the free, open sky making an unbroken circuit around me, with space to breathe and move, and feel my divinity; and this in preference to four close walls of a big city church, crowded with people whose minds are absorbed with their good clothes, an appetizing Sunday dinner, and the effort to do their Christian duty according to the conventional method, just as I used to be doing, and as church members are doing in all the world today.

"And now," said Jeanette to herself, "tell me how humanity is ever going to recognize its own divinity in such conditions? And yet, did not Christ come to teach man's divinity? Every man's divinity?"

"But then," reflected Jeanette, "Christ did not have a church; he used Nature, the great sea, the blue sky and the hill-side." And the flash of a picture came to her of the Lake of Galilee, lying at the foot of the hills down which ran the beautiful river; with great forests all about, and on the green grass the assembled multitude to whom Jesus spoke: "As a man sows so shall he reap." "No man can serve two masters." "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy; blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"Ah!" thought Jeanette, "was not that the mission of Jesus—to preserve for humanity a pure heart?"

Then to Jeanette's mind came the picture of the civilization of Europe at the time of Jesus. Like a great picture, in black and white, the world's history seemed. The terrible struggle of the soul with human

nature in the drama of evolution! Out of the blackness loomed the eternal conflict of man with man, and nation with nation, since the beginning of time. Shining out of the darkness, like beacon lights, was the periodical coming every two thousand years of great teachers and saviours, as the personified Christ principle, appearing with each new era to revivify the light and keep the link unbroken.

"And the coming of Jesus," thought Jeanette, "was it not the forging of a link between the most ancient civilization and the modern, to pass on the light of high ideals that must always have existed in the world?"

"I wonder why it is," Jeanette said to herself, "that women are so little mentioned in history. What we read about is a horrible riot of selfish greed, a strife with personal power and personal ambition, in which the cruelty of man to man stands at the front. Where, then, is woman's true power and place in history? Why should she be relegated in the background, and all the cruelty and wickedness in the world brought to the front?"

"Ah, me!" she added, with a sigh. "That is a story that has never been told."

Then came the memory of words she had recently seen in the *NEW CENTURY PATH*, written by Katherine Tingley.

"Would that you, as women, realized how mighty you are as souls. Mightier than mind can comprehend. Look into the past; yourselves the comrades and teachers of the great ones of the race. And deep within your hearts today lies infinite power if you would but stand erect, stand as souls, find the light and walk in it. Are ye not the mothers of the race? The key of all the future lies in your hands. For your own sakes, for the sake of all humanity, I plead with you to turn away from the psychological mists that shadow the mind and destroy the will, and find once again, within your own hearts, the Eternal Sunrise. Find the resourceful part of your natures and dwell therein. Find your own divinity."

The urge of inspiration brought Jeanette to her feet. The sky above and the blue water below seemed like a vast mirror reflecting her own form, as a woman, in the history of nations.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "it is a wonderful drama, in which women are to claim their true power and place. They will write their own history. It will be a new story, and will not be embellished with the harrowing tales of cruelty, selfishness, avarice and man's inhumanity to man, but it will be a story in which the divinity of man shall stand at the front, and the simple teachings of Jesus, that all races of men are children of God's family, and each man is his brother's keeper, will once again lighten the world. And it shall be the work of women."

"Surely, I am beginning to really understand," she added, as with a buoyant step she turned her face homeward. "The race is myself; nothing is separate; all are like one great family. And the women of history— Ah! they are the guides for the race, the guardians of the spiritual light. I, myself, am a woman of history, and tonight I shall begin to do my part in writing a chapter of this 'Story That Has Never Been Told.'"

W. L. C.

Fragment from

SPENCER'S FAIRY QUEEN

WHERE is the antique glory now become?

That whylome wont in women to appear?

Where be the brave achievements done by some?

Where be the battles, where the shield and spear,

And all the conquests which then high did rear,

That matter made for famous poets' verse,

And boastful men so oft abash'd to hear?

Been they all dead and laid in doleful hearse?

Or do they sleep and shall again reverse?

But by record of antique times I find

That women wont in wars to bear most sway,

And to all great exploits themselves inclined

Of which they still the garland bore away:

Till envious men, fearing their rules decay,

Gan coin strait laws to curb their liberty:

Yet, sith they warlike arms have laid away,

They have excelled in arts and policy.

That now we foolish men that praise gin eke t' envy.

And as ye soft and tender are by kind

Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauty's grace,

So be ye soft and tender eke in mind;

But cruelty and hardness from you chase,

That all your other praises will deface,

And from you turn the love of men to hate

Ensample take of Mirabella's case,

Who from the high degree of happy state

Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Raja Yoga Question Box

THE brave speak and fight for the liberty of their country. Gentle hands must heal the wounded and suffering. Great statesmen must keep for the nation the freedom won in battle.

1 Who was Patrick Henry?

ANSWER — Patrick Henry was a statesman and a great orator. He was the first governor of Virginia. He spoke and wrote against the right of Great Britain to tax the colonies. His words inspired many to fight for the freedom of their country.

2 Who was Sarah Bache?

ANSWER — Sarah Bache was the daughter of Benjamin Franklin. During the war

of Independence she led 3,000 women to collect money and medicine and make clothing to send to the soldiers. Mrs. Bache also served as a nurse to the soldiers.

3 Who was Alexander Hamilton?

ANSWER — Alexander Hamilton was a great historical character. He was an orator and a writer before he was 18 years old. He became Washington's secretary and trusted friend and helped Washington plan his battles. He was very learned in law and helped to form the Constitution of the United States. He was born in the West Indies, near Cuba. His parents were gifted and noble-hearted.

The Story of Bran

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a great Scottish chieftain whose name was Fingal, and anyone visiting the islands of Tona and Staffa, near the coast of Scotland, will be shown Fingal's caves on Staffa. Now Fingal had a great big dog called Bran. He was so big that when Fingal came across to Dunolly Castle to visit his friends, Bran, who came with him, was fastened to a big stone 30 feet in circumference, and his chain cut deep lines all round the stone. I have seen the stone and the lines and also the ruins of Dunolly Castle. The guide book, in telling about it, says, "certainly no ordinary stone, but then Bran was no ordinary dog."

My story, however, is about another dog called Bran, big but not as big as Fingal's dog. He was a mixture of Cuban bloodhound and guarahund, pronounced *warahund*, being the native dog of the Indians who live in Venezuela. He was of a mixed brown and yellow color like the ground, but had long dark ears, big brown eyes and the deep voice of the bloodhound. To his friends he was the gentlest, kindest, most devoted friend, but was very fierce to strangers, especially if he thought they might harm his mistress or her children, to whom he was so devoted that he always accompanied them, but could never be induced to go out with his master, if his mistress and the children were at home.

Accustomed to sleep out of doors at night, he invariably went up to the nursery as soon as the doors were opened in the morning, and wakened the children by licking their hands and faces through the mosquito curtains; but if his master happened to be away from home, nothing could induce him to leave the house. He then slept in his mistress' room, and always got up to look at her several times during the night. This is said to be an inherited instinct of Cuban bloodhounds, to protect the women and children when the men are absent on hunting or battle expeditions.

Although very big and strong, he was as gentle as it was possible to be, and never once hurt the children although he played with them from their babyhood. One of his favorite games was to run from one end of the nursery to the other, taking big jumps over the children as they sat on the floor; another, to sit down on the floor with his front paws stretched out, the children would then get on his back, and he would roll gently over till one saw nothing but a confused mass from which came delighted laughter.

Once he was lying fast asleep on the floor, when one of the children, just able to walk, tripped over him; he gave an ugly growl and his widely opened mouth took in nearly the whole of the tiny arm, but the mouth never closed, and his dropping head and sorrowful eyes fully attested to the shame he felt.

During the long illness of his mistress he remained most faithfully beside her bed, only leaving to get his food when called, and these words of Mrs. Browning's are perfectly true of him:

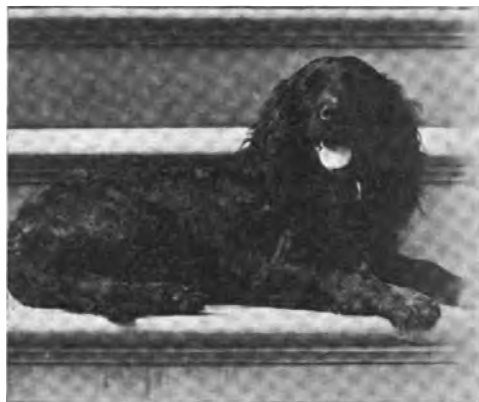
But of thee it shall be said
This dog watched beside a bed
Day and night unwearied,

Watched within a curtained room
Where no sunshine broke the gloom
Round the sick and dreary.

Roses gathered for a vase
In that chamber died apace
Beam and breeze resigning.
This dog only waited on
Knowing that when light is gone
Love remains for shining.

And this dog was satisfied
If a pale thin hand would glide
Down his dewlaps sloping —
Which he pushed his nose within,
After — platforming his chin
On the palm left open.

His death was very pathetic, he caught a severe cold swimming in the sea; and although everything possible was done for him, it was soon seen that it was useless. Faithful to the last, one evening he followed his mistress to the little jetty and watched her leave in the boat. When she returned, a few hours later, he was still there and unable to move. He was carried gently into the house and laid on a comfortable bed of straw which he never left again. When no longer able to wag his tail he would open his eyes and look long at his mistress, and he died with his dear head resting on her hand, beloved, unforgetten and never to be replaced in her affections. **COUSIN BEATRICE**



POMONA

A Letter from Pomona

DEAR CHILDREN: A little Spanish dog sends you her picture and a letter. Many of you know Spanish, of course, and can read it without difficulty, but for those who cannot Pomona asks me to write out the English translation. Pomona believes in Brotherhood and Raja Yoga, as you see:

Muy SENORITOS MIOS:

Aquí está mi retrato. Soy Pomona. Tengo mas de once años. Aunque soy una viejecita he aprendido comprender el Castellano. "Mas vale tarde que nunca."

El ama mia me quiere mucho á mi. Muchas veces ella me ha dicho que nunca he hecho yo ni una mala cosa. No sé — estoy contenta todos los días.

Hay un gatito en la casa que tiene miedo de mi. ¿No es extraño? Yo no lastimo á los gatos. Mis amos hablan mucho de la hermandad. Tal vez el gato no ha oido decir de esa buena palabra, HERMANDAD. ¡Pobre gatito! Yo probaré enseñarsela.

Adiós, mis amigos, S., S. Q. B. S. M.

POMONA

DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

Here is my photograph. I am Pomona. I am more than eleven years old. Although I am old, I have learned to understand Spanish. "Better late than never."

My mistress loves me very much. Many times she has told me that I have never done even one naughty thing. I don't know — I am happy all the time.

There is a kitten in our house that is afraid of me. Isn't that strange? I don't hurt cats. My people speak often of Brotherhood. Perhaps the kitten has never heard of this good word, BROTHERHOOD. Poor kitten! I shall try to teach her about it.

Good-bye, friends. Affectionately,

POMONA

DEAR CHILDREN: The Governor of North Borneo, quite across the great world from Point Loma, has many curious pets about his home, so a friend writes me. But the most curious of all is a baby rhinoceros. He is greatly devoted to the Governor's wife and follows her about much as an affectionate dog might do.

When he was captured he was at first inconsolable. However, his kind-hearted mistress gave him plenty of milk and the best of care, meaning to keep him a few days to show to some friends. But when she decided to return him to the jungle Master Rhinoceros refused to go! What will she do with him when he grows up? **UNCLE FRED**

Students'Path

COLUMBUS

From SCHILLER

STILL steer on, brave heart! though wiflings laugh at thy emprise.
 And though the helmsmen drop, weary and nerveless, their hands.
 Westward and westward still! there land must emerge from the ocean;
 There it lies in its light, clear to the eye of thy mind.
 Trust in the Power that guides; press on o'er the convex of ocean:
 What thou seek'st, were it not, yet it should rise from the waves.
 Nature and Genius hold a pact that is fixt and eternal---
 All which is promised by this, that never fails to perform.

How to Study Theosophy

IF this query were made by some one really desirous of investigating the hidden and sacred truths of Theosophy, it is the most sensible thing he could do. There are so many fads which have dressed themselves in the mantle of Theosophy, and the word has become so misused, that almost any crazy idea might claim it as parent. The outside student, or would-be student rather, usually imagines that the approach to the study of it is something that can be taken up as a fad, to be put aside when curiosity is satisfied.

Now, while the principles of Theosophy are so simple and direct that a child may grasp them, there is a side to it which would require a lifetime to understand; aye, more than one life, for Theosophy is the Science of Life itself, and the Science of Right Living. As an example of its principles, we may take the teaching of Reincarnation: that man is reborn on earth, after death has severed him from a former worn-out vehicle; and that other teaching of the law that what a man sows, that shall he reap; that if he sow tares, he shall not reap wheat, but that the harvest will be according to the sowing. Then, further, we may instance the law of human evolutionary progress, which teaches that man was originally a spiritual being; that he fell into matter, and is now on the backward road to his high spiritual estate, but that he shall rise much higher than the point from whence he fell. All these are simple in their principles, and may be taught lucidly to the least intellectual mind.

Now, what is Theosophy as a whole? It has been called by different names and explained in varying ways: some say it means "The Wisdom of the gods;" others say that it means "Divine Wisdom;" others, again, teach that the word signifies the Divine Law of Truth, and that a fragment of it is found in every religious and philosophic system, worthy of the name, the world has ever known.

Therefore, as a science, it has to deal with the whole of man's complex nature. To attempt to understand it merely with the brain-mind is utterly useless; it is not possible to do so, for the very nature of the subject requires a more universal treatment. It must be studied with the heart as well; indeed, more so than with the mind; and further, it must be made a living power in everyday life.

As Theosophy is the Science of Life and of Right Living, every part of man's being falls under its scope. As man and Nature may be roughly classed as triune, Spirit, Soul or Mind, and Body, just so must Theosophy be studied in its relation to each part of this trinity of life, and its study will be only really satisfactory and lastingly beneficial when man studies it with heart and brain, jointly and together.

And absolutely essential to its quick understanding is the necessity of approaching the study of it with a mind free from prejudice and misconception of whatever character. This is just one of the most difficult things in the world to do; for our brains have been rendered so extremely irresponsible to anything recognized as *unusual*, through early mis-education in childhood, that it immediately, on the slightest excuse, marshals its prejudices and its set ideas about this, that and the other, like so many fighting demons; and the result is lamentable confusion. It is precisely for this reason that the mind of a little child may so much

more easily grasp the teachings of Theosophy in its principles than a man, for the child's mind is more plastic, less set in its way, and therefore more intuitive.

Now the great Foundress of the Theosophical Society in the last century, Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, wrote a remarkable work, in which the broad and general principles of Theosophy were carefully outlined. This monumental work of learning traces in brief the entire course of man's evolution, and that of Nature with him; and it foretells the destiny of man to come. This work is also called the "Synthesis of Science, Religion and Philosophy," in that it demonstrates that every system known to man, the world over, has come from a common fountainhead of Wisdom and Knowledge.

But to place such a work in the hands of the enquirer, would be as foolish as to require one who has never learned the first principles of arithmetic, to solve a complicated algebraical problem. Those who are really earnest in their desire to become students of Theosophy will begin at the beginning, exactly as they would begin with any other science; only as Theosophy comprehends the whole Nature of man, it takes the whole nature of man to understand it; and this applies to the principles of it, as well as to more advanced study.

For this reason it is sheer futility to cram one's head full of ideas about "auras," "astral bodies," psychism, hypnotism, etc. What right has the *beginner* in the Science of Right Living to know the real secret teaching about these things, until he has proved indisputably his fitness, his moral and spiritual fitness? Such ideas he may easily get from books, written by others, very probably not a whit more fit than the beginner, only that they have *read* more than he. How can he know that the things he reads about all these ARE TRUTH?

The method endorsed by the Universal Brotherhood is higher and more comprehensive than the ordinary method of study, and its aims are farther reaching. Therefore, to study Theosophy, we must use every part of our nature; we must use the divine faculty of common sense, with which every intelligent man is endowed. Whatever we may read or hear, let us test it by the Heart power as well as the Brain power, and we cannot go far astray. And we must ever bear in mind what Katherine Tingley says: "Theosophy applies to every department of life."
 J. F. K.

Reincarnation

THE doctrine of reincarnation means that man as a thinker, composed of soul, mind and spirit, occupies body after body in life after life on the earth, which is the scene of his evolution, and where he must, under the very laws of his being, complete that evolution, once it has been begun.

This doctrine is the very base of Theosophy, for it explains life and Nature. It is one aspect of evolution, for as it is re-embodiment in meaning, and as evolution could not go on without re-embodiment, it is evolution itself, as applied to the human soul. . . . It vindicates Nature and God, and removes from religion the blot thrown by men who have postulated creeds which paint the Creator as a demon. Each man's life and character are the outcome of his previous lives and thoughts. Each is his own judge, his own executioner, for it is his own hand that forges the weapon which works for his punishment, and each by his own life reaches reward, rises to heights of knowledge and power for the good of all who may be left behind him. Nothing is left to chance, favor, or partiality, but all is under the governance of law. Man is a thinker, and by his thoughts he makes the causes for woe or bliss; for his thoughts produce his acts. He is the center for any disturbance of the universal harmony, and to him as the center the disturbance must return so as to bring about equilibrium, for Nature always works toward harmony. . . . He is thus responsible for all his thoughts and acts, and in that his complete responsibility is established; his own spirit is the essence of this law, and provides forever compensation for every disturbance and adjustment for all effects. This is the law of Karma or justice, sometimes called the ethical law of causation. It is not foreign to the Christian Scriptures, for both Jesus and St. Paul clearly enunciated it. Jesus said we should be judged as we gave judgment, and should receive the measure meted to others. St. Paul said: "Brethren, be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap." And that sowing and reaping can only be possible under the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation.

No new ethics are represented by Theosophy, as it is held that right ethics are forever the same. But in the doctrines of Theosophy are to be found the philosophical and reasonable basis for ethics and the natural enforcement of them in practise. *Universal Brotherhood is that which will result in doing unto others as you would have them do unto you, and in your loving your neighbor as yourself—declared as right by all teachers in the great religions of the world.*
 (The italics are mine—Ed.) WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

BE OF GOOD CHEER

EMERSON

BE of good cheer, brave spirit; steadfastly
 Serve that low whisper thou hast served; for know,
 God hath a select family of sons
 Now scattered wide through earth, and each alone,
 Who are thy spiritual kindred, and each one
 By constant service to that inward law,
 Is weaving the sublime proportions
 Of a true monarch's soul. Beauty and strength,
 The riches of a spotless memory,
 The eloquence of truth, the wisdom got
 By searching of a clear and loving eye
 That seeth as God seeth. These are their gifts,
 And Time, who keeps God's word, brings on the day
 To seal the marriage of these minds with thine,
 Thine everlasting lovers. Ye shall be
 The salt of all the elements, world of the world.

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question What is the difference between the Theosophical doctrine of Karma and that of a Pitiless Fate?

Answer I The doctrine of a "pitiless fate" can only mean that events happen to us without rhyme or reason, and that we have bad luck and good luck regardless of our deserts. Such a doctrine is impious and irrational; it means that the world is a chaos without system and order. We know perfectly well that Nature is not a disorderly chaos, but is arranged and worked on a most beautiful and orderly system. And it is not possible to think that human life alone would be left to chance and hap-hazard. The religious idea is that God watches over each one of us and cares for each event of all our lives. If God is able to do this, then it is clear that He is not a Person in the ordinary sense, or in any way that we can conceive. A mind so vast and all-embracing, and a care and attention so universal, must belong to a God far greater than religious people usually conceive; to a God who pervades all the universe and is present everywhere, in every tiniest atom, as in every boldest human breast.

The Theosophical doctrine of Karma is an attempt to give a comprehensible form to this idea of the omnipresent, all-just, and all-loving God. Try to look upon it with all reverence, for it is with the deepest reverence that it is spoken of. Simple uninquiring natures can find perfect consolation in the thought that God or Jesus watches over them; but there are people who think deeply and have minds that aspire to a larger knowledge of God and his Laws. To such it is no profanation that they should present the old familiar idea in a broader and more intellectual way, and endeavor to show how divine justice and love pervades and directs everything that happens in the universe.

In observing Nature we find that the Creator does not make special arrangements for individual cases, but that He has ordained His laws once for all, and these Laws protect those who obey them and punish those who strive against them. It is so in human life: God seldom, if ever, interferes specially; but he has ordained certain moral laws for the Soul's life, and certain vital laws for the body's health, and these laws regulate our fortunes.

It is generally admitted that diseases come, not as a special visitation from God, but as a consequence of some violation of the laws of health; and Theosophy extends this idea to our moral life, and declares that our bad luck is the result of some violation of God's moral law. This view is at once scientific and reverent.

It must, however, be borne in mind that, in considering the laws of eternal justice, we are dealing with the life of the immortal Soul—a life that neither begins nor ends with the life of the body; so that, if we are to comprehend God's eternal justice, we shall have to view human life on a far larger scale than we have been accustomed to do. We cannot expect to make God's vast and eternal plans fit exactly with our own narrow and limited ideas as to what is man and what is his destiny. Therefore the study of Karma should go hand in hand with a study of Theosophy generally; and it will be found, as our acquaintance with that most sacred and luminous science grows, that the justice and mercy of

God become ever more and more apparent the more we study his wondrous works and ways.

The erring and puzzled mind of man is not his real Self. The Soul is the real man, and it is for the Soul's experience that life is lived. All the while we are complaining and vexing our brains with doubtings and questionings, the Soul sees and knows and is adding to itself wisdom from experience. Moreover the Soul is trying to teach the mind and to make us see how things really are. Some day we shall have so grown in wisdom that even our minds will understand how and why we suffer and enjoy. Then we shall cease to grumble at God's Laws because they do not happen to agree with the imaginings of our ignorant minds. We shall take every event, whether pleasant or painful, as a lesson from which wisdom may be gleaned. Meanwhile we must trust in divine goodness and strive to broaden our ideas so that we can comprehend it.

H. T. E.

Answer II It is the *resemblance* that is difficult to find, not the difference.

According to the doctrine of Fatalism, your future is fixed *for you* by some power or person other than yourself, and it cannot be altered.

According to the doctrine of Karma, you fix the future *for yourself*, and it not only can be, but is, altered by each movement of your will.

Fatalism implies that causes can act without having any effects, which is the same as to say that a man can become a father without having any children. For if the will exists at all, it is the cause of effects.

Fatalism escapes this difficulty by denying will to us. But fatalism is about half of the truth, and for that reason, when stated as the *whole* of the truth, it is falser than if it were wholly false.

Every desire, yielded to, becomes the cause of its own reappearance in a stronger form. Resisted, its reappearance is weaker. We therefore create tomorrow by yesterday *and today*. Fatalism forgets the *today* part of that proposition; and since yesterday is beyond recall, asserts that tomorrow is now fixed beyond alteration. But today we are absolutely free. It is true that a mass of desires generated yesterday will rush in upon us; but we can resist them, and by our resistance gain more and more strength until we can finally conquer them and they return no more.

Fatalism is therefore the doctrine that the past makes the present and the future; Karma, the doctrine that the past makes the present and the future only so far as the present permits. Fatalism is true for those who do not use the will; it is not true for those who do.

As to external conditions, Theosophy teaches that these answer to the needs of our character. And as we made and make the character, we made and make the conditions. But we are not as yet wise enough to see what external conditions will come to us in answer to the need. Fatalism teaches that they come without regard to need, which is again a denial of the relation of cause and effect.

STUDENT

Question Why do you go to the ancients for your teachings of Theosophy? Is it not a fact that the past century has witnessed a greater advance than any previous century in historic times?

Answer I Yes; a greater advance in science, in luxury, in trade combinations; but hardly in spiritual wisdom. Because the ancients, or some of them, lived less in externals, and desires for externals, than we, they lived nearer to wisdom and were able to translate wisdom and the law into terms of human thought. It is for that thought, which our day lacks, that we have gone back to them. C.

Answer II The past century has also witnessed, especially during the last twenty-five years, an uncovering of a little of the marvelous achievements of the ancients, in architecture, construction, scientific knowledge, literature and even political and social science. From all this we are beginning to learn that the ancients in many directions knew more than we, and if that be so, it is but wisdom on our part to go to them to learn their wisdom. But it should not be forgotten that in so doing we are but recovering our own lost knowledge, for we were those ancients and hence therefore there lies before us an advance to an even greater height than they attained in the far past.

THERE WAS never any more inception than there is now; nor any more youth or age than there is now; and will never be any more perfections than there are now; nor any more heaven and hell than there is now.—Walt Whitman

Odd s and Ends

World's Headquarters UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization POINT LOMA, Cal.

Meteorological Table for the week ending Sept. the 18th, 1904

Total number hours sunshine
recorded during Aug., 223.70
Average no. hours a day 7.22
Observations taken at 8 a.m.
Pacific Time

SEPT	BAROM ETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
12	29.756	78	67	70	67	.00	SW	2
13	29.776	77	66	67	67	.04	W	3
14	29.812	75	66	69	66	trace	NE	3
15	29.828	73	67	70	66	.00	W	6
16	29.842	74	66	67	64	.00	W	5
17	29.824	74	64	67	62	.00	SW	3
18	29.816	75	61	67	64	.00	—	—

Ireland and the Church of Rome ON the following newspaper advices from Rome comment is superfluous. The paragraphs tell their own tale:

"Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli has returned here from his visit to Ireland, where he represented the Pope at the reopening of Armagh Cathedral, July 24th. He was received in audience by the Pope today and made his report. He says he was accorded an enthusiastic reception, and that many honors were paid him. For the first time since the fall of the temporal power of the Popes the Papal flag, hoisted on the steamer carrying the Cardinal, was saluted by British war ships, while Lord Dudley, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, treated him as a prince of the blood.

"The Cardinal also said that the faith in Ireland does not affect the people of Ireland alone, but extends beyond the seas into various countries, especially to America and Australia, to which the Irish have been forced to emigrate. Thus they are centers for the propagation of the faith wherever they are transplanted.

"The Pope was most pleased with the Cardinal's report, and expressed his intention of soon issuing a document in which he will express his feelings toward Ireland."

The Origin of "Windfall" THE origin of the expression "windfall," which is used when one wishes to refer to a streak of good luck, dates back to the time of William the Conqueror. At that time it was a criminal offense to cut timber in the British forests without royal consent. All that could be gathered for fuel or other purposes was such limbs as the wind should happen to break and cast to the ground. On this account the peasant hailed a great windstorm as a blessing, because it was apt to cast enough of "windfalls" for winter firewood. From this old-time forestry custom comes the modern application of the expression. At one time it was decreed that only such limbs and whole trees as should fall during the three summer months could be used as firewood, but

the unjustness of the act was so plainly apparent that no attempt was ever made to enforce it.

Libel & Slander Defined ALL publications in writing or in print imputing to another disgraceful, fraudulent or dishonest conduct, or which are injurious to the private character or credit of another, or tend to render a man ridiculous or contemptible in the relations of private life, are libelous.—*Addison on Torts*, §1089

Abuse by word of mouth is not slander unless special damages can be shown, unless

- (1) It is spoken of a professional or business man in the conduct of his profession or business; or
- (2) It imputes an indictable offense involving moral turpitude; or
- (3) Unless it imputes an infectious disease; or
- (4) Unless it imputes want of chastity to a woman.

If special damage can be shown, other words which are vituperative, but which are not within the foregoing class, may become slanderous.

(The foregoing is not a quotation from, but is the substance of, *Addison on Torts*, §§1116 to 1124)

Loma-Land THOSE who live in Lomaland love to look eastward; beyond the bay and beyond the city and beyond the foot-hills, even to the mountains in the purple distance. And the city is the most marvelous part of the picture; at sunset all fire and gold, a miracle of mosaic; at dawn a city of enchanted palaces. One might easily believe it to have been dropped down from fairy-land, all purple and gold and pink.

But at night the color and the gleam have disappeared. All is darkness. One would not know that the city lay there were it not for the lights which hang—a thousand beacons—in the darkness, but not of it. The picture is an inspiring one, symbolic, a picture story of the world's life wrapped, as it has been for ages, in spiritual darkness of its own making. Yet above the darkness, here and there, lights gleam. They are those who, in all ages, have stood for truth, those who have been Defenders of Principle.

STUDENT

FRIEND, what you'd get, first earn.—*Browning*

To the Members of The Universal Brotherhood Throughout the World: In order to expedite improvements in the different Departments of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, it is necessary that all communications, connected with the work of the Universal Brotherhood, should be directed to Katherine Tingley, Loma Homestead, Point Loma, California.

(Signed)

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Leader and Official Head*

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V

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WEEKLY

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CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

A Visit to Lhasa
Future of South America
Is Tobacco-Smoking Degrading?
Precipitation of Rain
Chinese in South Africa
Mr. Sargent's Visit
Raja Yoga Academy—frontispiece

Page 4—XXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Respect to Three Selves
A God Who Is
Misunderstood
Parallels Regarding
Scriptural Doctrines
Ireland & Gaelic Language

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Life a Commentary Upon
Art—illustrated
Value of French Art
The Test (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Our Debt to Childhood
Song of Myself
An Unrecorded Service
Woman's Physical Degeneracy
Glimpse of Lomaland (illustration)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Cave of the Giants—
A California Wonder
Modern Musical Instruments
Known of Old
Karle Cave-Temples Near
Poona, Bombay

Page 9—NATURE

A Bit of Nature's
Tapestry in a Wild
Flower—illustrated
Marvelous Little Rock-
Builders—illustrated
Is Nature Wasteful? Look
Beneath the Surface

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Students at Isis Theatre
Raja Yoga Academy
in Santiago de Cuba
—illustrated

Page 12—GENERAL

Lomaland Barometer Tides—illustrated
A Raja Yoga Ideal
Value of a Sunny Soul
Friends in Counsel

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Eating and Living
Fluorescent Eyes
Evolution of Organs
Curious Snake Stones

Page 14—FICTION

Tragedy and Comedy
A Life Sketch
Sowing a Seed (verse)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Raja Yoga Question Box
The Seashore, Lomaland—illustrated
Olden Days in Greece—illustrated
Song of a Pine Tree (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

If I But Knew (verse)
The Beauty of Law
Light and Darkness
The Time to Speak
Resurgemus (verse)
Theosophical Forum

Page 18—ODDS AND ENDS

Meteorological
Paris in the 18th Century
Education in Japan
Record of Faithful Service
Linguistic Reciprocity
How Phonographs Were Born
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

A Recent Visit to Lhasa

LOOKING over some notes made some months back we have come across the following, which confirms the few meagre details, which so far are all that we have from the British expedition. The notes refer to a visit by M. Zybikoff, a Russian explorer, who had had a prize conferred on him by the St. Petersburg Geographical Society as the first Russian explorer of Thibet.

M. Zybikoff is both Buddhist and Mongolian, being a Buriat of Baikals; and this enabled him to pass as a lama and to reach Lhasa, where he resided twelve months.

Zybikoff entered the country in 1890 by way of the Boumza Mountain, where Prjevalsky was turned back. Following are some particulars of Lhasa given by him:

It has a picturesque location on the southern slope of a mountain, with luxurious gardens on the west and south. The Uitchu River passes to the south of the city, through which dykes and canals have been constructed as a protection against overflows. Surrounding the city is a fine, broad street, which serves for religious processions and penitential exercises. Penitents go the length of this street falling to the ground every five or six feet, so that in a day they prostrate themselves about 3000 times. The city, though small, having at most only 10,000 regular inhabitants,

Important Commercial Center

is an important commercial center, the native traders being all women. In the center of the city is the Temple of Buddha. It is about 140 feet square and is three stories high, with three gilded Chinese roofs. It contains the gigantic bronze statue of Buddha, which has a hammered gold jeweled headdress, in front of which burns a sacrificial fire fed with melted butter. . . . The sacred edifice also contains rooms for the Dalai Lama and his Council.

The residence of the Dalai Lama ("Tale" in Huc's French transliteration), built in the Seventh century, is a mile out on Mt. Buddha La; it is 1400 feet long and nine stories high, and contains also the treasury, the mint, the schools of theology and medicine, and quarters for 1200 officials and 500 monks.

Other monasteries near Lhasa contain innumerable monks of all ages.

Since the fifteenth century all power, civil and spiritual, has been nominally in the hands of the Dalai Lama, but China maintains a Manchu resident and an army. In order to avoid strife in selecting a Dalai Lama, the electoral council places three strips of paper with the names of three boys in an urn, and the Manchu resident removes one with a small staff. The boy indicated on this piece of paper becomes the new Dalai Lama. His education is then entrusted to a college

How the Da- lai Lama Is Chosen

of learned men, and, until his twenty-second year, the Government is in the hands of a regent appointed by the Emperor of China. The present Dalai Lama is twenty-seven years old. He is the fifth since 1806, one of the regents having disposed of three while children.

The Dalai Lama rules through a council of four "Galons," appointed by the Emperor of China, and the administration is in the hands of a closed aristocracy, in which corruption is almost universal.

The population is estimated at probably not more than one-tenth of the 33,000,000 which has been conjectured. Besides Thibetans and Chinese, there are Cashmerians, Mongolians and Thibetans from Nepal.

The houses are of brick and stone, and dried dung is burned, as described by Huc. The chief articles of diet are barley meal, raw yak and sheep flesh, butter, sour milk and vegetables. There is, of course, universal devotion to formal religion and faith in the efficacy of prayers and charms.

M. Zybikoff is writing a book, illustrated with numerous photographs and drawings. Of course particulars like these will be taken, wherever they refer to religious beliefs and practices, with that grain of salt with which a Theosophist always seasons the reports of the prejudiced traveler.

The Religion No Doubt Degenerated

No doubt the religion of Thibet has degenerated, as religion has elsewhere in these Dark Ages. But we have always regarded degraded forms as positive evidence of the existence of their undegraded prototypes; and H. P. Blavatsky assures us that these latter still exist in Thibet. The unsympathetic traveler would not see anything except what he was intended to see, and would be apt to find what he was looking for, as people generally do who seek amid a multitude of miscellaneous facts for such as will confirm their theory. Profane travelers see the smoke, but there must be a fire somewhere. Huc and Gabet, being much more sympathetic, intelligent, and broad-minded than most explorers, and having ideas above mere geographical discovery, territorial aggrandizement, or mercantile enterprise, learned much more about the beliefs and practices of these people. They met and conversed with persons of great culture and ability, and it is quite evident that their religious bigotry was the only bar to their admission to a still fuller knowledge of the country and its people and customs.

The first European to visit Thibet, says a newspaper report:

Was Odorico di Pordenone, a monk who was there early in the Fourteenth century. The next was the Jesuit Antonio d'Andrada in 1624. Since the expulsion of the small settlement of Capuchin Monks in 1760, only three Europeans have succeeded in reaching the city, viz., Manning, the Cambridge mathematician and friend of Lamb (1811), and the French missionaries, Huc and Gabet, in 1846. Among recent explorers who have made attempts to penetrate to the capital may be mentioned Dr. Sven Hedin and the Russian, Prjevalsky. E.

The Future of South America

WHAT is known to deeper students of human history as the "Black Age"—a period comprising about all that ordinary history covers—has been characterized by the dominance of races excelling in material force and ability, such as the Romans and the Anglo-Saxons. For in such an age might is right, and material, martial and commercial prowess are the keys to domination. Under the long prevalence of such a condition we have grown accustomed to classify and appraise races according to their capacity in these respects. The other qualities, however excellent they may be, do not, in this age, give power to form strong material civilizations; and they are therefore depreciated and not counted as assets in our valuation of races.

Thus, a recent writer on South America, speaks of that continent as being "virtually left to those Iberian conquerors whose blood has been largely crossed with Indian;" and says that "Europe cannot afford to abandon the great domain of South America to the creole and native races." But will the rougher, harder characteristics of the lighter races always be title to supremacy? May not an order of society come about wherein shall be needed those softer, mellow and more romantic and imaginative qualities characteristic of darker races?

We believe that such a change will be part of the general change that is coming over humanity, and that the spirit of Brotherhood and the many enlarged and enlightened ideals it draws in its train, will supersede the age of material progress. Then the warmer and more flexible qualities will be called for, and these darker races may claim and achieve a title to excellence by virtue of the very qualities for which they are now depreciated. South America may have a grand future before it as a sister continent, wherein may bloom flowers that do not favor our harsher clime.

Our authority is eloquent over the climatic graces of South America as compared with Africa, the "Dark Continent:"

In South America we have a yet darker continent. Its configuration has been fairly determined, but there are whole tracts about which little is reported, and that little upon the testimony of the Indians. Its vast resources have yet to be explored. Its political and social conditions are provisional in character. Unlike the opposed continent of Africa, it is not scarred by burning deserts. The heat of its tropics is moderated by two oceans, so that its tropical area can receive the colonization of Southern Europe. It is well watered by great rivers, and its temperate regions and mountain ranges afford hospitality to any race of the world.

There is, however, a lonely hinterland—an untamed wilderness which riots in strange forms of vegetable life and stranger creatures. In the south it was recently reported that fresh remains of the giant sloth had been discovered, and an expedition is seriously proposed to search for that primeval monster. Rumors of prodigious forms, reptile or bird, haunt the loftier valleys of the Andes.

As to South America's wonderful past, he says:

In the forest recesses of the mainland the traveler stumbles upon buried cities; grey temples and sculptured palaces choked under a winding sheet of green foliage. The Toltec civilization of Mexico, the Inca government of Peru, went down into the mire of Spain, like the too roughly handled butterfly and orchid of the primeval forest. The archæologist stands dumb before hieroglyphics to which the key, once recovered, has been lost. The empire of Montezuma in its final catastrophe dragged into darkness much science and quaint art, like the treasured ingots which the Aztecs defied the Spaniards to recover.

The remainder of the article is devoted to showing that the political life of the continent is in a state of flux and preparation; and that it behooves the United States and Britain to unite in protecting it from injurious aggression and invasion for so long as it requires such nurture. "It is clear," opines this writer, "that the practical protectorate assumed by the United States, implies a corresponding responsibility for the foreign policy of the South American republics."

STUDENT

Chinese in South Africa

IT appears that of the Chinese coolies who have lately been brought into the Transvaal in pursuance of the Government's new labor policy, a great number have been employed in Manchuria as laborers on the railways. There they have, to some extent at least, mastered the Russian language, and as a matter of course a good many Russian words will undoubtedly find a foothold in the English spoken in South Africa, just as that language already contains quite an admixture of words of both Boer and Kaffir origin. That the Russian will not be of the purest goes without saying, and this present incident is of interest in showing an additional cause of corruption of language and transformation of words when transplanted into another soil.

STUDENT

Is Tobacco-Smoking a Degraded Rite?

ALTHOUGH it was the ancient Americans who gave to Europe the knowledge of smoking, it was the ignorant and self-indulgent Europeans who turned the custom into a habit and fastened it as such upon all nations, including the Red Men themselves.

If there is one formula more frequently mentioned by travelers than another as an indispensable preliminary to all serious business (says Brinton), it is that of smoking, and the prescribed and traditional rule was that the first puff should be to the sky, and then one to each of the corners of the earth, or the cardinal points.

Tobacco is only one of several plants ceremonially used, and the original herb is probably now unknown. The purpose of smoking this sacred herb was doubtless to assist in inducing a state of bodily and mental tranquillity, in which the higher faculties of the soul could be used and necessary insight and knowledge thus gained. Other peoples have used similar and various means to the same end; the Pythian tripod with its fumes, and the gestures and attitudes adopted by the priests of certain sects, may be taken as instance.

Of course, this self-fumigation was only a means subordinate to other means of primary importance known to the practisers; a fact which will serve to distinguish it from mere intoxication or drugging. In the latter case, the body is made sensitive, but the indulger, having no trained will and no special end in view, loses control and becomes intoxicated.

So smoking probably was originally part of a sacred ceremony, having for its object the attainment of clear vision for special purposes; but the English turned it into an indulgence.

STUDENT

Precipitation of Rain

SOME years ago, while traveling through central South Africa, in the "Karoo" desert, the writer saw a most curious and interesting cloud formation. Some distance to the east were two long banks of clouds, one above the other, and stretching for miles along the railway. The lower bank was heavily laden with moisture, and the two clouds were both charged with electricity, the upper one positive, the lower one negative. Suddenly a lightning flash darted from one end of the upper cloud to the cloud below. This was soon followed by another a little further along, and so flash followed flash, the point of discharge always advancing along the cloud bank, and wherever the discharge took place, there it was instantaneously followed by a shower of rain from the cloud below. We have all noted how, during a thunder storm, an extra vivid flash is often followed by a heavy down-pour, but it is not so easy to follow the *modus operandi* while in the midst of it all. Here was an opportunity to see the whole performance from the outside, and it was too evident to leave even the slightest room for doubt. It was the electric discharge which caused the down-pour. Here is a chance for some would-be rain-producer, but first he must produce the electricity. T.

Commissioner Sargent's Visit to California

COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION SARGENT is now en route from Washington to the Pacific Coast. It appears that Mr. Sargent's special mission is with regard to certain immigration matters concerning the Chinese. Commissioner Sargent's numerous friends in California are looking forward to his arrival with unusual interest, particularly the children of the Raja Yoga Schools at Lomaland.

STUDENT

Entrance to Raja Yoga Academy---Frontispiece

THE NEW CENTURY PATH's cover-page this week shows the eastern entrance of the new Raja Yoga Academy, at Point Loma. This side of the building commands a magnificent view over the City and Bay of San Diego, and with the blue and purple tinted mountain range beyond, the effect is simply entrancing.

There are three other large and handsome entrances to the Academy, facing the different quarters, and it is no whit an exaggeration to say that from every one views of great beauty fall under the eye.

The coloring, and the play of color, which have made Californian scenery famous, are seen at their best in the pellucid air of our Southland.

It will not be long before the Academy will be filled with young students, who will perforce imbibe health and develop character under the Raja Yoga training, as they will imbibe the knowledge fitting them to go forth as good citizens, strong men and high-minded women. STUDENT

✻ Some Views on XXth Century Problems ✻

Respect Due to the Three Selves

THERE will be a good deal of pedestal-crumbling when people come to readjust and redistribute the rays of their respect and reverence. Indeed the change is already going on. Respect will no longer be paid to mere largeness of faculty, whatever its power or degree; but to the use that is made of it. At present, faculty itself is respected and sometimes revered. Legal genius, musical genius, all sorts of intellectual and manipulative abilities, are accorded not only the respect due to them as instruments; but the respect is extended more or less consciously to the man who possesses them, independently of his use of them. These instruments, thus improperly respected, become therefore objects of ambition, and their acquirement the sole aim of many.

The new rule will be to count that man great who uses what he has, greatly; and conversely. We shall recognize an ability, as we recognize a man's length of arm. But to the man himself we shall pay no other respect than his use of this ability warrants. There is in every man a gross self, a fine self, and a universally-thinking self. If to the fine self he sacrifices the gross, and thus liberates his finer energies—that is respectable. If he makes his fine self work—not for itself, not for incense to its genius, but for a larger welfare—that is more respectable. He has taken the view of an impartial on-looking Presence, who would naturally consider the largest issues. Taking that position, he has seemed to himself but one of many, worked not for one but for many, sacrificed the fine self to the universal. There are men and women who even hold back their genius, leave it uncultivated, because a more universal work than the use of that, happens to be at hand. That situation is not uncommon, just now, with everything in confusion; though it will not be permanent. But now, it occasionally happens that a poet will serve more universally by setting type than by writing poetry. And here, a genuine and almost terrible sacrifice (temporary though may be for a whole lifetime) of the fine self to the universal, is wanted—and occasionally given. Unhappy sometime will be the man who sacrifices upside down—the universal to the fine; or both to the gross! STUDENT

A God Who Is Sadly Misunderstood

A COPY of a curious little sheet, issued monthly, has drifted into our hands, "devoted to teaching the discovery that God is a myth like Santa Claus." The evidence for the non-existence of God is quite simple and satisfactory. God has been supposed to be a God of mercy. Unmerciful things happen, such as earthquakes, volcano-eruptions, and man-made calamities by land and water. All of these a mercy-loving God would have prevented. Since he did not, he cannot exist.

"God" is here tried by the yard-stick with which we try each other. That which is painful is confused with that which is evil.

"But innocent people suffer and even die?" Well; is it to be a law of the universe that "innocent" people should never taste suffering or death? The keynote of the argument begins to clear up, and thus reveals itself: the only really good things are a healthy body and freedom from any pain. If a god presumes to deprive you of these, if he presumes to think you can still be alive and even better off after your body is dead, if he should decide that a few years of suffering or starvation in the midst of eternity may strengthen your moral feebleness or give you a little will, endurance and energy—then he is obviously non-existent. That is the naked argument of these strange people.

If men would study the events of the moments, and days and years, they would find them to be the response to their characters, their minds, their strength and their weakness, a response that never falters or intermits. The events and their duties are opportunity, and as the wheel turns, day by day confronting us with new things, we can find that they correspond with our real needs and serve our real growth. And in the heart is the urge to seize and use their lesson. For the Supreme Spirit is there, and it is also that which turns the wheel, making use of the deeds of one man to be events for another. STUDENT

Parallels In Scriptural Doctrines

IN the little volume containing the two sets of "Sayings" of Jesus, and the "Fragment of a Lost Gospel," Drs. Hunt and Grenfell have been at much pains to present parallel passages from the canonical Gospels and elsewhere. If it had been within their scheme they might have obtained parallels equally close from the sacred writings of other peoples. A few come at once to one's mind.

Jesus promises a reward to anyone who shall listen to his words: "Every one that hearkens to these words shall never taste of death." In the last chapter of the *Bhagavad Gita*, we find Krishna similarly saying: "And even the man who shall listen to (this my doctrine) with faith and not reviling, shall, being freed from evil, attain to the place of those whose deeds are righteous."

Jesus said: "Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I." One of the parallels in the *Gita* is: "I am the taste in water, the light in the sun and moon, . . . the sweet smell in the earth . . ." etc.

Like the celebrated Delphic oracle, Jesus incites his believers to self-knowledge: " . . . the Kingdom of Heaven is within you; and whoever shall know himself shall find it. (Strive, therefore) to know yourselves, and ye shall be aware that ye are sons of the (almighty) Father." The injunction to find the Self, coupled with the doctrine that the human real Self, when found, is a direct ray of the Supreme Self, and ultimately that Self itself, fills the pages of the *Gita*. And the whole of the Upanishads might almost be said to be an expansion of the doctrine: "The Kingdom of Heaven (or of God) is within you." "The body is the City, and its heart the Palace, and the Royal Presence there a hid, invisible, close, subtle thing, . . . the Spirit." That is the Chandogya Upanishad. In the *Gita*: "There dwelleth in the heart of every creature the Master, who by his power causeth the cycles of all things and creatures."

The more we study the Scriptures of all peoples, the more do we see that no time or people has been without its message, and that the substantial of the message are everywhere the same. STUDENT

Ireland Restoring Gaelic Language

WHETHER the Gaelic language will be ultimately fully restored to national use in Ireland, may be open to question. But the indications certainly point in that direction. Today 3000 of the national schools are teaching it to 95,000 pupils. In other schools and colleges at least as many are learning it. The territory once occupied by the Celtic race was evidently very large. The present limits of the language are only those of Brittany, Cornwall (but here practically extinct for a century), Wales, Isle of Man, the Scottish Highlands and Western Ireland; but all along Southern and Western Europe are traces of the language, and the name Gallia, or Gaul, for France, is significant of a chapter of lost history. If we could get more Gaelic mythology, and understand it, we might open a whole volume of curious history. Here and there it touches the mythology of the Northmen, of Asia, and of Greece. Indeed, the Greek stories of Achilles, and the Garden of the Hesperides, reappear as those of Diarmid and the boar, and Fraoch and the beast.

The same force that is effecting this revival, the same stir of the sleeping national spirit, may presently check the deadly current of Irish emigration. In 1841 Ireland had a population of 8,200,000. By 1891 it had fallen to 4,460,000. C.

A WEALTHY farmer in Baden, Germany, has recently inaugurated a new system of education and he is trying it on a number of orphans he has taken from different asylums. The children are being allowed to live a free, untrammelled life in the open air. They are allowed eight hours' sleep, and the first thing after rising is a plunge in the swimming tank situated near the house. Their diet consists almost wholly of cereals, fruits, olive oil and milk, and no meat. They study about three hours daily—out of doors. The neighbors, call this man something of a lunatic, albeit harmless; but surely he is "walking in the right direction."

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Life Itself as a Commentary upon the Art

THE great commentary, and sometimes the only one of value, upon the works of our great musical composers, is the life itself. We shall gain still more intimate glimpses of those causes which lie beneath the surface of things when we know something of the lives of the composer's parents. Beethoven, genius, misanthrope, marvel that he was, both in strength and in weakness—how much is revealed to us by some knowledge of the characteristics of his parents. History tells us that his father was passing inexorable, and unrelenting to the point of stubbornness—a man who went to bitter extremes in his determination to make a great musician of his son. He thought himself honest, according to his own ideals,—so many do, alas! But Beethoven's childhood was embittered, and the marks left upon his soul by those early injustices were never erased.

His mother was sweet, lovely, womanly, and her tender care was almost the only sunshine in his boyish life.

Is it difficult to draw conclusions? It is easy to see how Paganini, about whom we know so little, was fairly coerced into the extremes that marked his genius-life by heredity and the influences thrown about him by his parents. His father, ambitious for his son, compelled him to practice often until the lad would fall from exhaustion, a severity which his mother was powerless to wholly prevent, though his biographer assures us that had it not been for her care and her efforts, he would doubtless have succumbed in his boyhood. History tells us that his mother, shortly before his birth, had a vision in which it was prophesied to her that the child to be born should be a son and a great musician. Unwisely she told the father, and when he perceived the first signs of musical talent in the child he began a regime of the utmost harshness and severity for the purpose of exploiting the child musically. The result was that he wrecked the child's constitution and put his nervous system into a condition of permanent irritability and unbalance. Von Weber's boyhood was ruined and his constitution all but wrecked by the same ambitious severity on the part of his father.

It takes so little—so little—to impress and change, to dwarf or to develop, a soul during those early years when all growing things are plastic, fresh from the hand of God. What physician cannot diagnose more correctly when he knows the causes of this or that disease? What medical student would be trusted by his professor to reduce a dislocation if he did not know anatomy thoroughly; if he were not able, after seeing only the surface, to picture in his mind's eye the exact form and location of each muscle bone or tendon that lies beneath? Do we demand as much of our biographers—this capacity to look beneath the surface of things—or do we not? The day is coming, perchance, when we will be no longer willing to read the dictum of this or that critic, biographer or lecturer—particularly will we be unwilling to force this upon our children—until we are assured either that the biographer himself is able to discern beneath the surface of effects the vast undercurrent of causes, or until we have that knowledge within ourselves by which we are able to sift and weigh, and estimate at their true value, the opinions of those who have not and that day, perhaps, is near at hand.

STUDENT

The Value of French Art to English Students

IT has been for a long time a standing reproach to the British art authorities that none of the public collections have contained any of the works of the great French school of the Nineteenth century. We are glad to see this has been remedied at last though by a bequest. A very valuable collection of fine pictures, engravings and etchings has just been thrown open to the public in the South Kensington Museum. The collection contains Italian and English works of high quality, but the portion which will be prized the most by the art student is the French section, which includes paintings by Millet, Rousseau, Corot, Degas, Diaz and others of the Barbizon school.

These men were giants in the power of expressing the beauty of nature, yet the English art student who could not afford a visit to the Continent has had to do without the opportunity of learning much, for none of their pictures were to be found in the National gallery or the minor galleries of Great Britain!

This time seems particularly fitting for the display of these master-works, for England and France are beginning to understand each other in a new manner, and every opportunity of seeing each other's life more closely and better realizing each other's interest, acts as a binding force, and leads to "the Brotherhood of Man, the Federation of the World."

IDRONE

ONE of Watts' dreams was the revival of chryselephantine sculpture, and not long before his death he began its realization in his colossal statue of "The Dawn." "If I can afford it," he said recently,

I want the whole figure ultimately to be of ivory, and the cloak shall be of bronze, and perhaps one might have a touch of gold about the hair.

"You have no commission for this?"

No, I am just working it to please myself. The idea was first suggested to me, I think, by the rise of dawn over a great expanse of sea. I want to give a sense of majesty, of the breadth and hopefulness of early morning. You see, the eyes will be half closed, she is near to waking.

"The figure is neither male nor female?"

No. I try to give the broad outlines of the human form, suggesting a more embracing idea of humanity, a humanity feeling the first faint stirrings of daybreak after a long night of ignorance and sorrow.

A CURIOUS anecdote in the processes of Japanese art is recounted in the Chinese book, *Rin-Yen*:

It is that Su-Nogh drew in one of his pictures a bull which quitted the canvas in the morning to go to pasture and returned at night. This picture came into the possession of the Emperor Tai-Tsung, 967-998, A. D., who asked in vain of his courtiers an explanation of the miracle.

A priest revealed at last that the Japanese found a mother-of-pearl substance in the flesh of a certain oyster, and that they made of it colors which, visible at night, were invisible in the daytime. The secret of the color prints does not seem to be less fabulous than that. There are figures, landscapes, pictures of manners, expressions of solemnity, details of dress and ceremonies. In one of the pictures the dark tone that white fronts of houses at a river bank in the rain accentuate has the value of a Nocturne by Whistler.

And one of our art critics has recently naively remarked with regard to some of the paintings of modern Japan:

What would not some of our artists give to know how to make black patches in their pictures fall in the proper places as they usually do in Japanese color prints. E.

LOOK not thou down but up!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou
with earth's wheel?—*Browning*



CARL MARIA VON WEBER

THE TEST

[Musa loquitur]

I HUNG my verses in the wind,
Time and tide their faults may find.
All were winnowed through and through,
Five lines lasted sound and true;
Five were smelted in a pot
Than the South more fierce and hot;
These the sieve could not melt,
Fire their fiercer flaming felt,
And the meaning was more white
Than July's meridian light
Sunshine cannot bleach the snow,
Nor time unmake what poets know.
Have you eyes to find the five
Which five hundred did survive?—*Emerson*



WITHIN the last ten years, since the teachings of the wisdom religion have begun

to permeate the world's thought, we have heard of a new race, a race of godlike men and women, better, nobler, more perfect physically and in every way, than ourselves. It has even been intimated that such a race is in process of formation, here in America. This idea has been found interesting. Philosophies have once again presented man's life and development as a race unity, have shown how the progress of the individual and that of the race are inseparable. Systems of ethics have been formulated that include man's duty to the race. Slowly the world is coming to believe that no man lives or dies unto himself alone, but that his life is part of the great whole.

The belief in the possibility of a new race has brought a feeling of delight to many, who have felt glad that life and growth on earth will go on gloriously after they have ceased to live. They have indulged in speculation about the coming race, but though they are human beings, and *might be creators*, they have *done nothing* to help make ready for the new life.

But the Theosophist knows that there is work to be done, here and by us. He knows that a new and more perfect race will not be born on earth till man takes up his responsibilities consciously, and produces conditions in which higher beings can live and function. The Theosophist knows that there is an onward stream of human development, that at this time of the world there is to come into the stream an infusion of some of the more godlike powers and qualities of the soul, and he knows that the vehicles must be prepared to receive it.

We have only to look at ourselves and our own lives, to see how comparatively little of this great soul impulse can find free expression in us. We have set ourselves in worlds of thought and action, away from which it is difficult to break. We know well that it is to the young we must look, to the children. They are the hope of the world.

To prepare them for the great destiny that may be theirs, and ours also, in another earth life, we need a new, broad, pure, daring and loving understanding of childhood, which will bring a breeze of liberation to conditions that now hamper the child nature, and which will open the way for the soul to act freely on every child.

Our Debt to Childhood

Surely it is a matter of vital interest to women, who throughout ages have borne the bodies of the race, that these

bodies be proper physical vehicles that can respond to the purposes of the soul in man's evolution. Surely women have the right to demand, and to command, that the bodies they bear be pure and strong enough to continue the life of the race, and to receive the modification that will enable them to enter the onward stream of human life, and not perish by the wayside. Let women begin to think, and discover *why* the human race is *not* more perfect today, why so many children die in infancy, why there are so many feeble, sickly little ones, why our newspapers contain so many columns of advice as to how to care for nervous, abnormal children, why there are so many special schools for children of retarded growth and development. Can it be that these indications have become such familiar horrors, that we will forever accept them without protest or effort to eliminate the cause of their being?

FROM WALT WHITMAN'S

SONG OF MYSELF

THIS day before dawn I ascended a hill and look'd at the crowded heaven. And I said to my spirit, When we become the enfolders of those orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be filled and satisfied then?

And my spirit said No, we but level that lift to pass and continue beyond.

grandeur of our duty to the race. We must love its progress and see in the child the promise of all that is to be.

It has been thought by many that they have done their duty to humanity when they have brought into the world a large family of children, no matter how the latter might grow up. In time to come, those who are feeble mentally, morally or physically will learn that it is part of their duty to the race *not* to bear children.

Katherine Tingley asks how we can look for any real strength, or for any strong basis in a home atmosphere teeming with disharmony and worldliness. We must emancipate children from such conditions. Let us condemn no child to a narrow personal byway of life, but trust the law and the soul and believe in a great sweet sound strong future for the children. And then let us act as if we believed in it.

STUDENT

An Unrecorded Service

LAST month the remains of Talihina, the beautiful Indian girl who was the wife of General Sam Houston, were removed to the National Cemetery at Fort Gibson, where they were received with ceremonies befitting the wife of a distinguished soldier. The Cherokees on that occasion paid fitting tribute to her memory.

Few lives read so like a romance as that of General Sam Houston. Governor of Tennessee, a man happily married apparently, wealthy, honored, eager to serve his fellows, and with the door of service open before him; yet one day he left everything and deliberately took up his residence with a tribe of Cherokees. He made no explanation. The cause of the separation arranged between his wife and himself is to this day an unsolved mystery.

It was during his life with the Cherokees that he met and loved the beautiful Talihina, and she became his wife according to tribal laws. He invariably participated in the councils of the Cherokees, at which councils he always appeared in the full dress of an Indian brave—leggings, moccasins, a big blanket and a long head-dress of feathers upon his head.

The story of his life was for years somewhat pathetic. At one time he went with a band of Indians to Washington to protest against the swindling to which they had been subjected by agents, and to his protest was due the removal of five of the offenders. But when he made a bid to supply the Indians with rations, Houston had occasion to feel the bitter enmity which he had aroused in certain officials who belonged to the Indian Bureau. He was maliciously charged by them with being at the head of a conspiracy to defraud the government, and his bid was rejected. After this he became discouraged; and the next romantic incident was the preferment of charges against him in Congress for assault and battery. He was tried and fined—for it was a fact that he had horsewhipped one of his traducers, a Congressman—but the President promptly remitted the fine, remarking that "He wished Houston would whip a few more of the rascals he had in Congress!"

When Houston returned to his Indian home such a greeting was accorded to him by Talihina, that the incident is still talked of in the households of the Cherokees. She rode out many miles to meet him, and her affectionate words were a marked departure from the usual stolid greeting of the Indian woman.

Later Houston again went back to civilization, and the things he helped to accomplish during the next thirty years of his life are matters of history. Talihina waited for him year after year, and up to the very hour of her death still had a lingering hope that he would return. Such lives read strange. Yet are they things inexplicable? Does not reincarnation give one the key? And may not Talihina, herself half white, have rendered two races service, standing as she did a living link, between the old and the new.

STUDENT

TODAY'S paper gives an account of the rescue of a drowning swimmer by his sister. The two were in a heavy surf when the young man was seized with cramps. Placing one arm about her brother, the young girl slowly swam shoreward and although she was well-nigh exhausted when she reached the shore, a life was saved. The regime of hysteria seems to be passing away. What a calamity!

It is stated that an American woman is at present on her way to China to act as governess to the future Emperor, at present little more than a baby; and this at the request of the Dowager Empress.

Woman's Physical Degeneracy

THE newspapers furnish occasional reports that are disheartening to those who love to harp on the physical degeneracy of the modern woman. Recently one young woman climbed Mt. Hood in record time with only a cheese sandwich for a ration. She started on a sudden impulse, without making adequate preparation, yet was not more than ordinarily fatigued when she reached the summit. On the opposite page of the same newspaper is an account of two young girls who entered a race in which the other contestants, thirty-two in number, were all members of the United States Volunteer Life Saving Corps. It was an endurance swim, extending from the bridge on the Brooklyn side to the foot of West Twenty-fifth street, Coney Island. The men, all of whom were experts, tried to persuade the two girls to forego the attempt, believing that they would become quickly fatigued and thus interfere

with the other swimmers. When the West Shore, Governor's Island, was reached, half the men begged to be taken into boats. At Norton's Point only five swimmers remained, and leading them were the two girls. A little later two others were hauled into boats, and this left only three in the race, the two young girls and one member of the Life Saving Corps. One of the girls became exhausted just before the finish, and the other, in her solicitude for her companion, dropped behind. Except for that, she would have undoubtedly won the race. It is worthy of note that these girls were not professionals. The trial lasted between five and six hours.

STUDENT

IF the International Council and Congress held in Berlin last June, writes a member now in Paris, did nothing else it demonstrated the wonderful organizing ability of German women. The German *hausfrau* is famed the world over as an organizer in her peculiar

field, the home, but the arrangements made for this meeting were a test such as few organizations of women could have met so satisfactorily. The Philharmonie, where the meetings were held, is an enormous hall and was turned over to the Berlin committee of eleven women only three days before the Congress was opened. You would not believe that the changes could be

made so quickly. Corridors were transformed into art-galleries, rest rooms, cafés, writing rooms, telegraph rooms and rooms for reporters, with tables, desks, screens, and even pictures.

The official recognition that the women received is also significant. They were welcomed by Burgermeister Kirschner of Berlin, an official of high rank, who said in the course of an extended speech: "Who can fail to recognize the fact that the woman's movement of today, pressing forward with the might of an elementary force, rests upon a sound and valuable foundation, that it ushers in a significant and promising epoch in the development of the human race? That this fact is recognized—willingly and joyfully recognized—among the men of this city, let the festivities this evening bear witness to the women. And so, in behalf of the municipal authorities of Berlin, I welcome the members of the International Woman's Congress with all my heart as coworkers for the welfare of humanity in the sphere of public life. May all the hopes that the women themselves attach to this movement be completely realized, and may their coöperation bear rich and abundant fruit."

WOMEN are coming to the front as art critics. A niece of Christina Rossetti, Madame Rossetti-Agresti, who is said to bear a striking resemblance to the great poetess, has written a brilliant study of the late Italian artist, Giovanni Costa. She is now writing a life of this famous painter.

ABIDE in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.—Emerson



A GLIMPSE OF LOMALAND

SO, take and use Thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk.
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!
—Browning

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Cave of the Giants—A Californian Wonder

THE possibilities that are still unrevealed in California, in the way of archeological and geological wonders, are foreshadowed by the recent discovery of the Cave of the Giants. It exists in the heart of Providence mountains, in the southeastern part of the state and in its extent and magnificence rivals even the most famous caves of the world.

It was discovered by Mr. Berg of Seattle who, looking across Fo Shea pass every night from his camp, became intensely interested in the outlined forms of the immense limestone cliffs. These, forming the northern wall of the pass, picture two great giant heads, and it was in searching beneath these that Mr. Berg found the cave entrance.

In speaking of his exploration, Mr. Berg said:

We found the cave as "Indian Joe" had described it. Great spire-like peaks stand above the entrance, casting long dark shadows down the precipitous sides of the cañons. It was a long, hard climb to the large balcony at the entrance to the cave, which overhangs a deep cañon.

Our first trip was stopped by declivities we dared not attempt to descend without ropes and grappling hooks, but we saw enough to prompt a second expedition.

The Sunday following our first visit Staubin and I, accompanied by my wife, who is an expert mountain climber, returned to the cave, prepared to see more of it. This time we were equipped with hooks and ropes and an abundance of candles and a flash light camera.

We wound our way through one of the several corridors, a distance of hundreds of feet, coming on a main hall or grotto that leads due south. The last rays of daylight were soon left behind, and with miners' candles in our hands we went down a gradual slope. The floor was rough and sharp edged crystals of lime ground beneath our feet and cut our shoes. The roof soon disappeared from view and the walls, too, but they reappeared again further down to the width and height of an ordinary door, bringing us out on what appeared to be a small balcony. Our dim lights seemed like a mockery in the gloom that hung about us like a pall.

But we were not the only living things. Attracted by our lights, shadowy forms circled around our heads. We felt the flap of their wings before we discerned the dim outlines of the bats. These were the "evil spirits" that had scared "Indian Joe" and drove him from the cave. The squeals of the startled creatures reverberated through the grotto. The echo of our own voices sounded like the clang of broken bells and gave us more of a start than the screams of the bats.

We took soundings of the place by dropping pebbles to see how far we would fall if we should step into the dark depths below. We ascertained by this method that the next floor was nearly one hundred feet below us. We then threw stones in every direction, and came to the conclusion that the cavern had the proportions of a vast cathedral.

We retraced our steps and found a winding stairway that took us down to the floor of the great grotto which we had just left. No cathedral ever had richer carvings or more beautifully tinted walls than this dark cave. Strange serpentine forms of petrified snakes and lizards of divers kinds were encrusted in the walls of what resembled beds of delicately tinted moss.

Rich mosaics, of design and pattern as regular as if fashioned by man after some geometrical plan, covered walls and pillars. Above us hung great stalactites of snowy whiteness, resembling huge icicles.

We next passed into a statuary hall. We thought of the museum of the ruler of Siam. The statues take many and grotesque forms. We found many strange shapes, carved, as it were, by the hand of nature out of translucent stone. A candle thrust into a small chamber of the vast grotto revealed a frost-like tracery of crystals on the walls so delicate that it crumbles at the touch of the fingers. At the narrow entrance to the south grotto is a huge human face outlined on the wall.

I threw a rope up a steep declivity and it was caught on a short, stout post, set on the edge of a terrace. At the top of this terrace is another marvel of nature's handiwork. Before us stretched a gallery with an exquisitely delicate pattern of lime crystals that sparkled in the light of the candles like frost in the sunlight. The floor was as smooth as a billiard table. From the roof hung stalactites, some long, some short, others flat, and still others as thin as a shingle.

Still we passed on from alcove to chamber, noting traces of a mysterious beauty now done in brackets and again in scroll work.

The last object to arouse our curiosity was a giant toadstool, like a huge umbrella, large enough to shelter a dozen people under it. After passing the toadstool the nature of the cavern changes. There is a rapid descent toward the bowels of the earth. The white limestone gives way to blackened walls and the passage has the appearance of having been used as the flue of a great furnace. Masses of rock of

different kinds appear fused as by heat. A faint smell of sulphur is noticeable.

We reached the edge of a deep pit and lowered lighted candles attached to one end of three hundred feet of rope in an effort to find the bottom. It took us several hours to retrace our way from the caverns.

Modern Musical Instruments Known of Old

THOUGH we may not agree that "all is vanity," we are compelled to admit that "there is nothing new under the sun," an admission we are not sorry to make, for it fully supports the teachings of Theosophy concerning the return of events in great cyclic periods, as mankind advances in spiral progress. Ancient Etruria, a large portion of Italy lying north of Rome, was a highly developed State a thousand years before Christ, and but for the martial preeminence of its powerful neighbor would have made a deeper mark in the pages of history. The character of the people has been considered to resemble that of the English of today in many respects, but we require a much more complete knowledge of their language to be able to judge with certainty.

The remains that are frequently unearthed prove that the Etruscans had reached a wonderfully high state of civilization. In the Florence Museum there is a fine collection of objects, from large chariots to minutely chased gold ornaments requiring a good magnifying glass to appreciate their finish. There are even gold cases for artificial teeth such as modern dentists make. The latest discovery at Tarquinii, the modern Corneto, has included many helmets, vases, a gold breastplate and, stranger than all, a beautifully made cornet, of the most modern pattern.

The "merest schoolboy" will remember how in *Horatius* Macaulay refers to the innumerable trumpets of the enemy, and now it is actually possible for us to handle and admire one of the veritable instruments of three thousand years ago.

LARS

The Karle Cave-Temples Near Poona, Bombay

QUITE as interesting, though not so well known as the celebrated caves of Elephanta, are the Karle Caves, near Poona, Bombay.

These are Buddhist temples of wonderful size and elaboration, carved out of the solid rock in the Western Ghats, a range of cliff-mountains that forms the sea-wall of the Bombay Presidency. These mountains present many abrupt precipices and headlands, and in places rise direct from the shore to a height of three or four thousand feet; further inland occur peaks seven or eight thousand feet high. These mighty upheavals of the earth's crust enclose plateaus and vast natural amphitheatres, in which are strewn titanic blocks of stone that constitute hills in themselves.

In this region, in a rock four hundred feet high, are found the Karle Temples, said to date from one or two centuries B. C. The principal temple is a cave a hundred and twenty-six feet long, forty-five feet wide and forty feet high. It is worthy of note, from a symbolical point of view, that it contains a nave and two aisles (in which respect the Christian churches resemble it); also that there is a grand central dome with a high seat for the priest.

The architecture is remarkable, both for imposing size and for the number and elaboration of the carvings on its massive columns and vaulted roofs. Other caves, probably the residences of the sacred office, surround it.

H. P. Blavatsky speaks most feelingly of the cave-temples of India as proofs of the greatness of that past which has been supposed to have been barbaric. They are very numerous, and a large number have been explored. They yield evidences of the great skill and patience exercised on them by their devout architects, many of the walls being frescoed as well as carved. She says that the Jains claim the ownership of the oldest cave-temples, and are in all probability the descendants of the primitive owners of old India, dispossessed by those conquering and mysterious hordes of white-skinned Brahmins whom, in the twilight of history, we see as wanderers in the Jumna and Ganges valleys, but their records have to be preserved from the destructive hands of the missionary. STUDENT

Nature

Studies

A Bit of Nature's Tapestry in a Wild Flower

PROBABLY there is no other wild flower in the same regions which gives the admiring beholder such an impression of luxurious richness and dainty grace subtly mingled as does the Mariposa Tulip, some variety of which grows along nearly the whole length of the Pacific Coast of North America, and South America also, we have been told. Poised airily upon its slender stem, its shape is somewhat suggestive of its name, Mariposa, which means butterfly. But when one looks inside the full reason for the name becomes apparent, for scarcely any butterfly's wing has richer and more gorgeously varied combinations of colors than the downy petals of these flowers. From the darkest purple to delicate blues, with occasional dots of vivid red, and blendings of yellow, extends the range of delicately shaded colors; the arrangement often suggests beautiful patterns in a queer, vague way, as though the blossom had presented a cross-section of a geometrical design, while the downy surface upon which they appear gives the colors the richly delicate effect of a butterfly's wing. Toward the center of the cup the hairs are quite long, and sometimes the design upon them is different in form and color, from that on the surface beneath, thus giving exquisite superimposing effects. One curious characteristic of the family is the little cuplike depression in each petal, near its base, which is usually the focus of the color-pattern, though we do not know what purpose it serves.

These plants have very hardy perennial bulbs, which can live on very little water, but prefer a reasonable amount. In some varieties this bulb consists of a flat disk with a cane above, slenderly connected to it, somewhat like a cup and saucer. We are surprised that this family is not more extensively cultivated, especially in the more or less arid regions where it is native. It would seem as though scarcely anything could produce more beauty for the same labor, especially if it is mingled with a few specimens of its natural associates, the wild hyacinth and fringed gillias.

STUDENT

Marvelous Little Rock-Builders

THE illustration shows a microscopic view of some Foraminifera as dredged from the mud of ocean-bottom. These lowly organisms, which can be found living in the seas at the present day, are almost the very simplest type of animal life yet found, consisting of an apparently homogeneous semi-fluid substance ("sarcode") which projects itself through the apertures of the shell into long filaments; these filaments can be withdrawn again into the mass, or they may be woven into a network outside the shell.

Yet these animals are the greatest architects on the face of the globe, for their chalky shells have accumulated on the ocean floor into masses a hundred feet thick, which have afterwards been elevated by upheavals of the earth's crust so as to form the chalk rocks of the Cretaceous System. As it takes a thousand years for a foot of this chalk to be formed, this one stratum of the earth's crust represents a period of 100,000 years. The minute creatures feed on the microscopic vegetation in the sea and so preserve the balance of that form of life, and they extract lime from the water to build their beautiful homes. The specimens illustrated are *Globigerina*, with its irregular agglomeration of rounded chambers; *Cristellaria*, spiral-chambered like a Nautilus; *Lagena*, flask-shaped; and *Textularia*, a pear-shaped group of chambers.

H. T. E.



A BIT OF NATURE'S TAPESTRY

Is Nature Wasteful? Look Beneath the Surface

MAY it not be an insufficient knowledge of her ways that makes us accuse Nature of waste and prodigality of life?

On the surface it does seem as if she wasted her creatures; but let us look a little deeper.

The countless myriads of bumblebees live merrily all the pleasant summer, and when winter comes "die to a man." But when summer comes again, with it comes a new race of bees to replace the old.

How, if it is the *same bees again* as last year, the *same* little active minds reborn in their own eggs? Many animals and insects hibernate through the winter. May it not be that these bees hibernate in their own eggs? It would do just as well as the other method.

There are many phenomena that suggest this explanation, an explanation that frees Nature from the obnoxious charge of evolving a vivid little mind like that of the bee, and then throwing it away forever. Says Mr. Herbert Maxwell:

It is many years since I first noticed that the blossoms of the blue sage, in my garden in Scotland, had all been bitten across the throat, just above the stiff calyx. Upon examining flowers of the same species in a Berkshire garden, I found they were intact, and so were those in a Scottish garden not twenty miles from my own. . . . The honey glands of the sage are very productive, but the tube of the flower is narrow and difficult, prohibiting the passage of our substantial bumblebees.

In due time he detected one of these bees in the act of making this incision. After awhile he found that their method had improved, and the new method persisted through the subsequent years:

For several years the incision was made at the front of the throat of the flower, where the diameter of the tube is greatest. It seems to have dawned upon the bees that the shortest way is the best, because now they invariably bite through the side of the tube, where the diameter is smallest.

Let it be remembered that it is only in this particular neighborhood that these bees have learned this trick. Now since "no bumblebee survives the winter," how is it that the trick, in its improved form even, is handed on from year to year?

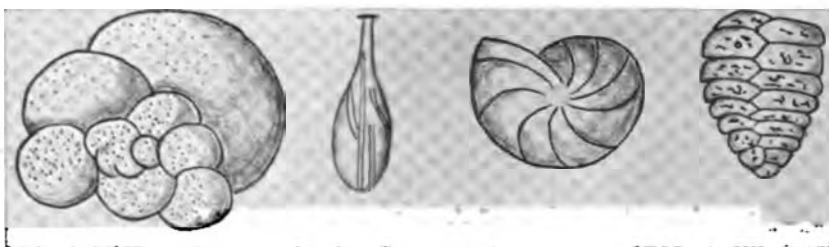
Does it not seem likely that the bees of that locality hibernate in, and are reborn from, their own eggs;

and that as soon as they come to maturity they resume a practice that is in their memory and experience?

With the aid of the same idea we can understand how quickly—often immediately—the young of countless species of insects and animals take up their complicated life work; for example, the web-spinning of spiders.

It might be asked what purpose lies behind it all; why for ages, year after year, does, for example, a bee oscillate between his summers of bee-hood and his winters of egg-hood? What, if the hypothesis is true, does he get out of it? Probably the answer is that his mind is slowly, slowly growing. Many insects—like the bee we have cited—show evidence of reasoning power, doubtless got through the slow ages.

Neither matter nor force, says science, is destructible. It is only form that is destroyed. Whilst adding *consciousness* to that pair, we would also deny that even *form* is destroyed. Form persists, but it becomes alternately visible and invisible to us. Why should the bee and the ice-crystal on the pane this year exactly duplicate the bee and crystal of last year, if the invisible form has not persisted across the gap? C.



MARVELOUS LITTLE ROCK BUILDERS

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

THE large audience that attended the regular meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Isis Theatre last Sunday evening, evidenced their appreciation of the two excellent addresses by the heartiest applause. The first of these was by Mrs. M. M. Tyberg, entitled "Live and Let Live." It

LOMALAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

"Live & Let Live" by Mrs. Tyberg.
& "The Man Born Blind" by Mr. White. Were Interesting Subjects

Reprinted from the San Diego News

was a strong plea for unity and practical brotherhood. The speaker said, in part:

"So inseparably connected with all else that lives, is every member of humanity, that it is almost a truism to state, that if a human being were wholly and harmoniously alive, in every faculty and power of his nature, he would not only not be a hindrance in the path of any other being, but his life would so blend with the universal harmony that every other life would be fuller and richer because of his.

"What is Life? Are we really alive? Life is said to be the continuous adjustment of the inner to the outer. Can you think what it *might* be, if man's innermost heart, if his *soul* could speak in his deeds, if his external life mirrored the life of the soul!

"We know that for a hundred ages a curious middle world fashioned chiefly by the brain-minds of men, has been for the great majority the plane of impulse underlying human life. Not one of us may say that the life *we* know is a harmonious and conscious expression of a great Law, or of the primal truths of being. This curious middle-world is, indeed, *all* that most of us know. It has been created for us by busy minds, that have effectually closed out the beam of the soul-knowledge.

"We do not often realize how completely we are befogged by these imperfect conceptions of life. We do not realize that life, as ordinarily lived is, compared to what the earth-life of a human being *might* be, like breathing with one lung or part of a lung.

"We must begin to look deeper, to trust the heart and soul, to believe in a grander humanity. This will help us to clear the mists and the mental rubbish, and to cease using our imaginative power to create more stumbling blocks for ourselves and others.

"At present, the most strenuous efforts are often directed to realize in action, what some other mind, perhaps through the medium of an established convention, is demanding of us. Think what might happen if every one you know, suddenly felt no longer the necessity of maintaining the favorite role imposed on *him* by *himself* or another. It takes time and money and energy to sustain these parts. These would be left free to be used for other purposes, perhaps nobler ones.

"Think of the *rest* it would be if *you* no longer felt the necessity of posing as anything or anybody in particular, but simply did the duty nearest you cheerfully, and felt contented to fill the place assigned to you by the Great Law. Great strength would be yours for helpful work!

"Think moreover, what a respite it would be if suddenly you dropped the mental conceptions you have built up about what your friends are, what they ought to be and do, and what they think about what you do; if you ceased demanding that they be anything that emanates merely from your brain-mind. Could this be done human relations would be lifted to the plane of the heart, and people would begin to wonder at the improvement in their fellows.

"Sometimes in the presence of one who truly loves us, one to whom we have no fear to reveal ourselves as we are, without any deception, we have a moment when we feel an exquisite balance of life's forces, when we feel gladness and power to work with the Law. This is what daily life should hold for us.

"At this time of the world *every* effort made to help the revelation of the true inner self of mankind will bear fruit an hundred fold. For close to us, waiting but our trust in ourselves, our united effort to uplift humanity, lies this knowledge of the laws of man's inner being that shall, in the years to come, be the guide of his actions and lead him to manifest a nobler life on earth.

"We have but to battle with the dragons of selfishness and vice; and with the falsity of human conceptions, before the light can shine forth. There is a magic in looking evils in the face. They quail and shrink and disappear beneath the steady but firm glance of eyes that see, also with trust, the light on the heights beyond them."

Mr. W. Ross White's address, "The Man Born Blind," was founded on the question put to Jesus by his disciples, "Master, who did this sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" In the course of his remarks he said:

"As everything must be the result of some cause, therefore the cause must precede the effect whatever it may be. Here was a case of blindness; the man had

not become blind, he had been *born* blind. Therefore the cause of his blindness must have been something preceding his birth. What was the cause which made him to be born blind?

"The common way of accounting for the peculiar conditions of each life is by ascribing to parental influence all the peculiar qualities of the offspring. Among the

lower animals this rule is often acted upon—improve the parents and you get improved offspring. It is not to be wondered at that the Jews, like any other observant people, were cognisant of this natural law. We know they were well acquainted with it, even in some of its special or peculiar aspects, as the case of Jacob taking artificial means to produce a certain kind of cattle, proves. We also know that this subject of heredity had been prominently placed before the Jewish people by the teaching of the second commandment, which speaks very plainly of 'visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children,' even to the third and fourth generation.

"As a natural consequence of this teaching, the Jews came to regard all infirmities as the punishment of sin. Hence we see from Ezekiel 18: 2, that it had then become a proverb, 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.' But it is noteworthy that Ezekiel voices another and higher law. 'As I live, saith the Lord, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in Israel. Behold all souls are mine: as the soul of the father so also the soul of the son is mine: the soul that sinneth it shall die.' And the prophet proceeds to unfold this teaching, saying, that if a parent who is upright and just, has a son who is a robber, then the son alone shall be held guilty. And, further, if this robber have a son who turns from the evil of his father and walks in the right way, then he shall be esteemed a just and upright man.

"In this we see the natural progressive movement of the human mind towards justice. For, while the law of heredity is seen to hold good generally, it does not hold good always; it does not explain all cases. And, further, an awakened sense of justice; a finer and fuller sense of rightness could not rest satisfied that the basis of the universe was a just basis if we reaped pain and suffering simply because of the sins of others. It was felt that the inequalities, and the miseries of life could not be adequately explained by the principle of heredity alone. There must be something else, something deeper, of which this heredity was merely the fitting channel of its manifestation. In other words, man must live through many lives, and the result, or karma of his past, as a rule, finds fitting scope for its manifestation in hereditary conditions.

"If all souls were freshly created before birth, there would be no justice, but a boundless injustice in the case of so many who are born into conditions of misery and wretchedness. If all were alike, equally pure and good before coming into this life, what infinite injustice it must be to so many that they are born in sin, and squalor, and vice, and wretchedness, while others, no better than they, are born in conditions of luxury!

"Thus the natural reasoning of the human mind brought it to see the truth of preëxistence, the fact of rebirth; a fact which the great teachers of the world had declared from age to age—those mighty elder brothers who have stood by the cradle and the grave of empires and races, and have watched the great stream of humanity going and returning again and again.

"In the Jewish mind, at the time of Christ, this idea of Reincarnation was a familiar idea. This we learn from various sources, one of which is this story of the man born blind, concerning whom the disciples asked the question, 'Who did sin, this man or his parents that he has been born blind?' If they did not believe that the man preëxisted there could have been no meaning in the words, *this man*; did this man sin before his birth? Evidently the common belief was, that while heredity was the cause of many things, there were other things which could not be explained except by the karma of the person's former life or lives.

"In the previous chapter Jesus declares to the Jews that 'Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it and was glad.' These words if fairly and plainly interpreted must mean that Jesus had lived at the time of Abraham, and had met him—probably in the person of Melchisedec, to whom Abraham gave homage. Indeed, Jesus distinctly says, 'Before Abraham was I am'; words which plainly state his preëxistence.

"And, in the light of this we should, no doubt, understand the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews, where he speaks of Jesus being 'a priest forever after the order of Melchisedec,' who was 'king of righteousness and king of peace, without father and without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life.'"



RAJA YOGA ACADEMY, CUABITAS, SANTIAGO DE CUBA
Seen from the hills to the west. El Caney is a little to the left, and San Juan Hill just to the right, over the hills, in this view.

The Raja Yoga Academy in Santiago de Cuba.

Different Views of the Academy and Grounds

THE Raja Yoga work at Santiago is no longer an experiment. Its rapid and solid growth shows that its value as a factor in the moral, intellectual and physical development of the island is appreciated. Cuban parents like the Raja Yoga system, and the Cuban children like it, too. This is wonderful when one remembers some current reports of conventional teachers that Cuban children will not submit to discipline—and Raja Yoga establishes at the beginning a high order of discipline. The results which have even already been attained by the use of only some of what may be called the preliminary principles of Raja Yoga, have been so satisfactory, and of such manifest advantage to the children, that an effort is now being made towards a fuller introduction of the system. For this, new surroundings, suitable quarters, were required, such as are not attainable in the noise and confusion and confinement of a place in the city. And although the Raja Yoga Academy was, during its first year, located in one of the very largest and best houses in Santiago, a building constructed on palatial lines, it would not serve to meet the enlargement of our Raja Yoga schools.

The Raja Yoga Academy is established now at Cuabitas, a beautiful suburb of Santiago. The climate is as different from that of the city proper as if it were in another country. This difference in so short a distance is caused by the altitude. Even in the heat of the summer the atmosphere is fresh with the breezes of the ocean. The nights are always delightful. The location of itself will be a life-giving boon to children who have been existing in the hot and crowded city. The teachers in the Raja Yoga free school in Santiago have the great advantage of their home-life at Cuabitas out of school hours. The drive is short, the road magnificent—one of the splendid constructions of General Wood when he was Military Governor of Santiago. It passes the extensive estate of General Wood's former headquarters, now in possession of Katherine Tingley.

In addition to being near points of historical interest—monuments of heroism and effort—there is also the influence of the new quarters being the home of Emilio Bacardi, the present Mayor of Santiago—a patriot in the deep sense of the term—a man who lives in the hearts of his people through self-forgetting service, rendered faithfully through the years of a long life. A man who had the foresight to at once recognize in Mrs. Tingley, when she first went to Santiago with help for the suffering, immediately after the war, a great friend who had much to offer that Cuba needed, and which he now sees is of a nature that cannot be obtained from any other source. Mayor Bacardi's children are pupils of the Raja Yoga Academy.

W. T. HANSON.

FEELINGS are like the weather on certain of our northern mountains. This weather changes. One day all is sunshine; the next, all is gloom.



LOOKING SOUTH

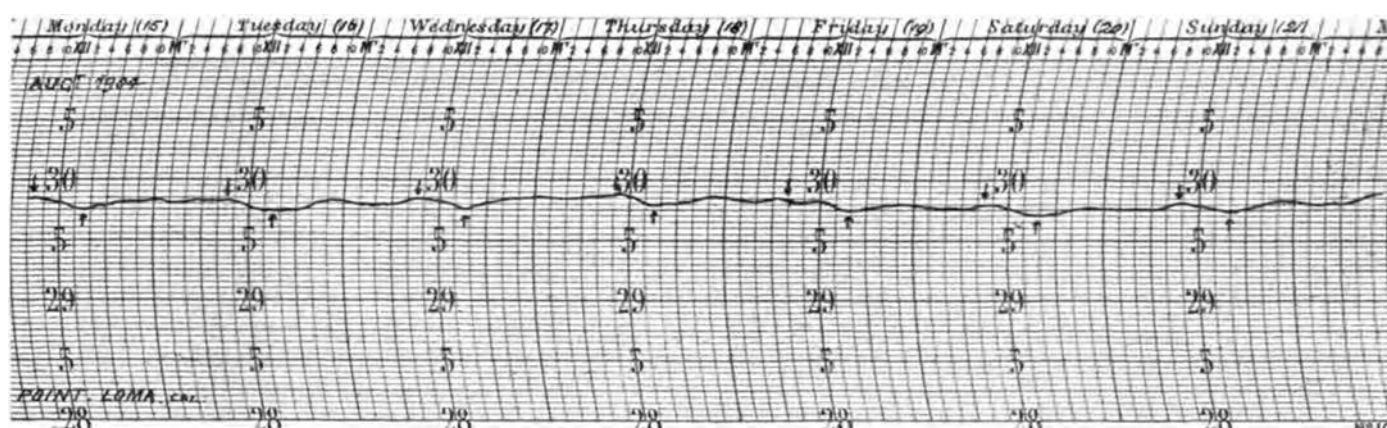


FROM THE GARDENS IN FRONT



RAJA YOGA ACADEMY, CUABITAS, SANTIAGO

One day the air is warm, and another a cold wind blows. A strong will goes on through joy and pain, building a character, laying up a treasure that shall endure. Are you growing daily in the power of such a will?



The Point Loma Barometer Tides

ABOVE is an exact reproduction of the weekly chart of the Barograph in the Point Loma Weather Observatory for the week ending August 21, 1904. Some little arrows have been added to show the tides in the Barometric pressure.

Every Monday a blank chart is placed on the drum of the Barograph—the clockwork is wound up, and the instrument is started for its seven days' run. A very delicate Aneroid Barometer is so arranged that the long finger indicator connected with it, makes a mark upon the chart continuously. So at the end of the week we have a complete record of the reading of the Barometer for every moment of the seven days. The chart is a weekly picture of the condition of the Barometer in Time and Space. Space is represented by the figures on the left, corresponding to the inches of the Standard Mercurial Barometer. Time is shown by the days and hours marked along the top of the sheet.

By means of these continuous charts some curious facts have been brought to light. One of them is the daily tide in the atmospheric pressure. This occurs at nearly the same hour every day, and is of course independent of the average daily pressure. By looking at the little arrows which mark the tides it will be seen that the high tide occurs from 8 to 10 o'clock A. M., and the low tide is from 2 to 4 P. M. There are also indications of a slight rise in pressure about midnight.

Attempts have been made by scientists to explain these tides, but we believe that nothing very satisfactory has, so far, come to light. **STUDENT**

"Success" and a Raja Yoga Ideal

EACH age has its own ideals. The ideal worshipped today is success. Of course, success has in all times been sought, for it is a necessity; but today success, and success of a selfish kind, is made the end. Our young are taught to first and last strive to be successful, and our whole education largely aims at so shaping the young mind that it will not only be able to battle against obstacles and difficulties in general, but especially against rivals and competitors. The children are taught that they must *excel*, not for the sake of the race or the arts, or for science, but so as to come out on top. The "survival of the fittest" is the leading idea, and men, quite naturally under the circumstances, desire to be the ones to survive.

Half-truths are always dangerous, but there have been few such which in so short a space of time have wrought so much evil as just this theory of the survival of the fittest. Its tendency has been to harden the human heart, to steel it against sympathy for others, against all the feelings of compassion which are constantly forcing themselves upon all but the very worst. But a constant, determined resistance against such latter impulses will at last shut them out completely.

Of course the fittest will be the foremost, for the universe is ruled by justice; but who are the fittest and what is the front rank? As to surviving, we need not trouble about that, for all survive, and that which we call death is only a temporary absence for a while, followed by a new life in a new body.

We can gain whatever we strive for. If we wish the success desired by most men, that of satisfying our own ambitions and desires, we can have it by determined effort, and have it in full measure. Many do so succeed, many of whom we say that they are not worthy of it. But they are; they are worthy of *just what they obtain*. But while it is all that they expected, all that they desired, yet it never satisfied them when attained, and is in reality quite worthless.

There is another kind of success—the success of becoming useful as a helper in the world, as a co-worker with Nature. This also requires hard, patient work; but first of all, a warm heart, for it is from the heart that the impulse must come to strive for this kind of success. But hard as the work may seem at times, it continually brings with it its own reward, and gives the worker a constant happiness, such as nothing else in the world will, or can.

This working for the sake of others is one of the ideals held up before the children in the Raja Yoga School on the Hill, and the spirit of helpfulness has become a living power in their lives. That is the kind of success they are striving for, and they are even now meeting with it, for they are constantly useful to each other, and their helpfulness is an inspiration to all who come in contact with them. They realize that it is necessary to be successful, and they have resolved to be successful; but the success they wish for is that which will make the burdens easier for others, and will permanently advance the whole human race. **STUDENT**

The Value of a Sunny Soul

THE world is too full of sadness and sorrow, misery and sickness; it needs more sunshine; it needs cheerful lives which radiate gladness; it needs encouragers who will lift and not bear down, who will encourage, not discourage.

Who can estimate the value of a sunny soul who scatters gladness and good cheer wherever he goes, instead of gloom and sadness? Everybody is attracted to these cheerful faces and sunny lives, and repelled by the gloomy, the morose, and the sad. We envy people who radiate cheer wherever they go and fling out gladness from every pore. Money, houses and lands look contemptible beside such a disposition. The ability to radiate sunshine is a greater power than beauty, or than mere mental accomplishments.—*Selected*

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: Mr. Judge used to say "our best friend was he who pushed us back upon ourselves." True indeed are those words, for the usual tendency is to lean upon others if we can possibly find others willing to be leaned upon, to depend upon props and crutches and not to stand in our own strength unless absolutely compelled to do so or die. The harsh word—the word that seems harsh to us because it puts the surgeon's knife into some particular mental or moral ulcer that we have allowed to grow—may become the saving power in our lives if we do not refuse its benediction, for it pushes us back upon ourselves. Of course we may refuse. It lies always in our power to refuse to take medicine, just because it has an unpleasant taste. Those who are unwise enough do so, and aid their disease in its growth until it becomes so deeply rooted that the ever weakening system has no longer the power to throw it off. What is true of the physical is equally true of the constitution mental or spiritual.

Let us then be grateful for every lesson, even though unpleasant. Let us be grateful for just the chance to be, as we think, misunderstood. Let us be grateful for the opportunity that occasionally comes, to bare these little moral and mental ulcers of ours to the surgeon's knife. For in Lomaland circumstance is as wise as it is severe. It is the true surgeon, and little by little will cut out our idiosyncracies, replacing diseased tissue with that which carries the glow of health. Every event is appropriate and just to the soul. Are we, then, souls? If so, let us look at life from the soul's point of view. That is, I believe absolutely, comrades, to be our only salvation.

A BROTHER IN ARMS

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Eating and Living—Some Important Things Forgotten

AMID the rage for predigested foods, digestive tonics, malts, peppins, and the like, two or three important things are forgotten.

First: That the most important part of digestion is not done in the digestive canal, but in the individual cell, which the food ultimately reaches.

Secondly: That however much food we succeed in inducing the stomach to pass into the blood, the active bodily cells will not accept and use more of it than they need. *They* are wiser than *we*. If they are not in good health, they do their digesting ill, and build, from the food supplied to them, inferior tissue.

A specialist on diet, Dr. Rabagliati, has just published a book, in which he argues that nearly all the diseases of mankind are due to over-feeding. His line of argument is, that if excessive food is taken into the stomach, it is either ill-digested, and poison-products of fermentation are poured into the blood, or, if well digested, the excess lodges among the tissues, fermenting *there*—though in a different way—and equally poisoning and interfering with the health and activity of the cells. Various of these kinds of fermentation we call by various names—scarlet fever, pneumonia, and the like. Further, these accumulations may irritate the cells into morbid activity, resulting in cancer and other growths; or the cells may be so enfeebled and poisoned that they produce base and inactive tissues, to whose symptoms we give another set of names on the already extended list.

This view may be extreme. There are *other* causes of disease besides gluttony, other ways in which the cells are depleted of vitality than by poisoning and by the excessive demands of a compulsorily overactive stomach, other ways in which the stomach is thrown out of order than by putting too much into it. There are mental states—for example, anger—which waste vitality. And there are other factors which waste, as distinct from *using*, it. As to mental states, a few weeks ago we called attention to some X-ray (not vivisection) experiments on a cat, in which it was shown that her digestion of a meal was at once stopped by annoying her, and was most rapid when she was pleased and caressed. Do we consider the effect of *state of mind* upon digestion while and after we eat?

As to quantity, the views of Dr. Rabagliati may seem extreme. Perhaps they may seem less so when we consider the rations upon which the Japanese army is campaigning, the regimen of the Bedouin, of the Indian runner, the Mexican courier, the Italian laborer, or the giant porter of Constantinople. We eat too much and too often. STUDENT

Fluorescent Eyes That Translate Light Downward

DR. AUSTIN FLINT suggests that the eyes of animals, such as those of the cat tribe, which sometimes seem actually to blaze in the darkness of night, are really fluorescent. Fluorescent bodies are those which make invisible light visible, such as the screens of various chemical substances used to make X-rays and radium emanations perceptible to our eyes. In fact they translate light downward; light which is beyond the violet of the spectrum, somewhere in the upper dark (to us) octaves, they lower in pitch till it is within the single octave of our vision.

The suggestion of Dr. Flint is that eyes such as those of the cat tribe contain something in their fluids which does this. Probably it was no part of nature's scheme to make these eyes visible. That was incidental. The real purpose was to make visible to the cat objects which it would not otherwise have seen. For, as now known, all objects give off various kinds of high light, so high as not to affect the retina of man and perhaps not of cats. So the only way in which that animal could see, in its nefarious night-prowlings, was to fill its eyes with something that would lower the high lights. The suggestion is interesting and probably true.

One naturally speculates whether in certain states of disease, and otherwise, the human eye may not acquire the same property as that of animals and thus bring into view fine shades of light, and color emanations not visible in ordinary circumstances. STUDENT

The Evolution of Organs—Some Important Observations

SOME light upon the origin of the organs of animals has emerged from the catacombs of Paris. Two or three years ago somebody discovered a half rotten wooden door under a pile of rubbish in the Jardin des Plantes. It was a forgotten trap-door, leading by a shaft to the ancient extensive quarries of the Gallo-Roman Lutetia. From these marble quarries, fifteen hundred years ago, ancient Paris had built her temples and palaces.

Professor Vere saw his opportunity, and has made a marine laboratory here, forty feet below the daylight, stocking it with aquaria of all kinds and sizes. To these he has transferred large numbers of fishes and crustacea which had been accustomed to sunlight and were fully provided with eyes. Soon the eyes atrophy and are scaled over with firm shell; while, on the other hand, the organs of touch and smell undergo an extraordinary perfecting process.

But previously cavern-dwelling animals, bleached and with no eyes, on being brought to the surface and kept in the sunlight, in no long time acquired both surface color and eyes.

These observations have an important moral. This is that natural selection here had no place. The blind animals brought into sunlight did not forthwith begin a long series of casual variations in all directions, of which a few were vaguely towards eyes; of fighting with each other and getting starved to death, those surviving whose moves eye-ward were most pronounced, until at last eyes came to be. All the animals moved, not vaguely and in all directions, but promptly and specifically toward the possession of eyes; and presently possessed them. And similarly with the sense of touch made so acute in the case of animals that were taken out of the light into the dark.

It is true that the first group already had eyes latent, and so there was not so much work for them to do as if that had not been the case. The point is that the variations were not at random round the circle, but specifically in the necessary line. The creature's body reacted to its needs. According to the current statement of the doctrine of evolution, nature exhibits no such intelligence as this. She makes her creatures vary at random, and selects the right variations out of the whole lot by killing the rest. The whole process is depicted as a mechanism of the crudest kind.

The text books have yet to begin teaching that variations, whether it be those of an insect self-protectively mimicking the twig on which it rests, or those of any animal enlarging or perfecting an organ, tend, *as if* intelligently guided, toward the point to be reached; and that the easiest way of accounting for it all is to assume that conscious intelligence is there at work. STUDENT

Curious Snake Stones Better Than Scientific Medicine

THE persistence of belief in snake stones in this boasting practical age is a matter of constant wonder to thinking scientists. Time and again they have been "proved" to be without virtue, and times without number are they known to succeed even in cases where European medical science confesses itself helpless. It is customary among white people to deride their powers and perhaps for this reason they are so little advertised or even spoken of by the races who make use of them, as in India and Central America.

They appear to be made of calcined bone, porous like a light burnt clay, as though formed of a dried paste of this substance. Many a bitten native trusts to the snake stone rather than to other medical aid.

The "stone" is placed on the wound, to which it appears to adhere firmly by its attraction for the poisonous fluid. The wound is said to be clean when so much has been absorbed that the "stone" drops off saturated, its power of adhesion lost. It is said that when used in time in this way it seldom fails to effect a cure. A simple re-burning fits it again for use, removing every trace of septic risk. STUDENT

MANY have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the malicious wielding of the tongue.

Tragedy or Comedy---A Sketch from Life

UNDER the branches of a wide-spreading tree there stood a strangely assorted group, one a woman, apparently the decadent remnant of high eastern civilization, face to face with her modern western sister. Two women, one fair, blue-eyed, with the bearing of the Anglo-Saxon, secure in the unassailable position of a loved and trusted wife; the other dark-skinned, black-haired, with lowered eyelids, whose whole attitude denoted reluctant and grudging submission to something outside herself, which she did not love and toward which she felt no obligation.

Near them stood the two husbands, master and man. A short time before, the dark-skinned man had come in tears to the wife of his master and in broken English had begged her help:

"Mem-Siheb, my wife, go leave me. She say she go away. Please, you talk to her. Perhaps she go stay."

"But what can I say to her, Ragout? I cannot speak your language and she will not listen to me."

"Ah, Mem-Siheb," and the man touched the foot of his mistress with his clasped hands, "I beg you, I beg you."

"Very well, go bring her," and he went away and brought his wife. Then followed a brief colloquy, translated by the Anglo-Saxon to his wife. It read something like this:

"Lutchminia, does Ragout beat you?" A shake of the head.

"Does he make you work too hard?" A shake of the head.

"Does he give you enough food?" A nod.

"Has he taken away your bracelets?" A nod.

"Why do you want to leave him?" Silence.

"Don't you like him?" Silence.

"Wait, Mem-Siheb," and, so saying, the husband Ragout, ran off.

Presently returning, he laid upon the ground a handkerchief full of silver jewelry. Lifting the gew-gaws one by one, he detailed to his wife their value, to the amount of some fifty dollars. Could they not persuade her to stay? O, Comedy! the jewels had been taken by Ragout from his rebellious eastern wife and had been hidden in the carriage of his master, unknown to any save himself. Such is the unconscious irony of life.

The western woman laid her hand upon the arm of her eastern sister. "Lutchminia, you say that Ragout is good and kind to you. Won't you stay with him and try to be good, too?" Silence.

Then spoke the western husband: "See, Lutchminia, I no give my wife bangles and she no want to leave me." With an impetuous gesture the bowed head is raised and the two women are at last face to face, the black eyes looking defiance into the blue.

Baffled, bewildered, and with an aching heart, the English woman turned to her husband. He laughed, for long years of experience with those whose lives are lived in an absolute spiritual darkness had made this an old story to him. He had known from the beginning what the falling lids concealed.

Sadly the blue-eyed woman turned away. "I can do no more, Ragout."

Ragout, with that spirit of resignation which almost all Orientals show, accepted almost cheerfully the inevitable. With "Salaam, madam, salaam," the group separated.

The next day Ragout came again, bitterly bewailing the loss of wife and jewels. Lutchminia had stolen them and gone.

The Anglo-Saxon husband and wife walked away, he dismissing easily from his mind what had been for years an almost every day occurrence. But not so with the wife, for there arose in her heart a resolve, a determination to understand some of life's difficult situations; and although then no light shone upon her path to point the way, she knew that she would find the way, some time, to help such as walk in darkness. B. G.

Sowing a Seed---A Life Sketch

Behold! a sower went forth to sow

SUNDAY, and high noon in a tropical land! How describe the blaze of sunlight, the wealth of color, and shimmering heat-laden air which induced an almost irresistible languor? Two people were chatting together on a veranda, facing a scene of satisfying beauty. A noble pasture, shaded by tall palms, wide-spreading trees, and dotted with peaceful cattle, stretched in front of botanical gardens filled with plants from many climes, while in the distance were a range of hills, verdure-clad from foot to summit, upon which the light and shade changed continually. On a near by table lay several copies of the NEW CENTURY PATH and Stead's little *Books for the Bairns*. Said the woman, "Do you know these dear little books?"

"No," was the reply. "What are they?"

She handed him one of them, *The Knights of the Round Table*. "This, to my mind, is the gem of the collection."

"Indeed," said the man, and then taking up one of the periodicals, he said, "But what paper is this? Something new, surely?"

"Yes," replied the woman, "it is the NEW CENTURY PATH, new, yet old. But let me warn you before you begin to read, because once known, you will never want to be without it." Silence reigned. The woman watched the failing light upon the hills with a full heart, while her friend attentively scanned the pages of the paper. At length he said: "This is quite new to me, but how full of good thoughts! How beautiful and interesting the illustrations!" and just then the notes of an organ floated out to them upon the breeze. "Do you have good music in your church?" she asked.

"Sometimes good and sometimes it is indifferent," the man replied. "I attend regularly, however, not that I think much of churches or pay much attention to the sermons, but it is the best that I can do. If I don't go my clerks would remain away. I used not to go, but when I discovered that my young clerks were spending their Sunday evenings playing cards, drinking and preparing trouble generally for themselves, I decided that if I could keep them from doing those things I would do so, and I found that by going myself to church I set an example which they were quick to follow."

"What a pity that churches do not give young men something better and higher," was the reply, "something that really meets their needs. I, too, find most sermons disappointing. Many are either so theological that one doesn't care to follow them, or so emotional as to be al-

most repulsive to those not in sympathy with the particular doctrines of the church, and all the time hungry hearts are yearning, yearning--"

"I must tell you of a recent incident that so impressed me I shall never forget it. Crossing in the *Mail*, we happened to be two Sundays at sea and among the passengers were two bishops. The first Sunday one preached an abstruse, theological sermon which half the audience could not understand and which the other half, who might have understood it, did not wish to be bothered listening to. The following Sunday the other bishop officiated, and in opening his sermon, he said, 'When I was asked to preach to you today I was reluctant to do so, but when it was suggested that I speak in behalf of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, this text came into my mind: "True religion is this, to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction and keep yourselves unspotted from the world." My friends, *that is the whole of religion*. There are hundreds of creeds in the world today, but should they all be wiped out and only those words remain, they would be sufficient."

"Why," exclaimed the woman, "that is Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood." Thus was a seed sown, or perhaps nourishment given to a seed already germinating, and which shall blossom and bear fruit. B. G.

SOWING A SEED

THERE is no unbelief!

Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod---
He trusts in God.



Whoever says when clouds are in the sky---
"Be patient, heart: light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.



Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.



Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.



There is no unbelief!
And day by day and night unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny---
God knoweth why.

—Selected

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Raja Yoga Question Box

IN ancient days, in Greece and other lands, the spirit of truth and beauty shone forth in the lives of men. There were men of wisdom to help and heal the people.

1 Who was Hippocrates?

ANSWER — Hippocrates was the greatest physician of ancient Greece. He saved the people of Athens from dying of plague. He was beloved and honored. For 2000 years his writings have been a help to students. Hippocrates lived to be 100 years old.

2 Who was Phidias?

ANSWER — Phidias was an architect, a painter and a sculptor. He lived in Greece in the days of Pericles. His work was the glory of the temples and public buildings of that time. His statue of Zeus was one of the seven wonders of the world. He was the sculptor-builder of the Parthenon.

3 Who was Pythagoras?

ANSWER — Pythagoras was a great scholar and Teacher. He formed the word "philosopher" from two words meaning "love" and "wisdom." He traveled the world over. In Egypt he learned numbers, geometry, astronomy, and music. His college in Greece was a center of light. He taught his pupils how to be silent.



RAJA YOGA BOYS ON THE SEASHORE AT LOMALAND

An Hour on the Seashore

BOYS, did you ever go down to the seashore to hunt for shells and stones, crabs and plants, and the many curious things the tide brings in? That is what we so often do, and a merry time we have, after we have had our usual swim. Best is it when the tide is out, and the shallow water allows us to wade far out, for many of the prettiest shells are found only where the bottom is never dry.

There it is that you find the abalones, and they like to hide on the under side of overhanging stones. But we know where to look for them and how to dislodge them with a quick, sharp jerk when they least expect it. You have seen their beautiful shells, I suppose, but you may, perhaps, not know that, unlike clams and oysters, they each have only a half-shell, and cling with the open side to a rock or to whatever object presents itself. They hold on by suction, and with such strength that it is next to impossible to get one off without breaking the shell, unless it is taken by surprise or you have a special instrument!

The shell is most beautifully colored on the inside, but in the natural state the outside is rough and its iridescent colors, so much admired, come out only by polishing. Some of them are almost covered by small abalones hanging on the outside, and seem ever so much more interesting to us just the way we find them. We find here many things other than abalones, and perhaps I or one of the other boys will tell you about them another time. Yours for Brotherhood, A RAJA YOGA BOY

SONG OF AN OLD PINE TREE

TO A LITTLE CHILD

Translated from the Swedish of Z. Topelius by one of the Professors of the Raja Yoga Academy

HEAR our words
Far in the north,
Far back in time and deep in the ground,
Reaches our root
Stretches our foot.
Wherefore we stand strong 'gainst the storm
In winter's snow
In summer's rain.
Shadows of centuries pass o'er our eyes,
O'er us the clouds float.
All things are born, all pass away,
Still we remain.

Thou child of man
Fleeting and pure,
Grow thou as we grow, valiant and strong.
Reach out thy roots
Through rocks and land,
Grow in sweet Nature-song
High to the clouds.
Grow thou in light,
Grow in God's loving heart.
Grow till thy brow
Like our own leafy green,
Reaches aloft
Even to the heavens.

The Olden Days In Greece

IN olden days in Greece there was a fairy charm in the very air and sunshine. And the Greeks loved the open air. Their theatres were built on the hillside, open to the light. If you look on the map, you will see that no place in Greece is very far from the sea. The sea creeps in here, there, and everywhere. So that nearly all the children in Greece could look out over the blue water every day.

The hills in Greece were crowned with beautiful temples. In the temples, and in the hillside theatres, the people learned to be wise and happy. There was the sound of many voices singing in the groves along the way.

The people loved flowers. Their hearts told them that flowers help us to be joyous and pure. Ah! how sad that today the temples of Greece are in ruins. The voice of the wise is silent, and there is no song in the groves. Many people in Greece today think only of getting money.

But far from Greece in a new land, many children are living, happy and strong and beautiful, as the Greek children were so long ago. Here, too, there is a fairy charm in the air and sunshine. Here, too, the children look out over the blue sea every day. These children know the secrets the flowers whisper. And in this place, Lomaland, the people are seen going to the Temple and to the hillside Theatre,

to learn to be wise and happy. The light is creeping into people's hearts again. Perhaps the children of Lomaland will teach the children of Greece to live again the life of joy, and all of its accompanying beauties will follow.

SISTER MARJORIE



Modern Greek Peasant Family. Home Near a Mountain Spring

DEAR CHILDREN: Not long ago I heard a story about a cat which shows how much sweet mother-love there is even in the hearts of little animals. She had four little kittens and, as her mistress had a number of pets, she agreed to give them to a man who lived near by. So one day he came to see them. The mother-cat must have heard them talking about taking her little kittens away, for the next day she and the kittens had disappeared. It was cold and rainy and the family could not imagine where she had gone.

At last they found her, in a rabbit-hole out in the yard! It wasn't a pleasant home for her, you may be sure. Her mistress brought her in with her four babies, and placed her back again in her comfortable basket near the stove. She did not take any of the kittens away. She felt that the brave little mother-cat deserved to keep them. UNCLE FRED

Students'



Path

IF I BUT KNEW

IF I but knew that somehow, somewhere, I
 Had dried a tear or lessened sorrow's sigh,—
 Had slaked the thirst of parching fever's lips,—
 Or led some soul through trial's dark eclipse,
 Then I should feel life's mission had been true,—
 If I but knew!

If I but knew some heart this side the tomb
 Had by mine act been rescued from the gloom;
 Or that one life had grown in noble deeds
 Because somewhere I'd sown some worthy seeds,
 The thought would drive dark clouds from out life's view,—
 If I but knew! —Selected

The Beauty of Law

PEOPLE are suffering a great deal more than they need, and there is a simple way to escape from it. The difficulty is not in the way, or finding out what to do, but in giving up the wrong ideas that have formed themselves into habits of thought and feeling, creative of wrong results. From these wrong ideas, held by so many, are born the criminality, insanity and misery in which we live, and for which we are partly responsible. There is so much wrong, so much misery in every shape and form in life as it now is, that it is found hard to live honestly, and very hard to live happily; and no one can do so who is dragging out an existence in the usual way. We all know well enough, at heart, that a complete change is necessary; and many know that this change is now taking place. This being so, the question is how can we best get into line with the new conditions, and so help to bring about and hasten the coming of a brighter, better and happier life.

I think very few thoughtful, kind-hearted people believe now that it is possible to gain true happiness and enjoyment in working for themselves, and following the gratification of their personal desires; and most of us are well aware that our troubles have been caused by this very pursuit and gratification. So some have found, and many are finding, that true happiness and true joy cannot be really had from *external* things, but is an *internal* condition of the heart and mind, that should be always with us helping us to see the bright side of things, even on a wet day!

Some few can extract the kernel of the nut, no matter how hard the shell may be; but though some few are wise enough and strong enough to be able to do this, there are many who require a fine day or softer fruits to enable them to thoroughly enjoy life; and both external and internal conditions have to be in harmony before true happiness for all can be found. Now the best of all conditions for us to be in is so to feel and see the wrong in the world that we would do anything to help to make it better. So the first step to get in line with the change that is going on is to be thoroughly dissatisfied with life as it is; and most of us, I think, are in that condition, so that the world is ready for a change.

The next step is to find out what this change is to be, and who is to be changed, and is there a purpose and a definite plan, and how can we learn to take an active, intelligent part in it? There is undoubtedly a great plan, and true knowledge of how human life should be lived to make it perfect, individually and socially; and this great plan is now in operation, and it is upon *this* plan that the change is being molded, and on which the future individual and social life will be permanently established.

We are, most of us, aware that there are great laws in Nature, and that we are quite helpless when in opposition to them. Whether we fume or fret, or use all our force to stop it, the rain rains, and the sun will shine, whether we like it or not; and not always to suit our convenience. The same laws govern our mental and moral life, with the same irresistible power, and all opposition to them, or bodies governed

harmoniously by them, is utterly useless, and must in the end, if continued, finally destroy itself when it has expended its pent-up energy. It is not Nature that is to blame; for all her laws and operations are divine, ceaselessly working for the intelligent progression, happiness and enjoyment of not only human life, but for all creatures. It is the individuals themselves that are at fault, who are going the wrong way. And it is we who have to change first, and not Nature, before things go well with us. The beauty of the law is that we can absolutely depend upon it, for it is eternally fixed for the perfection of the earth and all her inhabitants, her children, from the greatest to the least.

Civilizations rise and fall, thousands of years and ages go by, yet the law remains the same, and to gain enlightenment we have to follow exactly the same rules and precepts, based on those laws—expressions of the One Law—that were taught to those willing to learn the truth thousands upon thousands of years ago!

We have to come back to earth again and again until we learn these rules and make them a living power in our lives. It takes a long time to teach some of us by experience that absolute trust in these laws is the best protection and the truest aid we can possibly have. T. W. W.

Light and Darkness

LIGHT and darkness coming within our range of perception every day and every night, we scarcely take notice of the significance of their recurrence, or realize its importance and meaning. One of the old Scriptures of the world says, "Light and darkness are the world's Eternal Ways"—it is one or the other always. And when night comes on and we light our lamps that we may see our way about, we are doing on the outer plane what we should do on the inner every night and every morning and all the time, and that is, keep alight the fire in the heart and call upon the real and true Light within to burn clearly and guide us through the day and be to us a guard throughout the night, "that from darkness we may go forth in light."

Every one is either assisting the light to shine in the hearts of men or is helping the powers of darkness. Everything good, true and ennobling, belongs to the light, while the very word darkness conjures up in the mind, evil, meanness, ignorance, hatred, anger, lust, all ranged on the side of darkness. When contemplating the battle that must be fought and is being fought in the world, when we see how men wilfully choose to stand in the darkness and how in this darkness the powers of evil work for their enslavement and destruction, we might almost be tempted to give up hope did we not know that humanity has its great helpers. And we have the assurance of our teacher, Katherine Tingley, "that the light itself has never faded and never will." How the scene changes at the thought of this, and we can, as it were, see dark, ugly forms cringing and creeping away overpowered by the light—light that reaches back farther than eye can reach, and so bright that no eye can look upon it. What a picture, could we but keep it ever before us!

It is not possible for the darkness to live with the light; when the light enters the darkness must go. But it is possible for man to shut out the light by choosing to live in darkness. And humanity has for so long chosen the darkness, that it has almost forgotten the light; but once more is it shining in our midst, once more is the true pathway of life being shown to us and once more has hope dawned in the world.

A new beacon light has been lighted in the world by our three great helpers, the old fires of devotion have been relighted in our hearts, and light and joy are being carried to all lands. Truly indeed are all evil things revealing themselves in their true natures, for the light is shining upon them that men may no more be deceived thereby. E. H.

The Time to Speak

A time to keep silent and a time to speak—Solomon

THIS is one of the most difficult injunctions to obey. Sometimes we speak, impelled by a sense of duty, and on account of the unpleasant results that sometimes follow the speaking, we wish we had kept silence. Sometimes we keep silent from a sense of prudence, and the results that follow from that silence when the speaking of the truth might have saved the truth, cause us to regret that we had not spoken. From our experience we have arrived at the conclusion that the only time to keep silent is when there is no truth to enunciate, and the true time to speak is when truth is in danger. . . . —Orphans' Friend

RESURGEMUS

[Among other emblems of immortality, the Egyptians fashioned the *crux ansata*, a small cross and ring. The ring signifies endless existence; but the meaning to them of the cross is unknown.]

AGES past, *crux ansata*, even then,
Love of life, and love of love lived with men.
Hearts were gay, wine flowing, lyres rung.
When the Pyramids were building,
When the Pyramids were young.

Even then, emblem immortal, then as now,
Fear of death and fear of fate dimmed the brow;
Lips grew pale, ceased the music, hushed the mirth,
Where the lotos kissed the Nile god,
Where the Nile god wooed the earth.

Faith triumphant, cross and ring, fashioned thee—
Death for time, but life for all eternity.
So they wait, silent, patient, still they lie
In the rocky tombs of Egypt,
'Neath the starred Egyptian sky.—*Selected*

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question In the Light of Reincarnation what explanation can Theosophy give for children dying in infancy. If life is for the soul's experience what value can there be to the soul in the event of infants death?

Answer In the case of very young infants it can hardly be said that there is an incarnation at all. There is only the *germ* of that which will ultimately become human mind and feeling. Up to a certain period the human infant may be likened unto the young of an animal, and practically all that it does is also done by the young of an animal. It does not from the very first clearly show something that the animal can never show. Not until that something begins to appear can we think of the soul as having begun to incarnate. The soul, though at hand, though overshadowing with open wings, has to wait upon the laws of physical nature. And if those laws deny its vehicle, it waits—either passing back for a little to its own realm, or moving to a new incarnation. But even from this delay, one may think it learns something. But the main lesson would seem to be to the parents; for there never comes upon any of us a pain from which we do not gain something of strength, some deepening of character.

But where life has lasted long enough for the soul to have really begun to take possession, then a very rich experience may be gained in a very short time. We look upon the sorrows and joys of childhood as nothings, as trifles almost amusing in their unimportance. But they are just as real as our own. Indeed, what are we ourselves but children of not so very much larger growth? What is the difference between the child who cries for a doll, the boy who cries for a toy steam-engine, and the man who cries to be president of a railroad or mayor of a town? Between the child who obeys the wish of its mother when she is not looking, and the man who resists in secret his "larger" temptation? Between the child who gives away a doll to another who has none, and the man who gives his cheque?

So all the elements of a whole rich human life, its tragedy, its joy, its meanness, its splendor of heroism and unselfishness, can be lived out in a very brief spell of childhood.

H. C.

Answer II. Earth-life is but one phase of life, and the soul's experiences are not bounded by its life here. We know very well that some of the greatest lessons come to us through the withholding by the higher law of that which we most long for. We are thrown back, as it were, upon ourselves, it calls out the inner strength of our natures, and tests our self-reliance. It is as it were, the hand of the sculptor chiseling deep into the marble, but bringing forth forms of beauty and strength.

May it not be that this is what takes place in regard to a soul seeking rebirth into this life and on the very threshold being denied entrance? It must be under the action of the law and we cannot doubt that the soul does reap experience, and may be the very experience that it most needs.

Yet these things should not be and would not be if we had in the past and now lived wisely and well. The causes, the past, must be worked out, but we can build for the future in such a way that the souls of the

unborn shall be won back to earth into homes of light and joy, and not into conditions at the brink of which the soul must stand shuddering at the life that it foresees awaits it, but which we can begin to change if we will.

STUDENT

Question Does Theosophy teach the doctrine of free-will?

Answer I. It is generally unsafe to state that Theosophy teaches any doctrine, for that immediately relates it in the mind to some other teaching on the same subject, which may or may not be the same. But the philosophy taught at present under the name of Theosophy, certainly has for one of its corner-stones the free-will of man. It is odd that any one ever should have doubted this, for every one knows it who has not with difficulty reasoned himself out of his knowledge. The effort of some kind that every one makes is a tacit expression of it.

It must be an inattention to or ignorance of the law of cause and effect that has made it possible for so much confusion to exist on this subject. People start a train of effects, and when they meet them later on, as they inevitably must, they call it fate and declare they are not free, because caught in a web of their own making. But two things are forgotten, first, that they were free to initiate the causes which have brought about the present circumstances, and, second, that they are free to deal with these circumstances in various ways.

The first is untraceable in most cases. The train of events between cause and effect has not been followed, could not have been followed generally, and so has to be taken on faith, or because philosophically life seems impossible otherwise. But by carefully studying the present in a wholesome frame of mind, one arrives at knowledge in regard to the past.

A man finds himself in a certain environment, not agreeable, perhaps, and would like to change it. Not being able to, he confuses free-will with the power to control outside circumstances, whereas these are two different things. The will is perfectly free to act in one of many directions, and the man is free to take a hostile or friendly attitude toward his environment. This does not refer to like or dislike, but means that he is free to use these circumstances to help or hinder his own real development. Those who have reached the point of honestly seeking this, do not complain of their environment or wonder whether they have free-will. It is those who are seeking to grasp for themselves certain coveted endowments, either material possessions, or mental or spiritual powers, who complain they have no chance. Those who are seeking to become, to *be* these things rather than to *have* them, often see in their obstacles, and their hindrances, their greatest opportunities. And seeing these, they use them, and so gradually disentangle themselves from the web they had woven about them.

Or rather it seems as if the web were dissolved by some process of spiritual alchemy without effort directed toward it. By freely willing to *become*, something is generated, and lo! he who has done it, suddenly finds himself unbound, with all space open to him.

G. W. V. P.

Answer II. Theosophy teaches that man is a free agent, free in the only true sense that there is freedom, that is *freedom under law*. The awakened human being knows himself as he really is, knows the laws of his being and can live in conscious accordance with that law. But for many ages humanity has forgotten this heritage of godlike wisdom and power and has permitted the lower, denser aspects of life to obscure the inner vision of the law which once belonged to the race and will again be its liberator.

If the life of man and the universe proceed according to a harmonious progression and development that abides and persists, however unperceived or disregarded by man, all those who move not with this beautiful necessity do but whirl in eddies for years, for lives, only to be driven by force and suffering to the point where man faces his supreme opportunity, to cease by his own will the futile whirl and find the law and live in it.

Those still in this vortex of selfish ignorance are the *slaves*. Theosophy would teach to these the truer conception of life, the nobility of human life and arouse to free united action those who are now stupefied by the hideous whirl in which the lower mind—unilluminated by soul wisdom—has so long kept them.

M. M. T.

Odd s and Ends

World's Headquarters UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD Organization POINT LOMA, Cal.

Meteorological Table for the week ending Sept. the 25th, 1904

Total number hours sunshine
recorded during Aug., 223.70
Average no. hours a day 7.22
Observations taken at 8 a.m.
Pacific Time

SEPT	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
19	29.830	73	60	65	62	.00	N	13
20	29.868	73	61	66	62	.00	W	4
21	29.794	73	62	66	65	.00	calm	—
22	29.796	74	62	66	61	.00	W	5
23	29.798	70	60	66	61	.00	E	3
24	29.836	72	59	65	58	.00	E	4
25	29.818	74	59	67	61	.00	W	5

Paris in the XVIIIth Century ON the appointment of the Jesuit Father Lepelletier as confessor to Louis XIV of France, he requested of the lieutenant of police, D'Argenson, also a member of the Jesuit Order, a confidential report on the moral condition of Paris and its chief personages.

This report was so black and implicated so many highly-placed people, that a part of it was subsequently abstracted and has never been found. A good deal of it, however, still exists, and the picture is certainly very terrible.

"In regard to the clergy generally in France," says D'Argenson, "it is with regret that I have to report to your reverence in the language I must employ. While there are some virtuous prelates, curés, grand vicars and priests worthy of the esteem and affection of honest men, I must acknowledge that a large majority regards ecclesiastical rule and discipline with contempt. They give themselves up to culpable amusements, seek ignoble society, and associate with disreputable people, men and women. Almost all are Simonists. They accept money to enable them to purchase preferments, or to satisfy their cravings for disorderly pleasures, or to lend their ministry to the performance of acts contrary to the canons of the Church. I say it with trembling, but many of these ecclesiastics belong to your order (the Jesuits).

"It is rare that a day passes that I do not receive a warrant for the arrest of some monk or secular priest. The conduct of the regular clergy exceeds all bounds."

Education in Japan In Japan any group of five households having no school in the neighborhood may demand a school with two teachers. The organizing of National education was among the first things put in hand when the era of reform opened, and Westerners may well envy the rapidity and success with which reforms can be organized in a country not shackled by ecclesiasticism and other forms of rooted prejudice and vested interest. It gives us some notion of how we ought to progress, and of how much our prejudices are responsible for.

A Record of Faithful Service MRS. NANCY ROSE, who lately died in the United States at the age of eighty, has fulfilled for forty-eight years the duties of light-house keeper in the Stony Point Light-house, diligently keeping the lamps trimmed and burning, and ringing the bells at intervals, in her lone watch-tower to within a very short time of her death.

Linguistic Reciprocity RECIPROCITY seems to be the order of the day, in language as well as in commerce. For years there has been an incursion, or adoption, of French words and phrases into English speech. Now there is a similar incorporation of English expressions into the current speech and literature of France. While we speak of "the *beau monde*," Parisians speak of "le high life;" as often as we mention a "soirée" or "matinée," they tell us of "une five o'clock tea;" and when we pronounce a thing "very chic," they respond that it is indeed "très smart." Is this an indication that the universal language of the future is to be polyglot?

How the Phonograph was Born Edison is said to have invented the phonograph owing to the accident of a cut finger. He was singing into the telephone, when a fine steel point, which he had placed for safety, cut his finger; it had been jumping about owing to the vibrations of the diaphragm. At once he got the idea he had been in search of. He held a piece of paper against the needle, shouted the letters of the alphabet into the mouthpiece, and obtained scratchings on the paper. Then, passing the paper across the needle point, he got from the diaphragm a faint reproduction of the sounds he had spoken to it. H.

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam FIVE years ago Colonel John Hay told the Omar Khayyam Club of London that America equalled England in her devotion to Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat*. He averred that this book was among those most read in every library club.

Since then the poem's popularity has greatly increased in both countries. There is even a new verb *to Khayyam*, meaning to write verses with that form and savor. The whole philosophy and practical moral of the poem are:

Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why;
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

A philosophy and an application alike false and disgraceful. But many clubs and universities are raising steady crops of cultured weaklings, moral and intellectual, on this pabulum. Surely, Persian culture of a thousand years ago might furnish us something better than this.

To the Members of The Universal Brotherhood Throughout the World: In order to expedite improvements in the different Departments of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, it is necessary that all communications, connected with the work of the Universal Brotherhood, should be directed to Katherine Tingley, Loma Homestead, Point Loma, California.
(Signed) KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Leader and Official Head*

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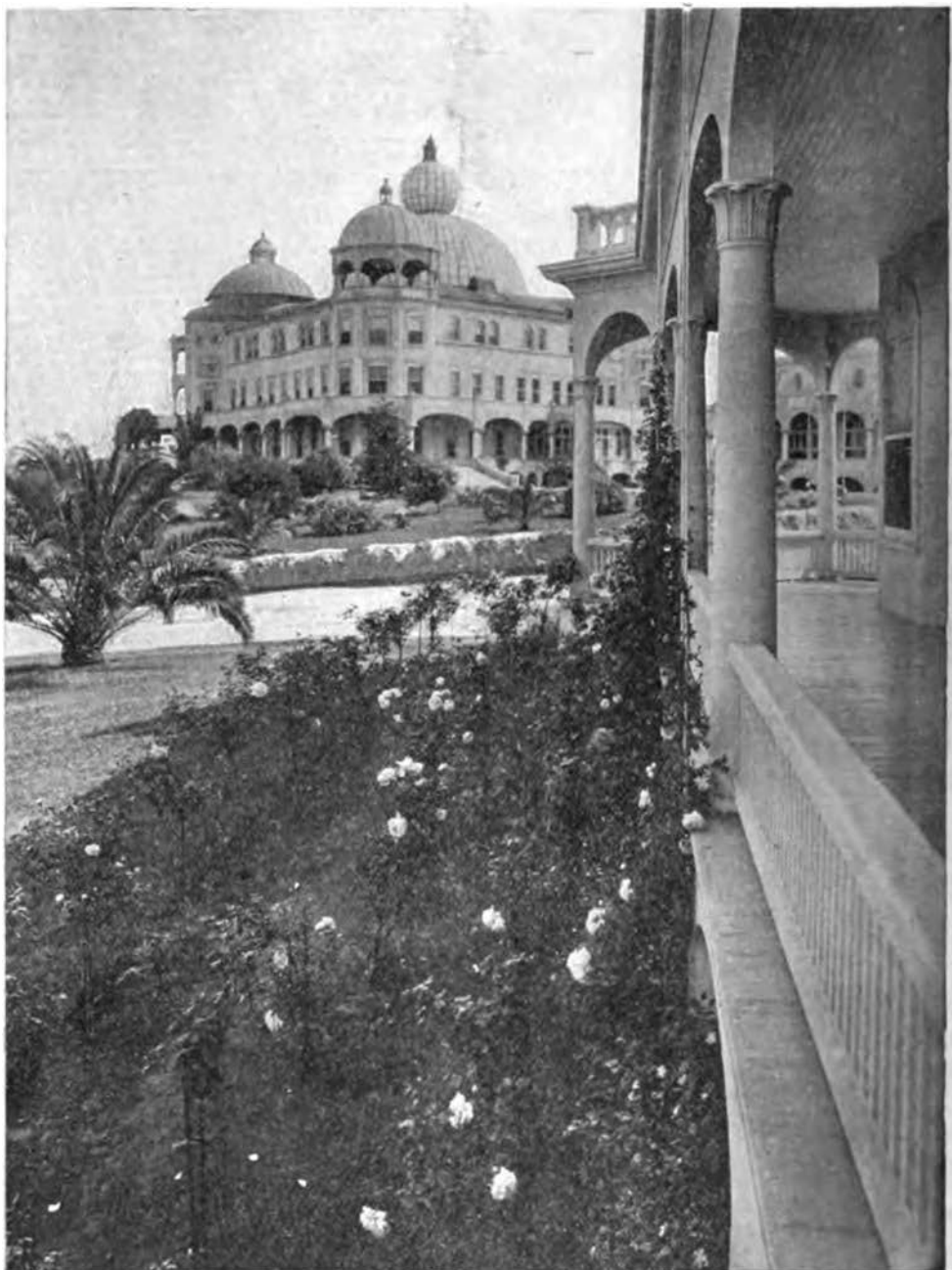
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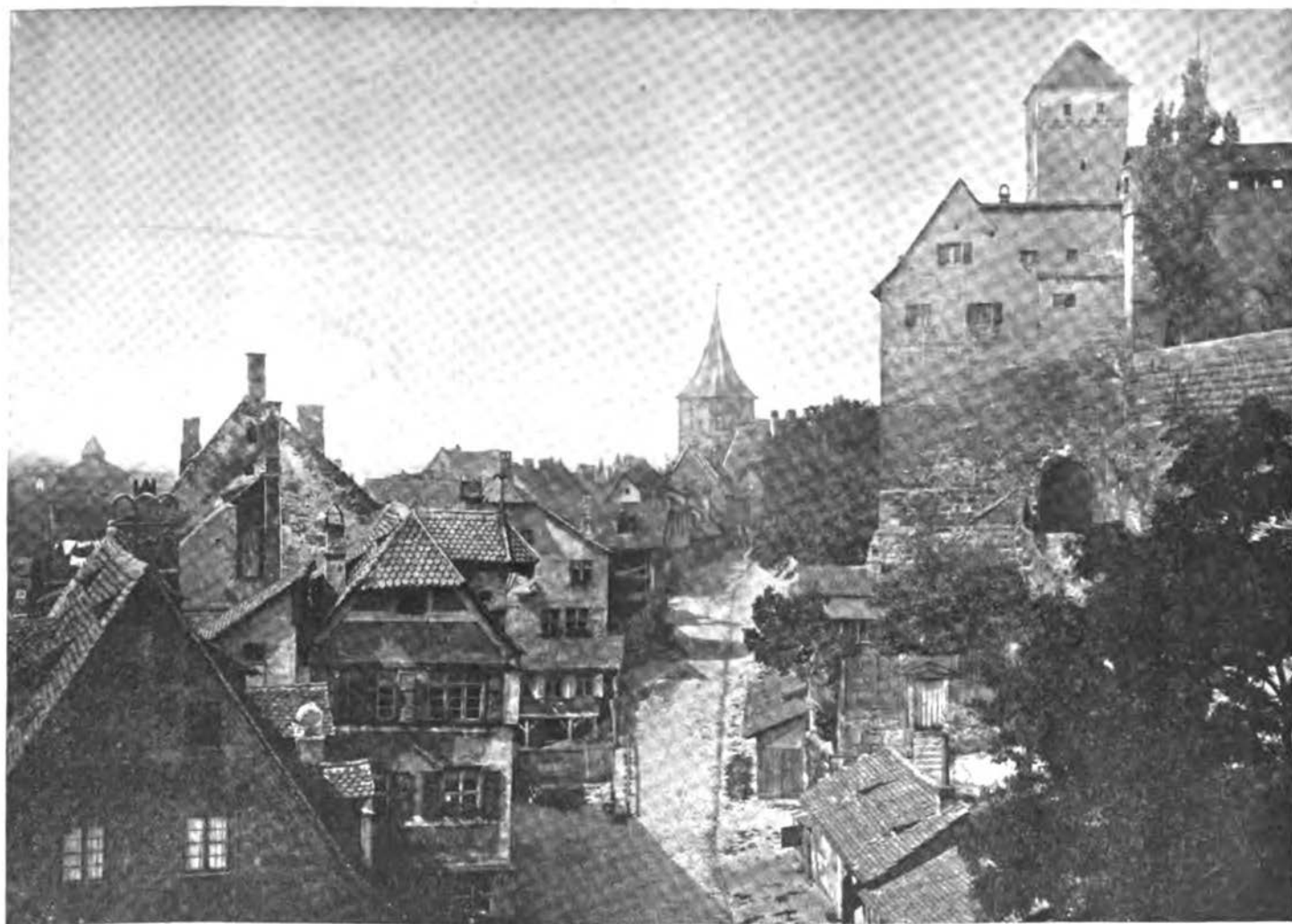
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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Changing Views of Science
Emigration from Ireland
Indian Institution of Caste
International Olympian
Games
Spectre of Over Population
View of Nuremberg—frontispiece

Page 4—XXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Works of Telepathy
Hypnotized Lives
Compared to Bridge of Sighs
Thoughts on Verse
Horror in Congo
The Song of Life

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Indian Basketry Art
Passing Away
Indian Sand Painting
Ancient Aleutian Basket (illustration)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Judge Not
Life's Justice (verse)
Hercules & Omphale—illustrated
Mother of Alfred the Great
Rabbi Ben Ezra (verse)

Page 8—ARCHEOLOGY, ETC.

Christian Symbols in Crete
Rose an Ancient Symbol
Fire-Walking in Japan
Ancient City Under
Washington
Ancient Babylon Firm

Page 9—NATURE

Plants Are Brotherhood
Workers
The Soul of Plants
Japanese Hill Scene (illustration)
Child in Garden (verse)
Bees and Fruit
Inspiring Chorus of Birds

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

U. S. Commissioner
General Sargent
at Point Loma
At Home (illustration)
Attack on Compassion
Friends in Counsel
Raja Yoga School at Roseville

Page 12—GENERAL

Pre-Egyptian Remains
of the Pacific—illustrated
Reason vs. Natural Intelligence

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Science & Little Round Things
Manufacturing Rubies
Is There a Scale of Scents?
Man and His Climate
Japanese Surgeons'
Work Satisfactory

Page 14—FICTION

"A Little Child
Shall Lead Them"

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Raja Yoga Question Box
The Children (verse)
Helen's Dream
On the Golf Links—illustrated

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Selection (verse)
Fairy Light and
Shining Towers
To Help Prisoners
Count Time (verse)
Yesterday (verse)
Theosophical Forum

Page 18—U. B. WORK

Students at Isis Theatre
What People Sleep On
Meteorological

Pages 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Changing Views of Science

THE British Association met at Cambridge, England, in August, and many of the addresses mark notable changes and widenings of view. In the main the tendency is away from the old formalism, exactness and abstractness; and towards the recognition of intelligence and conscious life as the active agents in nature and as the producers of infinite variation. Prof. Horace Lamb (Mathematics) is reported as having said:

Mathematical and physical science has become markedly introspective. The investigators of the classical school, as it may perhaps be styled, were animated by a simple and vigorous faith; they sought, as a matter of course, for a mechanical explanation of phenomena, and had no misgivings as to the trustiness of the analytical weapons which they wielded. But now the physicist and the mathemati-

cian alike are in trouble about their souls. We have discussions on the principles of mechanics, on the foundations of geometry, on the logic of the most rudimentary arithmetical processes, as well as of the more artificial operations of the Calculus.

The physicist, he continued, does not deal with the actual phenomena of Nature, in his mathematical calculations, but with symbols or ideal representations. Those who actually undertake physical measurements find that, the more refined the means employed, the more vague and elusive does the supposed magnitude become; the judgment wavers, and at last, in despair, some result is put down, not in the belief that it is exact, but with the feeling that it is the best we can make of the matter. . . . Most of us have been forced to acquiesce in the view that geometry, like mechanics, is an applied science; that it gives us merely a convenient and ingenious symbolic representation of the relations of actual bodies.

Equally significant is the Professor's remark that we have given up the notion of causation, except as a convenient phrase; what were once called Laws of Nature are now simply rules by which we can tell more or less accurately what will be the consequences of a given state of things.

A newspaper report reflects the state of modern scientific thought by remarking:

Poor old Science is getting buffets on many hands, and while Mr. Balfour gently derided all the science of the past as turning out a "world of illusions," and Professor Lamb denounced the validity of mathematics even in those realms of thought where it has hitherto reigned supreme, Mr. Bateson, President of the Zoological Section, attacked the proud dogma of Natural Selection, not as Darwin taught it—one moulding force in the building up of species—but in its claim to pontifical supremacy as urged by the ultra-Darwinians of today.

Evolution a "Prodigious Confusion"

Professor Bateson showed that, while the early evolutionists made an intelligent study of species and the manner in which they beget variations in their form, the later ones have thrown the whole subject into prodigious confusion by attempting to gather under various hasty generalizations a whole mass of facts and data which are not related to each other.

Mr. Aubrey Strahan, Geological President, spoke of past cataclysms as evidenced in the tremendous foldings of rock-strata which we observe; and argued that, as such occurrences had indisputably taken place at intervals in the past, there was no possible escape from the conclusion that they would do so again. This, of course, agrees with the Theosophical teaching that the history of the great races of humanity is punctuated by changes in the land and water configuration of the earth's surface. Slow movements of upheaval and depression are of course always taking place, as observation within recent times shows; but this does not contradict the view that sudden changes also take place; indeed it rather supports it. In the words of our lecturer:

We have found evidence, in the majority of cases, that the disturbances were but renewals of movement along lines of weakness long before established. With such a history before us, and with the knowledge that mountain-ranges have been built in other parts of the world by the upheaval of strata of almost recent date, we have more cause to wonder that the internal forces

have left this quarter of the globe alone for so long, than reason to believe that they have ceased to exist. Changes of level, however, have taken place in comparatively recent times, and are now in progress. Though almost imperceptibly slow, they serve to remind us that a giant lies sleeping under our feet who has stretched his limbs in the past, and will stretch them again in the future. STUDENT

Emigration From Ireland---Startling Figures

STATISTICS tell us that since 1851 the population of Ireland, through emigration, has been lessened 3,961,011.

In a little over half a century nearly four millions of Irish people, mostly in their youth and early manhood . . . have left their native soil.

Perhaps the fact helps to explain why the Irish are so great a power abroad, and why Ireland suffers so much from losing so great a proportion of the flower of its youth.

These figures do not take into account the vast numbers that have been leaving the country since the year 1698, when for a considerable period about 12,000 are said to have emigrated yearly from Ulster alone.

Viewing this great stream of life from the more subtle standpoint of thought and emotion, what tides of feeling are constantly being

directed toward that small green isle; for Irish hearts remain true to their country. Land and sea may separate them, but all fate-imposed barriers but serve as magnets to intensify the love for their native soil.

Tenderly are the green vales and wooded hills remembered. The little white cabin remains dearer than would be a palace in a foreign land.

Generation after generation may pass, but the love of the old home is the truest and most deeply cherished heirloom.

Who knows the meaning of this great inner tide of thought as compared with that other great tide of emigration?

If love, love that has passed through the purifying flame of anguish and despair, becomes a creative power, what may not spring from Ireland! For surely the most tested and loyal love that ever quickened in the human breast hovers over every blade of grass that grows on Erin's soil.

STUDENT

The Indian Institution of Caste

THE Indian institution of caste is peculiar to the country, in that it is universal and well recognized. We have caste in America, too, but it goes by another name and has its distinctions founded on money. With the Hindoo, money has nothing to do with it. The rich official may be a low-caste man, while his poor neighbor is a Brahmin whose caste distinction is his constant envy. The vice-president of the town of Admi is a low-caste man who has acquired riches, but the poor deputy postmaster is a high-caste Brahmin into whose house the former cannot go, and with whom he cannot eat.

There are but four castes. All the others, so-called, are only subdivisions among the great four. These are: Brahmin, or priests and advisors; Kshatryas, the warriors; Vaisyas, merchants; and Sudras, servants. All the subdivisions are among the two lower ones. Anciently, caste was plastic. Then, a low-caste man who had actually changed himself in every respect, mentally and morally, so that he was essentially the same as the higher caste, was permitted to enter that one; so that a Sudra might then become a Brahmin, and a Brahmin a Sudra. There are many instances of this in their ancient history. Krishna was of the shepherd class, and one of the great Rishees was a Sudra. But now it has all become hereditary and the divisions are innumerable.

The Brahmin household has its cooking done by Brahmin servants—people who are poor and willing to serve; but you never find a Brahmin doing other menial work in the house.

The application of these rules is made more to the taking of food and water than in any other way, and in the touching of vessels. If I am a Brahmin and you, a Sudra, handle my water vessel, the vessel if made of clay must be broken up; but if of brass, it may be cleaned. This is because they think the influence given out by the hand is absorbed by the clay; while the brass may be cleaned of it by scouring.

In the railways these rules are temporarily abandoned by tacit consent, and you can on every train see Sudras, Kshatryas and Brahmins all huddled together in the same carriage.

With some exceptions, the crossing of the Great Sea destroys forever the Brahmin's caste. In Bengal, however, they are relaxing the rule, so many having gone to England to travel or study. Upon returning from the voyage a certain penance and purification is enjoined, and the culprit then has full caste communion. But I know of many who were unable to get back, because in their part of the country the rule was strictly adhered to. One of those is S. ——— Swami, of the highest caste, now attorney general for the Nizam. He went to England, and has never since been recognized; so that today he is really an outcast. But he is a very fine gentleman. (From an unpublished manuscript.)

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

International Olympic Games

WHILST the third Olympiad was being inaugurated at St. Louis, the International Olympic Committee, sitting in London under the patronage of King Edward, was fixing the place of the fourth. Rome was finally selected, and the King of Italy has already signified his approval and support. Before the date of its celebration—1908—a preliminary congress to settle details will be held in Belgium under the presidency of King Leopold.

The affair has, therefore, a truly international character, and must do more than any peace or science congress to break down racial antipathies.

The Greeks made athletics a branch of art, and a pursuit of the whole

of life. Cultured athletic perceptions, cultured intellect, cultured body, were with them three equally important aspects of one thing—*culture*. We have separated the three, and consequently developed three species of monstrosity. In the associations brought about by these Olympiads, there is a real hope of getting back to that Greek ideal, which included at once perfection and balance. It is by forgetting the latter that we have allowed athletics to become brutalized.

STUDENT

The Spectre of Over Population

A LEADING newspaper, reviewing a recently published statistical *Atlas of the World*, and noting the enormous unpopulated and half-populated areas of the world surface, remarks:

The astonishing thing is that the world should still be so thinly peopled after all these scores of thousands of years that have passed since man's first appearance. Cities and particular countries are well stocked, but the continents have still room enough for the growth of a future inconceivably remote. The most thickly peopled country, Belgium, has 588 persons to the square mile, Japan has 288, Austria-Hungary 188, the German Empire 57, the Russian Empire 15, but Siberia, which is, naturally, the richest part of the Russian Empire, has less than one person to the square mile. Brazil has only four and a half, the Argentine Republic a little over seven, Bolivia a little over two, Paraguay four. South America alone has room for hundreds of millions in addition to her present population.

"Scores of thousands of years" is much understating it, but let it go at that. Let us consider *five* "scores of thousands," that is, 100,000 years; or a *thousand* periods each of 100 years.

Now during *one* period of 100 years the population of the United States (from 1800 to 1900) advanced from *five* millions to *eighty* millions. It is true she was largely fed from other countries. But those others (with a small exception) *also grew!*

And the United States (and the countries from whom came her immigrant population) had the usual share of wars. Yet they all multiplied, the United States multiplying itself by sixteen.

Bearing this in mind, and not straining the matter anywhere, let us ask ourselves how it happens that after, say, 100,000 years, or 10,000 years, of human habitation, wars, and so forth, included, there remains on the dwellable parts of the earth a single square foot of ground on which a man is not standing?

One would think that the idea of Reincarnation must have long ago occurred to thinkers. That is, that the sum of human life on earth does *not* increase, but that the same people keep returning, a veritable stage-army.

Yet not quite a stage-army, for they are accumulating unto themselves measureless experiences.

STUDENT

A View of Nuremberg---Frontispiece

THIS week's cover-page of the NEW CENTURY PATH shows one of the characteristic views of the old German town of Nuremberg, or Nürnberg.

Ninety-five miles north of the capital city of the kingdom of Bavaria, Nürnberg was once the greatest and most wealthy of all the free imperial cities of Germany. It is invested with an air of venerable, other-time things; and being still partially surrounded with walls and battlements, its appearance is very striking.

The illustration shows a part of the Kaiserburg, the old imperial castle, often occupied by the German emperors during the Middle Ages.

Here the first paper-mill in Germany was opened in 1390; here also were the first gun-carriages made; and from here to Fürth, in 1836, the first railway in Germany was laid. Nürnberg toys and clocks are exported to all parts of the world, while its manufactures comprise a score of other well-known articles. As the birthplace of Albert Dürer and of Hans Sachs, Nürnberg has other claims to our interest and sympathy. The foundations of the city go back to 905, if not earlier. In 938 it was the seat of the first German Diet. In 1532 the treaty of toleration was signed there, its inhabitants having early embraced the doctrines of the Reformation.

P.

To the Members of The Universal Brotherhood Throughout the World: In order to expedite improvements in the different Departments of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, it is necessary that all communications, connected with the work of the Universal Brotherhood, should be directed to Katherine Tingley, Loma Homestead, Point Loma, California.

(Signed)

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Leader and Official Head*

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Works of Universal Telepathy

THE late Frank Stockton was a man of much modesty, as well as of much trust in the outcome of human life. He was cut off just before the execution of his best work, but if he had foreseen this, it would have troubled him very little. A friend once pointed out to him how often it happened that men died just as they were approaching their greatest effort. "What does it matter," he said, "after all? If you or I have a thought likely to be valuable to the world, and are forbidden by death or other adverse circumstances to set it forth, there is sure to be some other fellow who will think the thought and express it."

The case of Darwin and Wallace, and their theory of natural selection, along with many other cases, come at once to one's mind; but a little instance occurred in the case of Stockton and this very friend.

"I remember," says the latter, "that while I was in my bath one Thursday morning, a thought occurred to me which suggested a Stocktonesque story. On the evening of that day I sat with Stockton and Alexander Black at the Author's Club, and told Stockton of the idea which it seemed to me he might work, as I could not, into an effective story. When I had completely expounded my thought Mr. Stockton turned to me and said:

"I'm glad you like that idea, because I have just used it in a story, the first installment of which will appear in this week's *Illustrated American*."

Mark Twain, in his humorous way, once gave another case or two. It is usual to call them telepathy, but we must remember that the marked phenomenon occurring between two people to which we give that name also occurs in a vaguer way all over the field of human consciousness.

STUDENT

Hypnotized Lives Order of the Day

HYPNOTIC phrases are the order of the day. We have recently met with a booklet belonging to the school which calls itself "New Thought," in which the key phrase was: "All is well." Whatever happens, keep saying that, till it is burned in upon your mind. Then you go about in a sweetly seraphic condition which no misfortunes can disturb. Very good; but the chances are a hundred to one that you also go about in a hypnotic trance. And if so, you are in a condition of absolute soul stagnation. That is the harm of these books which teach phrases as solutions of life. The victim of one of these phrases, till he shakes himself free, or till the Law sends on him so terrible a blast of calamity as to shake him free, might as well be dead. "All is well"—therefore, you need do nothing for your neighbors and humanity, with whom most emphatically all is *not* well; you need make no efforts to bring your heart into correspondence with the vast chord of human suffering; you need not examine yourself to see whether your mind is not permeated through and through to rottenness with the maggots of vanity, egotism, selfishness, and sensuality. No, *all is well*, for did not "all" come from God? So be it; *this* "god," whose conception of "wellness" answers to the present condition of human life, is fellow to that other created by Calvin, who proposes to damn the majority of mankind. And they will soon be exhibited together as examples of human creative activity gone mad.

STUDENT

Compared to the "Bridge of Sighs"

A NEW YORK paper, speaking of the new Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, remarks that "the main purpose of the institution will be to experiment on animals," and then proceeds to describe the projected animal house, that is, vivisection house, remarking with extraordinary unconsciousness of the aptness of its comparison:

This building will adjoin the main laboratory, with which it will be connected by a fire-proof corridor resembling in general appearance and construction the "Bridge of Sighs" which joins the "Tombs" and the "Criminal Courts" Building.

One would say that the resemblance was quite fitting. And it would be still more so if the residence of the experimenters should turn out to resemble the last.

STUDENT

Thoughts on the Future of Verse

MR. FREDERICK MYERS thinks that there is no future for English verse; "blank verse is worked out, and the rhymes have all been used up." It may be that the strictly measured blank verse with its ten syllables, and the strictly concordant rhymes, are just beginning to become obsolete; just as one might say that the strict music of a hundred years ago, of Corelli and such schools, is not now precisely in tune with our modern consciousness. Old rules are wearing out; we are gaining and requiring a new freedom; a new sense of melody in words is developing; and a new verse, new rhythms, new uses of vowels and consonants and phrases, are coming into being. John Stuart Mill lamented of music what Mr. Myers laments of verse. The scale, he said, has but seven notes. The combinations of these are limited, and so music must sometime come down to mere repetition of the past. Since his day we have had Wagner. Is not that an answer? We cannot as yet reply so triumphantly in the matter of verse. But Whitman certainly points towards the direction from which a reply will come. Our sense of verbal melody, and our poets' power to make it, are growing swiftly. A critic of Mr. Myers quotes the beautiful line (descriptive of snow):

Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying.

It will not scan; nor will Shakespeare's

And multitudinous seas incarnadine,

but both perfectly satisfy our sense of verbal melody. The pessimist is always wrong.

STUDENT

Horrors in the Congo

IS it not time that the civilized world began to make a move in the matter of the Congo "Free" State? One would have thought that long ago King Leopold of Belgium—in whose hands is the rubber monopoly constituting the one industry of the state—would have been moved, for the protection of his own good name, to institute *satisfactory* enquiry into the truth of the steadily amassing evidence of crimes committed under his protectorate.

The now broadly based charges are that the 20,000,000 natives of the state have been reduced to practical slavery; that they are expected, whatever the possibilities, to turn in a fixed amount of rubber to the agents of the monopoly, who are soldiers; that at the slightest failure to achieve what is often impossible they are either butchered or horribly maimed, men, women, and children; and that this practice has now become habitual and wanton, and is increasing.

The reply of the Congo "Government" is that the outrages are *not* habitual, but only "exceptional happenings."

All the evidence, accumulating for years, is on the other side. The Government's investigation of the charges against itself will not do. If King Leopold and his agents are really anxious to clear themselves, let them call an impartial and international committee of investigation.

The Song of Life Is Not Undesirable

TOLSTOY has changed his opinion about song. The St. Petersburg *Novosti* publishes a conversation between him and a peasant poet, in which he says:

Song is a trivial and undesirable thing. Why should good and thoughtful men sing? In my country old men like to talk about worthy subjects, about faith, God's will and life, and like to read good books.

Very good; but suppose "God's life" happens to find one expression in music? Suppose we presently find that a song is going on in the growing tree, a faint, sweet, slow song in the blossoming flower, in the cells of the heart of a child, and even in those of Count Tolstoy's own heart? And suppose it be "God's will" that we should help his work by singing also?

"People," says the Count, "acquire the habit of singing, but an exercise of the will can rid us of it." It is false; what they acquire is the habit of *not* singing, and they "acquire" it—that is, they become dead to music and the life of God—by letting their instinctive song-consciousness be overlaid by sensuality and greed. The Count is in danger of dehumanizing himself, and that means getting away from "God's will and life."

STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Indian Basketry—An Art Already Passing Away

THESE is something pathetic in the way in which the art of basket-weaving among the Indians of our great Southwest has been overlooked and neglected; most of which, however, is due to the dishonesty of those who buy directly from the Indians. Small encouragement, indeed, is offered for better work. The poor squaw may work from six months to a year upon a single basket. What can she do, when the buyer offers her ten or fifteen dollars, what but sell it, to gain even a few necessities for her ill-clad children? But what can one say of the buyer who will later dispose of the same basket to some connoisseur for one or two hundred dollars?

From among our tribes the really fine specimens of basketry are already well-nigh picked up by the curio dealers, and, unless something is done to preserve the art, it is certain to pass away. The Indians love their work, and have a feeling for the art itself that almost amounts to reverence. Years after a basket has passed out of the hands of an Indian woman she will, if she sees it again, recognize it, and has been known to embrace it with tears. In the making, it became as much a part of her life as one of her own children. Her art has never been, can never be, counterfeited. Her baskets can never be imitated. The expert never makes two baskets exactly alike. In shape, possibly in design, certain differences creep in, because the basket so faithfully reflects the heart-life, even the mood, of its maker. Nor are the lines, crosses or curious designs upon it, merely accidental. One basket tells the story of unfulfilled aspirations; another, of conquest in war; another, the tale of some tribal peace-bond, or feud; still another wears the symbols of some religious ceremony. Even the wild fern stems, the feathers, the bits of polished shell, the wampum that are sometimes used, have their own significance. And the color! What so beautiful as the color of a really fine Indian basket, where the dyes have been obtained from the juices of plants and by burying in colored earth the materials themselves? "Civilization" has spoiled many a fine basket with its aniline dyes.

Yet, if left to the Indians themselves, this art will pass. They are poor, ignorant, and have been outrageously imposed upon by their white neighbors. Most of their supplies they must either beg or steal. What can be the result in time? There are, however, those at present interested who are aiming to establish schools for the maintenance of this industry, schools in which children may be taught the art, and agencies which serve as a base of supplies for the adult workers. With this should go some protection from the rapacity of the buyers. The market for such work is ready and growing, for the wealthy, not alone in America, but also in Europe, are at last awakening to its value and real beauty.

Among the Pimas black and white are the usual colors chosen, being united with the natural shades of the grasses. Those of the Apaches are similar, though finer. Brilliant in the extreme are those of the Moquis, while the Californian baskets of the Pomo and Tulare tribes are perhaps the most exquisite in their fineness and rare design of any that fall into the collector's hands. It was Josepha, an aged Pomo squaw, who made what is probably the smallest perfect basket in the world, a dainty woven scrap less than a quarter of an inch in diameter.

As an art, basket-weaving has descended, with all its traditions, from days that are now prehistoric. But recently an enormous collection of baskets has been taken by archeologists from the caves of southeastern Utah. How many thousands of years ago they were made we have no means of knowing. But there they were found, scattered among the utensils and the debris of the old cave dwellings, many of them still almost perfect in form, even brilliant in coloring; and some the very prototypes in shape and weave of the baskets made today by the Apaches, the Pimas, and the tribes of Southern California. This fact alone, that the art has persisted during so many centuries, gives it a significance that is far more than trivial.

STUDENT

The Sand Paintings of the Navajo Indians

THE Navajo Indians, in making picture-records of their religious ceremonies, use a peculiar process known as "dry-painting." The pictures are made by sprinkling sand of different colors upon the ground or other flat surface. As described by one observer:

All the designs are made with the utmost care and precision, drawn according to an exact system save in minor points, where the artist is left to his imagination. So far as known, the system is not recorded in any way, but depends entirely upon the memory of those in charge. Changes must therefore occur in the course of time. The sand is trailed out of the hand, between the thumb and forefinger, and when a mistake is made, it is corrected by renewing, at that point, the surface of the sand which forms the general ground for the work. No less than seventeen ceremonies are illustrated in drawings of this kind.

LET us listen intently at every opportunity to good music and then allow to flow outward into act and deed the inspiration that it gives.

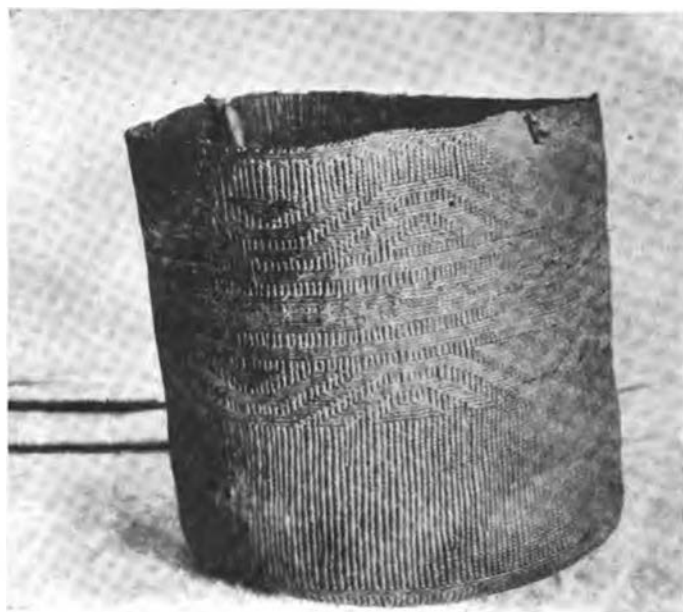
When we more truly obey the high command, "Man, know thyself," we shall have a better appreciation of music as the interpreter of the heart-force, and not until then. When men preach less and practise more, then shall they know pure music to be what it is, the revealer of the innermost secrets of nature and human life.

Music gives rise to feelings above those which can be reasoned upon or translated into words and it may transport us, if we will, to the scenes of that Life-

Drama in which self-consciousness and unbrotherliness have absolutely no part to play. It is the life's great miracle-worker.

No city, no town, and no village, or country community should be without its musical society. The old-fashioned singing-school has filled a place, and that nobly, considering all conditions; but the time has come for societies founded by those who know that music is dual, as are all things, and who can discriminate between that music which degrades and that music which elevates and purifies the whole life.

STUDENT



ANCIENT ALEUTIAN BASKET
Found in a deserted spot in the Aleutian Islands upon a chieftain's grave

I HAVE known the oratorio of "The Messiah" to draw the lowest dregs of Whitechapel into a church to hear it, and during the performance sobs have broken forth from the silent and attentive throng. Will any one say that for any of these people to have their feelings for once put through such a noble and long sustained exercise as that could be otherwise than beneficial? If such performances of both sacred and secular music were more frequent, we should have less drunkenness, less wife-beating, less spending of summer gains, less winter pauperism. People get drunk because they have nothing else to do; they beat their wives because their minds are narrow, their tastes brutal, their emotions ill regulated.—Hawis

FEW realize the wealth of Irish literature, considering it from the beginnings of Irish history; but by that is not meant that period of Ireland's life story which comes regularly within the domain of what we call authenticated historical narrative. Legend and tradition, the poem and the bardic ode, these are the heart and spiritual body, as it were, of Irish literature. Scholars now recognize this fact, and it is well, for the ancient Irish writings deserves the attention for which they have waited so long and which the Twentieth century will give them. M. H.



Lift up thy brow and with a great heart heave away this Storm.—*Shakespeare*

WHEN we, as women, consider how much of our time and energy is expended in observing, comparing and judging, we do well to question ourselves as to our motive in passing judgment. Criticism is part of the divine faculty of discrimination. Are we keeping it pure and unsullied, the soul's interpreter and ally, its force playing uncolored by personality upon the events of life, or are we allowing it to degenerate into mere fault-finding and wilful unbrotherliness?

It is impossible for the true Theosophist to judge another by a hard and fast standard, for the student too well realizes the fact that no one is stationary, but is ever growing, ever becoming. More than that, the woman who examines her own heart as honestly as she does wisely and carefully, knows that within it lie the germs of all that is evil as well as all that is good. By sad experience she will sometime learn that to harshly judge another transfers to the unjust condemner the very life energy of the vices condemned. It feeds and vivifies the germs of the same vices within one's own soul, can sing them to blossom into the very despised faults so harshly criticised. That is an unfailing law. Those who early learn its ways do well.

Tomorrow the horizon of life is, or should be, far wider than it is today. It is only reasonable, then, to postulate that what seems wrong today may not seem so tomorrow, that what seems right today may tomorrow reveal itself to us as but the decaying vesture of some limited view.

It behooves us, therefore, to be careful how we criticize or condemn on the instant. Tomorrow will bring more light, in a week's time the problem may have given birth to its own solution. Why not wait till tomorrow, or better still, wait a week before uttering harsh judgment, even in thought? Vastly quicker are we apt to be in noting discrepancies in the life of another than we are in noting those within the boundaries of our own hearts. It is an old, old habit, brought down to the present from a past, a long, long past, that was made frightful by the sins of unbrotherliness. Why not be honest with ourselves, and, as women, take a new step, form a higher resolve? The difficulty is that we have allowed ourselves to fall into a rut and the little demons that we call "habit" do not like to get out. But shall we be governed by these things? Are we not souls? What, then, is the logic, where, then, is the necessity of our longer

Judge Not

LIFE'S JUSTICE

WHEN I consider Life and its few years—
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
A call to battle and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street—
I wonder at the idleness of tears.
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep!
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;
Homer his sight, David his little lad!—*Selected*

continuing in bondage to a habit of mind of which we must, if we are honest, confess that we are ashamed? And the habit of holding ourselves

up as the self-appointed judges of others whose natures we cannot know and whose acts we cannot therefore rightly interpret, is certainly not one of which we may be proud.

If there is a cardinal sin it certainly is this one. It is less commonly balanced by the opposite virtue than one might wish. It drowns the soul's voice, it kills the will, it shuts away from our minds all that the intuition longs to teach—it brings death, not life. Ere we know it, the doorway of our life's great opportunity swings shut and out into the darkness we go, an unconscious traitor to all that is best in our own natures.

Women need to be more positive. That does not mean that they should adopt a masculine habit of mind, nor a masculine outward manner. They must be more vigilant, but that does not mean that they should become jealous and suspicious. They should not be content to dwell in the dark valleys of life, for their rightful place is on the heights and in the sunlight, and by changing their attitude of mind they may stand there.

There is but one kind of judgment that is safe if we would not feel the scourge of the law, and that is the kind that will help to keep a comrade upon the path. The head and heart must act together, work together, guide the life together, for the heart is ever true, compassionate, just.

Let us be quick to discern within ourselves the first tiny germ of self-righteousness, and then be equally quick to kill it out. Let us follow the heart. Then will our every limitation, our every weakness, become a stepping-stone, not a stumbling-block, upon the path. Then we will stand as helpers beside our sister women, not as their, albeit unconscious, persecutors. Then, and not until then, we may hope to be builders of the new race.

STUDENT

THE spirit animating the Japanese troops in battle is shown by a letter recently found on the body of a slain warrior. It was from his mother, exhorting him to fight nobly for the Mikado and his fatherland, telling him that if he died on the battle-field it would be only an honor. So much is revealed in this simple letter! It is no wonder that Japan has, from the first, gained victory after victory against tremendous odds. M.

Hercules and Omphale

THE old, old legends appeal to those who read them in many ways. To one they may stand as mere fairy tales, to another, blurred and dog-eared, or perhaps embellished, records of facts, certain and mystical truths. The mere fact that these legends have survived and persisted through the ages prove that they are things living, not dead. The heart of each contains some fundamental principle, hidden or revealed by the outer form, according to the eyes which look upon it. All of the Hercules legends stand for something greater than themselves. One which is among the least known is the legend of Hercules and Omphale, and it runneth something like this: After the accomplishment of his twelve labors Hercules was unfortunate enough to slay his friend, Iphitus. Although purified from the stain of the crime by Deiphobus, yet, on consulting the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, Hercules was refused an answer. From the priests he learned that the gods would not be propitiated until he had made expiation by three years of service in slavery.

Hercules accordingly sold himself for three years to Omphale, the widowed queen of Lydia, and became, while in her service, deeply attached to her, and in divers ways softened and purified.

The artist in exquisite symbolism has given us a hint of the alchemy by which Hercules was transformed and transmuted.

His own nobility brought him the great opportunity. His sense of justice led him to wish to expiate the crime, and that brought him within range of the influence that purifies and uplifts only those whose motives are pure, the Woman-Heart.

As long as life persists as life and human nature endures as human nature, we cannot afford to lose sight of the old Greek legends, for they give unto those who are pure in heart, the power to pierce the veil and look within the very portals of the mysteries. E.

SOCIETY women, it is said, are in some of our cities taking up bee-keeping, not a trivial occupation, nor one devoid of material for deep study, as Maeterlinck has shown us. And where other than in a bee-hive can one find abler exponents of woman's rights? Witness the gentle serenity with which the queen rules the whole community; witness the quiet way in which the virgin workers dispose of the drones, the remarkable economy and even genius that is shown in their housekeeping; then, too, the formation and departure of the swarm, which Maeterlinck declares is a voluntary sacrifice of the present in favor of the coming generation; the foundation of a new city, the birth, combat and marriage flight of the young queen. Truly if the occupation is entered into with anything like insight, the average woman must feel as if she were threading her way through a labyrinth of mysteries.

It has often been remarked that the bee-keeper comes to love his bees and to look upon them as little people, as Virgil did. Why? The ancients knew, doubtless. Was not the bee sacred to Hathor? STUDENT

IT appears that there has been an exposure made recently in Germany of a dealer in "orders and titles." He is said to conduct his trade in a business-like manner and to have a regular price-list, a baronetcy, for instance, being worth \$50,000, Spanish titles from \$4,000 on down, Turkish from \$2,000 on to lesser figures, and Persian titles at almost anything. The surprising part is that any one should be surprised. The number of American women—and presumably women of other countries as well—whose lives have been wrecked by bogus counts and dukes and lords, is not insignificant; and the most casual observer might have expected the existence of some such traffic many years ago. H. W.

The Mother of Alfred the Great

GREAT men's mothers! How often do we find it recorded of a great man that he owed most of his greatness to the loving attention of a wise mother. Heredity and prenatal influence count for little in comparison with the influences brought to bear in infancy and early childhood. The experiences of the Raja Yoga School in Lomaland are demonstrating the truth of this in a surprising manner, as regards both moral nature and physique.

Alfred the Great, one of the most truly great kings that ever reigned, is recorded as an instance of the benefits of a wise mother. This man is mentioned as the first monarch who is known to have ruled solely in the interests of his people, without a selfish thought. With such motives it is not surprising that his reign turned barbarism and confusion into culture and order, and initiated an era of progress the memory of which has remained fresh down to the millennial anniversary of Alfred's death, celebrated in England a year or two ago.

Alfred is distinguished as one of the world's Helpers, not only by his qualities of heart, but by his universal genius and tireless energy. He forsakes his beloved studies to take the sword and sweep his country's foes into the sea or tame them into obedience.

No mere director, safe behind the scenes, he rushes personally into the fight, cheerfully encountering dreary hardships and romantic perils. England's scholar-king ventures all alone, disguised as a minstrel, into the Danish camp, and learns the enemy's plans.

He whiles away the forced leisure of the camp with his pen, and translates with his own hand all the Latin books he can lay hands on into English for his people to read. Having won peace and created such an order that valuables could be hung up in the streets and no one dare touch them, and having given his people a literature, he turns his attention to the invention of his candle-clocks and to building ships. Such are a few of the deeds of this man of might.

Of his mother, or rather his stepmother, we read that she strove to awaken in her children a love for books, and offered a volume of English poems to the one who should first learn read to them, and that Alfred won the prize. H. T. E.

FROM Wales comes an account of a little girl of sixteen living in an isolated mountain home who has an unusual knowledge of law. She was recently sent from her native valley to attend court as a witness, and there displayed such knowledge as to astonish the judge.

The result of that occurrence was that a number of people found their way to the cottage in the Swansea valley where she lives and there discovered her studying old law reports and books on law in the intervals between her family duties. Her father is a collier, and at the time she came across her first law book she was the family housekeeper, her father, mother and brothers working together day after day with many others in the coal-pits.

She read and read, and as her father's prospects improved he very generously added to her little library until now she owns something like a thousand volumes. It is said that for miles around peasants come to her to get the solution of the problems, sometimes quite intricate, that come into their own lives. What but Reincarnation can explain a case of this kind? What but Karma has discovered her, at last? STUDENT

THE address from the Mayor of Tokyo, Japan, was read at the St. Louis Exposition by a young Japanese woman, Miss Kita Morito.

BE sure no one was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it.—Southey



HERCULES AND OMPHALE

FRAGMENT--RABBI BEN EZRA

by ROBERT BROWNING

THOUGHTS hardly to be packed

Into a narrow act,

Fancies that broke through language and escaped;

All I could never be

All, men ignored in me,

This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

Christian Religious Symbols in Ancient Crete

THE discoveries in the palace of Minos, in Crete, throw light on many interesting questions, among which are the use of animals as sacred symbols, and the derivation of Christian symbolism from ancient "pagan" sources. The use of animals as sacred symbols, not being at all fully understood by modern wisdom, has been made the subject of much ribaldry and much solemn twaddle. The childish conjectures which have been made as to the meaning of animal worship, have been supported to some extent by the existence of degraded forms of worship, for the discovery of which modern research has a fine nose. We need more of the faculty that will enable us to detect the original undegraded beliefs and practices.

Animals were used as the *symbols* of various powers of the soul. If a geometrical diagram, or a gem, or a plant can be a symbol, how much more perfect would an animal, as belonging to a higher kingdom, be. But they were more than mere symbols; for all these objects and creatures contain and enshrine the natural potencies of which they are the symbols, and act as centers and diffusers of the particular influences respectively belonging to them.

The Christians have annexed a curious assortment and blend of animal-symbols. The dove and serpent are two of these. The dove is the symbol of the Holy Ghost. It has been used in place of the human face in the sacred four of the man, bull, eagle and lion; and so symbolizes the intelligent or divine-human element in man. The serpent is a very complex symbol for all those powers of the soul and of nature which man by wisdom and gentleness has to tame.

In the palace of Minos were unearthed two stone vases of sacred implements. There was a marble *cross* in the "orthodox Greek" style. But the most striking object was a statuette of a goddess entwined with serpents. It is a foot high, has a purple tiara with a white border, black and very striking eyes, enormous ears, flowing hair. She is attired in a tight corsage, with an apron of oval form, and a skirt reaching to the ground. Around her are wreathed three spotted, green serpents. In her right hand she holds the head of one, and in her left the tail. The two others are wound around her hips—one passing over her apron, then ascending to her neck and coiling around her right ear, while the other passes over her left ear and folds itself around the tiara until its head surmounts it.

The statues were made before 1500 B. C., and the material, "*faience*" or porcelain, must also be of that date.

In the legends and religion of Crete both serpents and doves played a notable part in old times. Indeed, a noted archeologist maintains that "the dove of the Christians descends in a straight line from the dove of Cnossus in Crete," and as a proof of the truth of his statement he points out that the inhabitants of that city founded Gaza, in Palestine, about 1500 B. C., and introduced there the religious ceremonies which were then in vogue throughout Crete.

STUDENT

The Rose as An Ancient Symbol

THE rose has always been the favorite flower of humanity; and the records, both of its cultivation as a flower and of its employment as a symbol, go back to the remotest accessible times. It is mentioned in the earliest coptic manuscript, and in Indian traditions; we know that ancient Egypt had it, although it does not occur in Egyptian sculptures and paintings. Perhaps its connection with the warmer and more romantic side of human nature may have precluded it from the symbolism of that somewhat austere race. For the rose was sacred to Venus.

The Jews, on their liberation from Babylon, bore with them roses; Semiramis is related to have rejoiced in a bower of them; and Mohammed found Damascus encircled with rose-gardens. It is from this city that our name "damask rose" comes, that variety having been imported at some epoch during the crusades.

The rose was a symbol of immortality and also of secrecy. It was sculptured on the ceilings of banquet halls to remind guests that what was said *sub vino* (or *sub rosa*) was not to be said *sub divo*.

E.

Fire-Walking in Japan

IN a recent publication is a description of an eye-witness' account of the ceremony of Fire-Walking, or Hi-Wattarai, in Japan; and many will doubtless recollect descriptions of the same rite as performed by other peoples.

It is necessary, it is said, for the priests who undertake the ordeal to prepare themselves for days beforehand by meditation and fasting, especially during the three hours immediately preceding it.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the priests filed from before the altar into some interior apartments of the temple, to change their robes for a coarser dress. The fire was a great bed of ignited charcoal about twelve feet by four, and one foot deep. At a signal from the head-priest the ascetics gathered at one end of the glowing furnace. The one about to perform the ceremony raises his hands and prostrates himself two or three times; then he stands on a wet matting, wipes his feet lightly in some white mixture, and, while the spectators hold their breath in awe and astonishment, walks unconcernedly over the fiery coals. His feet come into contact with them at every step, nor does he hurry or take long steps; when he reaches the end he turns back and crosses the fire again. Not even a smell of burning reaches the nostrils of the spectators. As to the preparation with which the feet are rubbed, even though this might protect the feet, it seems impossible that it could protect the rest of the body and the flowing robes.

E.

Ancient City Under Washington

ARCHEOLOGISTS are forced to the conclusion that America was inhabited by a highly advanced race *before* the arrival of those migratory tribes whose descendants are the present red men; for remains are discovered of works which the red man is not given to. Witness, for instance, the barrows and tumuli of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and the ruins of Uxmal and Palenque.

Now we hear of similar discoveries at the national capital. Stone city foundations have been unearthed at a low level beneath Washington. It is by no means without precedent that we moderns should have been found to have unconsciously located one of our cities right on the very site of an ancient city; and there is much evidence to show that man goes on piling his cities on the top of one another, guided, no doubt, in his selection of a site by an unerring instinct which shows him just where the magnetic lines of earth-life converge, or whatever may be the conditions suitable for locating a city.

It was in digging the foundations of the new building for the House of Representatives that stone remains of what appear to be city foundations were come upon. Nothing was seen of these before in the early days of Washington, nor can any record of them, or of any one who can have founded them, be traced. The North American Indians have not been city builders, nor have they ever dug into the soil to make foundations.

E.

An Ancient Babylonian Firm

THE University of Pennsylvania continues to publish volumes giving facsimiles and translations of the Babylonian tablets discovered at Nippur, and there is enough material yet to last for a generation or two at the present rate. The latest volume includes documents belonging to what is known as the Murashû series. This series is a set of tablets discovered in 1893, 730 in number and made of a peculiar clay, which dried hard without being baked. It contains the business documents of a family of merchants of three generations in the reigns of Artaxerxes I, Darius II, and Artaxerxes II, of Persia.

These tablets introduce us into the daily life and petty concerns of these ancient people, and also reveal an extraordinary mixture of races and nations. The names of persons recorded are in many languages. There were settlements of Ammonites, Hittites, Jews, Edomites, men of Hamath, Gaza, Ashkelon and Heshbon; and the influence of West-Semitic or Canaanitic tribes on the commercial life at this time is markedly shown.

STUDENT

Nature

Studies

Every Plant a Brotherhood Worker

EVERY plant is a brotherhood of cells working together to accomplish the end of the plant's existence, and each cell is itself a brotherhood of molecules and each molecule a brotherhood of atoms. Thus we have brotherhoods within brotherhoods, an underlying principle of unity pervading all.

In addition to this inner structural brotherhood, there is a brotherhood of the differentiated organs of the plant, all working together for a common end—provision for future generations. Of course the plant itself must flourish to accomplish this; but its own growth does not seem to be the ultimate object of its existence. In fact, many plants sacrifice their lives entirely in providing for their offspring, and all make sacrifices to this end. Co-operation is perfectly carried on among the various organs of the plant. The roots absorb from the soil water, holding in solution various ingredients that the plant needs, and this is carried up through the young cells to the leaves, where a great transformation takes place with the help of the sunlight.

Linked to the soil and water below and the sunlight and air above—the four elements—as well as to the other kingdoms of nature, the plant, a brotherhood in itself, is also a part of a much greater brotherhood. The earth on which it grows is a part of the solar system, which is a unit in a still greater brotherhood of like systems; and so on to infinity.

The leaves of the plant are the chemists that work up the raw material which the root has furnished through the sap, which then flows back through all the plant, each part taking what it needs. The leaf is a highly differentiated organ capable of great transformation. It becomes a supporting tendril, a defensive thorn, a protecting bract or sepal, an attractive petal or an all-important stamen or pistil, to suit the needs and purposes of the plant. It sacrifices its individual character, as foliage, to the common good, just as the root remains buried out of sight in the ground for the same end. Nature is our teacher. STUDENT

The Soul of Plants

AN intimate study of the structure and functions of plants cannot fail to impress the student with the conviction that this structure and these functions are all planned and directed by an intelligence of a high order. Even such a study as an ordinary botanist or biologist might bring to bear is sufficient to instil this conviction. Much more so, then, when the study is pursued under the light of the Theosophist's enlarged and exalted view of nature. Then we recognize, not only the functions which minister to nutrition, self-preservation, and other of the more instinctual and selfish propensities; but also those which operate under the higher law of brotherhood.

And, as we study and admire the functions and structures, there gradually grows up in our mind an image of the being itself whose functions and structures these are. We see the plant take earth and water from below and fire and air from above, and combine them into its own form. What is the being which does all this?

In our own body the functions and structures are only the visual aspect of our being, and we are conscious of the existence of this being in other ways than through the eyes. We are this being; it is our animate soul. Is the plant also a soul?

Each plant is the expression and the storehouse of some quality or en-



JAPANESE HILL SCENE—AN ANCIENT PINE

ergy, and will impart this to anyone who uses the plant as a food or drug. The plant soul influences our own, and we take color from it. Chemists may give us a chemical or physiological explanation of the action of herbs and drugs, but that is only a particular way of looking at things. Their explanation is concurrent with the other explanation, not contradictory to it. The shape, color and scent of plants corresponds to their quality; a fact which the old herbalists knew, and expressed in the word "signature," which means the mark by which a plant's quality may be known. E.

Bees and Fruit

A WRITER in *Country Life in America* relates that the bee-keepers of a certain district of California were drawn into a dispute as to pasturage for their bees—a curious question of trespass which has often been mooted. The result of this difference in the case in point was that bee-keeping was abolished in that part of the State.

The balance of nature appears to have been so upset that the fruit crops are stated to have fallen off by more than 50 per cent, and the fruit-growers became alarmed. Investigation revealed the fact that the decrease was coincident with the departure of the bees, and it became apparent that their work of carrying the pollen from flower to flower was responsible to a large extent for the success of the fruit crop.

The little workers were quickly reinstated, and soon succeeded in bringing the production of the orchards back to the normal output. After so convincing a proof of their value, it is to be expected that bee-culture will become more popular than ever in California. B. B.

THE CHILD IN THE GARDEN

by HENRY VAN DYKE

WHEN to the garden of untroubled thought
I came of late, and saw the open door,
And wished again to enter, and explore
The sweet, wild ways with stainless bloom inwrought,
And bowers of innocence with beauty fraught,
It seemed some purer voice must speak before
I dared to tread the garden, loved of yore,
That Eden lost unknown, and found unsought.

Then just within the gate I saw a child—
A strange child, yet to my heart most dear—
He held his hands to me, and softly smiled
With eyes that knew no shade of sin or fear;
"Come in," he said, "and play awhile with me;
I am the little child you used to be."—Selected

The Inspiring Chorus of Birds at Lomaland

ON a bright sunny morning at Lomaland the air is vibrant with the songs of birds. Their notes are many and varied, yet all are overflowing with the joy of life and the bright awakening of a new day. To listen to them is to catch their inspiration, and feel the buoyancy of the morning. From the simplest twitter and chirp to the rich flowing strains of the Sicklebill Thrush, all unite in a grand chorus of "Life is Joy."

But the prince of singers among them all is the thrush. He pours forth such a volume of clear, liquid notes, and has so many variations in

his song, that it is hard to catch its semblance and write it in words. Thoreau describes the song of the Wood-thrush as "liquid coolness from the depths of springs."

The song of the sicklebill partakes largely of the same character. This bird aspires to the heights in more ways than one, and sits on the topmost branches of the highest trees while pouring forth his wealth of song. Such freedom and abandon in this flow of music, in which the soul of the bird sings as well as every atom of his body!

And the silent sympathetic listener feels that the bird has expressed for him something in his own soul that longed for expression, but imprisoned by the personality and hedged about with artificial restraints, like a caged wild bird, was unable to sing a glad free song.

The birds must know.
Who wisely sings,
Will sing as they;
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way.

STUDENT

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California

U. S. Commissioner General Sargent Entertained at Loma-Land

ON Friday, September 30th, Point Loma students had the pleasure of a visit from Frank P. Sargent, United States Commissioner General of Immigration, who is making a tour of the Pacific coast, in connection with the duties of his office.

It will be remembered that Katherine Tingley appealed to the United States government, two years ago, demanding an official investigation of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma, of which she is Foundress and Directress. In response to this demand for justice, Commissioner Sargent came to Lomaland; made a thorough investigation, which resulted in a most favorable report to the government, and in the liberation of the eleven Cuban children, who were then detained by the Gerry Society at Ellis Island, N. Y., through misrepresentation of the Raja Yoga School.

In this second visit of Commissioner Sargent to Lomaland, the first to greet him were the eleven Cuban children, with bouquets of flowers and expressions of gratitude and good-will, in their little speeches in English. In this hearty welcome, all the children of the Raja Yoga School, and the students of Lomaland, were represented. In the records of Lomaland history, never was a more royal welcome accorded to a world's worker. Mr. Sargent visited all the departments, from the art gallery to the refectory, and expressed great surprise and pleasure at finding the general activities so much enlarged.

Mr. Sargent's party consisted of Commissioner North, of the Pacific coast, Mrs. North, Mr. Sargent's private secretary, Mr. Donohue, and Mr. Engelcke, local representative of the Immigration Board.

After dinner, the Lomaland orchestra and the Raja Yoga children, held a formal reception in the great rotunda of the Raja Yoga Academy. These were assisted by the Cabinet officers of the Universal Brotherhood and by a number of the ladies and other students.

After the rendering of exquisite music by the orchestra, in which there were a number of the Raja Yoga children, Master Thorley von Holst, the boy orator of the Raja Yoga School, welcomed Mr. Sargent and his party, in a very appropriate speech, in which a most kindly tribute was paid to Mr. Sargent as a man of honor—a just man; as a man who loved his country.

Songs by the children followed; and after that, Mr. Sargent spoke to the children most feelingly and appropriately. The whole tone of his speech was calculated to make the little ones feel that Mr. Sargent was their friend, and that he would ever stand by their school and by its noble work, so long as it held to its present standard.

Later in the evening the members of the Literary Staff, and members of the Senior Boys' Club, entertained Mr. Sargent and party in their camp home, on the grounds of the School of Antiquity.

In response to an address of welcome by Dr. Herbert Coryn, Mr. Sargent said, in part, that he was glad to meet with the good people of Lomaland, and to see on every side proofs of the advancement that the Institution was making for the good of humanity.

He said further: "I feel that what you are doing here God will record in the Great Book as a duty well done. Wherever I go, and however I may be situated, I shall never fail to speak in favor of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma; and in just admiration of Mrs. Tingley and those who are associated with her in the administration of an institution where boys and girls are growing up into honorable manhood and womanhood, patriotic in our country's advancement, and with an understanding that is bound to make them pure, strong and true."

Mr. Sargent said further: "I came here two years ago as the Representative of the United States Government; and it was an easy task for me to make a favorable report to the Government after the thorough investigation which I made while here. I deserve no credit; I simply did my duty; and my word was accepted without question. I have often wished I could have found words to have made that report stronger. Let

me assure you, good people, if I had, in my investigation, found anything amiss in any of the departments of this institution, I should have as fearlessly made my reports.

"In this investigation referred to, I learned to admire and respect the children of the Raja Yoga School; they have my love, and shall have my remembrance as long as I live.

"My only regret is that I live so far away from Lomaland; if it were not so, I would send my little daughter to live among you, in this beautiful place, so that she might share in the many benefits which abound here."

At 11 o'clock in the evening Mr. Sargent and party returned in their tally-ho to San

Diego. Mr. Sargent and Mr. and Mrs. North left in the morning for San Francisco. It goes without saying that wherever Mr. Sargent may cast his lot, he will ever hold a cherished place in the hearts of the members of the Universal Brotherhood throughout the world, because of his fearless action in defense of justice. And this same good feeling is accorded to Mr. North, also, for the service he had rendered justice in connection with the investigations.

The improvements made at Ellis Island, under the direction of Commissioner Sargent, marks the man as a humanitarian in the very highest sense of the word.

OBSERVER

If you wish to know whether you are a Christian, inquire of yourself whether, in and for the love of God, you seek to make happy those about you by smiles and pleasant sayings. . . . Are you a comfortable person to live with? Are you pleasant to have about.—Gail Hamilton



AT HOME IN LOMALAND—FIVE OF THE ELEVEN CUBAN CHILDREN WHO BECAME FAMOUS THROUGH THE PERSECUTION OF KATHERINE TINGLEY BY THE GERRY SOCIETY

An Attempted Attack on Compassion

THE members of the human race have a common life in the soul, which is the eternal divine thread of gold on which are strung our various personalities. When this common life-source is recognized humanity is at peace, works together in harmony, and is wise and happy. When it is neglected and self becomes the chief incentive for each individual, then trouble and social miseries soon set in.

The future evolution of the human race will witness the growth and increase of this knowledge of the soul, the true self of humanity, the heart-link; and thereby humanity will be raised to greater heights than ever before.

In compassion, pity, sympathy, philanthropy, we see the workings of this spirit; struggling often with perverted ideas and personal motives derived from past habit, but still ever growing and intensifying.

The human race feels keenly today the absolute need of this spirit of compassion, and it is our duty to disencumber that spirit from all its associations with want of judgment and interested motives, and to join it to wisdom and discretion.

The want of wisdom, and the impure motives that are mixed up with so much of modern philanthropy, bring a certain amount of discredit and disparagement upon philanthropy. And there is a certain class of reactionary writers who are not slow to avail themselves of this circumstance. Wishing, for purposes of their own, to give utterance to attacks on the spirit of brotherhood, they find in these misguided efforts an argument to bolster up the case they wish to put.

Thus a writer in a French paper writes on "The Peril of Pity." He condemns wholesale the modern manifestations of the spirit of brotherhood and compassion, confusing the true with the false, and the real spirit with its imperfect expression, in a way that would be misleading were it not so exaggerated. It is true that he pretends to distinguish between a true and a false compassion, but he includes so much under the head of false compassion that nothing is left over as true compassion except impractical theories. To quote a few samples:

We witness in our day the degeneration of a sentiment which, excellent in itself, becomes by its abuse a veritable social danger.

Pity was unknown to antiquity.

In former generations pity was kept within reasonable limits, without involving itself in the solution of great human problems with which it has nothing to do.

Today writers assign a social function to it, elevating it to the height of a principle. False gospel of pity.

A defiance of common sense.

May end in plunging the social system into a vortex of revolution.

A morbid state is the only term with which to characterize a misguided sentiment, manifestations of which are innumerable at the present day.

A person who can write like this is one who has lived too much on the soft and easy side of life, and needs a little adversity to correct his impressions. Humanity as a whole does not need more selfishness, more indifference, more cruelty, less sympathy, just now. It realizes by its own bitter experience that hardness and selfishness are the forces which bring misery and ruin; and it calls for more, much more, sympathy and compassion.

A spell of prison (without pity) would shut this scribbler's mouth up on the subject of absurd compassion for prisoners; and we hope and believe that the just law which he challenges will accord him a wholesome corrective.

The gist of the matter is this. Anyone who advocates a return to the harsh, unsympathetic order of past despotisms, should have the courage of his opinions. But if he has made unto himself a secret reservation that he will keep on the easy side, and be one of the tyrants instead of one of the tyrannized over, then he is a charlatan. Medieval barbarism and Asiatic despotism have their uncomfortable side. Indifference to pity is all very well so long as we do not happen to need pity much; but just wait until the turn of fortune's wheel brings our side down into the mud!

Humanity cannot revert to the past. Humanity is growing, progressing; and the past must be built on and added to. If past civilizations have run to ruin, it was because compassion was not yet strong enough to conquer selfishness. And our writer pretends to think that the blame is on the compassion that always appears struggling amid the ruins, as in the French Revolution!

As the latest and most advanced race of humanity, we have to see

that this time the spirit of compassion takes such firm root among us that it cannot fail.

STUDENT

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: I was looking at a new book in company with a friend the other day, when the page opened at a remarkable picture of a face. My companion started and said, "What a beautiful and inspiring portrait? I wonder whether it was made from life or whether it is only imaginary." The words set me to thinking. "Only imaginary!"

We live so much wrapped up in visible things that we commonly take little account of anything which cannot be put into a cart and drawn by a horse. Yet let us think for a moment. Before the world came into being it was "only an imagination" in the Divine Mind, and after it has dissolved into thin ether it will still endure as an eternal picture in the memories of the souls who took part in its evolution. Do not our ideals live in the region of our imagination? and every one knows that the ideals we cherish are potent to bless or blast our lives.

Let us beware lest we undervalue the things which exist (as yet) only in the imagination, for as St. Paul has most truly written, "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal."

STUDENT

DEAR COMRADES: What is life? For answer there comes a whole swarm of theories and ideas, but why should a man be bothered with any of them? If we could stop the mind from its imaginings, its forecastings of the future, its reviews of the past, and its absurd deductions from events, we might have a chance of finding out what life is; as it is, each one lives in an artificial world built out of his expectations, the notions he has had instilled into him at various epochs since his infancy, miscellaneous, scientific theories, and so on.

What is my personality? Who am I? Looking within I find for answer nothing better than a group of recollections, opinions, expectations, pet qualities and beliefs, and such like, associated with a name and a place and a family. This is what makes up "Mrs. This" or "Mrs. That." I find myself laboriously engaged in trying to live up (or down) to the ideals of myself created partly by me and partly by others for me. Everything that happens has to fit in somehow with this character in a novel or stage part.

But why try to circumscribe and define our Self and our life at all? Why not take events and forces as they come, and never mind whether or not they are consistent with our pet character or possibilities? Let us try to understand the message of that epoch-making poet, herald of a new race, Whitman, who was the "Container of all."

When a new event or force or call of duty comes to us, let us not try to run it on conventional lines. Nature and time are wombs infinitely capacious and productive; there is plenty of scope for new lines. Let us allow our Souls to live and try to make our minds keep pace with them instead of holding them back.

STUDENT

A New Raja Yoga School in Roseville

THE opening of the new Raja Yoga Day School, in Roseville, Point Loma, was a most interesting affair in many ways, and promises to be a most useful factor to the little town. The school was opened on September 22, under the direction of Miss Ethel Wood, who was the first teacher in the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma Homestead. Some of the older children of this Raja Yoga School were present at the opening ceremony, assisting with recitations and musical numbers. Roseville is one-half mile distant from Point Loma Homestead. On Thursday evening, October 6th, the children of the Raja Yoga School at Lomaland went down to Roseville and gave a free entertainment to the children of the Roseville School and their friends. The program was made up of exquisite music by the Lomaland orchestra, several interesting recitations, and a most instructive and laughable little farce.

The children who gave the entertainment were highly delighted with their efforts, as they considered it one of the best ways to help make others happy. A very great interest has been created among the people of Roseville through this new work for the education of children. It is interesting to note that Miss Ethel Wood, director of the Roseville Raja Yoga School, was one of the first residents at Lomaland. STUDENT

Pre-Egyptian Remains of the Pacific

SITUATED in the South Pacific Ocean, 2000 miles west from the coast of South America, Easter Island is geographically opposite the great pyramid of Egypt, and Mr. Frank H. Norton has pointed out the "strange coincidence" that the native name, which is Te Pito te Henua, means "navel," and that the pyramid of Cheops was known as the "Navel of the Earth." The native name was given by Hotua-Matua, "who came from the East" and divided the country among his six sons. It appears also that the "Mexican, Peruvian and Central American traditions of the flood all have a story of a wonderful man who came from the East, and who taught the inhabitants the arts and how to live!"

The island was seen in 1687 by Davis, the buccaneer, who did not land, and it remained for the Dutch Admiral, Roggeveen, in 1722, to explore, and name it for the season of the year when his visit was made. In 1770 the Spaniards called it San Carlos.

Captain Cook landed in 1774, La Perouse in 1786, and during the last century a number of English and American expeditions have made surveys and examinations of this wonderful bit of land, an unsubmerged tip of the lost continent of Lemuria, and the last scene of a world tragedy.

The present inhabitants, numbering less than 200, are the last remnant of a large recent population which knew nothing whatever of that former race of beings whose remains are found all over the island. In 1864 most of the male inhabitants were impressed by Peruvians, who worked them in their guano deposits. Only two survived to return to their native soil, taking with them germs of smallpox, which almost exterminated the others and turned the island into a graveyard. But this case of depopulation is insignificant when compared to the results of that catastrophe of which the ruins of Easter Island are today a reminder. This older race, which existed very many thousands of years ago, was interrupted in the construction of buildings, the laying of great platforms and pavements, and the sculpturing of enormous busts, by a cataclysm which effected their extinction. Of the 550 busts, cut from volcanic trachyte, some of them 70 feet high and weighing 200 tons, many are unfinished and are still in the quarries. Each bust is a single stone, levelled on the top to receive a cylindrical crown of red tufa, and on the backs of those best preserved are found ideographs of men, birds and fishes, as well as many symbols which have always existed among men. They were mounted upon long platforms, constructed of hewn stones weighing as much as five tons each, and some of the courses were polished and mortised. The largest of the platforms was 540 feet long, eight feet high, nine feet wide, and supported fifteen of the busts. In front of each platform was a large paved area. Many of the cliffs on the island are carved with ideographs which include also the forms of canoes and a puma-like creature with a human face.

H. P. Blavatsky taught that another continent preceded the Atlanteans, and that its area is now almost wholly covered by the Pacific Ocean. Even as Ignatius Donnelly proved to the scientific world, by cumulative evidence, the sunken Atlantis, so some future investigator will collect the facts relating to Lemuria. Doubtless some of the data were lost when holy men were burning libraries or casting tablets into the sea, but Easter Island has escaped destruction by men. It is too large a proposition for them to handle; the ruins are too great; the stone is too hard;



the island is not easily reached; and as the inhabitants have no gold of which they can be robbed, there is "nothing in it." Government publications, magazines and newspapers, are keeping the subject alive, and, thanks to the little red schoolhouse, the people can read. **STUDENT**

Reason vs. Natural Intelligence

A WRITER, who has evidently by some means got a whiff of fresh air through some part of his internal economy, indulges in the pious ejaculation: "If the human race were to become through and through rational for one brief day, what a whisking away upon a wind of ridicule there would be of solemn fakes, frauds and farces, that are now treated with respect, deference, and even awe!" The remark arose out of a consideration as to whether the animals were much worse off for not being able to "reason," and whether men are not more rational and more fully themselves when, for a time, their "reason" is occupied with something else, and they act from natural intelligence. We would not decry reason; but we would say that perhaps man has to give it up and then get it again before he can know what it really is. Much of our so-called reason is merely the fussy interference of a deluded and prejudiced imagination with actions that could be accomplished much better by the simple light of intelligence. How often do we have to discard our ready-made plans, when the occasion arrives, and fall back on the inspiration of the moment? How often do we succeed best when we are taken by surprise or preoccupied?

If we can by degrees purge our imagination of its fixed notions and drive from our breast the fears and desires that color our ideas, we would gain clear insight, and then the reason could resume its proper function—that of reducing abstract truths to a concrete form and turning wisdom into rules of conduct. **STUDENT**

Quotations from *the Boulaq Papyrus*

"GUARD thyself from sinning by words, that they may not wound; the malicious pertness which never ceases in the breast of a man, is a thing to be condemned. Hold thyself separate from a man who has so failed; do not allow him to become thy companion."

THE ancient Egyptians ever kept their simple faith in rebirth, and eternal life beyond the grave. Death was to them the entrance into another birth.

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Science and Its Little Round Things

A GOOD many years ago a very curious book was published, advocating a new departure in science. It was vague, confused and very declamatory, and was met with perfect, and not wholly undeserved neglect. Its contention was that feeling, instead of the senses, should be used as an instrument of research. And the leading illustration was somewhat as follows:

A scientist is studying the relation between mother and child, using only the senses. He perceives that they manifest a tendency to be near each other, and by examination and measurement of it, after eliminating all other forces from consideration, he perceives that it is an attractive force varying *directly* as the square of the distance, but tending to die away proportionately to the length of time the two were separated.

This force he calls *love*, and explains that what it is in itself we can never know; we can only perceive it by its effects on bodies.

Other forces are studied in the same way, and their operations measured: such as the attraction between playmates, between fellow-workers in various fields, between married persons; and also the various forms of repulsion, such as that between rivals of various kinds.

Finally the whole is reduced to an objective science of human life, and it is taught in all the colleges. None of the forces, love, fraternity, comradeship, hate, etc., can be known in itself, but only as a mysterious something present in persons, a mere "metaphysical" entity, not to be speculated upon in its essence, only to be dealt with by mathematics. Those who claimed to know these forces in a far more intimate way as feelings, and to be able to understand perfectly the behavior of others by the same token, were classed as dreamers, and dealers in metaphysics.

Are the scientists of matter in the same case as these other scientists of humanity? Are they refusing play to a faculty that would tell them more in a minute about nature than their books in a lifetime?

They are getting into a very curious and interesting position. First we are confidently told that we can never know anything of force in itself; we only know it by its effect on matter. Secondly, we are assured with equal confidence, in other parts of the same treatises, that there is no such thing as matter; there are only centers of force.

So we cannot know the force; and there is no such thing as the matter! What *are* we to do? We can only know the unknowable by its effects on what does not exist!

But however much later science may deny matter, it must have it, as something to hang its force upon—because it will not learn to cognize force in a new way, and conceive it in a new way. In its attempts to get rid of matter, it only makes its *little round things* smaller. Little molecules do not explain phenomena fully, so we get to littler round atoms. Now they prove incompetent, so we get littlest round ions or corpuscles. They too must have their day.

The process will not work. We must begin another kind of cognition, a use of a faculty that can cognize the non-objective, or that which being non-objective to the five senses, we must for the moment call subjective, namely force. And we must build up a mind that stands to those new cognitions, as the ordinary mind stands to sense cognitions, and then blend the two minds as best we can. Our very vitality will gain when we habitually think of the universe in that way instead of as a mass of little round things.

STUDENT

Chemists' Jewelry—Manufacturing Rubies

THE making of artificial (imitation) jewelry will soon be unnecessary. For real jewels are being manufactured by the chemist with greater ease every year. The last to submit to this indignity is the ruby. It is made by melting together clay and oxide of chromium, and is said to be very pure and brilliant, and to possess all the properties of those made in the laboratories of nature. It may, however, *not* possess all those properties. We do not know enough about them. One of the newly-discovered sets of rays or emanations may have been conferred by nature on *her* product which ours will not be found to possess.

MINERALOGIST

Is There a Scale of Scents?

VERY little scientific work has yet been done on the sense of smell. There is probably a scale as definitely marked in scents as in sounds and colors. A stretched string, when struck, yields, in its primary and secondary tones, our musical scale (nearly). A beam of white light, analyzed, yields the seven colors. But as yet we do not know the corresponding scent scale. Every scent given off from flower and fruit seems to be a compound. Chemists and perfumers are moving in opposite directions. The latter are blending; making the already compounded more compound. The former are separating, and their work tends to show that each "simple" scent as we find it in nature, is already a blend of several.

To make the correspondence with color and sound, we possibly need to find some scent which, on analysis, yields seven; and then to find that these seven, in their primaries and in their gradations between, and in the mixtures of various of these, constitute all the scents found in nature. Scents that are unpleasant to us might turn out to be dissonant combinations of the scale; pleasant ones, consonant, and comparable to chords in music.

In respect of scent, science is still in the stage of regarding it as due to molecular particles. That it may be, like light, an etheric phenomenon, is as yet hardly speculated.

STUDENT

Man and His Climate

IT appears that the Sahara desert is rapidly extending its borders. How long it has existed is rather an open question, but judging from its present rate of increase, it may be quite young, as geologists count time. In the days of Rome it was certainly much smaller than now. But then came the Mohammedan conquest, with its hordes of wandering Arabs; and the Tuareg invasion from the East. Both these events meant the wanton destruction of great wooded areas, trees and all kinds of smaller vegetation being burned to the ground. No more rain was retained in the soil; in a little while none was condensed, no new vegetation appeared, and the local streams and pools vanished.

Whether the destruction of forests accounts altogether for the desert is open to question. It probably does not. The destruction is still recent, in part. Colonel Peroz, the explorer, says that in Ifisen, in a corner of a valley, he uncovered the stumps of a forest destroyed by the Tuaregs more than twenty-five years ago. Barth, the German explorer, found water in abundance, fifty years ago, where Colonel Peroz's expedition suffered from thirst. The old men of North Adar showed the Frenchman rivers which in their youth flowed full many months of the year, but are now dry. Lakes yesterday permanent, which Peroz expected to find full, were dry, and did not replenish except during the two months of winter.

To the question whether man makes his own climate, we are certainly able to answer Yes, in no small degree.

STUDENT

The Japanese Surgeon's Work Has Proven Satisfactory

IT would appear that Japanese vitality is very difficult to extinguish. Major Seaman, a specialist in military surgery who has seen much of the Japanese hospitals, says that their surgeons rely much more on first aid given on the field, than do ours. In every case where the condition of the wound in any way permits it, they content themselves with the application of first-aid bandages and antiseptics, and leave any further work to be done at the home hospitals. The result is excellent, most of the men arriving nearly well. Russian wounded left on the field have had similar treatment at the hands of the Japanese surgeons, with nearly as good results.

"In one hospital ship returning to Japan from the front there were 2200 wounded men, and there was not a single death on board during the trip. Three people will cover all the deaths among the wounded who have been returned to Japan after having received first-aid treatment only."

Some of the result is, of course, contributed by the Japanese soldier's simple habits, constant exercise, and plain diet.

SURGEON

❖ ❖ "A Little Child Shall Lead Them" ❖ ❖

"I DECLARE, Herbert, it is simply unendurable," cried Mrs. Percy, with flashing eyes. "You know how perfectly wretched you make me, but you do not care in the least; and I tell you once more, and for the last time, that I will not endure this state of things any longer."

Mrs. Percy turned to leave the room, but her husband placed himself between her and the door; holding out his hand, he said:

"Come, Constance, do not be unreasonable, I have not neglected you, nor shall I ever do so. My love has in no way diminished. There is no reason why we should not live as happily together as we ever did."

"I cannot be happy with a husband who has so many interests I do not choose to share. How can you expect *me* to care about the working among paupers and drunkards, and teaching in those miserable slums? You must give it all up once for all, or you must give me up. And you must decide now."

"You do not mean that, Constance."

"I do mean it, Herbert."

"But don't you see, dear, that I *cannot* give up entirely this work of helping others? I believe in the fact of Universal Brotherhood with my whole heart and soul; and I *must* live up to my convictions. Otherwise, even you would despise me and I should deserve it."

"Very well, then; you have chosen. Henceforth our lives lie apart."

"We cannot separate, Constance, on such grounds; besides, we must consider Rosamond."

"I have considered her and other things as well. I know you are fond of the child if you no longer care for me; therefore we can all remain under the same roof, but each pursue his own course leaving the other free to do the same. I shall expect to see as little of you as possible, and shall avoid your part of the house, leaving you to the work you prize above everything else."

So for three years the husband and wife had lived in the same house as strangers to each other. Herbert Percy had gone bravely on, in the face of persecution and opposition, working to make Brotherhood an acknowledged fact in the life of the world and to relieve the suffering.

Constance had sought happiness, or at least forgetfulness, in the giddy round of fashionable amusements.

Rosamond was now a bright, engaging little girl of eight years. Her life was not so happy as it might otherwise have been. Her sensitive nature was overshadowed and oppressed by the unhappy estrangement between her parents, and, young as she was, she often pondered over it and tried to devise means of bringing it to an end. Her mother kept her with her when she was at home, but her many engagements drew her out almost daily. Then Rosamond's nurse, willing to be rid of the child, allowed her to slip away to her father's study. Here, when Mr. Percy was in, she was sure of a kindly welcome; and even when he was too busy to talk to her, the little girl was perfectly happy if she could only sit still and watch him at work at his writing table. Her father was never annoyed at any of her quaint sayings, though her mother often was. One afternoon one of Mrs. Percy's fashionable friends came in hurriedly to beg Constance to come over and help her entertain some unexpected guests that evening. The weather was cold and threatened to be dark and stormy.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Percy's friend, "pray do not fail me. The distance is so short, and surely Mr. Percy will be glad to come and fetch you home."

"Oh! certainly he will," replied Mrs. Percy with a smile that would have puzzled her visitor, had she had time to think of it. But she hurried away, and Mrs. Percy, turning to go upstairs, met the wide, earnest eyes of Rosamond, who had followed her to the door.

"O mama, will papa go for you tonight?" asked the child.

"You must have heard what I said," replied Mrs. Percy with a sharp little laugh.

"I'll tell him when he comes home that he is to go," said Rosamond quietly.

"O yes, do," cried her mother mockingly; "it will please him greatly, no doubt," and she ran quickly upstairs to prepare for the evening.

Rosamond was sent into the nursery to have her supper and be put to bed. But all the time her mind was full of what she intended to do. Here was such a splendid chance to bring her father and mother together. It would surely be right and both would be pleased; for had not her mother said so? The child had not dreamed of the hidden meaning of her words

and tone. She knew that nurse would never allow her to sit up, so she was undressed and got into her little bed as usual; but she kept wide awake listening for the sound of her father's key in the front door. Nurse had a cold and went to bed herself before nine o'clock, and soon her breathing told Rosamond that she was fast asleep.

Then the child crept out of bed and stole softly out into the hall and down the wide stairs till she reached the last step. Here she sat down, drawing her little night robe closely about her bare feet, to await her father's coming. Surely he would be in soon, she thought. At that hour Mr. Percy was entering a hotel in a distant city, having been called away on important business by a telegram received that morning.

When Mrs. Percy returned, shortly after midnight, she found the child still on the stairs, where she had fallen asleep.

"O Rosamond!" she cried, "how came you here? How cold you are!" and gathering the little form in her arms she hurried into her dressing-room where a fire was burning. But Rosamond only awoke to murmur hoarsely that her throat was sore and she wanted water.

The household was aroused and the doctor summoned; all was of no avail. Diphtheria in the most malignant form had settled upon the child and the three hours' exposure in the cold hall had given the disease too strong a hold for medical skill to be able to control it.

The agonized mother hung over the couch of her suffering child. As soon as the whereabouts of Mr. Percy could be ascertained a telegram was sent to him. He arrived on the evening of the second day to find his only child cold and still.

As he sat that night, bowed down in grief, by the side of the dead child, the door was softly opened and Constance looked in. She took one step toward her husband, but paused with the terrible thought in her heart: "He has robbed me of everything, and now of my child; for it was in waiting for *him* that she came to her death."

Without pausing to consider how unjust was such an accusation, she went out and closed the door again between them.

Days went by in the desolate home, the bereaved parents, still apart, mourning their heavy loss. Mr. Percy went on with his work for the benefit of others; but when he sat in his lonely study no little hand tapped at the door. When he raised his eyes from his work no sweet child face, from across the table, smiled lovingly at him.

Mrs. Percy sat in her darkened room, refusing to see any one. At first she felt nothing but the intolerable agony of giving up her child. Then she began to call to mind all her gentle, winning ways; her patience when her unhappy mother was so often irritable and exacting; her quaint words, so often wise beyond her years; her desire to heal the breach between her parents.

Then remorse began to gnaw at her heart. She had not done well by her child. From that it was but a step to the review of her treatment of her husband. She was forced to admit that she had been an unloving wife and mother, and all because Herbert sympathized with, and endeavored to aid, those who suffered.

"I, too, will try to live for others," she said at last. "I will work with him, if he will only forgive me and permit it. But how can I ask him now? How can I make him understand how sorry and ashamed I am?"

For many long days and sleepless nights Constance pondered over these things; and the teachings she had hated and scoffed at began to have a new, strange meaning. Her little child had not been taught and yet she seemed to comprehend. She remembered how Rosamond had once said to her:

"Mama, I think I was your little girl when we lived here before," and she had turned impatiently away from her.

Again Rosamond had looked up after a long silence, saying:

"Do you think that you and papa were happy when you lived together before this time?"

And she had sharply bidden the child to be quiet and not say such silly things.

It was a month after Rosamond's death when Mr. Percy came home late one night, cold, weary and heavy hearted. Opening his study door he paused, and gazed for a long moment at Constance, who stood waiting for him. The look on her face told him all. As the door closed behind him husband and wife were again united.

The memory of the dead child had done what her living presence could not accomplish. For the Law worketh in strange ways. STUDENT

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Raja Yoga Question Box

TRUTH never dies. For the pure in heart its light shines ever.

1 Who was Bruno?

ANSWER — He was a student of the teachings of Pythagoras. He was persecuted by the Church, was exiled from his country, and finally, after seven years, was burned at the stake for teaching what wise and unselfish people now believe.

2 Who were the Essenes?

ANSWER — The Essenes were a Brotherhood of wise people. It is said that they lived near the Dead Sea for many thousands of years. Their life was pure and lofty. They taught the same truths that Pythagoras taught and that Jesus taught to his disciples. Many students came to their home to learn wisdom.

"THEY are better than all the ballads
That were ever sung or said

THE CHILDREN

For they are living poems
While all the rest are dead."

Helen's Dream

by a Raja Yoga Student

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who was very fond of play. In fact, she wanted to play all the time, and this troubled her mother very much, for she knew how necessary it was for her little daughter to form good habits while a child. So every day she gave Helen certain duties, and besides this she gave her a small piece of ground. Helen loved her little garden patch, and every morning she would see something new and beautiful in it, a new plant coming up or a bud beginning to open.

Helen had entire care of her little garden, and everyone was glad to give her advice about caring for it, so that after a time she began to learn a great deal about how Mother Nature helps the little plants to grow, and how lovingly everything is taken care of, and how the flowers begin to bloom. But after awhile Helen began to lose interest, and for a whole week forgot to water the garden. You have no idea of the mischief that came about in that week, and finally Helen's mother called her out one day and said: "Helen, look at these weeds. Your flowers are nearly crowded out, and in a little while, if the weeds are not pulled up, you will have no flowers at all. Now see what happens when you neglect your duties."

That afternoon Helen was very serious, and becoming tired of her play, she went into the big library and curled up in the wide window seat. Soon she found herself in a beautiful doll-house, with playthings everywhere, just the lovely things she had always wished for — dolls that would talk, carts that would go, automobiles that just flew around, a little stove and everything to go with it; in fact, a doll-house furnished complete, even to the curtains at the windows. Helen thought she was the most lucky little girl in the world! She forgot all about her duties or her garden, and for days she did nothing but play, and play, and play, and at last she became, oh! so tired of play — and yet there was nothing else to do! There was no garden and there weren't any duties, and at last she began to cry. Oh, how ugly that doll-house looked! How she did hate playthings! In fact, she was beginning to be very unhappy, indeed, when she heard her mother's voice saying, "Helen, Helen, what is it?" And then she started and woke up. She had been asleep, and this was her dream, and I can assure you that she remembered it to good result, for after that — how she loved to do her duties!



CHILDREN OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL, ON THE GOLF LINKS, LOMALAND
Raja Yoga Academy in the distance

LISTEN, listen, listen while I sing---
There's joy, joy in ev'ry thing!
In bubbling of fresh streams,
In flashing sunlight beams;
Joy sparkles thro' my dreams!

Listen, listen, listen while I sing---
There's hope, hope in ev'ry thing!
In gloom and chill and night,
When lost the guiding light,
Hope rises ever bright!

Listen, listen, listen while I sing---
There's love, love in ev'ry thing!
If mirth and hope must die,
Still I can upward fly,
Love lifts me to the sky! — Selected

On the Golf Links

THESE Raja Yoga boys and girls are playing a game on the golf links at Point Loma. High above them rises the dome of the Temple, the home of light and wisdom. It is not amiss that the Temple thus stands aloft, but within sight of the children at play. We begin to know that boys and girls with pure strong bodies that can stand a good stiff game can more easily climb the path that leads to light and wisdom.

So the Raja Yoga children have said, "Our bodies shall belong to us, not we to them, and we will make them pure and strong."

And every morning early, these boys and girls take command of their bodies, and start them right, to live all day a pure sweet life of work and play. It makes a grown-up straighter, to see them drill and exercise. And never have children been so happy in their work. Nowhere else are children so merry at their play. It is because the warrior king is on his throne in every heart, and those tiresome, selfish wants and wishes of the body, have to obey him. E. W.

DEAR CHILDREN: It is well known that sea-gulls never seem to rest; that day after day they will follow a ship,

flying easily and without apparent fatigue. You should see them when one of the big vessels leaves the Golden Gate harbor, San Francisco.

A hundred or more brown bodies, with long sweeping wings, fly off in the wake of the transport. The steward's premises are very soon invaded by passengers gathering up waste bread and food for the birds.

Upon my recent trip one of the gulls dropped fluttering upon the deck, apparently ill. A soldier picked it up, took it to his quarters and fed and cared for it until it became strong again. Then he allowed it to fly away.

But the bird had not forgotten him. Every day it would alight on the deck and wait for this particular man to come and feed it. It followed the boat to Honolulu and finally to Manila, and where it remained during

the two weeks that the transport lay in Manila, I do not know; but when the vessel turned seaward again, bound for Nagasaki, there was the gull resting on the stern, and it remained with the ship until it passed the Farallone Islands.

I have often wondered how men ever come to forget about the sweet and beautiful Comradeship that exists between humans and the birds. Some day I am very sure that we shall remember. COUSIN EDYTHE

Students'



Path

SELECTION

HEARTS with the light of love illumined well,
Whether in mosque or synagogue they dwell,
Have their names written in the book of love,
Unvexed by hopes of heaven or fears of hell.

They say, when the last trump shall sound its knell
Our Friend will sternly judge and doom to hell.
Can aught but good from perfect goodness come?
Compose your trembling hearts, 'twill all be well.

Fairy Light and Shining Towers

And greater works than these shall ye do.

AS the sons of Mile landed on the soil of Ireland, the *file* Amairgen chanted a poem in honor of a marvelous science.

This divine science, indeed, penetrating the secrets of Nature, discovering her laws, and mastering her hidden forces, was, according to the tenets of Celtic philosophy, a being identical with these forces themselves, with the visible and the material world; and to possess this science was to possess Nature in her entirety.

In Erin, in olden times, water was a sacred element. It was deified. And today, around the lakes, linger echoes of profound truths—truths, hidden and entangled in misty legends and traditions, interpreted and related as fanciful faery tales to amuse the unbelieving tourist.

But Erin's wisdom is still sacred to those whose ears retain listening reverence for the guidance of spiritual teachers and are willing to follow the inner pathway to knowledge.

The wisdom of the silent Sphinx is still for those who will dare the inward march and face truth in their own nature.

The beauty of the lakes of Killarney is alone equalled in the beauty of their legends; and kinship they might claim with a few of the different ages through which humanity has traveled.

Nennius says that these lakes were encompassed by four circles of mines; the first was of tin, the second of lead, the third of iron, and the fourth of copper. In the several mountains, adjacent to the lakes, are still to be seen the vestiges of the ancient mines of iron, lead and copper, but tin has not as yet been discovered here. Silver and gold are said by the Irish antiquaries to have been found in the early ages.

The legends tell, that in other times, where now are the lakes, were fertile vales, peopled by men and women who lived in stately palaces. But through lack of vigilance to keep the entrance to an enchanted fountain closed, all was covered with water in a single night. But all the people did not die, only those in whom watchfulness had waned, and whose nature could be lulled and entranced by untrue joys, which veil future flowing of tears within fleeting allurements.

Sometimes in Loch Lene, "the Lake of Learning"—the Lower Lake—a wondrous light is seen through its clear depths. Tall, shining towers rise in glowing splendor.

The fisherman strays,
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.

Another legend tells of one who is supposed to have lived in Ross Castle, on the shores of Loch Lene—the famous O'Donoghue, a man of miraculous powers, of great wisdom, just, and kingly, and of "great humanity." And like the Prophets in the Bible, he had power and control over water. Obedient to his will, it parted; he walked upon its surface. Long life, without the appearance of age, was his heritage.

One day, after saying farewell to his friends, he floated through the air, over the lake, then descended. The waters divided, then closed over him.

In a few years he returned, shining with "the radiance of the sun, making day joyful" to those who saw him. Afterwards he continued to come and go, until it became by tradition a good omen to see him.

His approach is sometimes preceded by music, inconceivably harmonious; sometimes by thunder inexpressibly loud.

It is to the ancient "Wisdom Science" that we must look for light to

transform the legends from hypothetical faery tales to scientific truths by unfolding the miraculous events and enchantments through Nature's laws.

Hoary with age is the philosophy telling humanity of the heaven within, where the light of divinity shines as the sun.

True interpretation of this teaching weighs, not lightly, the warrior courage, the self-control and watchful vigilance, that entrance to divine realms demands.

Clearly it has been voiced that the power of the soul which crowns man king over the elements, is guarded within the magic of self-mastery—that magic which enlightens, and confers freedom from ignorance, the well of human tears.

What fountain could be more enchanted than one in which can be stayed the tearful tides of sorrow and grief!

Could not the faery light and shining towers of other days, seen through clear waters, harmonize with the light of heaven within?—trusted from afar, even through mists in the vale of tears. A. P. D.

To Help Prisoners

To assist those who are or have been in prisons to establish themselves in honorable positions in life.

With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man with an infinite pity. Poor wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried and beaten with stripes even as I am? Even, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine. Art thou not so weary, so heavy laden?—*Carlyle*

THE spirit of helpfulness, of sympathy, wisely directed is truly of the nature of heaven and is a bestower of happiness, possessing a regenerative power of collective as well as individual value. It is a force unseen, but which can be felt, coming like an angel to hearts that have hitherto been cold, and moving them to become again true human beings. "He who walks a step without sympathy goes to his own funeral dressed in his shroud." Sympathy and true justice are inseparable, and when sympathy is again a living power in the hearts of men, it will be easy to establish once more that justice that has been so long absent from our judgments.

The judgment of a criminal's act alone, without regard to his early environment, the nature of his parents, or the many other causes that help to make criminals, is not the way to judge with equity.

The daily atmosphere of crime and immorality in which so many children in our great cities live on the one hand, and the atmosphere of crime of a more subtle order, which we contact almost everywhere, can produce nothing but crime. The very air we breathe is full of selfishness and the worship of Mammon, and these qualities manifest according to opportunity. And then the punishment of the criminal is not of that nature to work reform, which is avowedly the object of that punishment. The fact that many are being released from prison after serving a long term, have committed crimes of such a nature a day or two after their release, that their further imprisonment for a long term has been deemed necessary, should cause us to think and wonder if our prison system is all that it should be, and convince us that reform is impossible by its means.

Any system of punishment that is not remedial, is a crime against the punished and a disgrace to the punisher, especially when done under the guise of justice and mercy. The reason for this return to crime after a long imprisonment, can be sought for and logically answered in the methods of the prison discipline itself. The clock-like regularity of prison life, under the strict supervision of warders, calling for no exercise of the prisoner's will causes its decay, and then the prisoner on his release is helpless, and falls a victim to the first temptation. The treatment of prisoners, sanctioned by society itself, is no small factor in producing confirmed criminals. The title of jail-bird has sounded too often the death knell of a man's aspirations. When the penalty prescribed by law has been paid, his debt should be considered by society to have ceased, and he is entitled to our help. In the words of Katherine Tingley:

Don't brand a man as a criminal. Teach him that *he is a soul* and give him a chance. Let him feel that some one believes in him, give him the encouragement that perhaps he has missed through all his life, and the lack of which may have helped to make him what he is.

A reformatory is needed in which the finer qualities of human nature should be encouraged and appealed to, by people who are qualified by compassion, sympathy, and knowledge of human nature to understand a patient's difficulties.

E. J. W.

--COUNT TIME BY HEART-THROBS--

BAILEY'S "FESTUS," 1840

WE live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

YESTERDAY

by JOEL BENTON

TIME'S messenger, but lately born,
Stood tiptoe on the hills of morn;
His little span was but a day---
And now the elf has slipped away.

His coming lighted up our sphere---
He must have heard the hail and cheer
Of those who sought high hopes to crown
Before his sun went swiftly down.

He came, a siren, whispering joy;
But sorrow followed to annoy.
And with the parting of a breath,
Brought life to some---to others death.

What joyous hopes, what bitter pain,
Danced thick attendance in his train;
Youth came with dreams---the very old
Looked forth as to a story told.

O little pilgrim, purple clad,
Could thy return again be had,
I'd give---if mine---this world away
To bring back one lost yesterday.---Selected

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

What do you consider the right way to treat insect pests, poisonous snakes and harmful things generally?

Answer

Theosophy holds there are two ways, two paths that in the *Bhagavad Gita* are called the world's eternal ways—light and darkness, sadness and joy, turbulence and peace, selfishness and unselfishness, love and hate, the sweet and the bitter, and so on. Look about you. Have you not seen people who were naturally selfish, who have lived so long in the lower part of their natures that the lower part seemed to be the whole person. Others are unselfish; it is natural for them to be so. Some are thoughtless, others are compassionate. Some carry almost a halo about them, others the very mark of Cain upon their brows. In the plant world some plants are healing and medicinal, some furnish food, others poison. Plainly some belong to the light, others to the shadow; and of those that belong to the shadow there are two classes—some actively destructive, and others which are passively so. And of the latter class are the vampires and parasites. The same thing is found in the world of human beings, and also in the animal world. Compare the gopher-snake and the rattlesnake. Is it our duty to let the rattlesnake bite us or our neighbors, or to protect ourselves against it?

The Theosophist has no patience with the man who passively sits down and lets evil have its way. He may never do these things himself, but if he allows them to be done without protest, the Theosophist considers such a man a decided failure. I may not bite or poison my own child, but what is my duty if I see him in danger of being poisoned by a scorpion or rattlesnake; or if some unknown man should suddenly come in and bite him, would you consider that I was very virtuous if I quietly allowed it to be done, saying it was part of God's plan? On the contrary, would you not think I was a hypocrite if I took any comfort in the thought that I would not do such dreadful things myself? And the vampire must be treated in the same way, whether we find it in the animal world, the human world, or the plant world. These things which live on others and serve no good end themselves, which merely delight in tearing down, hindering and destroying, ought to be dealt with from the standpoint of common sense. If we care anything about the good in life, if we really want to see good, and not evil, triumph, our duty must be plain.

G. K.

Question

To me, Reincarnation has proved to be a great hope, but a friend of mine, who, I thought, would be as much interested

as I, positively shrinks from the idea of it. All she says is: "Why should I wish to live again here? Why should I wish to come back?" How would you answer her? She has had a very sad life, and it seems to me that the teaching of Reincarnation could do so much for her if she could but see its truth.

Answer

If we take life as it has been and is to very many, one long struggle, full of misunderstanding, injustice, heartache, not to mention the still darker side, and if we regard that as the real life, the only life, then indeed we might shrink from coming back. But that is not real life, it is only a distorted shadow. The real life is far different—it is full of joy, power, love, peace; and it is this life that the soul would have us lead, and it will bring us back again and again to earth until we do lead it.

Only through Reincarnation and the action of the divine law can we hope to attain to the true life, and the secret of it is, not to seek so much that our own lives may be free or to attain for ourselves what we so much desire, but to help to bring a little more sunshine and joy into the lives of others. This is the secret of true happiness given to us by all the great teachers of humanity, and if we would but try it, do we not know in our hearts that gradually all our questions would be answered and all the perplexities of life solved? And when this is so, we shall not shrink from coming back; on the contrary, we shall rejoice that this is the soul's destiny, for it means ever a new opportunity for service, through which alone can true progress be made. It means, too, the renewed opportunity of sharing in the world's work and of taking part in the glorious future of humanity, and of helping to bring it about.

STUDENT

Question

What is the intuition? How does it differ from the ordinary apprehension of truth, i. e., through experience or reasoning? In the *Key to Theosophy*, it is said: "Our duty is to keep alive in man his spiritual intuitions." Please explain this.

Answer

Another Teacher has declared that "Unless ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." And in the *Voice of the Silence, the Book of Golden Precepts*, we read: "The pupil must regain the child-state he has lost." And this perhaps gives us a clue to the understanding of the power of intuition. For intuition means knowing—it is direct and immediate knowledge without the ordinary process of reasoning employed by the mind. And it is in the child that ordinarily we can see it most active. Has it never come to your notice how keen are children as readers of human nature and character, how quick they are to discern the sincerity or otherwise of those with whom they come in contact, and this in spite of outward appearance, in spite of engaging manners and graceful speech, which too often deceive their elders? What experience has the child had to enable it to judge so accurately, when we, with all our experience, are so often at fault?

What is this faculty, the intuition, and why have we not it? Did we have it when we were children? If so, how came it that we lost it? Can we regain it? Yes; we must have had it in some measure when we were young, and we lost it, as nearly all children lose it, by the prevalent false system of education. For, by this system the child is taught that reason alone is to be the guide, that everything must be tested by reason, and that to know anything "because you know it," and in spite of assertions made by others to the contrary, is—well, to use a long word, unphilosophical. And so the fount of pure knowledge is dammed up, and no longer can this stream of soul-wisdom find an outlet or reflect itself as direct knowledge into the brain. We sometimes speak as "knowing in the heart," in contradistinction to knowing by the brain, and it is this knowing in the heart that is close akin to intuition?

Can we regain it? Yes, of a surety; for what once was ours, may be ours again; nay, it is ours now; but it has become latent, covered up, inactive. To make this faculty again operative, we must clear away the obstructions. It is not anything to be acquired, but to be brought again into use, and, as a delicate instrument which has become rusted and clogged from long neglect and misuse, needs cleaning and delicate adjusting, so the obstructions and the clogs must be removed from our lives and our outer natures become adjusted and purified before we can hear again the voice of the intuition.

STUDENT

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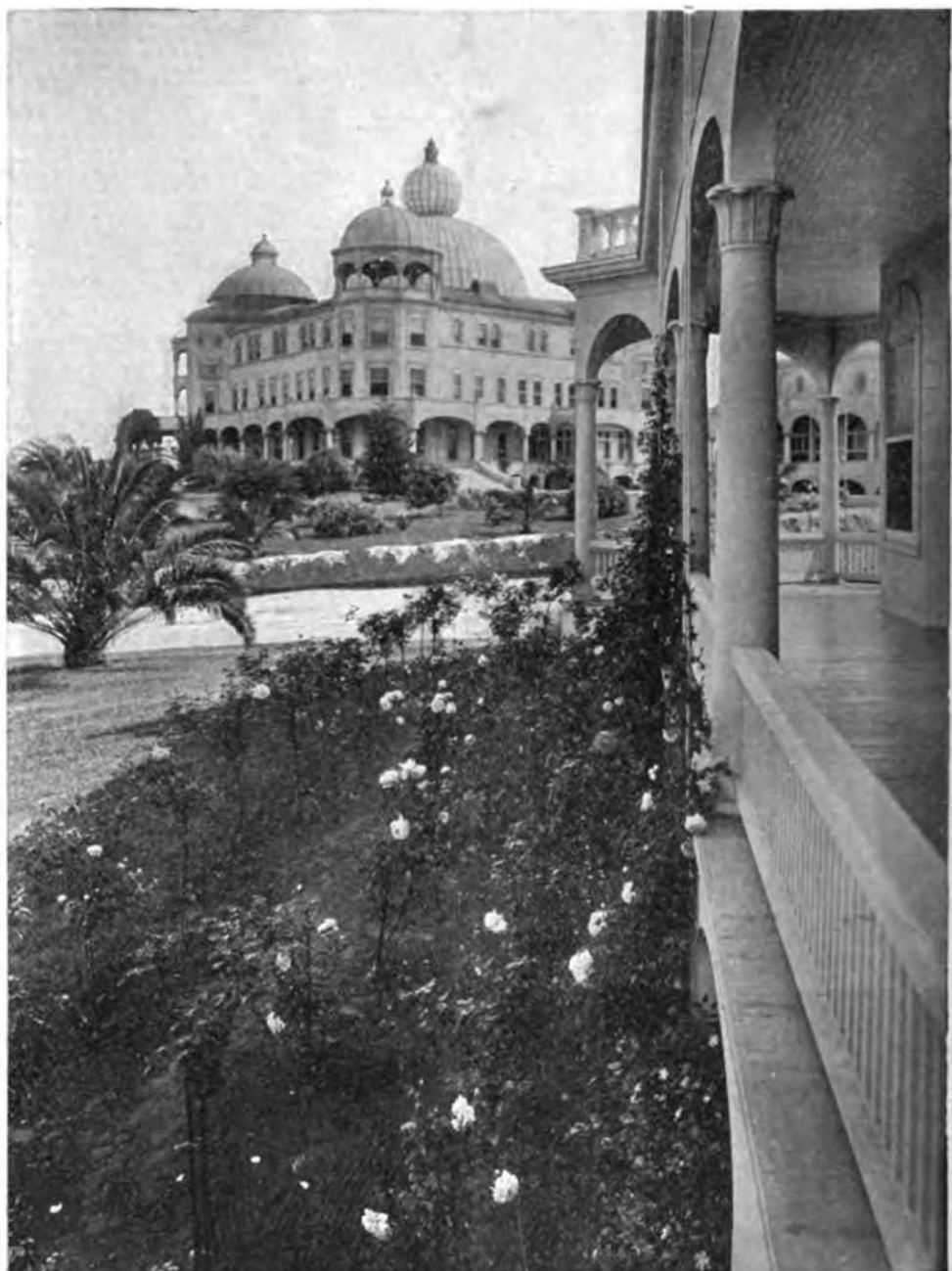
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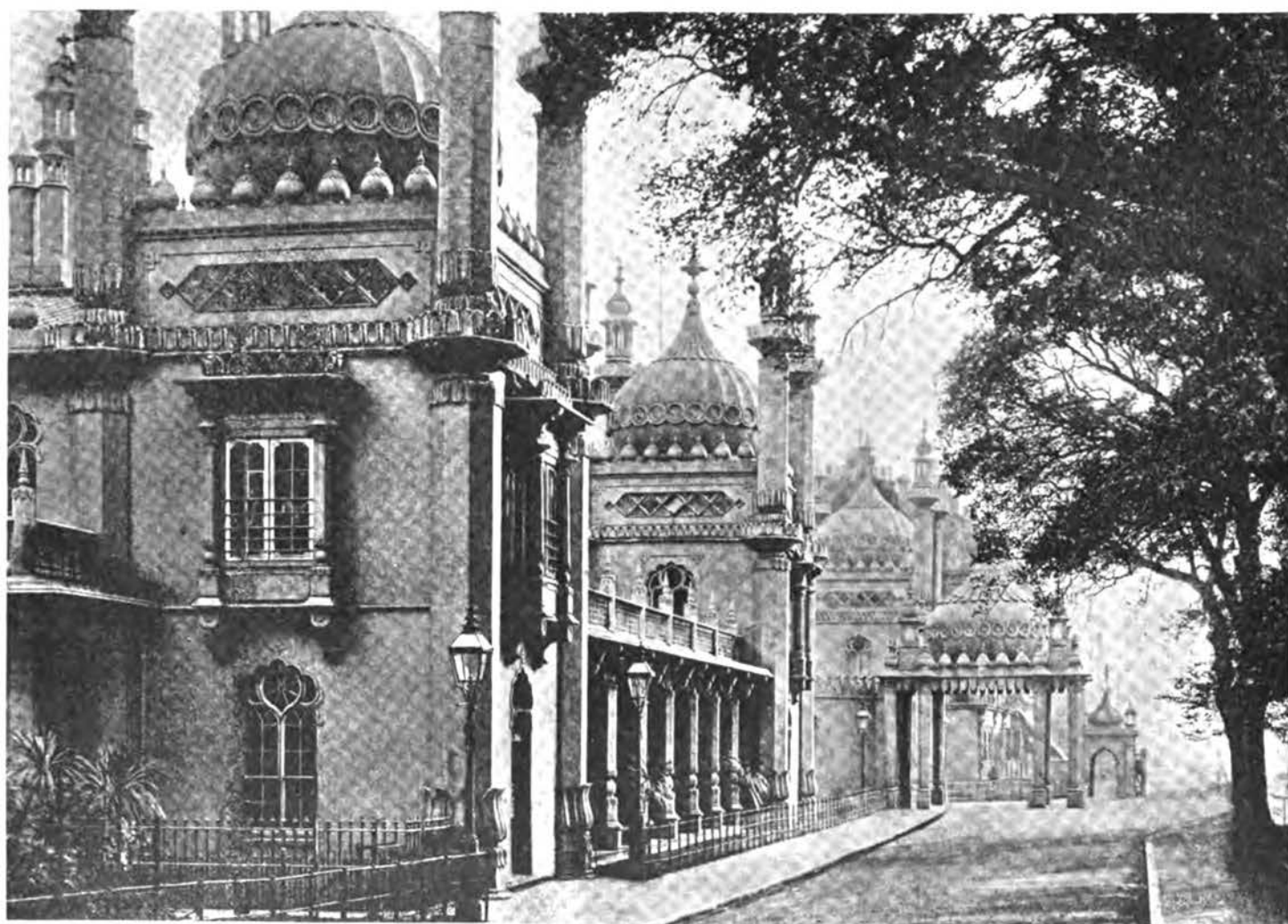
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New Century Path

by KATHERINE TINGLEY
WEEKLY

NEW CENTURY CORPORATION

Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Shall We Go to the
East for Light?
Views of History
Vindication of Kepler
Humanity's Languages
New Social Classification
Prejudices About Ancients
Work of Celtic Congresses
Restoration of the Stadium
Pavilion, Brighton—frontispiece

Page 4—XXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Hypnotized Crime
In Praise of Abstracts
Educational Methods
The Senses

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Holy Well—illustrated
Version of Cicero's Essay
Tenebræ (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

A Danger Point
Marshes of Glynn (verse)
Rights of the Wife
Interpretations Under Hypnotism
Egyptian Statue (illustration)
Rose Morals (verse)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

New Theories About
Stonehenge—illustrated
Mounds of the Ohio
and Mississippi
Irish Archeology

Page 9—NATURE

One of Nature's Desserts
Playing 'Possum
Cold Storage in Nature
Hazel Nut (illustration)
Mystery of the Mist
When the Queen Whistles
On the Hodu River (illustration)

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

On Seaward Side of Point
Loma (illustration)
The Universal Brotherhood
Congress at Brighton,
England, 1899
Students at Isis Theatre

Page 12—GENERAL

Road Near Las Cuabas,
Cuba (illustration)
Monument Raised by
Americans at Las
Guasimas (illustration)
Friends in Counsel
Language-Learning

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Our Moon and the
Walled Plain Plato—illustrated
Last Surgical Triumph
Words and Thought
Fatigue of Metals

Page 14—GENERAL

On the Shores of Loma-
Land (illustrations)
Selfish Invalids

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Raja Yoga Question Box
A Japanese Legend
Raja Yoga Base
Ball—illustrated
So Wise (verse)

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

To Lift or to Lead (verse)
Have We Lived Before?
Man's Dual Nature
The Search for
the Self (verse)
Theosophical Forum

Pages 18, 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological

Shall We Go to the East for Light

DR. R. HEBER NEWTON thinks that Christianity would benefit by incorporating into itself the spirit embodied in the Oriental faiths. Their adherents, he thinks, live in the constant consciousness of the presence of God, that eternal reality which is to most of us an abstraction. The Oriental is spiritual; we are only intellectual. And so our religion is no longer our very life, that to which all else is secondary: but merely the expression of hopes and beliefs which the mind has created to encourage itself, and to which it turns at special moments.

All kinds of thinkers, beside Dr. Newton, are proposing all kinds of remedies. Having made their propositions, they mostly stand back and wait for someone else to act. Why not apply them? Why not conspicuously do or be the thing they urge others to do or be? If a man thinks

the Oriental mind in closer touch with the divine than the Western, let him bring his own mind into that touch. Then his proposition will come with tremendous force. Anyone can do what he will with his mind, and can expound any kind of Christianity, or any mixture of Christianity with other elements.

But no man need go outside Christianity to obtain the "deep inner light of the spirit." Let us reflect on three or four points, and we have

Light That Lighteth all Mankind

all that is necessary to make a start, to go on with certainty, and to reach the final goal. John speaks of "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Christ speaks of the Kingdom of Heaven as being *within us*; and in one of the newly discovered "sayings," he charges his hearers to gain self-knowledge at all costs. And finally Paul speaks of man (and also the body of man) as the Temple of the living God. To find one's (true) self, to find the Light, to find the Kingdom of Heaven, to find God—are the same task. To enter on this task is to acquire the very spirituality for which Dr. Newton would have us go to the East. We can develop it from the teaching we have in the West. And if we have not done so, we shall not do it any the more for wandering amid the ruins of systems for which our minds are unfitted. The West has enough to redeem itself within itself, and for that redemption it waits the coming of men and women who have lit the spiritual fire in their hearts by self-study, by meditation, constant aspiration and compassionate feeling and deeds. When in terms of Christianity the path is preached by those who have gone far upon it, the mind of Christ will be in our midst and all will go well.

STUDENT

Views of History—False and True

THE mistake of applying the principles of natural science to the problems of history has often been pointed out. Even when a scientific theory affords a reasonable explanation of facts in natural history, it does not follow that it will apply to human history. Much less will it do so when it does not afford a satisfactory explanation even of facts in natural history.

This is the case with the principle of "evolution" or "development." It has been shown that the theory or theories which may be more or less accurately grouped under these titles, do not explain even the phenomena of natural science, because they regard only the external details of the process of evolution and do not explain the cause or motive power. There is no fault to find with such theories so long as they do not profess to explain causes and underlying principles, but are considered merely as records of phenomena or classifications of effects. But, unfortunately, there are some scientists, as we know, who do not stop here, but regard the process of evolution as in some mysterious way the cause of evolution; thus leading the ignorant to suppose that the universe can be explained without a God. We will not now pause to examine the extraordinary condition of intellect which permits a man to believe that dead matter can evolve conscious mind, and lower things in general produce higher things, without the operation of a pre-existing will and intelligence. It will be enough for present purposes to mention it.

The result of applying such notions to historical and other human questions we see in some of our school-books. Thus, in a chapter on "Development of State," humanity is supposed to gradually "evolve" a system of government by bringing its intelligence to bear on its surrounding conditions. No regard is paid to the circumstance that there are races which go on century after century without progressing at all. Hence we miss the necessary inference that before a race can evolve, it must be endowed with some power comprising aspiration, intelligence and energy; to account for which we need a profound study of the nature and origin of intelligence and the soul.

Other human concerns are supposed to have pushed themselves upward in the same kind of way. Religion, arts and crafts, literature, all grow out of nothing and develop towards a non-existent goal. This is "bringing out the reasoning power of the child," and this is what the unfortunate teacher (who is perhaps trying to bring his own reasoning power in again) is required to explain.

But we are happy to be able to quote an exception to these paltry notions about history.

Prof. G. P. Fisher, of Yale, in his *Ancient History*, says:

History, although it is not an aimless process, is nevertheless not subject to the

forces and laws which govern in the realm of matter. Physical analogies are not a literal image of what takes place in the sphere of intelligence and freedom.

Reforms and revolutions, which alter the direction of the historic stream, emanate from individuals in whose minds they are conceived, and by whose energy they are effected. The force thus exerted by the leaders in history is not accounted for by reference to general laws. Great men are not puppets moved by the spirit of the time.

This is one sign out of many that the era of forces and tendencies and of dead and impersonal things, and abstractions in general, is passing away; and that personality and mind are coming to be recognized as the agents in all phenomena and events.

STUDENT

A Vindication of Kepler

A WRITER in an astronomical journal has been disparaging the memory of the great Kepler by making out that he did not believe in astrology and that he practised astrology for a living. This writer quotes a passage where Kepler ridicules astrological superstition, but does not quote another passage where Kepler declares his intention of preserving the grain of truth in astrology. The effect is to make the great man appear as an impudent charlatan.

Now, even from the life of Kepler as given in current sources, prejudiced though that certainly is from a Theosophical point of view, it is evident that he was essentially a mystic. He was a Pythagorean, studied the relations between number, geometry and the celestial measurements, and was honored by Bruno and others for this. All great discoverers are mystics who make their discoveries by the old, old methods of using the intuition in the study of nature's correspondences. Then come the scientific drudges who systematize the work of the great discoverer while deriding his methods.

Kepler was a man of fine character, colossal industry and courage in face of ill health and religious persecution, and wide intelligence and intuition. He believed in the ancient Pythagorean science of astrology, and rightly derided the popular thirst for horoscopes. He acknowledged his inability to do more for his inquisitive clients than give a general outline of their character and tendencies, and we can scarcely blame him if, in the interests of his invaluable labors in genuine science, he accepted money that was literally forced upon him by these superstitious folk.

STUDENT

Humanity's Languages

IT has been computed that over 5,000 distinct languages are spoken by mankind. But, if we count dialects, the number of varieties becomes enormously multiplied; in this case, as in all cases where we attempt to apply mathematical numbers to facts, enumeration is baffled by the infinite fine shades of variation. Among the native Americans, as there are no nations, but only scattered and wandering tribes, there are hundreds of dialectic gradations. Even in little England, civilized and well-knit though it be, dialects are spoken which, so far as comprehensibility is concerned, might as well be Chinese. There are said to be more than sixty vocabularies in Brazil, and in Mexico the Nahuatl language has been broken up into 700 dialects.

It seems evident that the number of different varieties of any one thing in this world depends altogether on the hair-splitting and microscopic powers of investigators, and doubtless the dialects might be split up into still smaller and more numerous subdivisions, just as the particles which compose the molecule can be themselves split up.

T.

A New Social Classification

M. EDMOND DEMOLINS has invented a new sociological classification of mankind. He divides society first into two great divisions, the communal and the individual. The communal formation is that in which the individual leans on the community rather than on himself; it is found in the East, and explains Oriental immobility. The individual formation is found in the progressive Occident; in it the individual relies on himself, and this explains the progressive character of the West.

This classification is interesting, but not more true or convenient than other classifications; all classifications are good until we try to define their exact limits, and then all alike break down. M. Demolins has, of course, merely traced the great universal duality in one of its manifestations. All growth is involved in the interaction of expansive and restrictive forces; freedom and law coöperate to yield the perfect life. E.

Narrow Prejudices About the Ancients

IN reading about the conjectures made by explorers as to the objects and uses of various ancient remains, such, for instance, as the Mounds, one is struck by the way in which preconceived ideas limit and hamper the mind. It is absurd to try to explain everything in the light of our own little civilization, with its narrow religious notions, its highly specialized and conventional science, and its crude ideas as to human affairs in general. We do not sufficiently realize that the intellectual atmosphere, generated by a small racial subdivision in a few centuries, is quite special and peculiar, and can have but little connection with the ideas of races that existed thousands of years ago.

Our very words *religion and science* limit the mind; they merely indicate our own distinction between certain classes of investigation or knowledge. The ancient races may have known no such distinction. We say that such and such a thing was probably used for "religious purposes;" we might just as well say for scientific purposes. Religion and science are names for the means by which man studies, evokes, and uses the powers of the soul and of Nature. Religion could never have been created, nor could it have maintained its hold, unless it had at some time actually worked. The ancients did not take all that trouble over a mere "superstition." It was a science—a science much more worthy of the name than our mechanical and chemical system—a science of the human soul and of the divine potencies residing therein and in Nature—a science by which these could be evoked as agencies for the welfare of humanity.

STUDENT

Good Work of the Celtic Congress

A REMARKABLE gathering of representatives of the Celtic peoples of Ireland, Wales, the Scottish Highlands, Brittany and Cornwall has just been held amid great enthusiasm, and is another evidence of the wonderful Celtic revival that has been in progress for the last few years. The Celtic people have at last begun to awaken to their unique position and enormous possibilities. In music, poetry and the higher form of patriotism they rank high. In this age of materialism in life it is a great thing to have some idealists left, and amongst the Celtic peoples the far off echo of the statelier past still lingers. They have yet a characteristic music and an imaginative literature of which they are justly proud. The ancient language is being fostered and a greater feeling of unity is growing. A very striking feature of this Congress has been the adoption of the beautiful Welsh anthem, "Land of my Fathers," as the national anthem of all the Celts. Both words and music are noble and elevating.

C. J. R.

Restoration of the Stadium at Athens

THE work of restoring the Athenian Stadium, which was begun in 1895 by the Greeks, has proceeded until they have just about completed the fifty-two thousand marble seats of the amphitheatre in creamy-white Pentelican marble. The restoring committee intends building a propylæum or entrance like the ancient one.

The ancient stadium was made in a hollow space, 680 feet by 130, scooped out of the soil on the bank of the Ilissus. Lycurgus leveled this site and laid it out. Herodes Atticus furnished it with tiers of marble seats capable of accommodating at least 40,000 spectators. E.

The Pavilion, Brighton, England—Frontispiece

THIS week's cover-page of the NEW CENTURY PATH shows the entrance to the Pavilion at Brighton, England.

Members of the Universal Brotherhood, and all readers of the NEW CENTURY PATH in sympathy with the objects and work of the Universal Brotherhood, will remember the great Universal Brotherhood Congress held at this Pavilion in 1899, which marked one of the great epochs in the history of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

An article, well worth perusal, will be found on page 10 of this issue of the NEW CENTURY PATH, giving interesting data and facts connected with the Congress of 1899.

To the Members of The Universal Brotherhood Throughout the World: In order to expedite improvements in the different Departments of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, it is necessary that all communications, connected with the work of the Universal Brotherhood, should be directed to Katherine Tingley, Loma Homestead, Point Loma, California.

(Signed)

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Leader and Official Head

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Hynotized Crime Grow- ing Rapidly

NEW YORK and Chicago are both getting alarmed at the very considerable increase of crime going on in both cities. A Chicago paper has also examined the criminal statistics of Mississippi, and sums up with the remark that life is about half as safe in that State as in Southern Italy.

Various remedies are proposed—more police, swifter punishment, severer punishment, and so on. There is no need to enumerate the suggestions offered for the suppression of crime.

One of the papers, which is most horror-struck at the figures, contained on the same day as that on which its analysis of the figures appeared, full accounts of several murders, one of them carefully illustrated; notices of one or two suicides; and an article on hypnotic suggestion. The paper contained, in fact, an analysis of the problem, an article on the chief cause of the phenomenon, and an example of the cause in action. Each account of a murder is a hypnotic suggestion in proportion to its vividness; and the matter is much worsened by pictures.

The other day a man, who had causelessly murdered his wife and children, explained that many months before he had read of a case of the same crime. Suddenly the idea occurred to him: *Suppose I should do that!* To his horror the idea grew and grew, dominated his imagination more and more, and at last—as he said—compelled its own fulfillment.

Every town, and almost every village of this country, possesses a daily paper; and hardly a number is issued of any one of those papers that does not contain a glowing account of a murder. If the village in question does not provide the material—well, the next one does, or the nearest large town. Rather than have no murder, they will describe one that occurred in a distant State, or even in Europe!

For various reasons weak and eminently impressible minds are increasing in numbers. And a study of crimes will show that a large proportion are the work of persons of this kind, *not* of hardened and determined criminals. More often than not they have an evil bent, not strongly marked, but sufficient to make their minds a fruitful soil for the seeds which every newspaper they ever buy, scatters.

The remedy is in our own hands. We do not permit the publication of the intimate details of divorce cases. Why? Because we recognize that it would “pander to an appetite”—which means that it would create pictures in unhealthy minds. Why do we not perceive and act on the very same truth in the matter of murders?

While we allow the pictures of murdered bodies, of the rooms in which they were found, and of the murderer, with his knife or axe, we are carefully creating the material for tomorrow's issue, and for next week's moralizing and head-shaking over statistics. STUDENT

In Praise of Abstracts in Languages

WHILST for commercial purposes the advocates of various artificial “universal languages” are urging the adoption of their protégé, Latin is quietly taking a new breath and coming to the front as an international *scientific* language. Valuable scientific work is now reported in so many languages that no one can hope to keep abreast. To do so, he would have to know Russian, Japanese, Italian, French, Spanish, German and English, at any rate; and also one at least of the Scandinavian tongues.

Cornell University, in publishing its *Studies from the Department of Neurology*, prefaces each paper with an abstract in Latin. An educated scientist, say in Japan, not knowing English, but knowing Latin, will read the abstract and then be able to decide whether he needs to have the article translated for him.

The precedent is excellent, and additionally so because of the abstract itself, whatever its language. One often wishes that lengthy magazine articles were prefaced with half a page of abstract. How many people wish to read twenty pages of argument that the universe is a blind mechanism? But an article to that effect might open very intelligently, and it might take one ten pages to discover the ultimate conclusion. STUDENT

Indictment of Educational Methods

PROFESSOR WENDELL, of Harvard University, is of opinion that the younger generation of Americans is hardly educated at all. It is the victim of the kindergarten system.

The principle of this system is that you let the child think he is playing when he is really learning. And, as far as possible, this general principle is carried out in later education.

The result is—according to the Professor—that our young men grow up with no power of fixing their attention on anything that does not interest them. Anyone can read a newspaper or a novel (with some skipping). “But the moment anything be long or dull—sermon, poem, or problem, it is all one—only those can keep their wits from wandering who have somehow learned to control them.”

But by the “old” system of education, the classical one, attention had to be fixed on Latin grammars and *Dryasdust's Homeric Notes*. Will was developed to a considerable power of holding the mind.

Professor Wendell's indictment can go much further. The general and accepted training of children in the world is a no-training, is a system of concessions. Their whims are respected, and therefore encouraged; they grow up with a thousand desires; or rather with the *principle of desire* in luxuriant vitality, and the principle of *will* sleeping. It is *that* fact at which the Professor is really aiming. There is no harm in making education as attractive and as easy as is compatible with efficiency. Let us keep the legitimate lures, if whilst doing so, in the conduct of general life we train the child to self-control, teach it that the thing desired is not necessarily desirable, and awaken in its nature an honorable love of holding impulse and appetite in check. We have in fact to teach it its duality, and encourage it to plant itself in the inner and higher, making that the ruler. You may teach Latin with years of *Dryasdust's Delectus* and yet have a sensualist. Or you may teach the alphabet in rhyme, and geometry with colored blocks, and yet turn out a wise and self-controlled citizen and parent. STUDENT

The Senses, Four, Five and Six

PROFESSOR HYSLOP, of Columbia University, is maintaining, in *The International Journal of Ethics*, that the march of evolution as we see it, does not justify the assumption of any intelligent purpose behind the universe.

It depends how you look. If a deaf man goes out into the open air, he may come back and explain to his children that an inspection of nature by means of the *four* senses does not justify the usual assumption that there is any such phenomenon as sound. They tell him that there are *five* senses, and he replies that this is but an assertion, and moreover rather insulting to himself. They suggest that he should try and cultivate this mysterious fifth sense by attempting to place himself in the closest receptive touch with nature.

He may then try it for five minutes, and, hearing nothing, be more confirmed than ever in his view. Or he may refuse even that, on the ground that even if he *did* come to fancy he “heard” something, it would be but an auto-suggestion, an illusion, the result of “expectant attention.”

He might further add that inasmuch as those who claimed to “hear” things out of doors reported *different* things at the same time, and even the same person different things at different times, the “sounds” were an illusion beyond any doubt whatever.

He might go on somewhat thus: “You yourselves admit that the savage's sense of hearing, as you call it, is superior to that of civilized man. Do you not see that it is in the same category as the savage's animism, the savage's ascription of consciousness to storms and dawn and rain, illusions which civilization dissipates?”

The young people would have to leave their elder alone. And in the same way, those upon whose consciousness the purpose of the universe is dawning will best serve the race not by argument, but by developing their own certainty. Every one knows that argument reinforces both contestants. But conviction is infectious. It gets in behind. STUDENT

Art Music Literature and the Drama

Holy Wells—Truth in the Legend Concerning Them

PERHAPS, as our nature asserts its loyalty to the laws of thought and feeling which govern the regal powers of the soul, the words "Holy Wells" may, of themselves, as they fall on the ear, offer suggestions which will serve to dispel our ignorance concerning them. Perhaps, too, in our hearts may arise something akin to admiration for those who have preserved for us forgotten truths.

The time is now past for refusing to admit that the waters of the earth manifest a wide diverging sweep of characteristics. Not to acknowledge it is to publish our pace as being behind the times and, incidentally, to announce our disbelief in the sacred writings of all nations. Faith in the healing properties of certain waters induces the simple hearted to take long pilgrimages; old and young walk weary miles to kneel by the sacred and revered founts.

And what if they do leave behind them tokens of their gratitude!

Amused smiles have often descended from skeptical superiority upon those simple relics. But it is well to remember that the march of the microscope is as slow as the intuition is swift. Science, by a long, laborious route, now proclaims what "ignorant" peasants have been declaring for ages.

Nature's laws are just. Surely joyous realizations await those who have woven into their lives the deeper harmonies of the "wisdom science." It may be that their loyalty to the forgotten knowledge of the soul will strike a light, resounding keynote, inspiring courage, to defy the ridicule, persecution and oppression which seek in all lands to dim the vision of truth.

ANNIE P. DICK

HOW many know that M. Fantin-Latour, recently deceased, was the intimate friend of a group of men even now recorded as *anciens*, Ingres, Delacroix, Millet, Courbet and Corot? He has lived obscurely, working quietly and unostentatiously in his little quarters in the *Rue de l'Ecole des Beaux Arts*, caring nothing for fame or money. His portraits carried his fame to England, his lithographs have made him famous in America; but he attempted something never before undertaken with real seriousness of spirit, and that was the translation of music into the terms of art. Music was the passion of this quiet man. Schumann, Brahms and Wagner were the tone masters who spoke most intimately to his heart, who dominated his moods and to whom he dedicated that which he declared to be the best in his art. It was his custom to wrap his soul in music, as it were, using his pastels to translate the ideas and emotions of that music into color and form. His pictures were by no means and in no sense illustrations. They were translations, a setting over of the ideas expressed by tone into the idiom of color and of form. His work was a departure in many ways from the traditional, for of laws he recognized those whose source was not without but within.

STUDENT

A Version of Cicero's Essay on Old Age

IT does no harm to open the covers of musty volumes once in a while, if only to contact something of that sincerity which characterized, almost without exception, the old writers. Many of their one-time beliefs are now proven facts. The following extract is interesting, not alone because it was the first translation of a classic in the Western World, but also because it was printed in the shop of Benjamin Franklin, who himself wrote the following introduction. The book is a translation of Cicero's celebrated treatise on old age, in which he refers to an ancient medicinal well, the water of which was supposed to be almost magical in its properties:

This Version of Cicero's *Tract de Senectute*, was made Ten Years since, by the Honourable and Learned Mr. Logan, of this City, undertaken partly for his own Amusement (being then in his 60th Year, which is said to be nearly the Age of the Author when he wrote it), but principally for the Entertainment of a Neighbour then in his grand Climacteric; and the Notes were drawn up solely on that Neighbour's Account, who was not so well acquainted as himself with the Roman History and Language. Some other Friends, however (among whom I had the Honour to be ranked), obtained Copies of it in MS. And, as I believed it to be in itself equal at least, if not far preferable to any other Translation of the same Piece extant in our Language, besides the Advantage it has of so many valuable Notes, which at the same time they clear up the Text, are highly instructive and entertaining, I resolved to give it an Impression, being confident that the Publick would not unfavourably receive it.

A certain Freed-man of Cicero's is reported to have said of a medicinal Well, discovered in his Time, wonderful for the Virtue of its Waters in restoring Sight to the Aged, That it was a gift of the bountiful Gods to men, to the end that all might now have the Pleasure of reading his master's Works. As that Well, it still in being, is at too great a Distance for our Use, I have, Gentle Reader, as thou seest, printed this Piece of Cicero's in a large and fair Character, that those who begin to think on the Subject of Old-Age (which seldom happens till their Sight is somewhat impair'd by its Approaches), may not, in Reading, by the Pain small Letters give the Eyes, feel the Pleasure of the Mind in the least allayed.

I shall add to these few Lines my hearty Wish, that this first Translation of a Classic in this Western World may be followed with many others

performed with equal Judgment and Success; and be a happy Omen that Philadelphia shall become the Seat of the American Muses.

HOW much lower can our theatres and the dramatic ideals of some people sink? The latest instance is the engagement at a most fabulous price of a certain woman whose sole qualification is her spectacular experience in Europe, during which she has figured in three elopements and two divorce court sessions—a woman whose conduct can only be explained on the ground of mental aberration. H.W.



A HOLY WELL—INNISFALLEN, IRELAND

TENEBRAE—FRAGMENT

by SWINBURNE

O SPIRIT of man, most holy,
The measure of things and the root,
In our summers and winters a lowly
Seed, patting forth of them slowly
Thy supreme blossom and fruit.
In thy sacred and perfect year,
The souls that were parcel of thee
In the labor and life of us here
Shall be rays of thy sovereign sphere,
Springs of thy motion shall be.
There is the fire that was man,
The light that was love, and the breath
That was hope ere deliverance began,
And the wind that was life for a span,
And the birth of new things, which is death.

Then, whosoever had light,
And, having, for men's sake gave;
All that waned against night;
All that were fount in the fight
Swift to be slain and to save;
Undisbranched of the storms that distroot us,
Of the lures that enchain unenticed;
The names that exalt and transmute us:
The blood-bright splendor of Brutus,
The snow-bright splendor of Christ.
Then all chains are undone;
Day then seems but as night;
Spirit and sense are as one
In the light not of star nor of sun;
Liberty, there is the light.



"Hatred ceaseth not by hatred; hatred ceaseth by love."

"SHE has failed at a critical point. I cannot understand it, for I thought I could trust her judgment anywhere. It is inexplicable." "Well," the friend replied, "I cannot quite agree with you."

"But her character, as you know, is above reproach. She is the reverse of envious, she could not be jealous, she is most industrious, and of selfishness, in the ordinary sense, she has absolutely none. She has been tried on ordinary moral lines and not found wanting. Why do you feel you could not trust her judgment?"

"Let me question *you*," was the reply. "Has this friend of ours compassion? Does she seek to understand the faults of others, or does she merely draw away from them in disgust?"

"No," was the hesitating reply, "she is not compassionate, that I admit."

"Has she judgment, can she discriminate?"

"I thought so, until the last incident, and this, as I say, I cannot understand."

"I understand," said the older woman, "vanity has stepped in. She is not the girl we once knew. Vanity has slided over, like some poison veil, all that was once so pure. She is self-hypnotized with —"

"Self-hypnotized? Impossible——"

"Yes, self-hypnotized,—with the conviction of her own invulnerability."

Never were truer words spoken, and they might well have been spoken to half the race, for never before these days have such words been so needed. Times are not now as they once were, nor are women the same, for, as they have risen to greater heights, so they have faced manifold temptations and do well indeed when they do not fall.

All conditions have changed. When womanhood as a whole felt the great urge, in this last century, one of its expressions—as a suddenly appearing island might be the expression of some mighty subterranean upheaval—was the modern "woman movement." All womanhood has been affected, thousands of women consciously so, and these have stepped into a freer life. But with greater opportunities they have been forced to face greater dangers. That was inevitable and of the Law.

In taking up the battle for other women, the few souls who went out

A Danger Point

upon the skirmish line for humanity's sake have been brought face to face with themselves. They have been forced to do battle with their own natures. Some have not been valiant, it must be confessed. Others have been glorious and true warriors, conquering selfishness, luxurious tendencies, indolence, fear, timidity, ignorance. They have battled their way to that citadel wherein is shrined the soul. They have won a place within that fortress around which storms may beat, but into which they can never penetrate.

But the battle is not over. It is not enough to merely gain the heights. One must be continually on guard to keep the position gained. Lacking a true philosophy of life, lacking that deeper understanding of the soul and the human mind that only compassion gives, it is not strange that at just this point so many strong women step upon the quicksands. There is the old, old story—of the fall that cometh after pride. Unwittingly, unthinkingly, they permit the vanity that clouds judgment and destroys discrimination, to sweep in upon their souls, and then,—

Oh! if women—and men, as well—could only realize the exactness of that simile so often used, by which travelers along the pathway of the higher life are compared to mountain climbers. If they could know that to pass safely the first crevasse does not insure the safe passage of the second nor the third; if they could only know that to look down or backward on the plain is a very different matter from looking down when one stands on the edge of an abyss, how many might be saved. If women could remember that it is the

over-confident climber who stumbles, that ignorance is far less dangerous at critical times than that knowledge which is transformed into something else by vanity, what suffering would be avoided.

But the saddest of all is when one who is wiser sees a sister woman in a false position; sees her all unconscious of her danger. If sorrow has done its work upon your own life, perhaps you dare speak. You may rush forward to save her, but your hand will be thrust back and your heart will be chilled by words that you thought could come only from the bewildered brain of some drowning man.

"You are trying to get the better of me. You are only working some

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

Fragment

by SIDNEY LANIER

OH, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion
of sin.

By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple, and nothing with-
holding and free,

Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves
to the sea!

Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and
the sun,

Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath
mightily won.

God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness and purity out of stain.

scheme. You are jealous and suspicious. I am in no danger. I can take care of myself."

Perhaps, knowing what the result will be, you insist upon dragging this sister woman away from the precipice's edge, hoping that she will awaken to her peril. You may, perhaps, succeed in saving her at that particular time. There is one chance in ten that you will succeed in awakening her. There are nine chances in ten that you will fail and that the bitterness which is the poison fruit of vanity she will simply taste at a later time.

Why? The reason is very simple and all true philosophies discuss it. It is found in the fact that vanity is a vice, as disintegrating in its effect as any other vice and easily the mother of them all. It may seem strange to us, too, but it is a fact that the line of demarcation between vanity and sensuality is very, very thin. Analyze the features of the woman who prides herself upon being invulnerable. What about the mouth? What of the lines about the eyes? Tell-tale indeed, are the features of the purest face, when to pride is added the chill of un-compassion.

Women of our day, greater opportunities have forced upon you, greater duties, greater responsibilities, mightier obligations to humanity and to each other, than ever before in all time. Watchmen indeed are you "over the house of Israel," faithful only when you are deaf to the vanity that whispers, "I am invulnerable; I am not as other women are." E. W.

The Rights of the Wife

MRS. STANNARD, better known to the reading world as the novelist "John Strange Winter," in a recent letter to the *London Mail* recounted the following incident, of which she was an eye-witness; and this in the Twentieth century!

I had a most curious instance of what seemed to me like apathy during the course of the last month. I went out of my house one afternoon, intending to take an omnibus from the Clarence Hotel for Victoria. As I crossed the road I heard screams, and saw that a knot of people had gathered, quickly recruited after the extraordinary way of a London crowd. I quickened my steps and arrived at the corner in time to see a young woman, apparently not more than two-and-twenty, very small and very comely, gather herself up from the pavement, her mouth streaming with blood, her dress torn open at the neck, and the whole side of her neck frightfully swollen. Above her stood a young man of five or six and twenty. He was of middle height and had evidently struck the blow which had landed her on the pavement.

The bystanders stood around in apathy, and I saw the man preparing to knock the woman down again. Quick as thought I stepped in between them and stretched out my left hand to protect the woman and faced the man. I said: "You only touch her again through me." And I roundly rated him, up hill and down dale, for his brutality and cowardice in striking so small a creature. Somebody in the crowd said: "She's his wife," in a tone which implied that, such being the unfortunate fact, the man was perfectly at liberty to treat her as he would.

I stood between the pair for about ten minutes, trying to control the excitement of the wife, and to sting the husband into something like shame. The crowd rendered no assistance whatever, but remained perfectly silent. Then two policemen came up. I realized the fact with a gasp of relief, having immense faith in the police, especially the police of this district. These were unusually fine specimens of their kind, but I was never so surprised in my life as I was by the coldblooded way in which they reviewed the case. They told the woman she was making too much noise, and mildly recommended the man to go home. The girl, who was extremely neat and clean, as were her children, declared that she went in hourly fear of her life, and that she could not go on living in this state of terror any longer. The police were absolutely expressionless and apathetic, and their attention was turned to bidding the wife behave herself.

I said, "Are you not going to take this man up?"

"No, lady," said one, "there is not sufficient damage."

I said, "The woman is streaming with blood, the side of her neck is swollen and bruised," when one of the policemen delivered himself of this astounding remark, "Well, you see, lady, we can't take up a man for giving his wife a bit of a bat on the face."

Is it a fact that the police cannot take up a man for ill-using his wife unless a

certain amount of damage is done? Who is to determine the amount of damage? Surely the law of this country is for the protection of wives as well as for administering to the comfort of husbands. Must a limb be broken, or must the unfortunate victim be rendered unconscious before the police can exercise their authority?

Now, I do not wish in this letter to seem to be calling down maledictions upon the heads of all policemen, or even of these two. They were not brutal; they were not rough; they were simply apathetic and totally indifferent to the rights of the wife. *If the man had struck me as he struck his wife, they would have taken him into custody immediately.*

Interpretations Under Hypnotism

ACCORDING to one of our exchanges there is now being given in New York city a series of "musical interpretations under hypnotism." The *danseuse* is under the control of her "professor"—a sort of Svengali, apparently—and after being sent into a trance is led to the front of the stage, where she remains standing still until the music is played. To quote from the description given by one of the admirers of this horrible performance, "The hypnotized woman's acting became almost savage in its intensity, expressing fearful violence. Music, half religious, half sentimental brought the entranced performer to alternate paroxysms of despairing humility and fear. At times she cowered imploringly on the floor." The writer closes with the statement, "Her facial expression alone is oftentimes out of tune."

We should think it would be. What can be said of such a performance that is not condemnatory? What of its effect upon an audience? What of the effect of such performances upon the dancer herself, her soul absolutely driven from the helm, her body as much at the mercy of every passing emotion, whether suggested by music or by her "professor," as is the falling leaf at the mercy of the whirlwind? If Theosophy has done no other service, it has declared itself in unmistakable terms against hypnotism. But where is the higher womanhood that does not utter protests against such degrading scenes? STUDENT



FRAGMENT—EGYPTIAN
From a wooden statue dating
from the time of the building of
the Pyramids, 4000 B. C.

ROSE-MORALS

by SIDNEY LANIER

WOULD that my songs might be
What roses make by day and night—
Distillments of my clod of misery
Into delight.

Soul, couldst thou bare thy breast
As yon red rose, and dare the day,
All clean, and large, and calm with velvet rest?
Say yea—say yea!

Ah, dear my Rose, good-bye,
The wind is up; so drift away,
That songs from me as leaves from thee may fly.
I strive, I pray.

A GIRL of twenty, living in Indiana, recently showed great spirit and courage in her own defense. The man whom she was to marry, having listened to a slander concerning her, broke off the engagement. Strong in her innocence, this young girl had her fiancé and the slanderer as well brought before a meeting of the church to which they belonged. There she plead her own cause so ably that, by the unanimous vote of those assembled, the young man was censured for his readiness to believe ill of a pure girl, and the slanderer was obliged to publicly acknowledge her fault.

We congratulate this young girl upon her escape. Had she been married to this man, perhaps the mother of several children before she awakened to his real character, her position would have been a more painful one, even had she had the courage to act. These occurrences are significant in that they are all signs pointing to woman's final emancipation from unwise timidity and false notions of what her position in life really is. Such women should be not the exception but the rule. M. M.

THE condemnation that a certain English writer has been gratuitously offering to American women has sent a ripple into the quiescent waters of ministerial thought. The papers are well-nigh through discussing the matter and the ministers have begun. It is a sign of the times that many are looking at this vexed question of "woman's sphere" with a breadth of view that would have been impossible a generation ago. The Rev. David Beaton of Chicago, says: "The real power of woman lies in her spiritual ideals. If she loses those ideals and becomes selfish, materialistic and frivolous, the very soul of society will perish with her. Woman's function and nature is at heart sacrificial and ennobling, and all her education and opportunities must be given in the service of the heart."

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

New Theories About Stonehenge

THE date assigned to Stonehenge has undergone many and wide variations. Nennius, writing in the Ninth century, places it at about four centuries before his time. More modern writers, regarding the remains as Druidical, vary the date of construction between 100 years before Christ and 500 years after. Nennius asserted that the stones were placed in memory of some slain British nobles, but Inigo Jones believed them to be a Roman temple.

A thorough official reinvestigation has just been made by a committee, with the assistance of the owner, Sir Edmund Antrobus. This committee also called to its assistance the astronomer, Sir Norman Lockyer, and together they decided that the authors of the structure were probably Neolithic men, and that they did their work about seventeen centuries before Christ. Let us consider the nature of the work.

Stonehenge consists of two circles of stones, one within the other. Within the inner are two ovals, and within the inner oval is an "altar" stone, fifteen feet in length. The outer circle contained thirty upright stones, sixteen feet in height and eighteen in circumference. Mounted on the tops of these, stretching from one to another, were thirty more of equal size. The inner circle contained forty smaller stones, and the inner oval nineteen.

Obviously it would tax modern resources to their limit to erect this structure, especially the outer circle. Who, then, were the Neolithic men, who effected this surprising piece of engineering work? Diminutive savages! Says Grant Allen:

In stature the Neolithic men were short and thick-set, not often exceeding five feet four inches. . . . In general culture they were about at the same level as the more advanced Polynesian tribes when they first came into contact with European civilization.

They knew nothing of metal, and all their implements were stone.

Let us ask a Polynesian tribesman by what method he would propose to erect two stone columns sixteen feet high and eighteen in circumference, and then bridge the tops of them with another the same size!

The Neolithic men arrived in England when as yet there was no channel, when England and the European continent were one; and when Spain and Africa were also one. So it was possible to walk from Egypt to Salisbury Plain, where Stonehenge stands. All along that walk are similar structures; in the Mediterranean basin, in Spain, in Africa and Sardinia, and in France. At Carnac, in Brittany, the stones are eleven thousand in number.

Who took that mighty walk, as well as many others, leaving such extraordinary remains? For we may leave the Neolithic men entirely out of account. And the date selected on astronomical grounds by Sir Norman Lockyer, may just as well be 25,000 odd years—that is, a whole precessional epoch—earlier. And what was the purpose of the structure, its central point, the double oval, and the surrounding double circle, and the vallum and ditch outside them—the seven elements? Possibly the builders intended that future ages should ask the question, and that the answer should only come when the world was ready, in understanding their work, to understand them.

STUDENT

The "Mound" of the Mississippi and Ohio

THOUGH the early colonists of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys did not discover any human traces except those of the Indians, later and more learned explorers found that this area was thickly covered with the relics of an older and more advanced race. The chief of these were mounds of earth, whose great number and peculiar struc-

ture renders them of unique interest, for they differ widely from mere burial mounds such as are found in many parts of the world.

They are found throughout the whole region from the Rocky mountains to the Alleghanies, and from the great lakes to the Gulf. Ohio alone contains 10,000; in Illinois 5,000 are found within a radius of fifty miles. From Florida to Texas they abound and in smaller number are scattered through territories outside these limits.

From the form and structure, which vary greatly, various objects have been assigned to the mounds. They may be classified as defensive works, sacred enclosures, temple mounds, altars, burial mounds, animal mounds, and miscellaneous or unidentified.

The defensive works are found chiefly near the Alleghanies, are always near water courses and are placed on bluffs or other sites suitable for fortification. They were evidently intended not merely for defense, but for permanent garrisoning against the depredations of nomad tribes. They consist of walled enclosures, with trenches, out-works, gateways and other usual accessories of a fortification.

The "sacred" enclosures is a conjectural name given to the walled enclosures found in the low lands, but there is nothing to show

that religion was their purpose. Unlike the forts, they are regular in shape, being circles, squares, polygons, etc.

The "temple mounds" are a series which are supposed to have been sites of temples. They may be but a few feet high and several acres in extent; in some cases much higher and larger. Some are pyramids, round, square or oval, with a level top and sometimes terraced. The one at Cahokia, Ill., is 700 feet by 500 at base and ninety feet high.

The burial mounds are those which contain bones and objects such as are buried with the dead. The animal mounds, occurring chiefly in Wisconsin, are only a few feet high, but some hundreds of feet in linear extension.

They are in the shape of various animals and birds, such as the buffalo, bear, wolf, otter, lizard, eagle. The "snake mound" in Ohio is one of the most celebrated. It winds along the summit of a hill for 700 feet and appears to be swallowing an egg represented by an oval mound 160 feet across.

STUDENT

Hints on Irish Archeology

HISTORY tells us that the houses of the ancient Irish were round, and built of wood. Among the better classes, a residence consisted of a number of these circular structures grouped together. Each member of the family had a separate room, or "house," also the guests. And there was always a special one, occupying the most favored spot, called the "greenan," that is, "a sunny-house," for the private use of the women of the household.

The home-life of the Irish has always been characterized by a gracious warm-hearted hospitality.

It is accepted that the influence of education on childhood expresses itself in the character of manhood and womanhood. So, perhaps, this royal characteristic of the Irish race may be traced to its education in early, or rather ancient time, when the people were instructed by the most learned in the land—the Druid priests and priestesses.

To be a Druid, the course of training was sometimes protracted over twenty years. Officers of State were always chosen from among them. "On all public occasions they held the place of honor near the King."

Education was completely under their control. And may it not be that the harmony, the universal nature-love in their teachings, greet us through the Irish heart!—a heart that has gladdened and inspired many wanderers seeking for truth, their only home.

STUDENT



STONEHENGE

Nature

Studies

One of Nature's Desserts

WHAT salted peanuts are to the city boy, that the hazelnuts, or wild filberts, are to the country children of the northern middle United States. The gathering of them is in itself a joy, as they ripen, like most nuts, in the autumn, when nature has softened the summer heat and put on her gorgeous dress of flaming reds, yellows and browns. Then some day a merry party of young folk, duly attended by their elders, starts, duly provided with baskets and sacks, and ravages each long familiar hazel copse for its treasures. The squirrels are at the same task, but as they prefer to wait until Jack Frost has turned the nuts out of the burs, their human rivals take advantage of them by gathering them before that occurs and placing them in layers on shed roofs and such places to freeze and dry.

The jolly work of gathering them is soon done, despite side trips to the wild grape vines and the lingering wild plums. Then there is a cool evening ride triumphantly homeward, seated on the well-filled sacks, which the next day are emptied and their contents jealously guarded from enterprising daws and squirrels, until the nuts can be shaken out and put away for use at little gatherings in the long evenings of winter. Though the kernel is seldom larger than a pea it is very sweet, and, taken in connection with roasted apples or some simple cake, is a feast to the simple rural taste, and much healthier than a city "spread."

We hear that enterprising horticulturists are cultivating and "improving" the hazelnut, but we hope we shall never see any of these and thus lose the woodland flavor of our boyish memories. To domesticate them is almost as much a sacrilege as to cage a partridge, or any other sturdy denizen of the forest glades.



HAZELNUT OR WILD FILBERT

"Playing 'Possum"

WHEN an opossum is pursued it takes to the trees, which it can climb at a lively rate; but when it is caught it feigns death, and will bear a good deal of teasing and thumping about without showing signs of life. It is, however, alert and on the watch for an opportunity to escape, which it does not fail to improve when found. This characteristic is so marked that the expression, "Playing 'possum," has come into use for such action.

There are at least two kinds of spiders at Point Loma that play 'possum. One is a good-sized spider, shining black, with the exception of its back, which is a brilliant yellow, dotted with black. Its body is somewhat angular and looks as if it might be encased in a shell. It suspends its web over the center of the deepest part of a cañon from a long thread which it has thrown across from a bush on one side to one on the other. If some pedestrian in the cañon comes in contact with this web and breaks or disturbs it, the spider, which is in the habit of sitting at the center of the web, spins and swings on a silken thread to the ground, where it drops on its back with its legs folded tight over the under side of its body, and there it lies like some inanimate object, looking more like a piece of hard coal than anything else. As long as it is under close scrutiny it shows no signs of life, but let the attention be turned away for a moment, and away goes the spider.

There is quite a small spider, of a dull, brownish color, which, on being touched by a person, immediately folds up its long legs tightly against its body and looks like a little lump of earth, and nothing more. No one would suspect its being a spider, and consequently would not make war upon it as such. What wisdom has this little mite!

STUDENT

Cold Storage in Nature

THE preservation of fruits by subjecting them to a low temperature is an achievement of which civilized man is very proud, yet it is a very old device in the bountiful economy of Nature. The coast of Northern Siberia is mainly composed of marshy flats called tundras, and to these congenial haunts vast flocks of ducks and other aquatic and shore-frequenting birds, which have been driven southwards by the setting in of the Arctic winter, return in springtime. As these birds arrive almost before the snows have melted, or any of the new vegetation has yet begun to grow, hospitable Mother Nature stands confronted with the problem of feeding her innumerable guests.

Like all wise mothers, she has a habit of looking ahead, and has already ample provision in store. The previous autumn, when the bushes were loaded with sweet berries and juicy fruits, a protective cover of snow was softly spread over the whole. Thus an inexhaustible supply of nourishment was put into cold storage to keep until the warmer days melt the snow, unlock the cupboard door, and invite the hungry travelers to their much-needed repast.

STUDENT

The Mystery of the Mist

JANUARY in a tropical land! Glorious, scorching sunlight; blue, cloudless skies; tall, leafless trees, covered with scarlet and white flowers; the air filled with the twittering of the many-hued birds and butterflies; high, rushing, upsetting, nerve-distracting winds—it is day in the dry season.

Exquisite moonlight; the air filled with the voices of the myriad insect world—hundreds of fiery flies, carrying two lights, like lanterns in the sky; the tall trees and palms, sparkling with the heavy dewdrops; and all the distant hills bathed in soft, purple light—it is night.

Soft twittering and gentle breeze, golden light of the rising sun; wide-stretching plains, covered with waving sugar canes; the distant hills no longer there! Filling all their valleys, tenderly nestling in every corner, lies the enfolding cloak of the mysterious mist, and only their tops remain, like little islands rising from the sea.

It is the early morning of the new day. B. G.

When the Queen Whistles

A PARAGRAPH has recently gained circulation to the effect that the drumming on pans and resounding metal trays does not in any way attract the swarming bees, as it is popularly supposed to do. It is stated that the connection between the noise and the settling of the bees is merely imaginary.

The noise, so it is reported, is a relic of an ancient custom by which the owner of the bees informed his neighbors that a swarm was on the wing and that he was hot-foot after them, thus maintaining his claim.

But, unfortunately for the reporter's exuberance, this pretty theory must be relegated to the limbo of fiction. A bee expert gives quite an interesting explanation of this popular idea. The queen, he says, maintains a low but quite audible whistling, which acts as a focal point for the moving swarm. The sound being overcome by the beating of pans, the queen, unable to control her bands of workers by means of sound, settles in a convenient spot until an opportunity again occurs to proceed uninterruptedly. So well known is this fact that a bee keeper will often imitate the whistling at the mouth of a hive, in order to call the bees to their new home.

B. B.



VIEW ON THE HODU RIVER NEAR KYOTO

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California



ON THE SEAWARD SIDE OF POINT LOMA—LOOKING NORTH TOWARD MISSION BAY

The Universal Brotherhood Congress, Brighton, England, 1899

REPORTS of congresses are not ordinarily interesting to those who do not belong to the body in session; frequently not even to those who do.

But the Universal Brotherhood Congress, held in the autumn of 1899 at Brighton, in England, was neither of local nor temporary interest and importance. Within a very few years it will begin to be looked back to, and its records examined, by a wider and wider circle of people. For the germ of a program was there outlined which, in its ultimate and utmost development, will have something to do with every element in human life. It is the program of a movement for the elevation of every department of human activity and thought. When, in the ordinary course of the discoveries of science, someone announces new facts of a startling character, they are met either with simple incredulity and neglect, or with active hostility. Then, for a time, no more is heard of them. But truth presents herself in cycles. When she has sounded a keynote, she does not at once build upon it.

The point in the cycle comes again, and then the silent work of the interval becomes manifest. Men's minds are ready for the new things; other departments of research are now prepared to harmonize with the new facts. They suddenly find their place and become the starting points of new paths. And it is probable that no interim insistence upon them, no propaganda in their favor, could hurry the arrival of that moment.

This law applies to the English Congress of 1899. It was not so much a dwelling upon the past as the outlining of work to be taken up in the near future when its moment arrives.

It is true that even for the seed then sown the ground had had much faithful preparation. The work of H. P. Blavatsky, begun in England twelve years before, had been carried on without intermission. The public had in some degree been made ready for the reception of new (yet also very old) ideas about human life and its vast untouched possibilities. But the main work of that Teacher had been to awaken individuals and prepare them for the great duties that would ultimately devolve upon them. The actual lines of work she left unsketched, bequeathing this task and the future direction of the work to the hands of her successors, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.

By Katherine Tingley the Congress was called together; and whoever hereafter looks back to its work will see to what extent the future activities of the Universal Brotherhood in England were there indicated and exemplified.

It was held in the great Brighton Pavilion on the 6th and 7th of October, and continued for several days more at H. P. Blavatsky's old home, 19 Avenue Road, near Regent's Park, to which the Leader, Katherine Tingley, had betaken herself immediately on her arrival in England on September 30. Representative members of the Organization from all over Europe were present; and with the Leader were some members of her Cabinet in America.

All the departments of work of the Universal Brotherhood were also represented, the International Brotherhood League, the Isis League of Music and Drama, the departments connected with the work for children, for boys and young men, and with the art industries of women; and the School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity. Each had its part in the Congress.

Music was liberally used throughout. It is held by Katherine Tingley that music has never in our times held the place which belongs to it as one of the refining and elevating influences of life. And it is part of the work of the Isis League to restore it to this position. It is also part of the work of the Isis League to raise the drama to

There Is No RELIGION Higher Than T R U T H

its ancient place as a teacher of the deeper things of life. *The Eumenides* of Æschylus was selected in exemplification of this. But little idea can be derived by the ordinary reader of the deeper meaning which the old Greek dramatist-teachers strove to convey in their plays, a meaning which they largely left to the setting, to the music and to the intelligence or genius of the actors, to convey. In the Brighton rendering of the

Eumenides an attempt was made to reproduce these elements; and the profound impression made upon the audience showed the success of the experiment, repeating that achieved by the several productions of the same drama by the Isis League in New York, and giving infinite promise of possibilities yet unexplored in this direction.

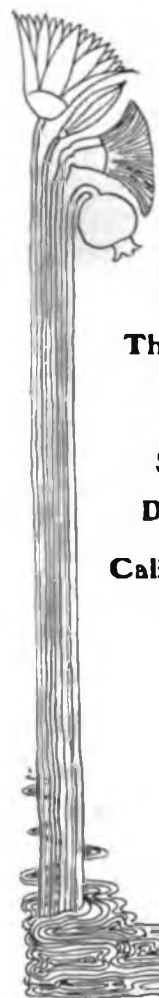
The possibilities of the work for children were shown by the presence and performance of hundreds of children, gathered from all parts of crowded London. They were selected from the various "Lotus Circles" attached to the London Universal Brotherhood Lodges. They had had little but the Sunday afternoon training provided by these centers, and not very much of that. But in their singing, in the grace of their dancing (done in white Grecian flower-garlanded dresses), in the clearness and intelligence of their recitation, and in the manifest joy they took in their work, together with their utter unaffectedness in the presence of so large a company of onlookers, they were an eloquent testimony to the methods for child-training introduced by Katherine Tingley. An extension of these same methods constitutes the Raja Yoga training of Katherine Tingley's schools of that name, of which one was a few days later established at 19 Avenue Road.

One need not despair of London's future nor of England's when one reflects on the great work even now being done for the next generation in the Schools and Lotus Circles. Along with the Avenue Road Raja Yoga School, a Boys' Brotherhood Club was also established at Avenue Road, on the lines of those in America, founded in the Universal Brotherhood Organization.

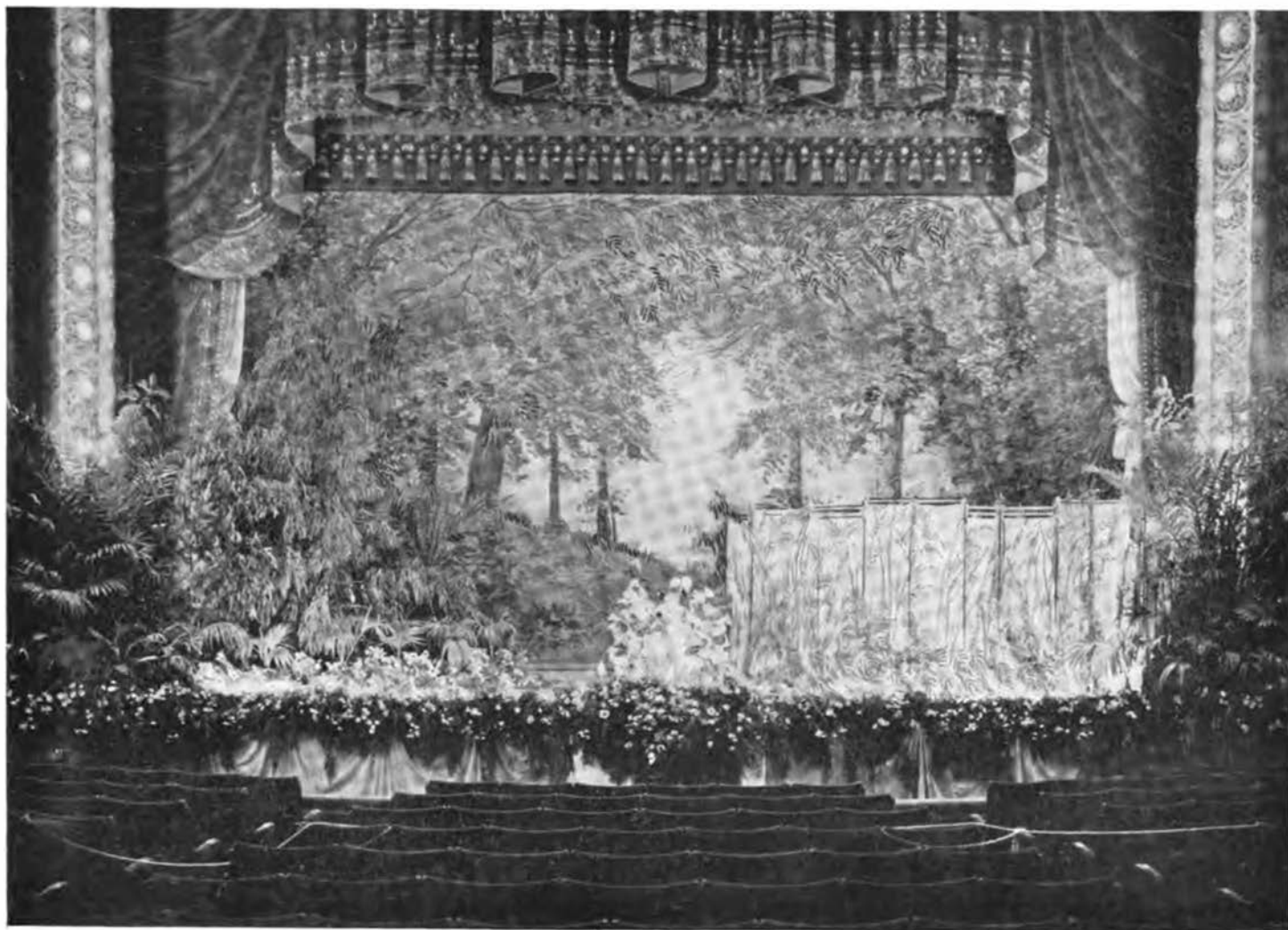
A remarkable feature of the Congress was a debate between a clergyman of the Church of England and a member of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. This was designed to make clear once and for all the attitude which the Organization has to Christianity. It is held that the full meaning of the work and teachings of Christ has never been appreciated. Dogma and bigotry began at once to overlie and darken the words of that teacher, and centuries of sectarian conflict have almost killed the message they contain. Nevertheless the message is still there; the light is still there; and the Universal Brotherhood proposes to bring both, in a new way, home to the modern consciousness. The full bearings of this work will appear later. The debate was designed to show its general lines.

One of the most important parts of the Congressional activities was a short address by the Leader, in which she emphasized some of the points elaborated in the debate. She said:

"It is a fact that humanity has lost sight of its heritage; that it is asleep—has been hypnotized for ages and ages by the brain-mind conceptions of truth. It has been hypnotized by a foul fear. It has been taught that in its birth and growth it is evil in its nature. It has been forced into the minds of men, and even of little children, that they were born sinners; and that cruel hypnotic influence has been an opposing force in the growth and development of our fellow-creatures. It is that fact that stands as an appalling monster today, holding and fettering humanity. There are organizations—there is one organization that has a mighty sweep of power throughout the world, and uses it in all its most pleasing aspects to feed in a certain degree the imaginations of men. It holds out to the world that only a few are to be saved. It preaches eternal suffering for man, and it is that organiza-



Isis
Theatre
San
Diego
California



LOMALAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

ISIS Theatre was well filled last Sunday night, at the usual meeting held under the auspices of the Aryan Theosophical Society of Point Loma. The music was exquisitely rendered by students of the Isis Conservatory of Music, and the two addresses of the evening were listened to with the closest attention.

"An Evening with William Q. Judge," was the subject of a paper by Mr. W. Ross White. "The name of William Q. Judge," said the speaker, "has become known throughout the world as a man of affairs, who, to render a lasting service to humanity, offered up his name, fortune, energies, and in the end his life, upon the altar of altruistic devotion. Mr. Judge's life and teachings were for the expressed purpose of keeping alive all that was true, not only in the Christian religion, but wherever truth was found."

Prof. W. E. Gates, of Ohio, who is a visitor at Point Loma, read an interesting paper on "The Theosophical Movement and Its Connection With Archeology." Professor Gates declared that only thirty years ago the minds of the western nations were confined in two almost rayless prisons. These, although in fact belonging to one camp, were held to be opposed to each other. They were named "Religion" and "Sci-

ence," and in the sacred name of Authority held the minds of men in rigid bonds of constricted belief concerning man's origin, history and place in the world. Mental conditions have changed. These prisons of the mind have been unlocked. What is more important to the human race than a knowledge of itself, of whence it came, of its powers, of how long it has lived and worked upon this earth?

Into these mental conditions came H. P. Blavatsky in 1875, as she herself stated, with a purpose and a mission. Her mission was "to sow the seed of brotherhood in the soil of mysticism." The work she set out to do has been done. The soul of man is asserting itself. The society which she founded as a nucleus of universal brotherhood to study the laws of life, has begun to live those laws, and dared to become universal brotherhood itself, under the leadership of Katherine Tingley. We see today, as H. P. Blavatsky predicted, the establishment in the West of a great seat of learning, where is taught and explained and demonstrated the great theories of men and nature; where the children of the race, instructed in the science of Raja Yoga and the simple laws of life, shall become passionate lovers of the beautiful—workers and helpers in the service of all that lives. OBSERVER

tion above all organizations in the world that is to be feared. I hope that my utterances here will not be in vain; I hope that England, with all its power and majesty, will stand as a bulwark against the invading power of such a system."

And she compressed her countervailing message—that of the Universal Brotherhood—into a sentence that can read as a prophecy:

"If men could rise to the consciousness of their divine heritage; if they could realize every moment, every hour and every day of their lives that they are souls, facing great responsibilities, do you believe for a moment that we should have the fear round about us, the despair, the pessimism and the awful suffering that exist today?"

The work, in fact, of the Universal Brotherhood is to bring home to men that they are souls, and to teach them to work and to live fully and richly, as souls, and also as brothers, with the common heritage of immortality.

Part of the work of the Congress was a rededication to the Universal Brotherhood of the Home at Avenue Road, in which H. P. Blavatsky had labored so strenuously and in which she died. Many meetings were held there, and a new Lodge formed—"The William Q. Judge International Lodge of Universal

Brotherhood." Since the Congress the work has continued in all branches quietly but firmly. There are times when it is profitable and possible to strike hard, moments in a nation's consciousness when it is ready for a new message: and times when a large expenditure of energy would be relatively wasted. England is in the latter case; she is preoccupied, though beneath the surface she is getting ready for new things and a new future. At present it is a fact that although certain movements inimical to her future freedom and growth are taking the opportunity of her preoccupation to insinuate themselves, it is not yet time to counteract them effectively by a wide propaganda of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood. Nevertheless the hour is rapidly approaching when this work will be taken up and pushed to a complete triumph.

Meantime the Leader relies on the faithful and steady work of all the English members, knowing that in their endeavors to live the highest life, to study the principles of the philosophy they profess, to embody them in conduct, and in some degree to popularize them, they are preparing the conditions against the moment when it will be possible once more to sound the charge. HERBERT CORYN



ROAD BUILT BY GENERAL WOOD, NEAR LAS CUABAS, CUBA

DURING THE WAR

Adjacent to the Raja Yoga Academy

MONUMENT RAISED BY AMERICANS AT LAS GUASIMAS IN
Commemoration of first battle between the Spanish and American forces near Santiago de Cuba

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: Recently a low fence has been erected around the Homestead somewhat similar to the one surrounding the International Lotus Home. To those whose minds have a bent towards symbolism it suggests that, as the new Academy is to be located in the Homestead, we must be more wakeful than ever that outside influences of a harmful nature should be excluded. At this institution it is proposed to train hundreds of youths according to the ancient principles of the Raja Yoga School. All sensitive young things are protected in Nature—the egg by a shell, the seed by a husk; and not only does the covering guard against injury, it protects from prying curiosity the sacred, secret evolution of the germ.

It is noteworthy that the Leader has not given out much about the plans for the Academy. Our hungry minds crave for details on which to fasten and to feed, but we are left for the most part with very little information, and are rather encouraged to exercise our divine power of imagination upon the general plan, and not formulate cut and dried details which might only block the Leader's path. One reason, as I conceive it, why the future is kept so secret, is because if fully revealed it would seem "too good to be true." Our weak imaginations would be staggered at the effort to receive the glorious vision of the coming days.

Think of the advantage, first, of this lovely climate, where for nearly the whole year round a life in the open air is possible. Think, too, of the seclusion of this spot. We are not exposed to the contaminating influences which ever hang like a black pall over every city. No coarse advertisements to corrupt the taste. No jarring note of business competition. Every morning from this bold ridge the sunrise lies before us, every evening the sun goes down in full view. This means much to impressionable young minds.

But more than all, the young students will have the advantage of the supervision of an educator and molder of character whose fame has gone out into all lands. We, who have lived on the hill, have felt in our own lives, and seen in the lives of our comrades, the most remarkable results of the influence of our Teacher. How much greater will be the effect of that influence upon those whose minds are not already set and hardened into the grooves that prevailed in the pessimistic, materialistic surroundings from which we have come.

Let us remember that the Raja Yoga training is no new experiment. Even in the short time during which children have been educated here the most wonderful results have been accomplished. An outsider, who came to visit us, said that it was not simply that our girls and boys were better girls and boys than you can find elsewhere—they *seem like another race altogether*.

Here the real Raja Yoga system will be carried on: that indescribable process by which the soul, the mentality and the physical are welded into one harmonious whole, a fitting temple for the dwelling place of that Divinity which each child is told to look upon as his real self.

I write on the eve of the opening day. What will have happened

here before twenty years have passed? The mind sinks back in wonder at the effort to forecast that future. But the heart burns within us, for it already lives in the golden future and tries to send to our lagging, toiling brains, some faint reflection to cheer us on our way.

To see daily exemplification of Theosophy made a living power in the lives of students at Point Loma is a rare privilege. PERCY LEONARD

Language-Learning

THERE seem to be two ways of learning languages, ways that might very fairly be described as the negative and the positive. Indeed, they apply to all learnings of things.

The negative is the bad method, and it is that ordinarily pursued at schools. To pursue it, the mind is rendered flat, passive, or negative; and the elements of the language are then stamped upon it. Pursued for a sufficient length of time, the language will be acquired, and possibly very thoroughly. But there is little growth of any other mental faculty than that of crude memory.

The positive method is that in which the mind is compelled to be at a continual strain of guesswork. It is asking a thousand questions, and is instantly alert at any moment to the least suspicion of an answer.

Huxley once said that his idea of the best way to learn a language for reading purposes was to take some good general book or story in the desired language and intently read it.

Not a word will be understood. No, that is going too far; each line will have a word or two like enough to words in the reader's language to carry their meaning.

After a page he will note the reappearance of the little words corresponding to "and" and "the," etc. These will fit into place and one by one others will follow.

This method is gaining ground. Nowadays there are little books in most languages so written as to contain a maximum number of words alike in the learner's tongue and that which he learns. This might be called the simplified Huxley method.

But the Huxley method is really incomplete. The mind at last awakes to a keen and intelligent enquiry as to the significance or physiology of the changing forms in which it sees the verbs, the various plurals, formations of adverbs from adjectives, etc., etc. And this enquiry must *now* be satisfied with a grammar—which will *now* prove interesting. Of late years a good number of books have been published that follow these lines. Simple sentences, with their translation, are given; and at the foot of the pages are grammatical notes designed to answer the mind's enquiries about forms.

Of every method there are advocates. Fewer, day by day, fortunately, are the advocates of the old heavy grammar system, the negative method—the system in which, at each step, any practical and interesting work is preceded by masses of explanation.

First give your pupil something; then explain it; fill the gap left after his own mind has done its best. When a language has been learned in *this* way, the mind is a keener instrument for all purposes than ever before. It sharpened with every lesson.

STUDENT

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Our Moon and the Walled Plain Plato

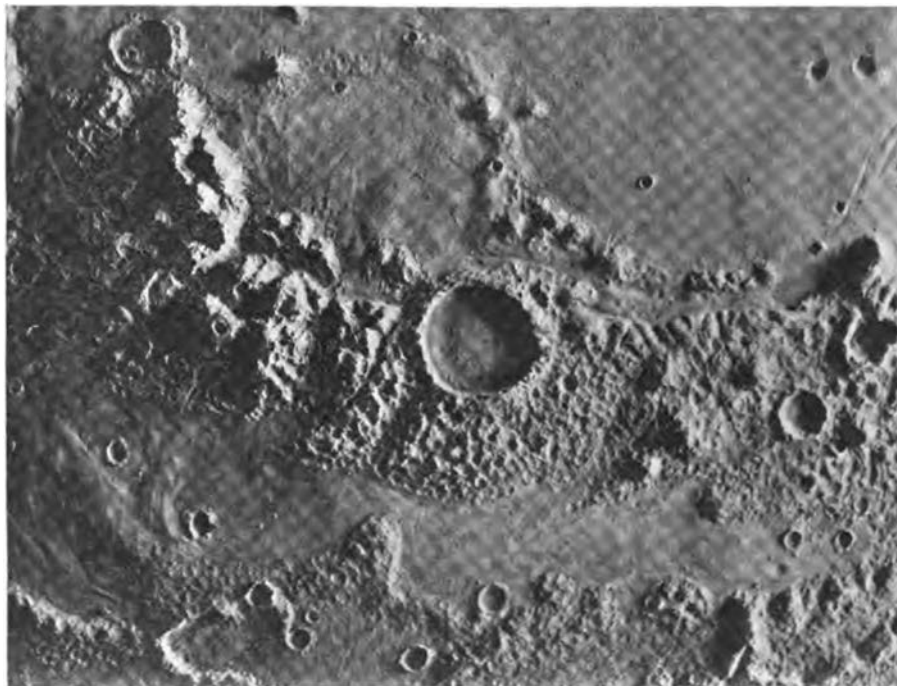
THAT the moon is dead or dying, seems to be the general opinion; that it is dying of old age seems to be evidenced by the study of its surface. It would logically follow that it belonged to a former generation of planets, and is therefore older than those of the present generation of worlds.

For centuries astronomers have speculated upon the moon as a habitable planet, or, when the lack of air was proven, upon the possibility of life-forms which might thrive under unearthly conditions. Philosophers have speculated regarding its past and future, and wondered how it might be that if a man is immortal; a planet could really die. Is the human soul higher in the scheme of evolution than that of a world? If it be true that we do not see or recognize the soul of the moon, does not the same truth apply to most men? Whatever evidence exists to prove the souls of men, likewise insists that there be other souls, greater and smaller, related to each other in that Greater Brotherhood of the Cosmos.

There are not a few points of similarity between things selene and mundane, and one of these is volcanic activity.

Recently the interest of astronomers has centered about the great walled plain known as Plato, on account of changes observed on its floor. The illustration shows the location of Plato in relation to a small area of topography near the north-polar region; on the extreme right is Cape Laplace, which is over 10,000 feet elevation above the Sea of Rains; to the left are the Alps, cleft by a straight and narrow valley which is one of the many odd features of the moon's contour.

On lunar maps the south is at the top, and the north is at the bottom; just the reverse of terrestrial maps. The names given by astronomers to the various areas which were formerly covered by water, have an interesting sequence corresponding to eras in the life of an individual. Beginning in the southwest quadrant of the lunar surface, and going towards the north pole, these are: the Seas of Nectar, Fertility, Crisis, Tranquillity, Serenity, the Marsh of Sleep, the Lake of Death, the Sea of Ice. The last named is shown on the left side of the illustration. Thence, after passing through the Valley of the Alps, and entering the Sea of Rains, a pilgrim might turn to the right and round Cape Laplace to the protected Bay of Rainbows, or he might turn to the left and traverse 1,500 miles of the Ocean of Storms; thence across the Dark Sea to a particularly deep and uninviting crater which the maps designate as "Hell." It is a rough and rocky road, and no kind-hearted person would wish that even John Calvin himself be compelled to walk it barefooted. STUDENT



The Last Surgical Triumph

SURGERY may be a substitute for some lost arts of healing, but it is certainly a very efficient one. The last achievement is the splicing of dead nerve cords to living roots. The muscles supplied by a dead nerve are of course paralyzed. In certain of these cases, especially those known as infantile paralysis, it has now been shown possible to sever the dead nerve from its junction with the spinal cord and splice its spinal end to a living and healthy nerve cord. Fibrils from this extend into it, gradually pass down to the muscular endings, and, if the muscles have been kept healthy in the meantime by appropriate measures, reopen the channel of will. SURGEON

Words and Thought

TWO or three journals have revived the old controversy—do we think necessarily in words? In struggling towards an answer, the correspondents forget that their difficulty simply comes from want of definitions. If "thinking" means a process of consciousness involving the use of words, then of course we cannot think without words. But if they will put the question: Are there any processes of consciousness that go on without words?—the question answers itself. In a very short time an infant knows milk from black ink, and of the two will select the first to drink. It *thinks*, in fact; but it knows no words and would make the same selection if its parents and nurse were dumb. Conscience speaks at first without words. It tells us something is wrong to do. But it tells, and we hear, by *feeling*, not words. The whole area of feeling is wordless. It is often a great trouble to translate an intuition into words. A course of conduct is *felt* to be mistaken. We cannot say why. That is an act of thinking without words. The inspiration of the poet is at first wordless. It may take him hours to translate down this *inspired* thinking into words of any kind. But perhaps it is better to keep the word thinking for those processes that *do* go on in words, and use other names for the other processes (both higher and lower than thinking) which do *not* at first. One could perhaps conceive of a whole life, spent by a person deaf and dumb, in which a great part of the conscious activity might go on behind those gestures which to such a person would be words. STUDENT

Fatigue of Metals

IT is curious to read the current scientific literature. On the one hand there is a strenuous denial of the existence of anything but dead matter, and yet on the other, expressions are constantly used which distinctly refer to life and consciousness. One of these expressions, used now quite a long time, is *fatigue* of metals. This term refers, as we know, to the well-recognized fact that even a moderate stress, if repeated often enough, will ultimately cause rupture in a piece of metal or other substance. The experiments of Wöhler and others seemed to indicate that for each such stress and material there was a definite number of such alternations which would produce rupture. The latest researches, however, show that *time* is an important factor in this, and that if sufficient time is permitted to elapse between the individual applications of the stresses, the material tested will withstand a very much greater number of stress alternations. More than that, it has been found that even a serious injury to a metal through too severe a strain will *heal* again if given time. The metal has a chance to *recover* its even strength, nay, become stronger than it was before, as in wire-drawing. Who is it that shows fatigue? Does a dead body do it? Who has the power of healing an injury? Has a dead body that power? Who can recover strength? A dead body? The answers to these questions are obvious. When will the world of science read the handwriting on the wall? T.

FURTHER details on the use of blue light as an anæsthetic are now forthcoming. The Geneva correspondent of a London daily personally called on Dr. Redard, to whom the discovery is due. He speaks of experiencing a penetrating sense of restfulness and muscular repose, but no loss of consciousness. His description suggests that this effect might be utilized as an adjunct to other treatment in the relief of the craving for morphine and the accompanying horrible restlessness. PHYSICIAN

On the
Shores

Where the Pacific Stills Its Tireless Waves

of
Lomaland

Selfish Invalids



IN a recent lecture by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, he is quoted as saying:

In all my experience as a physician, I have not seen more than a dozen men or women who have been improved morally by long continued suffering. Acute illness and illness which brings the patient close to death, often has a beneficial effect upon the disposition, but I cannot agree with the assertion which we frequently hear made in the pulpit, that suffering is usually the means of refining. I have seen a few isolated cases in which this was so, but it is not the rule by any means. The chronic invalid is almost invariably selfish and peevish, and it is a hard task to find a nurse who can stand the strain of such a service.

There is a wholesome note of truth in this statement of practical experience. Mere sentiment is apt to confuse the condition of things as they are with things as they should be. Certainly there is much to learn from suffering—both mental and physical. But chronic ailments are too often evidence that the patients are evading their lessons. They fail to recognize wherein their methods of living are out of tune with nature's scheme. When we really master any of life's many problems, the page is usually turned over, and something else is presented for study.

The effect of sudden and severe illness is often an awakening to the nature that needs it. Healthy persons, absorbed in the conventional whirl of society or business, are likely to forget the realities of life. Their consciousness, moored upon a plane where everything is changing and elusive, does not operate upon the plane of higher thought and feeling. When the hand of disease strikes them down with pain and weakness, they feel that everything has been swept out from under their feet. This shock, which shows the instability of old standards, emphasizes the necessity of finding something which is more lasting.

The need of a new standard seems less imperative to the chronic case, as he is still able to partially functionate along the old lines. Most of these patients are anything but examples of the refining influences of long suffering. So long as the invalid is kept chronically conscious of the body, by pain or weakness or irritation, the consciousness is largely held upon the physical plane. A study of the general principles of disease, like any comprehensive view, adds to the mental breadth and clearness; but to be constantly aware of one's own symptoms has a narrow, warping influence upon the nature. A body which is demanding attention for its own abnormal details is not conducive to abstract, impersonal quality of thought or sympathy. Dr. Mitchell's opinion will be indorsed by most physicians: practical experience proves that saints are not produced by long sickness. Too often the unreasonable, selfish and ungrateful demands of the sick one are a severe tax upon the nearest ties of kin and friendship.

There is an analogy which unites pleasure and pain. The individuals who are held to the painful body senses by sickness and those who are bound to the pleasurable sensations by sensuality are alike enslaved. Neither experience is ennobling *per se*, however valuable the lessons may become when understood. The chronic invalid grows inured to confinement and limitation and to endless efforts to adjust conditions more comfortably to the personal position. Unconsciously his efforts frequently end with the idea of making disability endurable. There is far more willingness displayed to try new cures than to attempt physiological living.

Emerson says quite truly that men do not wish to be saved from their vices, but from the effects of their vices.

Proper medication, which is so helpful, would be far more efficacious if patients really desired *to get well* instead of simply wishing *to be cured*. This would not mean an increase in the prevailing nervous tension, but to strengthen and develop the will by continuous effort to become familiar with healthful habits rather than to get used to being sick. To keep the body and mind in a calm, positive, hopeful, hygienic attitude will operate in time to build up a better quality of thought and of flesh.

The bodily tissues are constantly undergoing changes, new cells replacing the old ones which are discarded. Scientists show that will and memory are not confined to the brain, but are inherent throughout the body. The body of consciousness, which determines the arrangement of the physical molecules, is itself subject to change upon the mental plane. This accounts for unexpected recoveries due to joy or hope, or other stimulating emotions. Alterations in this invisible mold of consciousness result, in time, in similar physical modifications. If the invalids would persist in physiological thinking and living, the effects would appear comparatively soon, save in hopelessly damaged tissues. As a matter of fact, the chronic case usually displays the average human nature in seeking to adjust the personality to self-imposed limitations rather than in trying to overcome them. Few patients are willing to sacrifice old ideas and habits in the discipline of right living: but they expect to receive sympathy as martyrs to the disability of wrong living.

The world has suffered too long from blind, narrow faith, both in creeds and in cures. We want less inertia masquerading as resignation, and a more wholesome vital tone in religious sentiment. Working out salvation, physical or otherwise, requires intelligent, earnest effort. The body is a temple for the spirit within: we should aim to make it a worthy dwelling-place. Sickness is something to be ashamed of; it stamps one as a hygienic law-breaker, and here as elsewhere ignorance of the law excuses no one. The invalid's disease and disability are entitled to the best care and sympathy which science and devotion can give, but the most lasting benefit lies in helping him to help himself. It is a waste of will power to cultivate endurance of needless mental or physical restrictions when the same amount of energy, physiologically directed, would work for liberation.

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

THE history of our sixteen years of life shows that our efforts put forth in every quarter of the globe have modified the thought of the day, and that once more the word "Theosophy," and many of the old ideas that science and agnosticism supposed were buried forever under the great wide dollar of present civilization, have come again to the front. We do not claim to be the sole force that began the uprooting of dogmatism and priestcraft, but only that we have supplied a link, given words, stirred up thoughts the very highest of importance just at a time when the age was swinging back to anything but what the reformers had fought for. The old faiths were crumbling, and no one stood ready to supply that which by joining religion and science together would make the one scientific and the other religious. We have . . . lead the times a step "to the primitive soul-satisfying philosophy of the Aryans."—*William Q. Judge*. From the *Path*, March, 1892

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Raja Yoga Question Box

O GENTLE land of flowers, where the warrior heart is yet so strong, the world welcomes you to closer comradeship!

1 Who is Mutsuhito?

ANSWER — Mutsuhito is the Emperor of Japan. He came to the throne in 1867, when a boy of 15. He was the first emperor for many hundred years to come out before the people and be their actual ruler. During his reign Japan has been opened up to the world. It has become one of the great powers of the earth. Mutsuhito has been the leader of his subjects in their progress.

2 Who is the Empress Haru?

ANSWER — The Empress Haru is the wife of Mutsuhito. She is beloved by the

Japanese. During the war with China the Empress and her ladies did much to help the soldiers. The Empress gave large sums of money to the hospitals. She went herself to carry gifts to the wounded soldiers. The Empress is also interested in the higher education of women.

3 Who are the Samurai?

ANSWER — For untold ages the Samurai have been the ruling class in Japan. They have been great warriors. In time of peace they taught the people. It was the Samurai who roused the spirit of old Japan and restored the Emperor to his place as ruler of the people. From the Samurai are chosen men to fill places of trust in the state. The Samurai were the true chivalry of feudal Japan.

A Japanese Legend

ONCE when the earth was very gay and glad, says a writer in a contemporary paper, a great bamboo reared its graceful head towards the skies, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. And all who passed by stopped to look at it, because it was so tall and proud, and swayed so gracefully to every passing breeze. Close to this fair, strong bamboo dwelt a rough old willow tree, so old and rugged that none ever thought of giving it more than a passing glance, and the bamboo in its pride looked down upon the hoary willow. One morning, when the dew was on the grass, the bamboo and the willow saw a thin, weak little green shoot rising between them, a futile thing that had leaped out of the ground in the night, and the wind blew it hither and thither until it was twisted and tangled, and almost broken, and the bamboo laughed at the weak thing, and told it to crawl along the ground and not try to stand alone. But the willow whispered to the newcomer to be brave and patient, and told it to wait with patience until the warm sun came and gave it strength.

"Let me lean against you and grow strong, I pray," pleaded the weakling to the bamboo, but the proud beauty shook off the clinging tendrils of the helpless one, and would have none of it, and the little stranger, faint and sick at heart, fell on the ground and crawled to the foot of the willow tree to die. But the willow called to it to take heart, saying, "Clasp your tender tendrils in my bark and hold on to me," and the stranger did so.

Day by day it grew in strength and beauty, wrapping its soft green limbs around the old willow. One day a great mass of buds showed themselves amongst this green foliage, and the bamboo sneered, crying, "What are those ugly lumps that are now coming amongst your leaves? Is it a plague that you have brought so near me?" But the next day the sun shone on the buds and they burst open, and the old willow was one great blaze of glory from the ground right up to its topmost height.

That night the man who owned the ground said to his workmen: "Clear a space around the old willow; cut down and burn all that is in the way; for the gods have sent us this lovely thing, and we must protect it." And one of his hired men said, "Shall we spare the bamboo? It is straight, and tall, and strong." "Not so," replied the master, "Japan

is full of bamboos as straight and as tall, but a willow crowned with such beauty as this no man hath seen." And the thing was done, even as the owner had commanded.

Raja Yoga Base Ball

IF base ball is the national game of the United States, surely here in Lomaland it has become the international game, for we boys come from so many nations, and we all think that there is no game like base ball. But if you wish to know who excels in it, then that is more than I can tell you. The Cuban boys and the English have become

every bit as expert at it as we Americans; but, you see, we do not bother much with comparisons, for we play for the fun and for the exercise, and we get lots of both. I am sure we enjoy the game just as much when our side is defeated as when it wins. Both can not win the same game, you know, but both can find real delight in playing it.

Of course, each of us does his very best all the time, and I think in doing that is where a good deal of the fun comes in, for we are constantly improving. One of the things we are learning is how to pitch curved balls. By the way, over there in the background you will see our dear old friend, Mr. Spalding, who was, I believe, the first to ever pitch a curved ball,

and who has helped us so much in mastering this and other difficult points of the game. **PITCHER**



THE RAJA YOGA BOYS AT BASE BALL
"A close decision"

SO WISE!

A FAIRY sat on a rose-leaf edge---
"The children have grown so wise,
One needn't hide in a rose's heart
For fear of questioning eyes
Nor shake the gold-dust out of one's hair,
Lest a sunbeam show it unaware.
One may tilt and sway in the golden grass,
One may wander fairy-free,
For, of course, if the children don't believe,
They will never look to see!"—Selected

frolic, when it saw the mastiff coming. Instead of running away, frightened, it dashed at the big dog, barking furiously. With one snap of the great jaws the poor little puppy gave up his little unselfish life, and the children were saved. But what a sad thing that poor dogs are not better cared for. They are the truest friends, none more so than the mastiff itself, and those who have most knowledge about them say that when dogs become mad it is because of some one's cruelty or neglect. Usually this comes when dogs suffer from great thirst, and there should be drinking-places for them in every street in our cities. **UNCLE FRED**

Students'



Path

TO LIFT OR TO LEAN?

by ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

THERE are two kinds of people on earth today,
 Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.
 Not the saint and the sinner, for 'tis well understood
 The good are half bad, and the bad are half good;
 Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
 You must first know the state of his conscience and health;
 Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
 Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man;
 Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years
 Bring each man his laughter, and each man his tears.

No! the two kinds of people on earth I mean
 Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
 Where'er you go you will find the world's masses
 Are always divided in just these two classes;
 And, oddly enough, you find too, I ween,
 There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
 In what class are you? Are you easing the load
 Of over-taxed lifters who toil down the road?
 Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear,
 Your portion of labor and worry and care?—*Selected*

Have We Lived Before?

IN thinking over this question a number of others present themselves as variants. "Do we have more than one life?" "Are we alive now?" "Do we ever die?" "Shall we live again?" and so on. To each of these questions we can answer, "Yes" and "No," according to what we regard as "We" or "I."

There is a humorous old song, the refrain of which says:

As I walked by myself,
 I talked to myself,
 And myself, same self, said to me, . . .

Many of us have experienced this trick of talking to ourself, and even holding a strong argument, sometimes pretty loudly. If we think a few moments we can see that we are one self who owns another self. These talks in our lonely hours are an unconscious testimony to our dual nature. The "We," the "I," that does the listening, is the self or soul which rarely speaks, as we commonly understand speaking, in those conversations. The other self that we own, and which does the talking and back-answering, and getting into a fume of fears or complaints, is the lower self, but it is this lower self which we too commonly fancy we are.

It is the real, silent self which has lived before—that is to say, has inhabited other bodies. It is the conceited, ever-talking self that we own, that has never lived before. It is wrapped up in the bodily life; interested in the sensational life, wanting this sort of food and that sort of dress, it must go here and it must do that, and all just so! This self is mortal and has but one life, and when the soul's influence finally parts from it, it ceases, it dies. But the real self, the unselfish, patient, gentle, and yet warrior soul we really are, which is associated with this mortal self, also has only one life! Its one life is immortality itself, continuous being, now in a body, now out of a body, learning to master the animal self so as ultimately to have a perfect and willing instrument to live in and work through for the good and benefit of all creatures. Each period we are in a body we ordinarily call a life. It is only the temporary abode of the soul, though it is the life of the personal, mortal self. You and I, as souls, have lived many such lives on this earth, and many a bitter time have we had as the result of seeds sown in prior lives through our self-will and folly and the lack of true humility. Yet the soul we are in really returns again and again in similar bodies to the task of reaping its harvests and garnering experience till one life it flowers as a transcendent genius, and knows itself as part of a whole and universal soul.

Are we, then, truly alive now, or are we only dreaming heavy dreams

of death and calling it life? Do we think of ourselves as merely animal bodies with our personal likes and dislikes? Are our thoughts centered on it and its pampering as the one object of life? Do we think of all our fellow creatures as beings we are separate from and independent of? Do we think we have no responsibility for their progress, and that we are not affected by their happiness or degradation? Then, according to the teachings of Theosophy, we are dreaming heavy dreams of death, and are certainly not yet alive. But on the other hand, do we regard ourselves as immortal, godlike souls dwelling in a body for a term? Do we try to appreciate our great origin from, and within, a divine unity—the universal soul, in whom we live and move and have our being? If so, we are beginning to live, and the more we realize our unity as interdependent souls and strive to live and work as such, the more nearly we approach our universal relationship.

In essence and fact we are brothers, and we have to realize our responsibility as such. Once we realize that, we shall know we never die, though we shall inhabit many more bodies and live many more personal lives for universal ends. Life will then be, as it is to many even now, one grand, long, one great opportunity for service and progress for all that lives. Let us work, then, for a better understanding of, and a more enlightened sympathy with the great truths Theosophy teaches. Also let us live more and more in harmony with our inner self, our divine nature, and then we shall truly live. S. A. A.

Man's Dual Nature

EACH one of us has within himself the proof of man's dual nature; for every one who has not sinned against his higher nature till he no longer hears its voice, or has not conquered his lower nature and made it obedient to the higher, has within himself continual warfare; and the more earnestly he aspires to be wholly at one with his higher nature, the more strongly does the lower assert itself. And he has to put on his whole armor of right thought, right feeling and right action, or he will succumb to the lower self, whose core is personal, selfish desire. Confusion arises between what we ought to do and what we desire, and the battle rages over what seem to be small things, and there is where we are most likely to fall short, and where we need to be most vigilant, for if we yield in the least, the victory is with the lower self and we are as weaklings before it, crucifiers of the Christ within, wronging our whole being, even that lower self to which we cater, and which we should lift into something nobler and better.

Surely the time has come when we should do no half-way work but fight a royal fight. It is time we should make our declaration of independence from the rule of the tyrant that would use all our powers for selfish ends, time to assert and win our freedom, and throw off the load of heavy burdens that selfishness ever piles upon our shoulders. Our warrior companion, the higher nature, the soul, stands ready to help and guide us when we give ourselves completely to this task, making no reservations and leaving no loop-holes open for the entrance of our dark companion, the lower selfish nature, declaring our own freedom, and by so doing, help to win it for the multitude of lives dependent on our will and our action. If we would all do this, and do it at once, it seems to me the light of it would fill the world, and the joy of it would stir all hearts, and the earth would be reborn into freedom and light, and all nature would sing a glad song. BANDUSIA WAKEFIELD

II

"Man" is defined as a "human being," possessing the qualities of nature, but possessing also something which is higher than the human, which is divine, which makes it possible for him to stand aside from what he usually calls himself, and view the actions due to the qualities of nature. We think of man as *one*—as a living soul, we say—but capable of action in two different ways or directions. His action will be humane, which means kindly or becoming to a man, thinking of others and their needs as well as his own needs. Or it will be the opposite, unbecoming to a man, selfish, in the sense of no regard for others, in no recognition of the close relation existing between all men and universal nature. In his own heart no man doubts which of these qualities should have the supremacy. And yet we are so far from a positive knowledge of these simple and self-evident truths that our civilization is built upon a wrong basis, and hence the Saviors and Teachers of the human race have to come again and again to awaken in man a knowledge of himself. H. G. S.

THE SEARCH FOR THE SELF

I WAS ere a name had been named upon earth,—
 Ere one trace yet existed of aught that has birth,—
 When the locks of the Loved One streamed forth for a sign,
 And being was none save the Presence Divine!
 Ere the veil of the flesh for Messiah was wrought
 To the Godhead I bowed in prostration of thought.
 I measured intensely, I pondered with heed
 (But ah! fruitless my labor) the Cross and its creed.
 To the Pagod I rushed, and the Magian's shrine
 But my eye caught no glimpse of a glory divine:
 The reins of research to the Caaba I bent,
 Whither hopefully thronging the old and young went;
 Candasai and Herat searched I wistfully through,
 Nor above nor beneath came the Loved One to view!
 I toiled to the summit, wild, pathless and lone,
 Of the globe-girding Kaf, but the Phoenix had flown.
 The seventh earth I traversed, the seventh heaven explored,
 But in neither discerned I the Court of the Lord.
 I questioned the Pen and the Tablet of Fate,
 But they whispered not where He pavilions His state.
 My vision I strained, but my God-scanning eye
 No trace that to Godhead belongs could descry.
 But when I my glance turned within my own breast,
 Lo! the vainly sought Loved One, the Godhead confessed.
 In the whirl of its transport my spirit was tossed
 Till each atom of separate being I lost:
 And the bright sun of Tannaz a madder than me
 Or a wilder, hath never yet seen, nor shall see.—*Sufi Poem*

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question What is meant by the School of Mysteries?

Answer A Mystery is a thing hidden or veiled, and in that sense all the forces of nature are Mysteries. For though we see their *effects*, *them* we cannot see. A vast force bridges the space between earth and sun. If it failed a moment, the earth would swing off into boundless space. We cannot see it; we can only see its *effect* in holding the earth in her orbit. We see the growth of a flower, but the force of the growth is concealed. So in that sense all nature is a Mystery.

There is another order of Mysteries, those concerned with man himself, and it is to these that the question refers. Man's inner nature is a Mystery to him. He finds himself prompted sometimes to good, sometimes to evil. He does not know *what* does the prompting; he only knows the *effect*, his impulse. He hears of the soul; he does not know what it is. He finds himself thinking; he does not know how he does it. He can move his arms; he does not know how. His body changes; he does not know how. And he does not know how he came to be at all. So we ourselves are Mysteries to ourselves in every way.

Science, using only the five senses, and reasoning on what they tell, is limited to them, and so can only know and measure effects, not the real forces that cause the effects.

Theosophy teaches that another faculty can be awakened in man which will then deal directly with forces themselves, and understand, not effects only, but the forces in connection with the effects. And the ancient "Mysteries"—"lost" because the faculty has been forgotten and left to sleep—were based on the use of this faculty. They are the same "Mysteries" as will be enacted or taught at Point Loma by the *School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity*. For man still needs teaching about that great part of himself which is unknown to him. What this disused faculty teaches can, in a great measure, be *shown* by certain kinds of play or drama to those in whom the faculty still sleeps. And that will help them to awake it, and help them to live wiser and better and fuller lives, lives of understanding instead of blindness.

So a Mystery, in this sense, is not something artificially and unnecessarily concealed by man; but something which, *by its very nature*, is hidden; and also something which, as soon as we look at it with the right faculty, stands revealed. And the word is then further made to apply to those dramas in which the hidden things were symbolically represented.

Sometimes the old Mysteries took the form of a story told, instead of a play played. There is, for example, a beautiful old Teutonic legend

in which the hero is represented as imprisoned in a cave and compelled to spend all his time forging swords which his great enemy will subsequently use against him. But sometime it occurs to him to hide all the swords he makes by day, and by night weld them together into wings, with which he flies up through the roof of the cave into the free star-lit space above. The swords are, of course, the lower desires, which a man forges by his thought, and which his enemy, death, will sometime use against him and with which it will kill him. But if he will forge them into wings, turn their force into desire for light, then they will carry him upward into freedom.

That of course is a very rough and incomplete example of a Mystery play. But if the many elements in human nature, which we feel and understand so vaguely, are thus thrown out, as it were, on a screen and shown in their separate action; and if the story is devised by one profoundly versed in all the conscious forces that blend and conflict to make our character—it is easy to see that great lessons in philosophy, metaphysics, and morals, can be taught with perfect clearness, and with a vivid beauty utterly impossible to any treatise or written system. Of such were the Mysteries of Antiquity; such they will be at Point Loma under Katherine Tingley. Nay, they are already in progress. H. C.

Question According to Theosophy are the terms Heaven and Hell applied to conditions or places?

Answer The well-known teaching of Jesus that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you," is also the teaching of Theosophy. And the Heaven or Hell in which we find ourselves at any time are due to our own inner condition primarily, and not to any place in which we may be. This is a matter of common experience. A man may be in the midst of surroundings that are bright and pleasant and such as outwardly should be conducive to the greatest happiness—truly a heaven on earth. But if the heart and mind are not attuned, if there is not an inner peace and content, if the mind is restless, dissatisfied, anxious, grieving, if the lower nature is dominant, such surroundings will not make up for these things, but the state of the mind will distort the vision and becloud even a cloudless sky. Such surroundings, such a place, will no longer be heaven, but may appear as a veritable hell.

But we know that the converse is also true, that in the midst of the darkest surroundings, amid squalor and vice, the heart may be full of light and hope, shining like a star in the midst of the darkness, carrying its own heaven with it wherever it may go.

There is another point, however, to be considered. Every one, no matter what his character may be, tends to create around himself conditions similar to his own interior nature, thus making as it were a place for himself. In whatever place we may be, in degree we make of that place a heaven or a hell. If we work out the purposes of our divine nature, which are the true purposes of life, we not only have heaven within us but create it around us. And this is our destiny, not only as individuals but as the human race. Not to do this, but to permit the opposite conditions of selfishness, self-gratification and self-seeking and all their unholy train which in the aggregate make hell—to permit these conditions to grow in our natures, would be to go contrary to our destiny.

This earth is fair, Nature is beneficent, the only discordant note is due to man. But were he to live out his true nature, this earth would be heaven indeed, and it rests with him to make it heaven. And then heaven, besides being a condition, will be a place also.

As for there being heaven and hell beyond this life, or in the intervals between successive lives on earth, it is clear that as states or conditions these must exist, for man carries his own states, his own character, with him; he cannot change these states unless he changes his character. Are they places, too?

Not in the sense in which we ordinarily conceive of place, for that exists for us only on the physical plane, and when death comes we leave our physical bodies and the physical plane behind.

But then, as now, even if heaven exist as a place, our going there and our being there depends on our having heaven within ourselves. When that is so, then heaven is wherever we are, and we may rest content that in the wise purposes of Nature each one goes to his own place, and whether that place be heaven or hell.

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OCT	BAROM- ETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
3	29.636	71	59	63	63	.00	NW	9
4	29.746	72	63	67	63	.00	W	4
5	29.750	70	64	66	63	.00	W	5
6	29.700	70	59	66	62	.00	W	2
7	29.632	72	60	64	60	.00	SE	7
8	29.644	72	61	65	61	.15	W	10
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Truth Light & Liberation for Discouraged Humanity

CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Isolated Thibet
Thibetan Bible
Grand Lama's Palace
The Chinese Queue
For Law and Justice
The Arthurian Nucleus
The Siberian Railway
Chamonix & Mt. Blanc—frontispiece

Page 4—XXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Annihilation of Space
Words Mirror of Mind
The Pitfall of Youth
New Epicureanism
A City's Wards Unfed
How to Be Ill

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

The Music of Japan
A Landscape (illustration)
Technical Training
Life and Song (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Breaking of Life's Vows
The Mother (verse)
Rearing of the Child
On Grounds of Raja Yoga
Academy (illustration)
Should Illiteracy Disappear?
Group Home, Lomaland
(illustration)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Indian Engraving—illustrated
Egyptian Architecture—illustrated
Surgical Skill in Babylon
Among the Cliff-Dwellers

Page 9—NATURE

Point Loma Beauties—illustrated
A Singing Mouse
Intelligence and Good
Fellowship in Birds
A Swedish River (illustration)

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

The Dedication of
the Raja Yoga Academy
Periodicals of the
Universal Brotherhood
Organization
Students at Isis Theatre

Page 12—GENERAL

Cuba's Change from
Bull-fighting to
Baseball—illustrated

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

New Bridge in Nature
Right of a Child
Non-Expansible Alloy
Bacteria Mistake Their Vocation
Electricity in Medicine
Knowledge of Lunar Geography

Page 14—OUR YOUNG FOLK

How to Study Ancient History
The Conquest
The Old Flag Forever (verse)

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Raja Yoga Question Box
On a Flower Farm
The Peasants of Modern
Greece—illustrated
The Sweet Red
Rose (verse)
Mary's Violet

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

Compensations (verse)
Toleration
Hope
The Need of Raja Yoga
in Daily Life
Selection (verse)
Theosophical Forum

Pages 18, 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological

Isolated Thibet and Its Mysteries

THE British mission to Lhasa is one of the most interesting and significant events which have happened since the beginning of the present century. Thibet has always been surrounded with a halo of mystery. Its strange and complicated ecclesiastical and hierarchical system bears, with the sole exception of its two chief Lamas, so close a similitude to that of the Roman Catholic, that Abbé Huc considering this and many other resemblances connected with northern Buddhism, was at a sheer loss to understand and explain the facts.

The Dalai Lama is, as a matter of fact, the spiritual head of the northern church of Buddhism, if the word is admissible. This branch of the great religion of Shakyamuni, called the Mahayana, or Great Vehicle, is doctrinally, but not positively in a fundamental sense, in es-

trangement from southern Buddhism, or the Hinayana system—the Doctrine of the Little Vehicle.

Thibet is the center of Buddhistic doctrine; and there, in his extraordinarily magnificent and interesting retreat lives the "living incarnation of the Buddha," as a Buddhist of the northern school would say of the Dalai Lama. His country has been called the home of superstition, thieves and drabs—a criticism possibly based on hearsay and report, as so many other criticisms are.

Saner Ideas of Life vs. Egotism

One is glad that this strange and hitherto inhospitable land seems on a fair way towards yielding up its territorial and racial egotism to saner ideas of life.

Like Japan was just one-half century ago, Thibet, protected by its nearly unbroken rampart of high mountains on north, east, south and west, has been immersed in a racial stupor—of a kind—for ages. Its frontiers are jealously guarded against foreign intrusion; and while the nominal sovereignty of China is acknowledged, the Chinese themselves confess their political and governmental authority to be a mere idea.

So positive and persistent an isolation is not merely prejudicial, but acutely harmful as well to the Thibetans as a people; while the power directing the isolation is short-sighted and selfish. The very fact that with the exception of occasional fertile oases, the high table-land of Thibet is so arid, rocky and waste that even European science and ingenuity could with difficulty make a productive land of it, argues against it ever seeming fit for occupation and settlement by the white man. Does it contain vast mines of gold and gems and rare metals? Possibly; but no one knows that it does, and its situation in Central Asia, surrounded by

Conditions Unfavorable for Progress

and inhabited by fierce and treacherous tribes, to say nothing of its terrible climate, would deter any but the most intrepid and foolhardy gold-seekers from essaying to force an entrance. In short, it is by natural conditions quite sufficiently protected against foreign settlement. When a trans-Asiatic railway runs from Paris to Peking via the coast line of the Arabian Sea; when the wild tribesmen shall have vanished; when the Thibetan shall have learned to meet the White Man in the way the Japanese has—then may Thibet enter the family of peoples on an equal footing, for it will have the countless millions of Young China at its back.

Yet Thibet holds much of absorbing interest, alike to the historian, philosopher and antiquarian. Of all the Himalayan peoples the Thibetan alone possesses a historical and literary interest to European knowledge. Its temple-literature is even now known to be vast, countless volumes existing on religious, mystical and historical subjects. And what about those marvelous finds of evidences of a prehistoric civilization which, says H. P. Blavatsky, once covered all Central Asia, and built over the eastern and central portions of the high plateau opulent and flourishing cities which could well vie with Babylon! More than one

Ignorance of Subtler Laws of Nature

European traveler has discovered remarkable evidences of this prehistoric civilization. Thibet has its mystics and wonder-workers; so have other lands which know well the white man's tread. And by the white man's very ignorance of the subtler laws of nature, and by his personal sense of infinite superiority over his Oriental brother, are these secrets hidden from him. A diet of flesh and whisky, and a life of uncontrolled desires, are not the "open sesame" to Nature's wondrous secrets.

Yet Thibet must come one day into the comity of the peoples of the earth. Brotherhood and not isolated interests shall and must one day be the law; progress, even through suffering, and not selfish egotism of race or creed—a stagnation of the human soul—shall one day open the wild passes of the Himalayas.

We need not go to the East for Light. The crest of the wave of human knowledge and wisdom is carrying us along; and as William Q. Judge once wrote in substance: We need no missionaries from India or Thibet; it is our duty to send such there. G. DE PURUCKER

The Thibetan Bible

THE Thibetan Bible is a voluminous affair, and an expensive one as well, judging by the following account:

The *Kahgyur*, or Thibetan Bible, consists of 108 volumes of 1,000 pages each, containing 1,083 separate books. Each of the volumes weighs ten pounds

and forms a package twenty-six inches long, eight inches broad and eight inches deep. This Bible requires a dozen yaks for its transport, and the carved wooden blocks from which it is printed need rows of houses, like a city, for their storage. A tribe of Mongols paid 7,000 oxen for a copy of this Bible. In addition to the Bible there are 225 volumes of commentaries, which are necessary for its understanding. There is also a large collection of revelations which supplement the Bible.

From the foregoing it is very evident that a Thibetan family knows its Bible by report and by quotation. Instead of being a household article common in every home, it is a tribal possession and is looked upon as communal property. The spirit of Biblical research is very apparent in view of its 225 volumes of commentaries and its collection of revelations; but the restriction of such research to the initiated monks certainly acts as a vigorous deterrent to protestantism of whatever nature. P.

Lhasa and the Grand Lama's Palace

A PRESS correspondent gives some particulars of Lhasa, lately visited by the British expedition.

The city has no walls, these having been pulled down in 1721 and replaced by a sand embankment to protect against inundation. The road passes Norbuling, the summer palace of the Grand Lama, runs beneath tangled plantations attached to Kundeling monastery, and reaches a height from which Lhasa is viewed.

There is almost nothing missing from this splendid spectacle. Architecture, forest trees, wide spaces, rivers and streams, mountains, everything lies out before one looking down from the height upon Lhasa, immediately at one's feet. Nor is this quite all the charm. There has been nowhere along the journey a hint of what the end was to be. The dark forbidding spurs and ravines of the valley interlocking one behind another promised nothing of this, and the delight of Lhasa's beauty is doubled by its utter unexpectedness.

It is true that we had passed through green fields and marshes cloaked shoulder high with rushes; it is true that here and there a densely matted plantation had moved out to view from behind a projecting spur, or seen afar, had slowly grown in size beside the road as we came along. But there was nothing—less, perhaps, in the maps of Lhasa than anywhere—to promise us in the heart of a city these wild stretches of dense wood, this close-cropped grazing land and this marshy grass, ringed and delimited by high trees, or the lazy streamlets of brown transparent water over which the branches almost meet.

Thus in Lhasa itself there is a mile-wide green belt enclosing the palace and secluding its holy occupant from the town. The town itself is an adobe stretch of narrow streets and flat-topped houses, with here and there a blaze of golden roofs. The Grand Lama's palace "would dominate London."

By European standards it is impossible to judge it. There is little to which comparison can be made. Perhaps, in the austerity of its huge stretches of blank, unveiled, unornamented wall, and in the flat, unabashed slants of its tremendous southeastern face, there is a suggestion of the massive grandeur of Egyptian work, but one only thinks of the likeness to dismiss it again.

The vivid white of the buttressing curtains—each a wilderness of windows and the home of hundreds of the crimson clad dwarfs who stand in the sun at the stair heads, or, pygmy like, man the roof tops—strikes a clear and harmonious note with the sea of green which washes up to their bases. But one is hardly ready for the perfect taste which not only decided for the rich maroon color of the central building resting—three times as large as Stafford house—upon and between its white supporting bulk of masonry, but added, with the sparing hand of the old illuminator, the golden finials which recompose the whole from roof to roadway. It is in such perfect taste that the glistening tops of the Jo-kang, visible enough a mile away across the trees, seem a trifle overdone and even a trifle vulgar in comparison.

The Chinese Queue

SIR CHENTUNG LIANG-CHENG, Chinese Minister at Washington, says that it is a popular delusion to suppose that a Chinaman regards the abandonment of his queue as meaning social ostracism and future perdition. There is no religious significance in the pigtail, merely rooted custom; and it is being abandoned in many countries by Chinese settlers. The Chinese Government has no objection, and takes pride in seeing its people adapt themselves to the customs of other countries.

"For Law and Justice"

An object now frequently seen in Finnish homes is a little savings box bearing the motto "For Law and Justice." The money gathered in these boxes is devoted to helping the agitation for Finland's freedom, and sustaining the arrested and deported.

It is more than possible that as things are now going, the possessor of one of these boxes will *ipso facto* be the first to need its contents.

The Arthurian Nucleus

THE Celtic revival is causing the old Arthurian controversies to assume a new life. At any cost the hero must be rescued from non-existence, and his life disentangled from adventitious elements. These are many. The original Celt-Euskarian nucleus has been surrounded with later romance elements, with elements of Scandinavian and early Christian origin, and with some brought back to Europe by the Crusades.

The theory that there was *no* Arthur is peculiarly characteristic of our day, and is sister to the theories that give us no Homer and a Bacon for Shakespeare.

But it is gradually becoming recognized that there *was* at some period of pre-Celtic history a very great and commanding personality, so great that his people looked up to him as their material and spiritual redeemer, and believed that when he died he rose again, and was waiting somewhere in the world against the hour when he could once more come amongst them. So great indeed was he that when, in the early Christian centuries, his legends began to be collected and viewed as a whole, it seemed for awhile as if King Arthur would become the eponym of humanity, or hold the place of Christ.

We must recollect that the available sources of possible information are as yet but touched. There are thousands of Welsh-Celtic manuscripts so far even unread. STUDENT

The Siberian Transcontinental Railway

WE read much just now about the splendid equipment of the Siberian Railway, an equipment which in some respects surpasses even that of our luxurious trains, which so long have been considered models of perfection. These trains are not only provided with the usual sleeping-cars and dining-cars, with libraries, barber shops and bath rooms, but in addition they are furnished with fine pianos in elegant music rooms. This will certainly very much assist the travelers in making the best of a long and tedious journey, and the enterprise shown is in so far commendable; at the same time one can not help regretting that such a large portion of forethought and care is spent on merely material comforts. Conveniences are pleasant, to be sure; yet carried to extremes they enfeeble a people, which soon finds it impossible to get along without them.

In Russia, however, we can scarcely speak of a *people* being thus corrupted, for the vast majority will not have a chance to even get a glimpse of these luxuries. Nowhere in all the world is the distinction between the rich and the poor so marked as in Russia. Nowhere else is there so much squalor and misery next door to the palaces. Nowhere else is there such contentment amidst the poor surroundings. And nowhere else, perhaps, does there exist the same difference between the conveniences furnished the well-to-do traveler and the peasant who travels on the very same train. STUDENT

Chamonix and Mont Blanc---Frontispiece

THIS week's NEW CENTURY cover-page contains a remarkable view of the valley of Chamonix, and of the famous Mont Blanc.

No other valley, or range of mountains, is so celebrated throughout Europe, as is this part of the Savoy Alps, on account of its picturesqueness and wild grandeur. The glaciers running down into the valley from Mont Blanc, the *Mer de Glace* famous in the number, are the finest in Switzerland.

Chamonix, written of in poem and story, lauded to the skies by enthusiastic tourists and the summer recreation ground of Europe's sight-seers, enjoys a universal fame for beauty, and deservedly too.

The village of Chamonix is 3425 feet above the level of the sea. The winters are usually severe, lasting from October until May; while snow usually covers the ground to a depth of three feet during these months. Yet even in winter, visitors throng to this beautiful Alpine resort, and old and young lose the cares of life in the vivid excitement of Alpine *lugeing*—a form of Alpine tobogganing.

To the Members of The Universal Brotherhood Throughout the World: In order to expedite improvements in the different Departments of The Universal Brotherhood Organization, it is necessary that all communications, connected with the work of the Universal Brotherhood, should be directed to Katherine Tingley, Loma Homestead, Point Loma, California.

(Signed)

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Leader and Official Head*

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

The Annihilation of Space Imminent

SPACE, mere distance, will soon have to confess its power utterly gone. Wireless telegraphy is rapidly becoming a mere commonplace of daily life. Wireless telephony is close at hand. Now, to complete the matter, comes the transmitted picture of the person talking. He stands before you and speaks. The telegraph transmits not only the letter of your friend, but his handwriting. The details of engravings and sketches of events can now come with the current.

Go forward a few years, and it is obvious that every part of the earth will be in visible and audible touch with every other. The wires, or the paths of electric transmission, are a set of nerves of the organism of humanity. What happens anywhere happens everywhere.

But they would not mean so much if they were not the physical symbols of other paths which are to events in feeling what the electric paths are to events in fact. These will soon be recognized. One would have thought that even now the majority of thinking men would have come to suspect that a bloody war could not be in progress in any part of the earth without the volcano of passions attending it being felt in some degree over all the field of human consciousness.

And so, coming closer and closer together, we live more and more in every hour. Consciousness moves swiftly. Inexplicable moods and impulses, having no obvious outlet in action, no obvious cause in our own lives, succeed each other rapidly. We feel more, think more, and have more pains and joys. But especially pains, for most lives are painful; the interrelation of nations is mostly one of strain due to jealousies and rivalries. And by the annihilation of space we are forced to dip into it all. Yet that very thing is the promise of future harmony, and of a future fulness of life we cannot dream of yet.

STUDENT

Words the Mirror of Mind

IT often strikes one that the historian of morals and manners, the historian of the *consciousness* of a people, would find his clearest index thereto in the history of their words, the words that have slowly changed their meaning for the better or the worse. Witness *pious*, and *piety*, once terms of unmixed praise; now with a flavor of hypocrisy and intellectual weakness. Witness *sanctimony*, and *sanctimonious*, now nearly the same as hypocrisy and hypocritical.

There are also subtler but equally significant changes. *Conscience* once meant *consciousness*; then, that supreme faculty of consciousness assumed by the man who judges himself, that is, judges his thoughts. The man *was identified with the judge*. Then the meaning changed, and the man became *the thing judged*. The point of the change lies in the degradation of the man. The old English word for conscience was "in-wit," in-knowing; it carried the idea not only of gnawing reproof or exhortation to deeds, but of *knowing*. It was the equivalent of *intuition* in its proper sense. But *intuition* does not now mean looking within to that which knows, but a sort of feminine quick guess. *Idea* once meant a divinely conceived foreplan of something that afterwards became sensible to mortal eyes. Now it is a casual opinion. And so on. Are there *any* words that have gone *up*, spiritually or intellectually? But words, like *mén*, have their cycles of light and darkness, and the latter is nearing its end.

STUDENT

The Great Pitfall of Youth

WE have every sympathy with the agitation in favor of the control of cigarette-smoking by the young. But there is something more to be said. When your anæmic, spotty-faced, shambling youth explains that his palpitating heart and all the rest of his symptoms are due to the excessive use of cigarettes, he is *never* telling you the whole of the truth.

And that which he does *not* tell is more profoundly the cause of his condition than that which he advances to your attention. The real cause is one usually discoverable only by its effects. If these were as legible to parents and school-teachers as to the majority of physicians, the next generation might add another ten years to its promised average of individual life, and halve the number of its lunatic asylums.

PHYSICIAN

The New Epicureanism

A PHILOSOPHICALLY-MINDED contemporary notes the rise of what it calls "The New Epicureanism," the doctrine of the duty of happiness. It examines the precepts of various schools of this Epicureanism. Some teach, as a path to happiness, the constant "denial" of the very existence of those ills that make us unhappy. Others teach the "assertion" of their opposing goods. One little book, from the last school, which we recently noted, has as its chief prescription, the constant repetition of the words, "Youth, health, vigor."

All these prescriptions are said to be ways to happiness.

There is only one real and permanent cause of happiness; it is that submergence of the intense sense of selfhood, which occurs when the opposing sense of unity with others rises. It takes the forms of sympathy, love, compassion, brotherhood, kindness; and it manifests in word and deed. It can be cultivated, thought about, trained and "asserted;" and affords the same stimulus to the will as any of the other practises. Its effects are permanent. Moreover, all other persons are compelled to *aid* the man who enters *this* path. He radiates something which evokes from them an answering radiation eminently helpful to both. But the man who mutters "youth, health and vigor"—why should others help *him*? He is in fact walling himself in very closely, and what has he left when his trinity deserts him, as it must?

We repeat the eternal commonplace—permanent happiness, happiness lasting up to and through death, is in ratio to forgetfulness of self in love of others. All other happinesses are unphilosophical, delusive, and have a time limit.

STUDENT

A City's Wards Going Unfed

IN the columns of the *London Times*, the Rev. Dr. Horton calls attention to the 122,000 children going to London schools unfed, and makes a suggestion that is almost indecent. It is nothing less than that the great City Companies should forego their costly banquets and devote the amount to the feeding of the poorest of these children. He seems to be aware that this is going almost beyond reason, and suggests an alternative course—that they should go on with their banquets but subscribe a sum equal to that spent thereon.

We do not know what will come of these impertinences. But they suggest an ideal of city life which may sometime be worked out in detail in our Londons and New Yorks. Why should not the children born in the poorest strata of great cities feel that they are in a real way the care, the wards, of those cities? Why should they not constantly feel the power of the city as a protecting hand about them? At present they hardly know it save as a force compelling them to go to school, and ultimately punishing the worst kinds of outrage. Thousands of them now grow up with the sense of being entirely uncared for, unwanted, alone. The way in which Freemasonry deals with its orphans comes into one's mind.

STUDENT

How to Be Ill

THERE is a view of illness which those who are ill might very usefully adopt. Acute illness, fevers, are in perhaps all cases eliminative storms, fires excited by foreign matter whose tendency is to burn that matter.

That is the view that the patient should take and hold, as far as he can, feeling cheerful and confident that the burning—painful as it is—will leave him the better for the riddance of long accumulated rubbish. This even applies to a common cold. And contrary to most "assertions" of like kind, it is strict truth, the exact fact.

But if, on the contrary, he lets the thought—"I am *ill*"—dominate him, then he is assuredly setting his mind in color with the dark side of the case, depriving himself of a legitimate help, and weakening his forces of recuperation. The natural tendency of illness is to cure itself when its work is done. The patient's business is to live till then. And he will most effectively attend to this business by a cheerful and correctly based attitude of mind.

PHYSICIAN

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Music of Japan—Many Lessons Still to be Taught

FROM the Paris letter in a recent issue of the *Musical Courier*, we clip the following:

There are a number of conservatories of music in Japan. One I know of in Tokyo and another in Yokohama, a program of a students' concert that took place in the latter having been published in this paper some time ago; it was sent to us from the conservatory, and Beethoven figured in it. Moreover, we must not forget in discussing this interesting "war" feature, that we can be assured beyond any doubt that the military and naval bands of Japan are constituted of Japanese natives. These natives must have studied our music, our musical notation and the technic of our musical band instruments and our band orchestration, and they must comprehend, at least, some divisions of our rhythm to be able to play on these instruments.

Now, then, how did these Japanese learn this music, learn the manipulation of our musical instruments, and—this is more important—how did it come that they substituted, in place of their own original Samurai war songs and war chants, the new music of the West? Let us remember that their own war songs always led to victory, and that they have never, during a dynastic rule of over 2500 years, been defeated.

What does 2500 years of uninterrupted advancement mean? Their very adaptability in assimilating with unheard of rapidity the whole social, ethical, political and scientific machinery of the West illustrates what it means. What happened in these 2500 years? With the exception of Japan, every Asiatic nation has been humiliated by nations of Europe, China being humiliated contemptuously by Japan within a few months—contemptuously, considering the disparity in the size, the number of inhabitants and the resources of the two nations. Until Marathon and Salamis, the Asiatic nations governed the then habitable or inhabited globe, and after these events, some 500 years before Christ, the tide began to turn, until not only the autonomy of government was lost to the Asians, but the greater part of the continent was actually acquired by European nations. It required 2500 years to do this, and we know that during all this nearly incomprehensible period of history, embracing about all we claim thoroughly to know of the human race, this Island Empire of Japan remained unmolested not only in its life but in the uninterrupted continuity of its dynastic succession.

What do we know of the music of the vast part of that period? Nothing. With the usual superb and impudent equanimity of Western civilization, we assume that during this period, a period embracing the pinnacle of artistic achievement, music was a mere complement to the other arts; that the Greeks had a limited number of modes which to our acute sense of cultured hearing would seem cacophonous; that there were some rude attempts at harmony in later Egypt; that the Asiatic did not even know a mode, or a harmony, or a lucid interval. Not knowing anything at all about the music of the greater part of this, the only truly historical period of mankind, there is no utility in discussing it. In the archeological discoveries we find the remains of laws, documents illustrating society, war and its conquests, and the lineages of royalties. We find monuments and inscriptions, but there is no trace of music; *but there must have been music*, or the Japanese could not now be able, after only a few years, to play what we call music. If we deny this, we must admit that, taking into consideration the magnificent genius of her soldiery and her organizers, the Japanese nation must be gifted beyond the ordinary capacity of the other nations of the globe, and that is hardly admissible.

A nation that has been able to sift out and adopt what is best in our Western civilization without being demoralized and ruined by what is worst, certainly is "gifted beyond the capacity of the other nations," and this Japan has been able to do. We agree with the correspondent in that "there must have been music," even though we have not, with all

our burrowing, been yet able to unearth it. Japan has taught the artists of modern Europe and America some of their greatest lessons in art—it is more than likely that she may say her word in music when she is ready.

So spectacular has been almost every phase and every process of our Western growth, it is difficult for us to understand that deeper development, that truer growth, that can never come to be save in the silences. It was no accident that those who have guided the destinies of Japan kept the nation secluded for so many years and forced its growth to be self-contained and silent. To have done otherwise would have been to place this people of possibilities at the mercy of our ravenous Western "civilization" before it had attained its wisdom or had found its strength.

And drama? Is it probable that a nation whose history is one of the most dramatic the world has ever known, and whose heart-life is still honest and sincere, may not yet teach us many lessons in the higher drama? STUDENT

Without poetry our life will appear incomplete.

—Matthew Arnold



FROM LANDSCAPE by COROT

LIFE AND SONG

by SIDNEY LANIER

IF life were caught by a clarionet.
And a wild heart throbbing in the reed.
Should thrill its joy and trill its fret
And utter its heart in every deed.

Then would this breathing clarionet
Type what the poet fain would be.
For none o' the singers ever yet
Has wholly lived his minstrelsy.

Or clearly sung his true, true thought
Or utterly bodied forth his life.
Or out of life and song has wrought
The perfect one of man and wife:

Or lived and sung, that Life and Song
Might each express the other's all,
Careless if life or art were long
Since both were one, to stand or fall:

So that the wonder struck the crowd,
Who shouted it about the land:
His song was only living aloud.
His work, a singing with his hand!

Technical Training v.s. the Culture of Heart Life

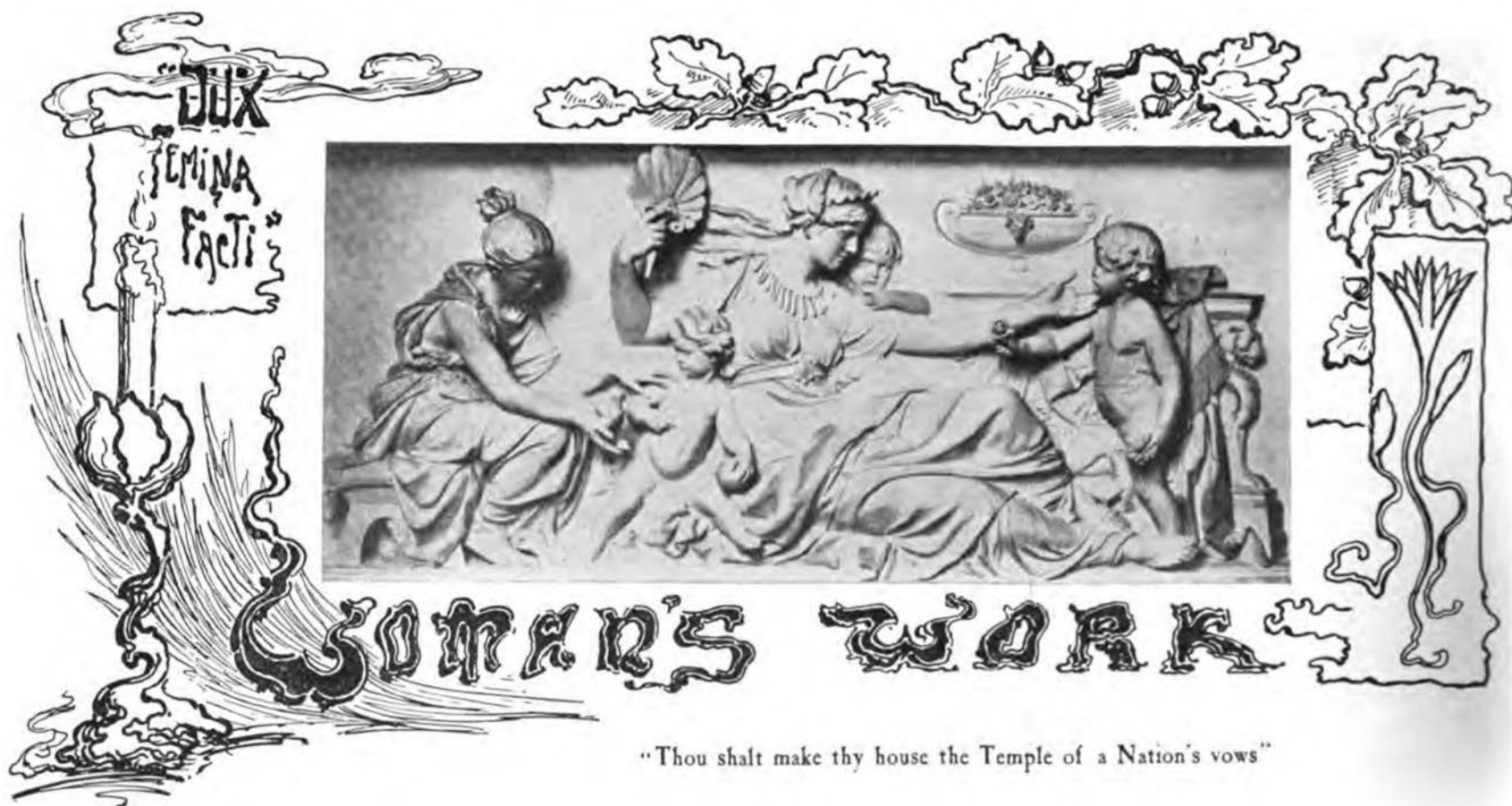
THERE is already a reaction, not only among the critical section of the public, but among musicians themselves, against so much study of mere technique. Too much time is given to the acquiring of dexterity, too little, far too little, time is given to the general culture which alone can breathe into manual dexterity life and beauty. What is the real instrument which the musician uses? Is it not first the brain, then the hand—always assuming that the musician himself lives, works, labors, as a soul? We think no time wasted by the mechanic who cleans and sharpens his tools before beginning work and who keeps them, even at some expense of time, in good condition. Is it then a waste of time for the musician to keep his brain clear, his body strong and his mind alive by pure living, pure thinking and human interests?

Yet the simile is inadequate, for purity of life does something more to the brain than merely clarify it. It actually brings to light it the fire of the gods. It renders the mind transparent, as it were, so that the soul-light may shine through. Mental culture alone will not do this, divers musicians to the contrary; it is the heart touch that is needed, the heart force and the life compassionate and pure.

There are many technicians, but they no longer satisfy us because, as a people, we hunger for something they have not and so cannot give. The time is coming when those musicians who will not voluntarily bring into their work and lives this broader culture of the heart, will be forced to yield their places, in the great march, to those who do. STUDENT

IT is not strange that so many are paying tribute to the late Lafcadio Hearn, the American author and teacher who died recently in Tokyo, Japan.

In bringing us a bit nearer to the life of the Japanese people he placed his American contemporaries under lasting obligations. If he had one fault it was a certain narrowness of view. Perceiving, with the artist eye, the beauty and the simplicity of Japanese life, he lamented beyond reason the incoming of American methods and American ideals. Japan was to him a land of ideals passing, its beauties doomed to extinction and hopeless materialism. He saw the beauty of Japanese character, but he saw not the spiritual strength that lay beneath—that strength which has placed Japan today in her true position as a Teacher to many nations of many things. Nor will her beauties fade and pass. STUDENT



"Thou shalt make thy house the Temple of a Nation's vows"

DR. ELIZABETH JARRETT, Medical Examiner for the New York Board of

The Breaking of Life's Laws

Education, said recently, speaking of the breaking of life's laws:

"One hundred and fifty of the 600 girls sent to me for physical examination this spring had to be held over for re-examination this fall because they were found to have some form of heart trouble, incipient kidney disease or anaemia. These are not inherited diseases. Many of them, as examinations have proved, have been brought on by the nervous tax of three mental examinations—the state superintendent's, city superintendent's and training school superintendent's—which they must pass in order to obtain a teacher's certificate.

"When I say that 7 per cent of the girls turned out of training schools have become incurably diseased, I speak conservatively. I find well developed cases of Bright's disease, severe heart disease, decided spinal curvature, some tuberculosis, and I came across one case of goitre. Some of these girls come back for several years to be examined over again in the hope of improvement, but usually we find the same thing. It was the school work that sent them on the downward path of disease. They were placed under a pressure of work such as no girl of 18 should undergo, such a strain as comes upon a business man of 40.

"Many of the girls tell me that during the last year of their course they sat up until 12 o'clock every night. No career is worth that, and there is no need for such strain."

No mention is made of diseases peculiar to women, which are not usually considered incurable, but which are exceedingly common, which make life a burden, which sap the vitality and which render those afflicted unfit to have the care of students of any age. Wherein lies the difficulty?

Not entirely in the requirements of the examining boards, in spite of the fact that to meet them demands an outrageous amount of brain work. But to speak of students sitting up until twelve o'clock preparing for examinations is probably understating it.

No one familiar with college life or even high school work but can name a dozen ambitious young women who study until two or three o'clock night after night for weeks at a time, with only the relief of

an occasional feverish nap in the daytime. And the night before examination how many foolish stu-

dents have not sat up practically all night?

Of course such strain as this is beyond the necessity of argument. It is absurd, criminal. But, after all, the real difficulty lies in the total lack of a true philosophy of life on the part of the students themselves. In the first place, the majority has the erroneous idea that the prime requisite is intellectual training; the majority has almost no knowledge of, and but little respect for, the needs of the body.

The average student life is one perpetual oscillation between the extremes of nervous worry over some test or examination, and the unhealthy excitement which so often masquerades as pleasure.

What would not a knowledge of their own sacred threefold constitution do for our college women and our teachers?

For it must be borne in mind that the sum of a soul is not the physical *plus* the mental *plus* the spiritual. It is by no means a sum in addition, but it is each quality reinforced by both others, added to these, each of which is likewise reinforced; and the combining, the union, of these is pure alchemy. This is no argument in favor of illiteracy, however, nor does this contain a hint that school teachers should know less of books than they do. The fact is, that when one's whole nature is placed in something like balance, intellectual training may be acquired with one-tenth the effort and with no strain at all.

This the Raja Yoga system has already demonstrated. It is because the schools, the teachers and the students of the world are ignorant of this fact—so marvelous that it seems almost like magic—that we go on piling up the statistics of "the lame, the halt and the blind," the incurably diseased and the nervously unbalanced. And the list is an exceedingly long one.

STUDENT

MISS MORSE, who has just taken the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Jena, is the first woman to receive that degree from that University. She is a niece of the inventor of the telegraph.

ENGLAND has at last its first woman preacher, Miss Gertrude von Petzoid, who is now in charge of the Unitarian church in Leicester.

THE MOTHER

WITHIN the dusty car she sat apart,
Wrapping her torn shawl round a little child,
Who looked up in her swarthy face—then smiled,
And dropped his drowsy head above her heart.

I saw the mystery of creation dart
Into her sombre eyes; that look the "Undeified"
Cast on the Babe, whose couch with straw was piled—
Knowing, like her, neglect and hunger's smart.

What worth were creeds, before that woman's face?
Isis—Demeter—Mary—'tis the same!
And ere was writ the history of the race—
(Though some were born to praise—and some to shame)—
Each mother heart was made the resting place
Of that transcendent Love, whence all life came! — *Selected*

The Rearing of the Child

THE last blow has fallen upon us. The child who was awarded the first prize at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in the test of all nations for the world's finest specimen of babyhood was reared—by a man! Where are we now? And where is woman's sphere? The man in question is one John Krell, an interior decorator. The child is less than three years old and this is the story as the father tells it, and his words are quite worth quoting:

"Shortly after the child's birth the mother became an invalid and the whole care of the child devolved upon me. I decided that, if possible, I would get on without doctors and to that end I have kept him in the open air most of his life. My work has made it possible for me to do this, fortunately. He has been out of doors practically all of the time

excepting when sleeping and he has also gone barefooted most of the time. When he was born he was homely and frail, but now he is so different! I have been careful with his diet and tried to be rational. After he was weaned from the bottle he had cereals, plenty of milk, of course, fruit, cooked vegetables and eggs. He has



ON THE GROUNDS OF THE RAJA YOGA ACADEMY
One of the Lecture Halls in the distance.

never had any kind of meat and I hope he never will have any. Then, too, I have never given him any candy, pastry or sweets."

Now what have we, as women, to say to this? It is only one of the thousand arguments which we may meet on every hand which proves that the mere fact of physical motherhood confers no wisdom of itself. When we think of the mortality of babies among even the middle classes in our cities, the windrows of little graves in every country churchyard, of the thousands of children who grow up weakly, nervous, all out of tune and carrying through life fifty senseless idiosyncracies—and when we recollect that the vast majority of these unfortunates were reared by their mothers, it is easy to see that mothers, as a whole, have yet much enlightenment to gain.

STUDENT

THE following letter was written to one of the Lomaland students by one who recently made this home-spot, Point Loma, a visit—a woman who has seen too much of life's real sorrow not to appreciate its joys, and who today, through sheer sweetness of soul, has stepped beyond the shadows and into the light:

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, Sept. 26, 1904

DEAR ———: I keep thinking, "Was it a dream?"—my delightful two days in lovely Lomaland. How heavenly it all was! You are so happy and busy, and are making all happy who have the privilege of looking in on your little Paradise. I hope more of those delightful doorways to the perfect life will be opened in every land on earth, though none could have all the natural beauties of Lomaland, with its vast panorama of sea and sky, of mountain and valley. I am so glad I had the pleasure of that visit. I shall always hold it in my memory as the most delightful event of my life.

M. A. P.

A DISPATCH from St. Petersburg to the *London Express* says:

In the Kharkoff, Poltava, and Ekaterinoslav Provinces of Russia, says *The Novoe Vremya*, there is a rapidly growing trade in the sale of wives, frequently at their own desire. The usual cause is the extreme poverty of the husband, who can no longer keep his wife; though it is often because the wife desires to be free from a cruel, drunken partner. The trade has become so common that few markets are held without such transactions, which are considered so binding that no case has been known of a husband demanding his wife back. Their market value varies from £8 to £15. More is never paid. The women are required to be good housewives and fieldworkers.

What will be the comment of the historian of the Twenty-first century? Yet let us not lose sight of the real issue in wild and futile debate anent "woman's rights and man's wrongs." If a husband who is guilty of such an assault upon justice and decency is to be condemned, what about a wife who will submit to such indignity without protest? E. H.

Should Illiteracy Disappear

ACCORDING to the figures furnished by the British Registrar-General, as illiteracy has disappeared divorce has increased, and naturally the bishops are worrying about the time when everyone will be so highly educated that divorces will be considered indispensable. It is curious, indeed, to reflect upon the bequests that illiteracy always leaves behind it when it disappears. One such was the abolition of that little (English) legal enactment by which a man might chastise his wife *cum flagellis et fustibus*; that is, "with whips and cudgels" whenever, in his opinion, her behavior might warrant it. Then there have been others, such as the Married Woman's Act, divers curious legal indications that marriage might not be, after all, a despot and slave arrangement, nor a contract between two people, one of whom was to forever play the role of silent partner.

Then, too, think of the other distressing things that have happened since illiteracy began to disappear! Republics have come into being along with just and remedial laws, greater opportunities for men, for women, for little children, for the poor; greater protection for the infirm, greater help for the mentally and morally sick. It is awful to contemplate—think of it!—whole nations that will never again be visited by famine or by the plague; whole communities that will never again be terrorized by the tax-gatherer or feudal chief; whole families that live in peace and harmony, and threaten to so continue! Plainly, it will never do for illiteracy to disappear. Have we not, as women, a duty in this connection? Shall we not rise and protest?

STUDENT

DR. KIERNAN, a Chicago alienist of reputation, said recently: "Woman has always had hold in the professions since the days when the Irish Monks established what afterwards became the universities of the continent of Europe. Since the Thirteenth century in Italy women have played high scientific parts and made marks in jurisprudence. Since the establishment of the house of Savoy this phase of woman's work in evolution has been in striking evidence. A great deal of scientific work has been done in both Italy and Russia by women, and in much of this so little of sex characteristic has been shown that even the gynephobic press of England has praised their work as being 'peculiarly masculine in character'—a high compliment in the eye of these egotistic male types.

"In the United States, however, the work of woman to a degree has been of an emotional rather than of a scientific type, and like all emotional effort has damaged both the work and the worker."

WOMEN have been permitted to serve on thirty-five of the one hundred and forty-four groups of jurors at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, says an exchange.

But why "permitted"? Would not "invited" have sounded just as well, less unflattering to both women and men and less untrue in its inference?

SOMETHING like three hundred women are at Port Arthur engaged in hospital work. Recently, when advised to leave, they replied they would rather face the possibility of massacre than desert their posts, and they remained.

FROM the Montana School of Mines at Butte was graduated recently Miss Isabel Little of Baltimore, at that time the only qualified mining engineer of her sex in the world.

BREACH of promises are rare in France, possibly because marriages are so carefully arranged by parents, trustees and lawyers on both sides, and possibly, also, because the law is so favorable to the injured party.



ONE OF THE GROUP HOMES OF LOMALAND.
Raja Yoga Academy in the distance.

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

American Indian Engraving

OF the arts in which the Alaskan Indian excels, engraving on metals is not the least, being presumably a branch of their skill in carving conventional figures, such as totems, "coppers," and the paraphernalia of their mystic dances and feasts. The degree of conventionality attained in their representations of natural objects is wonderful.

When it is remembered, as a well-known writer has remarked, that drawing, and especially line work, is but an illusion upon which the beholder builds his conceptions of the ideas expressed, then it will be seen that this conventionality, so strange to us, may represent a high form of art to those for whom it has been evolved. It is possible that this work, as also a large portion of the Egyptian and other ancient conventionalism, conveyed in a simple form, ideas which reconverged in the mind of the spectator into living pictures quite as eloquent as those produced in modern days by the simple line of a Phil May, a Paul Helleu, or a Du Maurier.

The Indian worker, too, is a craftsman from beginning to end. The skill with which a silver dollar is beaten out into a thin, broad bracelet, is in itself a fine art. Even gold twenty-dollar pieces are sometimes used, but the designs are of late years becoming less characteristic and more calculated to catch the tourist's fancy, so that these ornaments made from coins of high value are more liable to be decorated with an American eagle or flag, more or less indifferently wrought as compared to native designs.

The illustration is of a design originally made on a hammered dollar bracelet, representing the "thunder-bird" which figures so largely in the totems and legends of British Columbia. TENASTYEE



THE THUNDER-BIRD

Egyptian Architecture

THE chief characteristic of Egyptian architecture, nowhere better exemplified than in the temples whose ruins have been dug out of the sand, is simplicity and grandeur. In text-books of ancient history one finds the writers struggling between an evident appreciation of the greatness of this architectural spirit, and an imagined necessity of conforming to the fixed idea that the Egyptians were elementary and all succeeding civilizations progressive improvements on them. So the Egyptians are condemned for stiffness, want of ornament, and so on. But we have to take into account the nature of their scenery, with its immense sunlit plains and bold escarpments. By doing this we may realize how their architecture was made to match the general genius of imposing size and grandeur characterizing both land and people. The Greeks have been credited with greater symmetry, but it was symmetry within a smaller compass, so that the eye could take in the whole at short range. But the Egyptian temples were not built for a close view, to crown some hill or citadel, or to grace a public square; and a symmetry of large scale was demanded, not less harmonious, because a close and contracted view cannot take in the proportions of the whole.

Let us refrain from assuming that, because the Egyptians *did not* build like later architects, therefore they *could not*. They had no need to.

In the temple illustrated we cannot without a vivid exercise of the imagination get an idea of the symmetry of the structure, half-buried as it still is. The massive proportions of the superstructure are brought too close. We can understand that a point of view sufficiently remote to give due proportion to the aspect of the top would also render elaborate ornamentation superfluous. Simplicity was needed, and simplicity is secured. We notice the three rows of massive columns forming the



RUINS OF EGYPTIAN TEMPLE

portico of the temple, and some idea is given thereby of the size of the entire structure. The columns have thick cylindrical shafts mounted by capitals of the shape known as cyma, ornamented with flowers, probably palms or lotuses. Above this is the rectangular abacus, supporting

the entablature, which is a simple architrave without frieze, crowned by a heavy cornice. STUDENT

Surgical Skill in Babylon

THE Code of Hammurabi, which has several times been referred to in the NEW CENTURY PATH, contains some interesting regulations for physicians and surgeons. Hammurabi, it will be remembered, was a king of Babylon, identified with the Amraphel mentioned in *Genesis xiv*, whose code was found two years ago on a broken monument in the ruins of Susa. A graduated charge is fixed according to the wealth of the patient. Thus:

If a physician operate on a gentleman for a severe wound, with a lancet, and save the man's life, or if he open an abscess in a gentleman's eye and save the eye, he shall receive ten shekels of silver. If he operate on a freeman he shall receive five shekels. But if it be a man's slave he operate on, the owner of the slave shall give two shekels to the physician.

In one respect the ancient usages were more rigorous than ours, though it is a debatable point whether or not they were better. For we read that:

If a physician operate on a gentleman and cause his death, or destroy his eye, they shall cut off the physician's fingers. If he operate on the slave of a freeman and cause his death, he shall restore a slave of equal value.

The fact that physicians could exist at all under such stringent conditions seems to show that the risk to them was small; that is, that they were exceedingly skillful. A critic of this code makes the remark that "there was no aseptic surgery in those days;" but he does not give his evidence for the assertion. Perhaps Lord Lister is only a reincarnation of some great Babylonian surgeon, and his discovery of antiseptic surgery only a feeble reminiscence. Or perhaps was there not the same need, in Babylonian patients, for antiseptics.

And Among the Cliff-Dwellers

AMONG such a people as the Cliff-Dwellers of New Mexico, too, there has come to hand evidence of a surgical skill far in advance of what we should naturally attribute to that race.

Though not now regarded by scholars as an ancient race, it would scarcely be considered a very advanced one, though the accuracy of the houses it erected in the cliffs shows considerable mechanical skill.

Among the collection of skulls of Cliff-Dwellers, in the possession of Professor Hewitt, principal of the State Normal School of New Mexico, is one which shows evidence of having been most skillfully trephined. The aperture showing the removal of the broken section of skull is slightly larger than a 25-cent piece, and several fractures extend from the orifice $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length. The opening was filled with a kind of cement or gum. We are apt to make the unwarrantable assumption that other races must have made their advances in knowledge in the same order of succession as we have made ours, and that if they are behind us in one respect they must needs be so in some other respect. But this does not follow, nor does it follow that surgical skill is in proportion to the number of instruments used. We rely so much upon instruments in nearly all our arts and crafts that we have neglected to develop the natural skill of the most wonderful of all instruments; and a volume could be written about the marvelous things that other races can do with their hands alone or with the simplest implement. STUDENT

Nature

Studies

Some Point Loma Beauties

THE Sweet Sultans which are shown in the photograph, are a sample of the floral wealth of Lomaland. This variety of the *Centaurea* is especially satisfactory to cultivate on account of the size and beauty of the blossoms, as well as of their number and persistence of bloom; while, as its name suggests, its delightful fragrance is, to many, its chief attraction. In structure it is an interesting transition type between the complete composita, such as daisies, on one side, and the aggregate tansy-type on the other, for while its outer row of florets is much larger than the others, yet these florets have not yet spread out into the single-petal form, nor have the others become atrophied to the flat disk such as forms the center of a sunflower.

A distinction must be drawn between such flowers as here described and the double composita; because in the case of these *centaureas*, *galliardias*, *schissas* and their kin, there has not yet occurred the splitting and flattening of the corolla into a single petal. This splitting occurs in all the perfectly typical composita, such as sunflowers and daisies, no matter how "double" they may be induced to become; while with these others there is no such thing as a "single" or "double" flower, because the florets have not lost their individuality, nor the full perfection of their corollas. G. W.

A Singing Mouse

I HAD long wished to possess a singing mouse, and my strong desire coming to the ears of an obliging collier, he brought me one of these little songsters in fur, which he had caught in the workings of the mine where he was employed. My new friend was a fine young mouse in perfect health and nearly full grown, and during almost the whole of her waking hours she poured forth a slender stream of soft sweet notes which became louder with exertion, but which almost died away when she sat in repose. Her scale of notes was rather limited, perhaps not exceeding three, and yet her song had a distinct resemblance to the song of a bird which you hear outside a closed window. It was not a *squeak*, but had a quality of sweetness and melody about it, and an old collier to whom I lent my pet one day, described her music as "something sublime."

Thus began an acquaintance which soon ripened into intimacy. The melodious little mouse would run all over my arms and shoulders, brushing her slender tail against my cheek, and twittering "the soft little song she knew," into my ear. She would eat her supper of bread crumbs as she sat in the palm of my hand, and afterwards groom her sleek coat with her claws and teeth while she washed her thick fur with her moist pink tongue. I decided that it was not good for a mouse to be alone, and so I procured a quiet and well-behaved husband for her, by the simple process of setting a trap in the pantry.

Early one morning I was greatly diverted to see the affectionate pair giving each other a warm bath with their energetic little tongues, and a very pleasant process it seemed to be judging by the willing way in which each resigned itself to the other's attentions. It was a bit of practical



SWEET SULTANS

brotherhood work which went right to my heart. The singing mouse was very careful not to hurt me with her sharp teeth, indeed I think that during all the years I knew her, she never once bit me. Sometimes when I shut her up between the palms of my hands for a longer time than she thought proper, she would tenderly pinch my skin with her teeth as a gentle hint for her release, a hint to which I always judged it prudent to attend without delay.

After four years of close friendship my mouse began to show the marks of old age. She tottered in her walk, her teeth began to fail, until at last one morning I found her lying still, her head half way out of her little sleeping box, and a crumb between her teeth which would never now be swallowed.

Up to the last, however, she never failed to sing. Her good spirits never flagged. Always cheerful and active she believed with all her heart that life is joy, and helped her human friends to feel it, too.

I missed the cheery little songster and even to this day can never think of her unmoved.

The body we buried, but where is the mouse herself? Something can never become nothing, that every child can see, and so somewhere in the Vast Unknown that tiny spark of life is burning yet. The Universal Mind which notes the fall of a sparrow, does not forget the singing mouse. Both mouse and her master lie in the same firm yet gentle grasp, which holds the distant planets in their courses and shapes each glittering drop of dew. STUDENT

Intelligence and Good Fellowship in Birds

A POINT LOMA student, in the habit of eating his lunch under the open sky, was frequently visited by different birds for crumbs. One day a sickle-billed thrush came and lighted on the ground in front of him. He threw it some crumbs, which it ate. After a little the thrush went away and then returned with some pods containing seeds that he seemed to consider a better kind of food than that the student was eating. He would drop a pod on the ground in front of the student, and pick it up and drop it again, making a sort of call as a hen does to her chickens when she has found a worm or some other choice morsel. The thrush continued his visits and became very friendly.

A similar case is that of a lady who had a pet magpie, which she was accustomed to feed with crumbs from her lips, which she would put to the bill of the bird. To return the compliment, the magpie came to the lady one day with a fine green worm in its bill and placed it to her lips.

These birds showed intelligence and a generous spirit as well, and who knows but they thought the student and lady lacking in intelligence that they did not partake of the feast that was offered them? STUDENT



PICTURE OF SWEDISH RIVER

TRUTH, and goodness, and beauty, are but different faces of the same All. But beauty in nature is not ultimate. It is the herald of inward and eternal beauty, and is not alone a solid and satisfactory good. It must therefore stand as a part and not as yet the last or highest expression of the final cause of Nature.—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California



ON THE SEAWARD SIDE OF POINT LOMA—LOOKING NORTH TOWARD MISSION BAY

The Dedication of the Raja Yoga Academy at Lomaland

ONE of the great events in the history of the Theosophical work at Point Loma, was the dedication of the new Raja Yoga Academy, for boys and girls, on the evening of October 6th.

For weeks the Students at Lomaland had been looking forward to this time with great enthusiasm. To see the enlargement of the Raja Yoga work, following so swiftly after the initial step of only a few years ago, was a moment of prophetic promise to them.

Many of the helpers in this effort, only a few years ago, lived in different parts of the world, attracted to H. P. Blavatsky's great movement for Humanity's upliftment. Later, they journeyed to this great Theosophical center to serve in the ranks of the World's workers, under the banner and the motto: "There is no Religion Higher than Truth."

At the inception of this truly great effort in 1897, the hills of Lomaland were barren of buildings and of all that marked the presence of man; but on October the 6th, 1904, these hills were lit up with huge bonfires for a distance of over two miles, in honor of the opening of the Academy. The Academy itself was a dream of beauty. Illuminated from base to dome, every window a portal of light, it looked like a mystic palace in the distance, its background the shadows of the eventide.

Floral decorations and the flags of all nations added to the picture a color touch of rarest beauty.

The residents and older Students were the spectators; the Raja Yoga children were masters of the ceremony. At six o'clock, they started in procession from the Raja Yoga School, down the broad walk to the entrance of the Academy, and in silence gathered at the entrance, where stood the Director of the Academy, the Rev. S. J. Neill, and Dr. Gertrude Van Pelt, the Directress, who were presented with floral tributes.

With grave and solemn mien, one of the beautiful little Raja Yoga girls, Miss Margaret Hanson, escorted by a young Cuban, Antonio Castillo, approached the broad entrance of the Academy, bearing a crown of flowers representing the Victory of Knowledge, and a scroll symbolizing Hidden Wisdom. Attaching these beautiful symbols to the door-knob, these two stood in silence, while the children in the procession sang one of their beautiful songs. Then the march was resumed, the children passing slowly through the winding paths of the exquisite grounds, out to the broad way facing the Pacific Ocean, timing their steps to the rhythmic beat of a school chant.

Facing the Aryan Memorial Temple, they formed a semicircle, making a picture of youthful life. While some of the children strewed offerings of flowers on the Temple steps, again was repeated the dedicatory ceremony of attaching to the doors of the Temple the mystic and symbolic scroll and crown.

While the admiring spectators watched this beautiful ceremony of silent offering, the doors of the Temple opened, and a burst of orchestral music, proclaimed in triumphant sound, the victory of this hour: The Dedication of the Raja Yoga Academy, on October the Sixth.

**There Is No
RELIGION
Higher Than
T R U T H**

While this quaint and interesting ceremony was proceeded with, some of the devoted workers were busy at the children's school, preparing a reception for them, on their return to their homes.

From the Temple, the children marched up the broad way fronting their little Bungalows, each of which was illuminated with Japanese lanterns and gay bunting.

Here they disbanded with merry song, and spent the evening as only Raja Yoga children know how to do.

At this same time, the older Students gathered in the great lecture hall for a general assembly, to listen to the addresses of some of the Students and to the reading of the contents of the scrolls which had played so prominent a part in the dedicatory ceremony of the evening.

Perhaps at no one time, in the annals of the history of the Theosophical Movement, was there such a unity of thought and feeling with the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the World, who had done so nobly on their part in sustaining the great work of H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, in helping to make possible this most solemn and significant event.

The members living at the "Cliffs," the beautiful International Brotherhood center at a distance of one mile and a quarter from the Homestead, held a festival in honor of the dedication. Flowers, music and addresses by the different workers, in which the children took an active part, added to the completion of the day's work for the advancement of true education for the young.

To this Academy are coming children from all parts of the World, thus emphasizing the fact of the International character of the work at Lomaland.

SPECTATOR

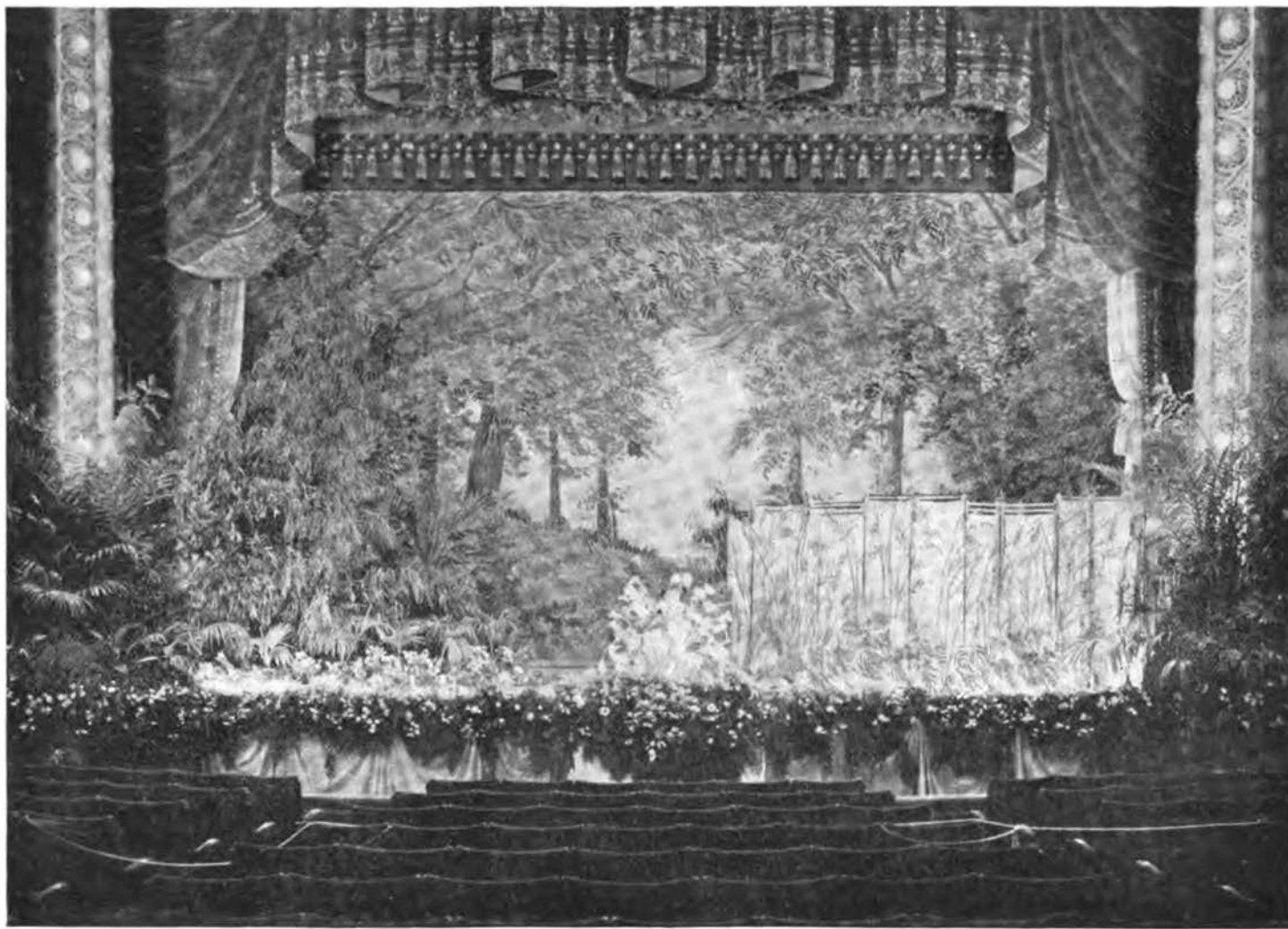
Periodicals of the Universal Brotherhood Organization

AMONG the many Theosophical publications of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is the *Universale Bruderschaft*, published at Nürnberg, Germany, monthly, which is a constant source of inspiration to many members of the Universal Brotherhood whose English is insufficient to allow them to profitably read the *NEW CENTURY PATH*. Another excellent monthly is the Dutch magazine, *Lotus-Knoppen*, published monthly at Groningen. The style and general get-up of this periodical are excellent. The Dutch members of the Universal Brotherhood Organization are now engaged in issuing a series of pamphlets on Theosophical subjects, which are supplying the growing demand for all literature published under the auspices of the Universal Brotherhood Organization. The *International Theosophist*, published in Dublin, and the *Theosophical Chronicle*, published in London, at the European Theosophical center of the Universal Brotherhood, at 19 Avenue Road, are both worthy of highly favorable comment, not merely on account of the growing public interest in the work of the Universal Brotherhood they prove, but also on account of the high literary level they have attained.

Special notice should be made of the two Swedish publications, the *Theosophia*, published at Stockholm by Dr. G. Zander, and the *Nya Seklet*, published at Helsingborg by Dr. Erik Bogren. Both of these messengers of "Truth, Light and Liberation" to discouraged humanity, are doing splendid work, and are invariably splendid specimens of the two editors' ability.



Isis
Theatre
San
Diego
California



LOMALAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

THE large audience which assembled at Isis Theatre last Sunday night, expecting to listen to an address by Katherine Tingley, Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, were doomed to disappointment, as unexpected but pressing demands upon her time made it impossible for her to be present, though it was announced she would speak at the earliest date possible.

Another announcement, and one of more than ordinary interest, was that in furtherance of her extensive educational work, Mrs. Tingley has under preparation dramatic presentations for the public, which she feels will be gladly welcomed by all who have for long felt the real want of the higher dramatic art. Certain of the Point Loma students are now being trained for this special work.

The keen disappointment felt at Mrs. Tingley's absence, was compensated for in some measure, at least, by a most delightful surprise. San Diego people have from time to time heard of Point Loma orchestral activities, but were certainly not prepared for the exquisite rendering of the musical program by the Point Loma orchestra, or at least a portion of it, for we learn they were not all present. This remarkable development was at once a surprise and a delight, and elicited warm applause. It is hoped they may be frequently heard in the future.

The first speaker, Dr. Gertrude W. Van Pelt, who is a favorite with Isis audiences, read a paper on "The World's Eternal Ways." In part she said:

"All things issue forth from the unmanifested into manifestation, and then in time merge into the unmanifested. These two, light and darkness, are the world's eternal ways. The waves of the ocean express it in ebb and flow of the tides; day comes to the earth and is followed by night; the life forces of plants sink to rest in their season, and burst forth again in the spring. Man's consciousness leaves this earth as it turns from the sun and returns at the dawn of a new day; and when the life forces of the body have been spent, it, too, dissolves, and the soul fashions again its garments ready for use, when the turning of the great wheel brings it from the world of cause to the world of effect. Such, indeed, are the world's eternal ways. There must be, there is, a way of working with the tides of life, of using them and ma-

king them our allies; but instead of studying the fundamental principles of law, it seems to be more common to take human life in its present, twisted, abnormal, diseased condition, and to consider the mental habits of this undeveloped race as expressions of the world's eternal ways. But within each heart burns eternally the torch of truth. 'It lighteth every man who cometh into the world.' We shall find that where there is light there must also be shadow in the world of manifestation; that when there is good there is that undeveloped side which we call evil, which the good must be forever moulding, tempering and refining. And we shall learn that we, being a part of it all, must be a mixture of these two eternal forces, and that it is the world's eternal ways that we should be eternally responsible."

Ruth Westerlund, one of the Raja Yoga girls of Lomaland, by request, gave an exquisite recitation: "Voices at the Throne."

Rev. S. J. Neill read a very practical, helpful paper, entitled: "The Victory of the Divine Man." The speaker pointed out,

As a great law of Nature, that nothing moves on with even flow, but all motion is in ripples or waves. So we find man's life to move. It is divided into more or less well defined cycles. At one time they are happy, hopeful, buoyant; at another time they are miserable and despondent. With an effort of the will, man can rise above these conditions; he can cast off the sullen and morose mood, and make the character firm and strong, calm and hopeful. We can cultivate a good temper and a sunny atmosphere. And the happy feeling thus produced will return and return; it will become cyclic. And finally it will become natural for us to dwell in light and sunshine.

Each step we mount upward over our lower selves gives us a wider horizon, and a heavenlier air to breathe. The foes we slay today we shall never have to fight again. We not only become stronger, but we become much stronger relatively as our foes are weaker and fewer. The more we live with perfect unselfishness, the more we come into the 'path of the just.' But if we do good things even, looking for the reward, we do not take the highest path. Though we dwell in Time, and our lower nature belongs to it, yet in our inmost and only true self we belong, not to Time, but to the Eternal; that is our home and place of peace always. The man who retires often to this fortress—to his Place of Peace—though he may have to pass through much suffering, will be raised above its destroying influence.

OBSERVER

Cuba's Change from Bull-Fighting to Baseball

SOME of the most promising signs of Cuba's progress can be found in the rapidly changing ideas in regard to amusements, that are now taking place in that country.

A few years ago bull-fighting and cock-fighting were two of the most popular forms of amusement. Today neither one nor the other can be found in the island.

The Spanish-Latin mind is one that preeminently demands action—constant and strenuous. In the past, this craving only found its opportunity of satisfying itself in the above mentioned sports; not so much on account of any insatiable love of blood and cruelty on the part of the people, but rather because it satisfied these innate longings for action, which are held by all restless natures. In Cuba this natural love for intense action found its vent in bull-fighting merely because the people had never had anything else which could take its place. They had no inordinate love for the cruelty and gore of the bull-ring; the latter were to them but incidental matters. What they really cared for were the feats of daring and skill which were called into play, and the cool courage and resource developed on the spur of the moment by the intrepid fighters.

They unfortunately had none of the healthful, invigorating, manly sports so well known to the Anglo-Saxon races; in fact, they had scarcely heard of them. So they kept to their bull-ring and felt a pitying contempt for any "foreigner" who saw anything low or cruel about their diversions.

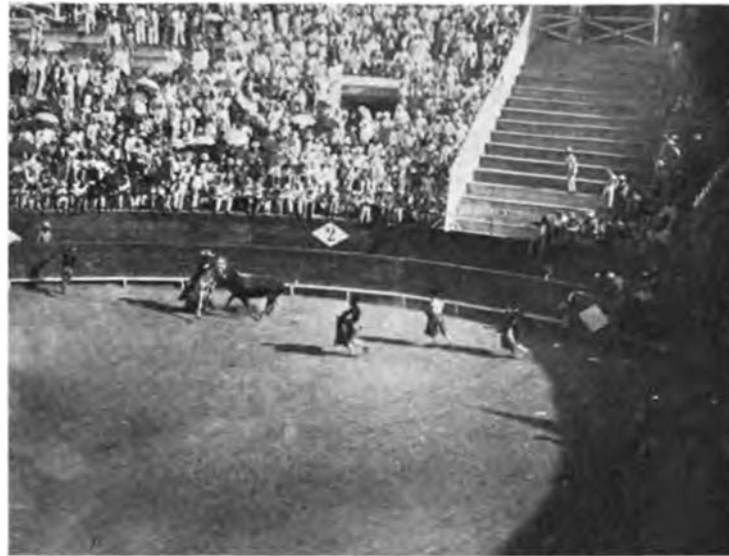
While no defence whatsoever can be made for bull-fighting, yet it is a doubtful matter as to who made the biggest mistake in the judging of these so-called sports. The spectators, as a rule, saw only a contest between wit and skill, as opposed to brute strength, without seeing the cruelty and savagery; while the outsider saw only the latter without the former.

In this case it but needed the example of a few American soldiers, indulging in their healthy, national game of baseball, as a recreation from the tediousness of garrison duty, to show the Cubans that there was a much better way to satisfy their natural love of thrilling contest than that to which they had been accustomed.

It was not very long after the American occupation before baseball clubs began to spring up in nearly all of the cities and towns of the island. The familiar northern sight of street-corner games among the schoolboys began to be common. Cock-fighting was relegated to the rear, bull-fighting was voted uninteresting, and the populace in general, with the versatility of the Latin races, devoted their attention to baseball.

In this simple way, by the mere force of a good example, more has been accomplished in eradicating an evil than could have been done by years of preaching or denunciation.

In Santiago de Cuba the old "Plaza de Toros" (bull-ring) has been torn down, the plot of ground it occupied being converted into a typical



THE FORMER BULL-RING AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA

American baseball field—grand stand, bleachers and all.

On Sundays and holidays in the past, the people used to flock to the bull-fight; they now, however, throng to the baseball game. They go to the same old grounds, with the same old enthusiasm and light-heartedness, but with this difference: in the past their eyes were regaled with the sight of man's fiendish cruelty to animals and their ears with the hoarse shouts of frenzied spectators urging the "matadores" (killers) on to fresh feats of butchery. But now! We find them gazing intently at the well-rolled diamond, instead of a sawdust covered arena, or at a board conspicuously marked "score," which occupies the same space as the former record of the afternoon's orgie in blood.

Their ears are now regaled by the cries of "foul ball," "two strikes," "home run," and all the other well-known terms in the phraseology of the diamond.

Their attention is as equally well held by the well matched teams, battling as fiercely as ever battled man against beast, as it was in the former days. It must be confessed we see at times a momentary reversion to the savage spirit of the past, when suddenly enraged voices are heard crying "Mata el umpire!" (kill the umpire.) They seem to have copied their northern teacher even to this little detail.

One of the most picturesque features of the sport here is this nondescript mixing of the American baseball terms with the native Spanish. It must be heard to be appreciated. Having no words in their own language to correspond, they have adopted the American terms word for word. So, in the center of a daily newspaper, printed entirely in Spanish, can often be found this heading, "Hoy Baseball" (baseball today), or we hear an earnest argument carried on in heated and rapidly-spoken Spanish, accompanied with many gesticulations and which is peppered throughout with such

words as "pitcher," "third base," etc. At times the pronunciation is exceedingly quaint, and only an expert in etymology would be able to solve the question of its origin.

Undoubtedly the Spanish language is soon to be enriched with some new expressions. In fact one of the newspapers has already coined the word "Beisbol."

A good lesson can be learned from this sudden change for the better. To wit: that much of that which is called bad in the world, is nothing more than a normal, healthy feeling led astray by ignorance. And also that a practical object-lesson is the best means of education. H. S. TURNER

Death Blow to Bull-Fighting in Spain

According to a cable from Madrid, dated October 5, the Institute of Social Reforms, after a heated discussion on that day, decided by thirteen votes to eight, to ratify the absolute prohibition of Sunday bull-fights. This is considered to be the death-blow to bull-fighting in Spain.



BASEBALL FIELD WHICH REPLACED THE BULL-RING

✧ The Trend of Twentieth Century Science ✧

The New Bridge in Nature

THE researches of Von Schrön, and di Brazza, starting from two opposite ends, seem to meet in the same conclusion. One showed living matter to be crystalline; and the other, crystalline matter to be living. One showed many of the bacilli to be perfect crystals, but living, each bacillus having its characteristic crystalline shape. The crystal moves, assimilates, and reproduces itself. When what we call the "living," organic matter of the crystal goes, the crystal is dead, and is then an ordinary mineral crystal.

On the other side, di Brazza studied the formation of ordinary crystals, and found them to be alive. They begin by the formation of a cell with a nucleus, a network, and a membranous capsule. This swims about, reproduces itself in various ways, struggles with others, has diseases (already enumerated as fifteen in number) grows, assimilates, and finally becomes a naked-eye crystal.

So where is the line? And one is naturally led on to suppose that even complex cells, say of our bodies, would turn out to be plastic, fluent crystals, if we could once make out that shape from which they are continually departing, to which they are continually returning, yet never actually are.

And further, to speculate upon the probability of a measure of consciousness in all crystals that are in their formative stage. When they are fully formed, they are dead, already disintegrating, though they may take ages to complete the disintegration. Their molecules can never be again quite the same *after* having formed part of a living thing as they were before. Even with them, evolution is going on. STUDENT

The Right of the Child

THE child has a primary right to be well born. Parents who endorse physiological living for their children, can best initiate the treatment through themselves. Unfortunately, it is human nature to keep reformation a generation ahead. The smoker or drinker or debauchee soothes his conscience with the promise that his children shall not do those things which he ought not to have done. But the child's body is a reproduction from that of his parents, and a good constitution cannot be built up from the fag ends of a father's vices. Nature, moreover, does not discriminate between poor, exhausted parental tissue, which is deficient from overwork, or from social dissipation, or excessive mental labor, or dietetic wrongs or unsanitary habitations. Physiological law will accept no excuse. The infantile cells are rarely found *structurally* diseased at birth, but the constitution often has the hereditary stamp of abnormal *tendency*. It is interesting to analyze the defective nutritive and nervous tone which appears in different members of a family, as neuralgia, insanity, tuberculosis or immorality. But the experts in all these lines can unite in presenting physiological living as a common means of prevention, and this summing up of the situation is the point of practical import in scientific treatment. L. R., M. D.

A Non-Expansible Alloy

AN alloy which would be independent of changes of temperature, and keep the same volume under all circumstances, would save a great deal of time and trouble in using instruments for metrical observations. As it is, corrections have to be applied to the calculations in order to allow for the expansion of the metal. The metal scale of a barometer, for instance, varies in length according to the temperature; and, in very accurate reading, this has to be allowed for. In survey instruments, where a slight error in the estimated length of a bar becomes multiplied many times in the course of the calculation, the drawback is more serious; and it is necessary to go to the trouble to carry around ice so that the bar may be kept at zero.

Hence it is welcome news that a German physicist, Dr. Guillaume, has discovered a new alloy which does not expand. It is made of certain proportions of nickel and steel. Such an alloy would be most useful in the numerous cases where expansion interferes with accuracy, as in time-pieces; but it will have to be more invariable in quality and more reliable

than alloys generally are, if it is to replace the ice-bar. A cast metal, especially if it is an alloy, is by no means constant or homogeneous in texture; and we have very incomplete practical knowledge as to how to secure uniformity in this respect. E.

Bacteria Mistake Their Vocation

PROFESSOR BODIN, bacteriologist to the University of Rennes, in France, gives us a most attractive theory of the disease-producing bacteria. He thinks that it is no part of their original and proper program to multiply in living tissues. They have become educated to that by finding living tissues so feeble in resistance.

An analogous case is that of the mosquito and the flea. Both these blood-suckers can live on the juices of dead fruit.

We have to imagine, then, that nature designed a set of minute organisms as her instruments for reducing dead matter to simpler and simpler forms—for getting rid of it, in fact. She never intended them to touch *living* tissue.

But they took to poaching on that preserve. They found they could multiply and thrive in it more luxuriously than in their appointed medium. So, while some continued to attend to their proper duty, and now constitute the harmless species, others gradually transformed themselves to suit the conditions of living matter. Continually varying, they became at last the species we know.

That the process is still going on, that new kinds of them are still evolving, anyone may guess who compares a medical text-book of yesterday with one of twenty years ago—still more the medical student who enters practice. He will find types of disease not in his text-books, and intermediates between diseases there classified as absolutely separate; for example, between diphtheria and scarlet fever, and between influenza and typhoid.

If the theory of Professor Bodin is true, and it is not quite new, disease is an accident, because the disease-making habits of the bacteria are an accident. And we may look forward to a time when, humanity having learned to live rightly, the cells of the body reacquire the power to hold their own in every case against these little trespassers. PHYSICIAN

Electricity in Medicine

ELECTRICITY in the practice of medicine has been, on the whole, a disappointment. On its introduction it was thought that it would well-nigh prove the elixir of life. This hope died hard; in fact, it is even now rather asleep than dead. The rôle assigned to electricity is now much more modest, and though we feel that it *must* have a larger usefulness, we do not know how to educe it. Some recent experiments on plants do not seem to help. A constant current of various strengths was passed through moist soil containing germinating seedlings. The effect was very marked. The little roots at once ceased to grow downward and curved their tips towards the direction from which the positive current was coming. Microscopic examination showed that the curve was due to the death of cells on that side and the continued growth of those on the side of the negative pole. This effect was invariable. Whether growth on the negative side was stimulated, or remained merely normal, was doubtful. STUDENT

Our Knowledge of Lunar Geography

THE rapidity and accuracy with which land surveys can be made depends partly upon the accessibility of the country and the unobstructed views which the surveyor obtains by the ascent of high peaks. The greater the expanse of country which may be seen, the better the opportunity for map-making. It is for this reason that for many years we have had better topographic maps of the visible lunar surface than of the habitable portions of our own planet. The astronomer does not have to carry a transit on his shoulder nor direct the movements of perspiring chainmen, but sits on an easy chair at the eye-piece of his telescope and measures with great precision the elevation of peaks, the depths of craters, and the areas of ocean beds.

On the
ShoresWhere the Pacific
Still
Its Tireless Wavesof
Lomaland

Our Young Folk



How to Study Ancient History

IN studying ancient history we must remember that the people who wrote books on history did not have the advantage of the light which Mme. Blavatsky shed on the subject, and therefore many of the views which they take about the ancients will seem to us to be rather paltry and ridiculous. Nevertheless, if we want to study history, we must use the books which we have; and, if we read them with this caution in mind we shall glean much useful knowledge, for the historians have found out much, in spite of their limitations. Besides, if we are to go out and teach people, we must know what they think and get familiar with their ideas. We cannot correct their mistakes unless we know what those mistakes are.

When Mme. Blavatsky came she told us that the modern scholars and historians were greatly mistaken about the ancients. Mankind, she said, is much older than has been supposed, and has risen to a great height of wisdom and power in far past ages. Mankind has had to go through the darkness of ages of ignorance and selfish strife, but that is in order that it may learn the lessons of life; and it will rise again to still greater wisdom and power. Mme. Blavatsky also said that scholars would soon begin to find new proofs of the vast knowledge and prowess of ancient peoples; and her prophecy has already come true in many cases.

You will read in the chapters on Chaldæa, Assyria and Babylonia, that all that now remains of those mighty empires is some sand-hills dotted over the barren plain. Well, an American professor has been exploring those sand-hills and excavating them; and he has discovered the walls of many palaces and temples, and, most wonderful of all, the library of King Asshur-bani-pal, who, as we read, made a collection of all the works on science and mathematics and history, etc., which he could find. This library consists of many thousands of clay and stone tablets with the writing engraved on them in very fine, small characters; and those which have been translated show that these ancient Chaldæans had a vast and comprehensive knowledge which throws our present boasted knowledge into the shade.

And in Egypt and many other parts of the world it is the same; archeologists are every day finding some new proof of the glory of the ancients, as Mme. Blavatsky said they would.

In our own country, America, they have found ruins of massive temples covered all over with sculptures and inscriptions like the monuments of Egypt; and this shows that the ancient Americans were also a mighty and wise race in days gone by. Thus we shall soon see our schol-

ars coming round to the view of Mme. Blavatsky, that we are descended from very wise and great ancestors, and not from savages, as some of the books try to make out.

The last great human race that came to the earth was the Aryan race, and at first it had the light and was wise and brotherly. But, as the dark cycles of time came on, it lost its wisdom and became scattered over the earth into many separate nations, and we are some of its descendants. The Universal Brotherhood will help us to get back again the knowledge we have lost, through the teachings of the School of Antiquity at Point Loma; and, as we know, Brotherhood is the lost key which we have to find again before we can bring once more to light those buried treasures of wisdom.

A RAJA YOGA TEACHER

The Conquest

A WARRIOR was passing through a wilderness; his sword and armor bright, his eye alert, he went on peacefully, almost joyfully, toward the village lights that shone like dim stars through the darkness.

He grew weary; his path seemed to lengthen; by degrees all the joy and peace left him, and suddenly he stood facing a queer, uncouth creature. I know not its shape, but to him it was dreadfully ugly. It seemed to say: "Go back! Go back!" in an agitated manner.

He approached steadily. When he stood over the place where it lay he saw in it a horrible resemblance to himself.

"Who are you?" he cried.

The creature tried to squirm away, but it dared not take its eyes from those of the warrior. He demanded again:

"Who are you? Who are you?" with such persistence and so much courage that it dared not remain silent.

"I—I—thought I was yourself," it said.

The warrior was amazed. He drew his sword to strike, crying:

"Not myself, nor like you shall I ever become."

As he spoke, another, a radiant being, stood with him, from whose eyes shone love and compassion.

"Who are you?" asked the warrior.

"I am your true self, whom, until this moment, you could not see."

Then the warrior passed on, joyfully, toward the village where the morning sun was shining. A new joy had come into his heart. The whole earth smiled and within his heart was love compassionate, like a glorious shining light. W. D.

THE OLD FLAG FOREVER

by FRANK L. STANTON

SHE'S up there—Old Glory—where lightnings are sped—

She dazzles the nations with ripples of red,
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead—

The flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—how bright the stars stream!

And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam!
And we dare for her living, or dream the last dream

'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-dealt scars,

No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars!
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars.

She's the flag of our country forever!

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Raja Yoga Question Box

ORATORS, by a magic of speech and bearing, teach great ideas. Inventors show the workers how the mind can help the hand in labor.

1 Who Was Henry Clay?

ANSWER—Henry Clay was a statesman and one of the greatest of American orators. He was born in Virginia in 1777. He was a true patriot. He wished to abolish slavery. It was Henry Clay who said, "I would rather be *right* than be President."

2 Who was Daniel Webster?

ANSWER—Daniel Webster was a famous orator and debater. He was the ablest defender of the Union. His words, "Liberty and union, now and forever," were a watchword among the people. He was born in New Hampshire in 1782.

3 Who was Eli Whitney?

ANSWER—Eli Whitney was an American inventor. He was born in Massachusetts in 1765. He contrived a machine to separate the cotton wool from the seed. It could do as much work in a day as 1000 people. This was the beginning of the great cotton trade of the United States.

On a Flower Farm

"**W**HATEVER will they do with them all?" asked little Bessie who had come on a visit, as she looked at the great piles of peonies stacked up, for all the world like cord-wood on the earth floor of the cool shipping room in Minnesota.

"Why, sell them, of course. What do you suppose?" said Archie, who was showing her the beautiful buds.

"But who will buy so many," asked Bessie, her eyes full of wonder at such a strange sight.

"Why, the rich people in Chicago told them to send all they could grow. You just ought to go out into the field and see the thousands they are going to pick. Do you know how many they will send today?"

"No. How many?"

"Guess."

"Oh! I can't guess right. But there looks to me to be more than a million."

"I don't believe you are very good at guessing." And Archie looked wise because he knew so much. "I'll tell you. They sent out last night, on the express train, over 29,000, all packed in boxes with a great piece of ice in each box, and the man over there told father this morning that they ought to send twice as many today."

"I would not have thought that there were so many in all the world as this if I had not seen them. But why do they send buds? Why don't they wait until they open?"

"Didn't you know that if they picked them after they were in full bloom that they would be all wilted in a little while?" "Is that why they send only the buds? And do they open out big before they are sold?"

"Why, yes. They don't send them out until they are ready to be of use when they are wanted."

"Oh yes; I see," said Bessie. "It's like the Lotus buds at Point Loma!"

C. S.

DEAR CHILDREN: I heard a charming fairy story the other day and I want to tell it to you.

A water lily, a rose and an edelweiss were on their travels, seeing what they could of the world.

After visiting many places they chanced to meet at a hotel kept, in a ditch, by a dandelion. Much conversation followed and much vanity was displayed, for all vaunted their several beauties. The lily said she was the angel of the waters, the rose, that she was the angel of the earth, and the edelweiss was angel of the snows. And each attributed to herself her own beauties.

Next day they met at breakfast. Each told her dream, and behold, all the dreams were the same. Each had dreamed that she had been in

the highest heaven, up to the throne of God. And each had there seen, worshiping, the fair angels of earth and snow and water. To the three angels God had given command to go down upon earth and scatter there some of his message and reveal a part of the perfect beauty. And so the three flowers were the *abode* of angels of God, and in nowise derived from themselves their own beauty. A LOTUS GROUP TEACHER

The Peasants of Modern Greece

A SIMPLE life, indeed, live the peasants of modern Greece. You can meet them everywhere, sometimes in work-a-day clothes, at other times in gala costume. It is not at all uncommon to meet along the country roads, particularly in isolated districts, an old woman winding wool, as you see in the picture, as she follows her goats or her donkey. The peasants live a quiet life, and one wonders, sometimes, if their thoughts ever dwell upon the glories that once were in their land. The old men and women speak of these glories to their children and there is something in the younger Grecian heart which declares that the greatness of Greece has passed away only for a little time, and that it shall again return. The peasants live, so the tourists tell us, a happy and somewhat care-free life, and to see them one would never dream that they were living within the very shadow of noble ruins and still unforgotten glories.

UNCLE FRED

Mary's Violet

"**N**O, Mary, you cannot have another piece of candy. You have had enough." Mary felt discontented, and as usual, when she did not get what she wanted, her face drew up

into a frown and she walked away in a very sulky manner. As she went along the dusty road to school, with her head hanging down and her feet dragging along, she happened to see a little yellow violet growing all alone by the edge of the path. "I wonder why that flower grows that way. I don't see why it holds its head up so straight. It must see something up in the sky." As she said this, Mary looked up to see what this something might be. She saw nothing but the bright sun and the pretty flowers and the fresh grass. "I guess that's what it is," she said, "and that's what makes the violet so pretty, holding its head up. I wonder if I would be pretty if I held my head like that. Everybody says I look cross."

When Mary got to school she was all smiles, for the sunshine had found its way into her face that was so often spoiled with a frown. Mary said nothing, but deep in her heart she thought, "Now I know that was it, and if it is true about the little violet, it is true about me."

The next morning, before Mary started for school, something unpleasant happened again and the flower look all went away from her face, but as she went down the path there was the little violet still trying to look upward. The frown upon her face went away quick as a wink and the wonted smile and sunshine came again. A RAJA YOGA GIRL



A MOUNTAINEER OF TODAY
On the road from Gravia to Lamia, Greece

THE SWEET RED ROSE

GOOD-MORROW, little rose-bush,
Now prithee tell me true,
To be as sweet, as a sweet red rose,
What must a body do?

To be as sweet as a sweet, red rose,
A little girl like you
Just grows, and grows, and grows, and grows---
And that's what she must do.—Selected



GREEK PEASANT



GREEK PEASANT



COMPENSATIONS

by HARRIET MAXWELL CONVERSE

MISTAKING life—that Time will dignify—
 We call our sorrows in reviews, through fears
 From Memory's irritating dust of years;
 Resisting not, our woes we glorify;
 Choosing not with grief our lives to beautify.
 We fill the thornless lily with our tears,
 And search for wounds the thorny rose-bloom fears,
 Accepting not one hope to deify!

Triumphal arches rise all o'er the earth,
 Bend obedient, seek the open gate;
 Poor the name that hath no inheritance,
 Though thy worldly one was a crownless birth,
 In everlasting glories for thee wait
 Compensations, in God's holy vigilance.—*Selected*

Toleration

THERE is so much that we do every day which injures ourselves and others that there is no necessity to do: restricted, narrow, untrue ideas about ourselves, which we keep on thinking about, holding to and acting upon; bringing pain, trouble, delay and unhappiness into our lives, which need not be there at all.

Looking at life from the Theosophical standpoint, we can distinguish the difference between the voices from above and below, coming to us ordinarily in thoughts, feelings and impulses—those from above leading us into the Light, on the path of wisdom, health, happiness and prosperity; or the thoughts, feelings and impulses from below, from sources that are degrading, leading us into difficulties, darkness, disease, suffering and premature death. If one were to listen *constantly* to his Higher Nature, he would never be in ignorance, suffering or misery.

If we only would obey our Higher Nature, as a disciplined soldier obeys his commanding officer, our path would always be plain. In time of battle, the commanding officer gives no long explanation to his soldiers of the reasons why he issues certain orders, or why they should work on certain lines, or principles of discipline; yet if these are not promptly obeyed and carried out, disaster is sure to follow. So it is with our Higher Nature; we get these thoughts and feelings, and learn these principles of Divinity, and if we promptly obey them, we avoid destitution and destruction, in its many and various forms, and as we become more and more obedient to that inner voice, it can come by natural law nearer and nearer to us, till at last we become entirely identified with it; for it is our Higher Self, the God within. Then our Soul fully takes possession of our body, or its natural kingdom, and we become a co-worker and co-partner of Great Nature, able to do service *consciously* in the vast work of universal evolution, and earn the great privilege of having constant immortal companionship with the *Great Helpers* of the race.

In this picture of man's glorious heritage and destiny, to become one with the Gods and Deity itself, we may seem to be going a roundabout way to the subject of toleration, but unless we turn our attention to what man is, and ought to realize, the priceless value of toleration from the Theosophical standpoint will be missed, and it might resolve itself into merely a little dissertation on a virtue, that we have all heard preached from our cradle, but which no one ever seems to think of practising in a whole-hearted way.

Most good people will tolerate some things, but the limit of their endurance is reached if they are pushed far enough, and they end in giving a "bit of their mind" always, of course, for the good of others. That is because there is dependence for their peace of mind on outward circumstances. Toleration is a necessity in human life, just because each human unit must learn in his or her own way, and in his or her own *degree*; for the Law of human progress is a Law of evolution, and enlightenment comes from *within* not without. One of the greatest crimes we

can commit is to *force* or *corner* others to think and act as we wish them to do, or as we think right. In this way we work to make slaves, criminals and soulless beings, who are moral and mental cripples, unable to act from their own Higher Nature. If we work with the Higher Law, and have as much faith in another's Higher Nature, as we have in our own, we shall often find those we thought unbearable, or going to perdition, will become in our time of need our truest companions and best of friends. We will learn to be tolerant and not get upset with the little "annoyances" of life, the differences of opinion, or the hundred and one little *seeming* causes of irritation and ill temper, that bring so much misery into our lives and those of others. It is our own intolerance and desire to have others do only that which pleases us, looking *outside* instead of *inside* for our sympathy and happiness, that is the direct cause of so much harm. Let us insist on being charitable to the weaknesses of others, seeking ever to help where we can, and more than three-fourths of the world's ills will disappear into thin air. It is glorious to think and know of the great Immutable Laws of Nature in which we can place our implicit trust, and to which we can implicitly trust others, and that because of our basic unity through all this seeming separation, by doing our own duty we can truly help and serve all.

T. W. W.

Hope

HOPE, the keynote of the new age has sounded; the dawn of a new day is here, proclaiming to the world that "Life is joy." Humanity has been held so long under the tyranny of fear, that Hope comes as a flaming messenger, to melt the chains and liberate the souls of men.

Deep buried in the depths of man's divine nature is the star of hope; ready to shine forth, and light the way in the darkness. Call it forth then, O brothers of the human race, and light the way; that man may overcome the giant octopus fear, that has fastened itself upon the very vitals of the race, with all its destructive potency.

All misery, crime, vice, insanity, is the work of selfishness and fear, which have been fostered in the human mind by false teaching; and have robbed man of his divine heritage.

Let us, then, O my brothers, call into activity this divine power of hope, that we may drive out selfish fear and serve mankind.

Let us consider for a moment these two words hope and fear, in their different aspects.

Fear includes despair, dread, anxiety, doubt, terror, timidity, cowardice. These are opposed to hope which includes buoyancy, faith, expectancy, confidence, trust, daring, courage. Fear is passive and negative, therefore destructive. Hope is active and positive, therefore constructive. Fear is paralyzing, contractive, resulting ultimately in death. Hope is liberating, expansive, life-giving; it is a fire which melts all obstacles.

Two great souls have been sacrificed in order that humanity may overcome the thralldom of fear, which has threatened its destruction. A third great soul, our present Teacher and Leader, has taken up the task, bringing hope and joy and life to the world. To help these noble souls is a great privilege.

E. L. I.

The Need of Raja Yoga in Daily Life

THE routine of daily life brings each of us constantly face to face with the question contained in the declaration attributed to a French poet: "If I had only two sous, with one I would buy bread, and with the other white hyacinths to feed to my soul." But would we do so in such a case? As each moment's choice comes to us, how much of the physical are we willing to sacrifice for the sake of the spiritual?

The physical requires some care, some consideration, but how much? If we give it too much we build up a coarse animal monster which binds our higher natures in loathsome slavery to its appetites and desires. If we give it too little we have a weak, sickly, ineffective instrument with which to do our work.

Daily and hourly we feel the need of Raja Yoga, of balance between all the parts of our nature, which shall enable us to attain the condition so finely described by Plato as "the harmonious agreement between the principles of a man's soul as to which of them shall rule; such harmonious unity constituting temperance, fortitude and justice, freedom from sin, and giving the power to appreciate the beautiful and the true."

As we learn to discount the whining or blustering demands of our pleasure-loving companion, the lower self, at their true value of actual needs, we find him an ever better and better servant, and ourselves capable of a widening comprehension of the mysteries and beauties of real life. And when he finds that he cannot rule us, this companion becomes a docile, happy and very useful servant.

R. W.

SELECTION

MAY I reach
 The purest heaven --- be to other souls
 The cup of strength in some great agony.
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
 And in diffusion ever more intense!
 So shall I join the choir invisible,
 Whose music is the gladness of the world.

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question If Theosophy, the Wisdom Religion, is as old as the human race, how comes it that man has forgotten it, so that it is necessary for great Teachers to come again and again to give him the knowledge of it once more.

Answer I think the answer to the question, or at least a suggestion for its solution, is to be found in the experience of every man and woman whenever the lower nature is permitted to rule. Just so long as we permit the lower nature to hold sway, just so long are our higher faculties, the power to know, to see clearly, to act with judgment and discrimination, clouded and, ultimately, if we continue under the dominion of the lower nature, atrophied.

When following the guidance of the higher nature, we have once had a glimpse of true life, and felt its joy, how comes it that we drift back again into the selfish, narrow, struggling world of the lower nature? If we can answer this question, then it will, I think, give a clue to the solution of the other.

There are two forces in Nature, a duality out of which man's dual nature has sprung. "Light and Darkness are the world's eternal ways;" the good and the evil stand ever opposed, fighting one against the other; and man stands between. In the days of infant humanity, the human race had its guides, its teachers, and guardians, who shielded and nurtured and educated it, just as the infant child is shielded and nurtured and cared for. But the time comes, as the child grows, that it must learn to walk alone, to stand alone, to think out for itself the problems of life, though its parents and guardians stand ever by to help it and to point out the way. But more and more it must face for itself the problems of good and evil, and choose for itself the path of light or the path of darkness.

And humanity, like so many of earth's children, forsook the light and followed darkness, and would have perished had not the wise ones, its Teachers and Helpers, come again and again to strike once more the keynote of Truth, to set once more the example of pure living and, as has so often been the case, to give their lives and suffer martyrdom in the fulfilment of their task.

Strength can only be gained in conflict; it is not really strength until it has been tested in the battle of life, and although the great Helpers of the race have not always been openly present among the people, they have never ceased watching and helping just so far as humanity's own efforts towards the light have made it possible for them to render help. Thus in the great conflict between Light and Darkness, which has raged around man and in his own heart, even when at times his defeat has seemed sure, and the triumph of darkness inevitable, one of the great Helpers, as today, has come again to give new light and hope until humanity shall at last rouse itself and greet the dawn of the new day. STUDENT

Question What proof have you of the existence of a golden age in the past, and upon what do you base the statement that there will be one in the future?

Answer First, what are some of the facts of life, so far as regards the past history of mankind? Every year, almost every day, new discoveries are being made of the wonderful knowledge and achievements of the ancients, showing a height of civilization, along many lines, to which we, with all our boasted progress, have never reached. Witness the stupendous architecture and the engineering feats of Egypt, the "lost arts," the literature of India and Babylonia. It is not necessary to enumerate further, as frequent reference is made in this paper to these discoveries, week by week, as they

are published, and attention drawn to the lessons they convey. But what is most pertinent to the present question is the conclusion inevitably forced upon all investigators that these ancient civilizations did not arise out of barbarism, but that they become more glorious, more perfect, the further we go back into the night of time.

In addition to the above, which we may call the material evidence, that the ages long preceding our own were brighter and more glorious than the so called historical ages, we have the further evidence of the recorded statements of the same ancients, and the traditions of peoples all over the earth, that in the far past, in the dawn of their life, there was a golden age, and that this was followed by what in comparison was called the age of silver, then by that of bronze, and finally by the age of iron, in which we now are.

But the greatest evidence exists in the race consciousness, and it is here also that lies the promise of a golden age in the future. If man is divine, which Theosophy asserts, and which each man in his inner consciousness may know for himself if he will, then however deep the valleys into which humanity has wandered, it is man's destiny to rebecome divine, and to so fashion life and civilization that the golden age shall dawn again.

STUDENT

Question There used to be an idea that it was necessary to be eccentric in appearance and unceremonious in behavior, to be a Theosophist in good standing. Is this right?

Answer Within the Theosophical Society, never at any time was such an idea held save by the very few, and I doubt if these could be called members in good standing, for the simple reason that Theosophy is common sense; and to be in good standing, in the true sense of the term, is not simply to have paid one's dues, but to govern one's life as far as possible in accordance with the principles of Theosophy, *i. e.*, first and always, on common-sense lines.

But the very word Brotherhood, which was the aim and object of the Society, attracted to its ranks, in the early days, many who thought that a mere profession was all that was necessary, and that under its cloak they would find an easy means of gulling the public and also the members and so be able to work their selfish schemes and fads with impunity.

In connection with this question, I would suggest reading an article in *The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine*, entitled "Grotesque Theosophists," from which the following extract is taken:

The grotesque is ever present in human nature so long as it remains unregenerate; and, until man becomes perfected, we shall always find deplorable specimens wherever there are men, no matter how lofty the ideals they profess or to what organization they belong. If all societies were to be judged by the erratics, egotists, faddists, emotionalists, "teachers" and practitioners of mental sensualism—degenerates—contained on their roll, it would be but a lamentable and discouraging prospect for any of them. But although The Universal Brotherhood was at one time afflicted with a few such, yet through its strenuous efforts to spread Brotherhood throughout all the world, it has reached a point of discernment as a body which causes anyone who enters to discover himself by his own acts.

We would respectfully but strongly deprecate the practice of making Theosophy responsible for all the fads and foibles of those who take up its study, or of those who use its name. These fads and foibles were learned in the world, and Theosophy sooner or later eradicates them. We do not denounce a Home for Inebriates as a place where people are incited to intemperance because we find inebriates there, nor are we surprised to find sick people in a hospital. So among the earnest devoted Theosophists there may be found a few who have entered from more or less sincere motives but not availing themselves of the help given to all, having permitted their lower natures to gain the ascendancy and seeking to exploit some idiosyncrasy, they appear as cranks who occasionally bring discredit upon the organization.

But despite these examples of crankism and folly, the wise will discern the genuine life within that has forced them to disclose the evil in their nature.

Without the saving grace of a sense of humor, it is impossible for anyone to preserve a healthy mind in this age of complicated vanities and follies. We can see in the grotesque Theosophists the opportunity for a hearty laugh as well as the profitable study of the weaknesses lying latent in human nature.

As H. P. Blavatsky has said, "Theosophist is, who Theosophy does," and again it may be said—Theosophy is common sense, it is whatever tends in the highest sense to establish Brotherhood, to help men and women, to quote the first object of the International Brotherhood League, "to help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling." Verily, Theosophy teaches that life is noble and must be nobly lived. STUDENT

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OCT	BAROM- ETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
10	29.854	72	59	65	61	.00	NW	6
11	29.792	68	64	66	64	.00	NW	9
12	29.786	72	56	63	59	trace	NE	5
13	29.768	72	56	67	59	.00	W	2
14	29.762	74	59	69	54	.00	E	5
15	29.758	76	57	62	59	.00	SE	7
16	29.716	69	54	61	57	.00	NE	6

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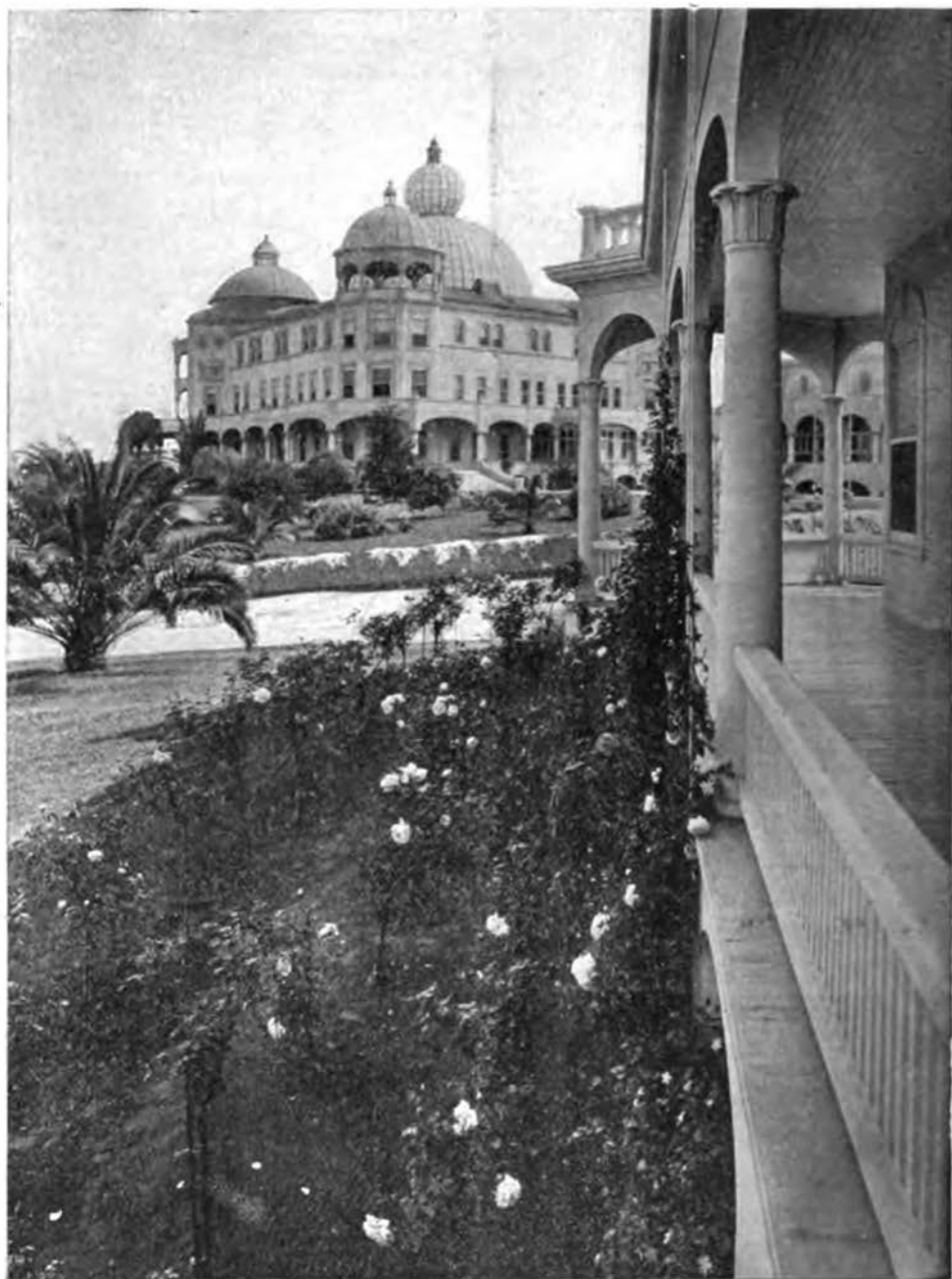
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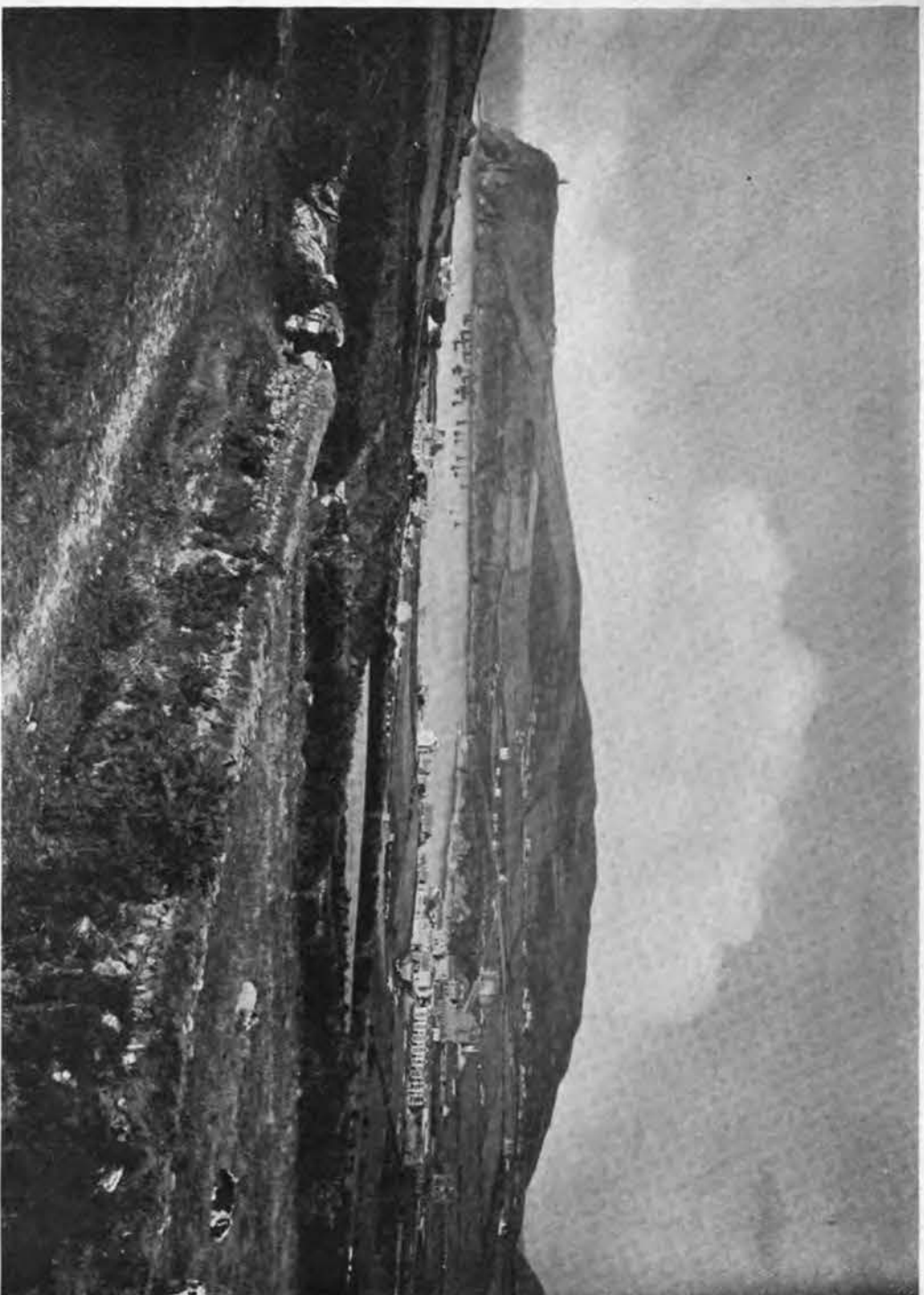
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CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

A "Holy War"
Preparing
The Secret of Patent
Medicines
Mount Pelee in Eruption
China's Appropriation
for the World's Fair
Post Erin, Isle of Man—frontispiece

Page 4—XXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

Obliterating the Slum Mark
Rise and Fall of Creeds
Migration from Sweden
Deep Breathing Quackery
A Bishop's Apology

Page 5—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

Art of Painting in
the Middle Ages
True Education
Charles First & Henriette (illustration)
Fragment (verse)

Pages 6 & 7—WOMAN'S WORK

Flower of Courtesy—illustrated
Burden of the Past
A Woman Archeologist
Filipino Women
Handiwork of Raja Yoga
Cuban Students (illustration)
Fragment (verse)

Page 8—ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

Roman Forum—illustrated
Fine Character of the Zunis
Cyclopean Masonry
The Sun Dance

Page 9—NATURE

A Point Loma Sunset—illustrated
The Ant-Lion
Tumult of the Town (verse)
An Old Tortoise
Intelligence in Animals
Lotus, Plumbagos (illustration)

Pages 10 & 11—U. B. ORGANIZATION

An Ancient Telephone
Friends in Counsel
Students at Isis Theatre

Page 12—GENERAL

Glimpses of the Island
of Trinidad—illustrated

Page 13—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Professor de Vries'
Back Garden
and Its Lessons
Bees, Barometers and
Blowing Wells
Lessons of a Well
The Essential Stuff
X-Rays and Cancer

Page 14—OUR YOUNG FOLK

A Story of Neglect
Raja Yoga Courtesy
A Song of Prophecy (verse)
Facts Worth Knowing

Page 15—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Raja Yoga Question Box
La Piedra
General Garcia—A
Historical Drama
Given at San Diego
and Lomaland (illustration)
A Child's Thoughts
of God (verse)
The Lotus

Pages 16 & 17—STUDENTS' PATH

The Path of
Progress
Service
Selections (verse)
Theosophical Forum
Theosophy

Pages 18, 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological

A "Holy War" Preparing

ACCORDING to reports from Russian sources, chief among which is the *Novoe Vremya*, in a lengthy article by a M. Nossiloff, a holy war is preparing in Central Asia, the magnitude of which, at present, is scarcely measureable. Following the above-named writer, whose article deals extensively with the Mongolian movement, so-called, July of every year sees a huge concourse of Chinese pilgrims and Buddhist clergy at Urga, named "the sacred city of the Mongols," these gatherings often reaching to the very respectable figure of one hundred thousand attendants.

At Urga, the Buddhists of all countries congregate annually for the purposes of "prayer," and also for the purpose of discussing religious matters.

The invasion of Thibet has formed the principal topic of discussion

at this year's convention, last July. According to M. Nossiloff, the Buddhist mind has been under great stress of agitation over this event, and it is said that a caravan of lamas has been sent into different parts of Mongolia on a special mission. The direction taken by the caravan was from Urga, northward, to the skirts of the Russian Altai range.

"The object of the mission is not known," of course, but it is supposed to be for the amassing of resources from the very confines of

To Aid Dalai Lama & Thibetan Capital

Buddhist influence in Asia, to the end that material and practical aid may be given to the Dalai Lama and to the Thibetan capital. Preparations are being made for a holy war, says M. Nossiloff. In this war not only the Russian Buriats and Russian Mongols would take part, but they would combine with the adherents of the spiritual head of the Thibetan church in Thibet, China and India. This dark and threatening cloud is to burst in the month of February next, according to the current saying of the people.

It would be exceedingly difficult to take issue with so (apparently) authoritative and exclusive a source of information as the above-named; and, perchance, the facts are as quoted; or, peradventure, there is more behind the facts than even the Russian Argus sees, and it is to this it is well to call attention.

It is pretty well recognized throughout the Extreme Orient that Russian success in the present titanic struggle would mean a radical shifting of interests and spheres of influence in all Asia. Also that Russia is today engaged as much in a religious war as in one where national policies are at stake. And furthermore, that Russia follows up military success by absorption into herself and for herself, rather than by dominion over the conquered territory simply.

England's Influence in the Orient

Great Britain holds another record politically in the Orient. This Power today governs millions of Buddhists directly; and British influence is predominant over other scores of millions of adherents to the ethical system of Gautama the Buddha. These have learned that their religion is protected against violence by the very laws which ensure peace to other human faiths; and while missionaries, rum and opium have a fair field, these many millions of Buddhists have learned that they, too, have that field, and that they can easily hold their own.

Shakyamuni's followers number today about one-third of the earth's children. They are spread all over Asia and the great Eastland's outskirts. Five hundred million human souls daily acknowledge the Buddha Gautama as their Lord.

Sectarian sympathy is keen, keener and more fundamental even than racial bonds, as history shows on its red pages.

Japan, in spite of its national "ancestor worship" under the name of Shinto, is considered a branch of the Buddhistic body corporate. Japan is an Oriental country; it is looked upon by the most enlightened of the Orientals as the hope of the East, and as an example of what other peoples (China, for instance), may one day grow to be.

Great Britain the Ally of Japan

And Great Britain, the political mistress of millions of Buddhists, and of centuries of millions of Asiatics, is the ally of Japan!

On the other hand, of the two great European Powers in question, one is regarded as representing radical absorption with complete loss of national existence for a foe; the other, conservative dominion primary to equitable government.

Now these things are known in the Far East. The "dreamy" Oriental is the most practical and shrewd of men; his idealism is practical and to the point. No one knowing the Far East well, will undertake to dispute this.

The Dalai Lama, and his Chinese political advisers and overseers at Lhasa, are astute men. They must have realized by this time the trend and march of Fate in this Twentieth century, and the persevering, enterprising character of the White Man. Japan realized this in time to save herself, by opening her gates to him, and by proving herself even more far-sighted than he. China bids fair to be stirring in her heavy national lethargy, prior to rising with her countless millions to do likewise.

Shall Thibet remain on the razor's edge of indecision, to be severed by her own inertia and impotent weight? Or to be crushed between the Northern and the Southern foemen?

The presumption is unreasonable. It is to the point here to note that the

Uprising May Be for Another Cause Thibetan Mission accomplished its end—such as the Fates allowed that end to be. The precedent is established, so far as Thibet's isolation is concerned. Is there further need to draw inferences? Will the shrewd and wily Oriental choose to submit to a fiery

and powerful foreign foe warring under the banner of a militant and arrogant church, rather than to another foreign power in whose train commerce spreads its tents and opens its emporiums to all?

Should this threatened uprising of Buddhists take place next February—a supposition remarkable enough and extraordinary enough in itself—it may be for another cause, and against another power than Japan's ally. Japanese emissaries are today in every part of Asia, and along the whole frontier line of Chinese territory, as well as in the mountain passes and in the towns of the inland. The reappearance of the god Airol, reported extensively some few weeks ago in our papers, who is represented as urging a rising against Russian rule in Manchuria, may have other causes than directly celestial ones—or directly Celestial, if you will. *Dictum sapienti sat est.*

As a great thinker has said: the time has come for not a few accounts to be squared between the races of the earth, and this applies as well to the Far East as to our own Occident.

Let events come as they may; the Gods watch!

G. DE P.

The Secret of Patent Medicine Testimonials

EVERYONE is familiar with the libelous newspaper woodcuts which accompany extravagant testimonials for various patent medicines over the signatures of pretty society women and prominent men. Even non-medical fakirs have been puzzled to know the process by which persons of even ordinary vanity and self-respect could be persuaded to endorse such pictures and to so publicly air their ailments. The wonderful cures described were no more mysterious than the method of securing the testimonials.

Upon the average mind a printed statement, especially if illustrated, has an influence beyond mere words. The types are not expected to lie. The continued repetition of an impression through the eye at last becomes convincing. This hypnotic power of the press is fully utilized by a certain class of patent medicine vendors who regard money spent for expensive advertising space as capital well invested.

The following quotation from an article in the *New York Medical Journal* is interesting. It throws added light upon the prevailing spirit of commercialism which willingly pays any dishonorable price for financial success:

Remarkable testimony has been obtained by the postoffice department as to the ways in which testimonials are obtained by some of the big concerns engaged in this business. One large firm admitted that it had agents out seeking persons who had formerly occupied prominent positions in the community, but had suffered financial reverses and were harassed by debts they were unable to settle. The agents would obtain possession of the unpaid accounts, and would then apply pressure to the unfortunate victims, demanding immediate payment in full. Finally, after long persecution, the desperate victim would be invited or commanded to call at the office of an attorney, where he would be given to understand that if he would sign and swear to a testimonial a receipt in full for the claims against him would be given. This seems incredible, but the facts are now on file in the records of the postoffice.

Evolution is no less commendable in business than elsewhere, but the above methods mark an age that is rather ahead of itself—in spots. The growth of modern commercialism is abnormally out of proportion to the development of ethics. This thumb-screw business in Twentieth century industry belongs to the moral suasion of the middle ages.

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

[The above article might easily be extended to include the various methods by which questionable enterprises of different kinds, questionable literature, etc., are imposed on the public's gullibility, by means of working on the standing of respectable publications.

While these may owe no debts, nor be subject to legal pressure of any kind, yet threats of adverse criticisms in the columns of contemporary publications if the book or enterprise is not "boomed," and promises of rosy-colored descriptions if such are forced on the public's attention, are only too well known to be denied. This thumbscrew method has, unfortunately, its ramifications everywhere, and many people are often duped.—ED.]

Mount Pelee in Eruption

FROM Martinique comes the news that Mt. Pelée is again in violent eruption, and that the population is getting anxious. And well they may, with their former terrible experience in so fresh remembrance.

We learn by experience, or, as some put it, by bitter experience. In reality it need not be bitter to teach a lesson, but to some even that which is most bitter is forgotten over soon. Too much of anything is apt to dull our sensibility. A miner, through long familiarity with the dangers of dynamite, becomes reckless, until he entirely disregards all ordinary precautions, and an accident occurs.

And so it is with people who have for years, perhaps all their lives, lived under the shadow of the danger of a great natural catastrophe. The flood comes and destroys, the dreaded eruption of the volcano takes place, leaving death in its track, yet the debris of the old are hardly cleared away before man returns to face the same danger anew.

What is this that impels him? Is it only recklessness? Is it courage, ready to brave everything? It would almost seem so at first sight, and yet, if we look deeper we shall probably find that it was fear, and not courage, which prompted the return. Fear, not of the danger just past and which may be repeated, but fear of the unknown. The former danger is familiar to him, and, fear it as he may, he can measure it. Like a gambler, he is willing to take his chances rather than to face that which he does not know. He might move away, but that would involve a sacrifice of material advantages connected with the old home. That thousands have left that home and prospered elsewhere is not sufficient to him. He fears to strike out, and so takes a much greater risk, which makes him appear like a hero, perhaps even to himself. S.

China's Appropriation for the World's Fair

THE special pains that have been taken by the Chinese Imperial Government to give the United States a signal mark of esteem on the occasion of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, are worthy of note. Prince Pu Lun, as representative of the Throne, himself a scion of the Imperial blood, came to St. Louis last April as the Commissioner-General of the Celestial Empire. It is, indeed, a high compliment, for China did not take official part in the World's Fair of 1893, and the country was represented only by the displays made by a few Canton merchants. For this last Exposition, on the contrary, the Chinese Government made a specific appropriation from the Imperial treasury equivalent to half a million dollars, a distinct departure from the established precedent, and a sign, certainly, of the times. The Government building itself is one of the most exquisite features of the entire grounds, being a reproduction of the home of Prince Pu Lun. The display made of art, science and industries, has never been equalled by China at any previous exposition. E. H.

Japanese Bullets

JAPANESE bullets, says a press correspondent, do less harm to the body than any weapon heretofore used; they are almost harmless. Surgical reports on Russian gunshot wounds show that one of these missiles may actually go through the medulla without causing much trouble. "The men in the hospital have tiny wounds, smaller than a threepenny bit, a mere red stain, nothing more." The velocity is greater and the bullet smaller than ordinary. A missile 2.5 lines (1-5 inch) in diameter, with an initial velocity of 725 meters (2378 feet), has enormous penetrative power and makes a very clean perforation. H.

THIS week's cover-page of the NEW CENTURY PATH shows Port Erin, Isle of Man, in the Irish Sea. Port Erin is often called Port Iron, probably from "Ierne," the ancient original name of Hibernia (Ireland) which lies directly west. In fair weather the Irish hills can be seen.

The sentinel crags of Port Erin have seen strange scenes of storm and battle and shipwreck, during their long watch over the entrance to Port Erin. Oft has the ancient Dane steered his mailed bark, laden with wild Vikings, into this little bay. Spanish Head overfrowned the destruction of a part of the Armada.

To the southwest, around the point of Kione-ny-Gane, is the island of "Calf-of-Man."

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

Obliterating the Slum ■ ■ ■ Mark

DR. ARCHDALL REID, eminently qualified to speak, has been saying some encouraging things about slum life. The older view, which he contests, that of Dr. Cantlie, was that the evils of slum life were cumulatively handed on by heredity. People who moved from the country into the slums of a city went down in health. Their children were born with the degree of poor health reached at the time of their birth by their parents; and in their turn went still further down. Their children still further, and so on to the extinction that awaited the line in three or four generations.

"I believe," says Dr. Reid, "this assumption to be a totally unwarrantable one. It is founded on a confusion between inborn and acquired traits. Of course, the influences which act on a slum-bred child tend to injure him personally." But, he goes on, this parental decline is *not* registered as a prenatal permanency in the constitution of the child. "I believe, in fact, that while a life in the slums deteriorates the individual, it does not affect directly the hereditary tendencies of the race in the least. . . . Slums are not a creation of yesterday. They have existed in many countries from very ancient times."

In a word: Subject the child of the slum-dweller, from birth, to the right influences, give him a healthy up-bringing, and he will be the equal in physique of the child born and reared in the country.

This may be an over-optimistic view; but it is worth working on. We think it needs another touch. Begin that "healthy up-bringing" of the child a few months *before* it is born, and maybe we have the whole secret. Hereditary influences *do* doubtless accumulate from generation to generation, and become relatively permanent. But these are secondary in comparison, we think, with those stamped on the child within a little period on both sides of its birth hour, and may be neglected altogether.

STUDENT

The Rise ■ ■ and Fall of Creeds ■

A PROMINENT divine turns a biological eye upon creeds, and believes that he sees in their prolificness the operation of the same law which in the animal and vegetable worlds produces such countless variations of type. In both cases, he thinks, the complementary law subsequently operates—that of elimination of the worse and survival of the fittest.

We think the analogy correct, but take no comfort from it. "Fittest," in the biological sense, means aptest at getting food, completest in its adaptation to conditions. The food of a creed, its field of growth, is human minds. So a creed is no better than the minds of those who accept it. Why then multiply them? What the race needs is a set of men and women who have got back to universal ideals of life and conduct, and *live them*. The force of example, the light that such lives radiate, will do the rest.

Belief is the product of pre-existent character. Its subsequent reaction on character is very slow. Let the creeds arise and fall as they will; we will appeal to the divine fundamentals of human character. Creeds are mind-made; character has feeling as its basis. Creeds only formulate (and therefore limit) conceptions that arise in feeling. The axioms of today will not be axiomatic tomorrow, for axioms are felt, not thought.

STUDENT

The Migra- tion from ■ ■ ■ Sweden

AMERICANS should be unselfish enough to wish the river of Swedish immigration stopped. His mother country needs the young Swede more than we. Why he should leave her is something of a mystery. He is happy; he is free; and he can easily be prosperous. Moreover, he is justly an ardent patriot, proud of his country's history, and eminently a home lover. Nowhere are the bonds of family life closer or more real than in Sweden. Yet from a population of 5,000,000, nearly 1,000,000 Swedes have come here! Their sterling qualities, energy, honesty, capacity and kindness make us glad to receive them, but why do they come? Is the old Viking instinct

to roam so strong as to take them from one of the most beautiful countries on earth?

For Sweden's sake, we are glad to note that steps are about to be taken at home to ascertain and remove the causes of this steady emigration, for Sweden is a glorious country.

AMERICAN

The "Deep Breathing" Quackery ■

WE wonder how many quacks there are at this moment in America teaching "the art of breathing?" And what proportion they bear to the numbers willing to be "taught"—say at \$2 a lesson? "How to breathe," "How to become beautiful," "How to be powerfully magnetic," are the headings of advertisements usually to be found in the same column, and parting the same kind of persons from their money.

The heart is fortunately out of reach, or we should be informed that that organ also was ignorant of its business and needed to be regulated or enlarged or something. For certain physiological reasons, a little margin of control over respiration is left to the will. We can stop breathing a moment or two in passing through foul gas, and we can alter the rhythm in order to punctuate our spoken sentences. Nature, fortunately for us, does not yet trust us very far. And the wisdom of her caution is obvious. Exactly as far as she does give us her trust, do we abuse it.

The attempt to produce health by deepening the breathing is on all fours with the attempt to put a dog into good humor by wagging his tail for him. That good results sometimes follow is due to the other measures pursued concurrently. Meddling with the breathing machinery simply detracts from them. And it is exactly as injurious to the breathing centers as gluttony is to the digestive centers. Over-breathing is a move in the direction of fever, and results, like over-feeding, in the production of toxins. Let the breathing alone; as good health comes back, so will good breathing capacity correspond. Every direct attempt to meddle with it will certainly be revenged later on.

PHYSICIAN

A Bishop's Apology ■

BISHOP WELLDON, of the Church of England, admits that most sermons are dreadfully dull; but he thinks we do not make allowances enough. The ordinary speaker may use all kinds of illustrations, and may introduce as many jokes as occur to him. And he is frequently rewarded and stimulated with refreshing applause.

But the preacher is limited in his topics and in his illustrations; and he may not joke. Nor does he get any applause. Against these grave disqualifications he can *only* set such qualities as come from careful preparation, elevation of character and spiritual intuition. Only! If a preacher will supply these, he will not lack an audience, nor will his discourse be reckoned dull. He may "limit" his topic as much as he likes, (that is to say, to all the important and all the radical things of life); he need not joke, for what he says will stimulate his hearers' consciousness just as much; and his "spiritual intuition" will tell him far better than applause, the exact effect which he is producing. And the development of this intuition will constitute a "careful preparation" much more effective than the study-consultation of books. *Why* do men go into the ministry, *why* do they presume to teach, without that spiritual intuition which should be the only warrant for, and stimulus to, the attempt? The man who has the real fire *must* let it out, and he will never lack his audience. The world seems to be waiting for a new order of preachers, and a new method of evolving them. The real preacher may be a man of learning, may be a finished critic, even a higher critic; may have all sorts of intellectual possessions. But he is and has much more. There is a fire behind his intellect which fills it with light and throws its pictures as living powers upon the minds of those who hear him.

STUDENT

WITH Reincarnation the doctrine of Karma explains the misery and suffering of the world, and no room is left to accuse Nature of injustice.—*William Quan Judge*

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Art of Painting in the Middle Ages

I CENNINO, son of Andrea Cenni, born in Colle di Valdelsa, was instructed in this art for twelve years by Agnolo, son of Taddeo of Florence, my master, who learned the art from Taddeo, his father, a god-son of Giotto, whose disciple he had been for twenty-four years."

Thus, the introduction to the quaint *Book of Art*, composed by Cennino da Colle in 1437. What a field of thought is not opened up by this naive little treatise written long before Raphael, Michael Angelo, or any of the masters of the true Renaissance came upon the scene. Honest, loving, destitute of that higher carelessness which seems to have been the discovery of the post-Raphaelites, Cennino gives to his book the charm of utter simplicity. It is dated from one of the Florence prisons, nor is it difficult to picture him sitting there, working away—for he was always poor and frequently in debt—happy, as our own Thoreau was happy, pegging shoes and writing philosophy in the Concord jail.

Cennino begins by saying that one should first learn to draw, and one of his great secrets, to erase charcoal with bread, has not been improved upon to this day. He goes into great detail as to the use of tracing paper, giving receipts for preparing it and instructions, which would best be called "receipts," for using it. He gives a method for making charcoal crayons and sings the song which we are by this time beginning to know is not a wise song, to draw and draw for years before even beginning to use color. The artist of today knows what the Japanese have known for centuries, that to divorce color and form is impossible and that drawing and painting must, in true art teaching, be recognized as together forming a whole, fragments each, when separate.

But Cennino's best advice may well be taken by students of today. He declared that the student who would attain excellence must be regular to the point of asceticism in his living, "eating, at the most, twice a day, using light and good food," and that he "must restrain his hand, preserving it from fatigue such as would be caused by throwing heavy stones or iron bars." Details are also given as to the manufacture of one's own brushes—fancy the labor of the student worker in those days—and from his book, too, one judges that the study of anatomy was then almost unknown. In speaking of the human body Cennino gives the proportions of the body of a man, saying, "I omit those of a woman because there is not one perfectly proportioned!"

Equally naïve are his directions with regard to perspective, the laws of which had not been in his day re-discovered. He says, "Let the cornice which you make at the top of the house incline downwards toward the obscure, (meaning doubtless the vanishing point); and let the middle cornice of the building facing you, be quite even. Let the cornice of the base of the building ascend in a direction quite contrary to that of the cornice at the top of the building." This was Cennino's perspective!

But let us bless him for the torch he held aloft then, let us wish that there were today more artists as loyal to their craft, as honest to their better impulses and as lovingly helpful to their fellow men. Let us be grateful to one who dared, in the very darkness of the Middle Ages, sound this true note—"The student shall give heed that he study from love of the art and true nobleness of mind. Let him adorn himself with this vesture: love, obedience, reverence and trust."

STUDENT

The True Education Must Unfold the Heart-Life

SHORTLY before his death, Watts, "the greatest of the Victorian artists," is reported to have said, in a conversation with one of his friends:

None the less, it is the people eventually, and not the scribes, who have to judge, and they speak with authority. The education of the people—one looks to that as the great hope!

The bulk of the people at present seem to care for nothing but smoking, drinking, and gambling; that's quite true; but then we don't yet in this country understand the meaning of the word education. A real education would modify all that.

Art is the living presentation of Religion.—Wagner

Any true education is surely of its essence religious. It consists in teaching us to differentiate between the beasts and ourselves.

Do you suppose that the addition of a few dogmas of this or that sect, or talking about names and titles of God or of Christ, can transform irreligious into religious teaching? Creeds are, of course, the shell protecting the vital thing; but in insisting too much on creed, the life within may elude us, and leave us an empty husk.

A BOOK recently published in France, purporting to recount divers scandals of the Second Empire, it is really somewhat difficult to appreciate. One wonders at first glance whether it contains truth or fiction, and what could have been the collector's estimate of his readers.

No one but a discharged cook or some spiteful and *bourgeoise* lady's maid would think of retailing such scandals about "the family," and her listeners could only be placed upon the same level with herself. With all the beauty there is in life

and in the heart's best aspirations; with all the real hunger that we find everywhere for something that lifts us above the plane of the humdrum and of slander, the best that one can wish for such a book is that it may sink into the obscurity it deserves.

A DISPATCH from Chicago reports the death of a 'cellist of that city due to constant practice on his instrument. The surgeons amputated the left leg in the hope of curing the disease known as osteosarcoma, which had developed as the result of the daily pressure of the instrument against the limb. The papers are commenting upon this, naturally, but how many ever think of the thousands whose nervous systems are injured by over-practice, and the not insignificant number made nervous wrecks from the same cause?

AND now comes a sceptical foreign writer who delivers himself sarcastically anent "education," which he calls "the American fetish" and the "cure of all ills." In his train follow, of course, a dozen American writers who are protesting. Why should they protest? There are so many notions as to what constitutes a fetish, that that point may be spared the argument; and as to education being the cure for all ills, *right education certainly is*. It is not right education that has populated our sanitariums nor made asylums and prisons present day necessities. The responsibility for these things rests upon divers brain-mind systems *miscalled* "educational." The word itself—from the Latin *educere*—how can it refer to systems whose aim is to cram into, not to evolve or *lead forth*? To "lead forth," from what? Truly, from the soul itself wherein forever abideth that wisdom whose message is the heart-life, that "light which lighteth every man that cometh unto the world." Beauty and the perfectness of joy are its expressions. M.



CHARLES THE FIRST OF ENGLAND
AND HIS CONSORT HENRIETTE, OF FRANCE
From the painting by Antonio Van Dyck

FRAGMENT

FOR truth only is living,
Truth only is whole,
And the love of his giving
Man's polestar and pole;
Man, pulse of my centre, and fruit of my body,
and seed of my soul.—Swinburne



The Flower of Courtesy

THE flower of courtesy is a badge wrought on the shining armor of the world's heart heroes. Only those who engage in the conflict with the specious armies of selfishness and separateness, and have won victories over themselves, have the heart knowledge that enables them to invest right speech and right action with the positive luminous quality that belongs to the flower of courtesy.

Be it understood that the higher courtesy adorns only those who have won the heart victories. Those who are still lugubrious, those in whom vision is dim, those in whom exists not the inner certainty of the unity of life and the majesty of moving with the Law, those still entangled in the web of self-justification or blinded by the blazoning of their own spiritual attainments—brave warriors though all may be—cannot yield from their heart of hearts, with even their kindest words and most brotherly deeds, the blessing of courtesy that flows so generously from the world's heart chivalry.

The warmth of the higher courtesy cheers, comforts, uplifts, inspires, but its source is the fire in the heart—and the fire burns. It burns through the veneers and masks, the personal appearances that the people in the world have built up. It seeks out the living fire in each. Those who love truth covet the smart of this burning, and by it transmute some of their baser metal into gold. They are purified by the strength of this fire of the higher courtesy, which based upon knowledge of the Law, gives unto each—not what his personality demands—but his due, and thus reveals the seeker unto himself. Picture the daily life graced by the courtesy of the soul. No invasion of the being of another, no defense necessary, no pretensions, no display, no whining, but each in his place, and in harmony with all the others, radiating from his own inner shining the warmth that finds form in beautiful behavior.

About the graceful forms of courtesy and the easy physical poise of the Japanese linger a light and warmth, as if from a time long ago when heart wisdom inspired them. This spirit lives in Japan today; for the flower of courtesy is a flower of the spirit. It fades not with death, but blooms from life to life. Only those who wear it will be of the royal race that is yet to be known upon the earth.

STUDENT

The Burden of the Past

IF there is one thing that, more than all else, keeps women away from their higher possibilities, it is the fact that they are absolutely psychologized by the past. Not only have they the result, the precipitate, so to speak, of all the past within their very souls, but over their minds hangs its memory. The ability to look straight ahead and to let all memory of the past-traveled roads drop off and out of the mind, is one that few women have yet acquired. Men, as a whole, have this ability, or characteristic rather, to a certain extent. Their business training has forced them to acquire it. Their tendency is that of the pioneer, a looking ahead rather than a looking backward. They let the sense of failure more easily slip away, and as a whole—knowing how the will weakens and the courage disappears under the pressure of regret—throw it out of their minds and march ahead. The wrecks that are strewn here and there in the business world are of those, invariably, who sat down to grieve over past misfortunes, while, before their tear-blinded eyes, opportunities unnumbered passed unseen.

There is in the minds of many women a dread, undefined, yet nevertheless existent, of the future. It arises from what might be termed a want of exact honorableness somewhere in their make-up. For ages and ages the women of the world, as a whole, have had slender opportunity to acquire this honesty on the purest terms; or, to be more exact, they were surrounded by every temptation to be a little less than entirely just. The higher justice is what women as a whole must yet acquire.

We must learn to put down the personal wants and look at things and at events, and at each other, impersonally. We must be less emotional and more calm, less eager to force things our way along personal lines, and more eager to work along lines of least resistance, which are *never* personal lines; more willing to stop worrying and concentrate our attention on our duties; more willing to look ahead than backward. If the past could be dropped absolutely out of the mind, women would, with a single effort, stand face to face with their own souls. Then they would *know* their own Divinity instead of merely speculating about it. They would *realize* their Divine Power to transmute life's leaden obstacles into steps for the Soul's Golden Stair, and they would blossom into wise and selfless use of power, as the child-soul blossoms into speech.

STUDENT



"GOOD MORNING"
In the Land of Courtesy—Japan

A Woman Archeologist

MISS HARRIET BOYD, the American archeologist who discovered in Crete a Bronze Age City, indubitably one of those described by Homer in *The Odyssey*, recently returned home from a second trip to the site of her great discovery. She said, in response to inquiry:

"On my last trip, we uncovered a building resembling in many ways the contemporary palaces at Knossos and Phaestos. This time we went deeper into the city and laid bare many parts of the old residential and business sections. The houses are built flush with the road and close together. They are of about equal size, and although small are well built, on the modern plan of cellar, ground floor and upper floor. From what we saw I believe that the city was attacked by an enemy, deserted, and pillaged and burned.

"I have with me several tablets inscribed with prehistoric characters, such as were found on relics of Knossos and Aghia Tridha. The characters are still intelligible and will probably lead to the discovery of the inhabitants and their customs.

"The decorations on some of the relics indicate a high proficiency in art. A stirrup cup is decorated with two sprawling cuttle-fish, and a set of eight drinking horns bear plant and semi-conventional designs. They will take high rank among prehistoric pottery. A law passed in Crete shortly before I left made it possible for me to bring many specimens back, all of which will go to the University of Pennsylvania. Before that whatever was brought from the island had to be smuggled.

"Some of the vases when found were broken into hundreds of pieces. It required a delicate and careful hand to put them together, but I am sure we have passed over nothing of value so far as we have gone."

THE extent to which musical study is taken up in women's clubs is not generally known. One member recently prepared a course of study, extending over seven years, which is being pursued by many clubs throughout the United States.

The plan is a comprehensive one, taking up first a general view of music, musical form, theory, and its history from the earliest time. This is followed by a study of the music of different nations and special study of the works of the great composers.

As a rule, women's clubs are formed of mothers and those who, in all probability, could not attend classes or schools.

It is beyond doubt or cavil that women's clubs occupy a unique place.

THE reverence for women that is a national characteristic of the people of Scandinavia, and the industry and intelligence of the women themselves, have been the means of opening to women in Sweden a wide range of employment. Every Government department has its women employees, who are treated with great consideration. All positions in the business world and all professions, are open to them. Many printing offices employ only women, and the acknowledged leader in the modern idealistic school of literature is a woman, Miss Selma Lagerhof.

By theory and tradition the position of women in Japan is very subordinate; those who have traveled in that island declare that Japanese husbands are tyrants only in theory, unkind husbands being much the exception.

It makes all the difference in the world whether a nation,—or a person,—is fighting for principle or not. Just read history and you will see.

Filipino Women

A FRIEND, now in St. Louis, writes as follows, concerning the handiwork of Filipino women:

"The most interesting spot to me is the Philippine exhibit, and in that the work of the Filipino women opens a new book. The building itself is built after the Spanish fashion, with a great iron frame-work in front of the windows, and a large court. In the windows shells, which keep out the heat of the sun, but let in the light, are used in place of glass. Here is displayed the work of Filipino women in embroidery, weaving, wood-carving and all kinds of sewing. Nothing could be more exquisite than the light, fluffy, woven fabrics, and in artistic finish and thoroughness of detail, the work of these women could not be excelled anywhere. Compared with it, the undertakings of the men, particularly in the line of agriculture, look exceedingly crude.

"When the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was first proposed, clubs of native women were organized for the purpose of making an exhibition of the work of the women of the islands. Such embroideries, such exquisite lace-work, such delicate, woven stuffs I have rarely seen. The carvings are beautiful, and altogether one wonders where these women could have gotten their artistic taste, their genius for thoroughness and refinement in needlework. To see them combing out long strands of pineapple fibre and making the most beautiful cloth in the world on their hand looms, is a real inspiration. And the famous Filipino hats! It takes a woman, working steadily all day, ten days or two weeks to plait one of these hats."

The same might be said of the embroidery and loom work done by the women of all Oriental nations. Cuba is by

no means an exception. During childhood the little "Cubanas" are taught to handle a needle with marvelous skill and highly artistic feeling. The hand-wrought laces of South America are as famous as the almost microscopic drawn-work of the native women of Mexico. Think, too, of the artistic value of the woven handwork—baskets, blankets and rugs—of North American Indian women! From the Persian woman, who sits patiently before her loom day after day; from the little East Indian, lovingly stitching rare color into the patterned tracery of some priceless Cashmere shawl, to the poorest Indian basket or rug-maker on our reservations, all possess a deep love for the beautiful and a genius for the decorative in color and form.

STUDENT

TOURISTS say that in many respects the idea of the inferiority of women is not as marked in Japan

as it is in England or America. Women are considered to be as fit for all manner of work as are men, and their endurance in the matter of physical labor is astonishing. Most of the women of the working classes carry on their work day after day with babies strapped to their backs. A great many of the industries of the country are carried on by women.

It is interesting to know that one of the largest associations for promoting the welfare of the blind in England owes its initiative to a woman, one Elizabeth Gilbert. She herself was stricken when young and out of the depths of her own misfortune formed a plan which today, after fifty years, insures happy and remunerative employment to hundreds of blind men and women.

THE remarkable success of the International Congress of Women, held in Berlin, was due in large measure to the wise and unselfish work of its President, Frau Anna Stritt. One of her co-workers was Mrs. Kazuo Hatoyama of Japan. Another step toward unity and peace! E.



HANDIWORK OF SOME OF THE YOUNG STUDENTS AT THE RAJA YOGA ACADEMY, SANTIAGO DE CUBA

FRAGMENT

A GRACIOUSNESS in giving that doth make
The small'st gift greatest, and a sense most meek
Of worthiness, that doth not fear to take
From others, but which always fears to speak
Its thanks in utterance, for the giver's sake;---
The deep religion of a thankful heart,
Which rests instinctively in Heaven's clear law
With a full peace, that never can depart
From its own steadfastness;---a holy awe
For holy things,---not those which men call holy,
But such as are revealed to the eyes
Of a true woman's soul bent down and lowly
Before the face of daily mysteries;---
A love that blossoms soon, but ripens slowly
To the full goldenness of fruitful prime,
Enduring with a firmness that defies
All shallow tricks of circumstance and time,
By a sure insight knowing where to cling,
And where it clingeth never withering.---Lowell

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

The Roman Forum

MUCH of the most interesting part of Roman history centers around the Forum and its closely packed throng of magnificent public buildings, monuments and works of art. Laid out in the early days, on land reclaimed from the marshes by the building of the Cloaca Maxima, or "Great Sewer," it served as the meeting-place for all citizens in their capacity as legislators. The Comitium, where the assemblies of the patricians were held, was a large platform at one angle of the Forum (beyond the columns and the arch in the illustration); on it was the rostrum, the scene of so many eloquent orations. The Senate House and the Temple of Vesta were among the most famous buildings on the Forum, while the Capitol looked down from above. Successive generations of potentates enriched this site with the spoils of victory and the monuments of fame; and the greater part of all these have gradually been located by archeologists by their foundations under the soil.



ROMAN FORUM,

Showing existing granite columns of Temple of Saturn, the marble pavement of the Basilica Julia (on right of illustration), three existing columns of Temple of Vespasian (on left), and Arch of Severus.

STUDENT

Fine Character of the Zunis—Their Great Antiquity

IN November, 1900, Professor Troyer was invited to Lomaland by Katherine Tingley, and he gave a most interesting talk on Indian Music before some of the students. This man had for the Red Man and his traditions a respect which was as far above the usual view as it was founded on superior information. But though his reverence for the Indians came from his intimate association with them, he would never have won that intimacy had he not in the first place possessed the sympathetic soul and generous intelligence which alone can unlock the portals of guarded knowledge.

Before entering the Indian country he found it would be necessary to learn the sign language, which he did from the Orinocos, and so got to the Incas after several months of difficulty. "They say," said the Professor, "that no white man ever went there and came out alive; but I went there and I came out alive, and when I came out I had 400 songs with me." The Indians hate the white man and with good reason; but the sign language helped him very much and the Indians were friendly and showed him many of their secrets. The Zuñis submitted him to ordeals when he entered their country. They threatened him with death, giving him the choice of fire, strangulation, or being shot with arrows. The fire was kindled, and he did not know but he might be thrown into it. Then he waved his hand and said, "Bury me among your high chiefs!" Then the chief came and cast a spear at his feet, whereupon all gathered around him with presents. He was offered gold but refused it; to have accepted it would have meant instant death.

The Zuñis would look at a man and read him through. If he flinched, he would be stabbed immediately.

The North American Indians were, according to the conclusions derived from all his study and observation, the oldest race on the globe. He said: "I think the Zuñis are the oldest in America and perhaps in the world; they are millions of years back of us, and they have older relics of intellectual life than can be found anywhere else."

The Zuñis have an aristocracy, but it is one of culture, art, history, education. With them all is intense and there is nothing that is not sacred. They live a more true life; coin is not known, as in Eastern countries, and its accompanying contamination of character is likewise absent. Their laws are finer than ours in many respects, especially in regard to friendship and truth. If any one steals from his tribe he dies; and the same fate attends the unfaithful man or woman.

They show powers of endurance of which no man among us is capable. They teach their children to swim by throwing them into the water, and after a gasp or two they will float. Their tenderness, however to those sick or in need is described as something superhuman. They are

true friends, for they love truth and nature, whereas the whites do nothing but for dollars and personal gain.

It is small wonder that people so pure and strong should possess undimmed some of the finer faculties of which their more degenerate brethren have lost the use. They can effect marvelous cures with palm oil; they have the senses of weight, temperature and intuition developed. They will regard you with a piercing look and know instantly whether you are friend or foe.

STUDENT

Cyclopean Masonry in England

AT Grimspound in Dartmoor, Devonshire, England, are the remains of a massive ancient structure, which archeologists call a fortress. It may have been

such; nevertheless we know that ancient races have valued massiveness and size in their structures for other purposes than defense. Dartmoor is a barren rugged tract, which has remained unchanged for centuries, and its population is diminishing. But though unproductive to the tiller and producer, it is a mine of wealth to the archeologist. The fortress at Grimspound belongs to the "Neolithic Age," and was erected by men who had no metal tools but only flints, and who inhabited the land before even the ancient Britons migrated thither. "Narrow-headed, dark and agile folk," the accounts called them; and add, "*with great knowledge of Nature and her laws.*" Well may this conclusion be made concerning men who, without knowledge of metals, set upright enormous blocks and built huge walls of stone.

The fortress lies in a valley, and, viewed from the neighboring Hook-nor Tor (or hill), appears as an area of some four acres, which was surrounded by two walls whose great stones, now overthrown, stand out grey among the heather. Some of the stones are of immense size. One is ten feet by five feet and a foot thick, and weighs three or four tons. As stones of this size were laid in regular courses, an estimate may be formed of the labor (or was it skill?) employed. A writer reckons that a modern contractor with all his appliances, would expend \$17 a yard on such walls, each yard requiring the work of four men for a week. Yet there were here two walls, about five hundred yards in circumference. E.

The Sun Dance

THE Autumnal Equinox has passed and Indians have been celebrating their annual Sun Dance, descriptions of which, with remarks thereon, appear in the papers. People still persist in calling the ceremony "sun-worship," and the celebrants idolaters, and in imagining that the Indians regard the sun as the supreme being. One report, however, admits that "the sun dancers are not absolute idolaters. They do not worship the great orb of the heavens as a supreme being, but as a sort of representative of the Being who is the maker and master of all the universe."

Those who have studied Indian lore have proved conclusively that the sun has always been regarded as quite an inferior deity, and even as a slave bound down to a fixed task and with no liberty. The true God, they knew, must be far superior. The sun was his emblem, performing certain subsidiary functions concerned with physical life.

The Zuñis speak of the "White Sun" as being above the "Golden Sun." The Greeks said that Phœbus was borne around the sky in a golden chariot, but modern astronomers say they cannot see the chariot. Perhaps they do not look hard enough.

Hence it is clear that the sun dance is merely the invocation of one of the cosmic powers, not a worship of the supreme being. We cannot perhaps expect to find the ceremony existing now in its original purity; but, in the face of our own absolute ignorance of that science by which the powers of Nature can be invoked, and by which man can attune himself to them, we cannot afford to ridicule anything.

STUDENT

Nature

Studies

A Point Loma Sunset

RECENTLY in the NEW CENTURY PATH a number of drawings were given, showing strange phenomena of the setting sun as seen from Point Loma. Here is now shown an actual photograph of a phase of such a sunset. The sun sets very quickly in this latitude, about three minutes being the time it takes for the entire disc to disappear, once it touches the horizon; and, as the horizon is usually clear and free from mist, these few minutes are well spent in an observation of the sun as it moves westward beyond our sight.

Not always does it take on unusual shapes, but usually passes from view with true majestic dignity, leaving a trail of glory which lights and colors the sky with what evening clouds there may be in a beautiful manner. Sometimes, however, the phenomenon spoken of appears and the sun passes through a series of abnormal shapes; the one now given, that of a double dome, being taken about ninety seconds before final disappearance.

The picture was secured with the aid of a supplementary lens on the ordinary lens of the camera, by which a magnification of eight diameters was obtained. A careful examination of the picture shows the sides of the sun terraced like the terraced pyramids of Egypt, and the remarkable illusion of the sun appearing to be in front of the clouds is seen.

The cause of such phenomena is not entirely clear, for conditions seem to be exactly the same when the sun sets normally.

OBSERVER

The Ant-Lion

WHEREVER the soil is at all sandy here, you may find the small conical pits of the ant-lion. He is called the ant-lion because he is an insatiable devourer of ants. He has six feeble legs, a bloated, barrel-shaped body and great formidable jaws.

His method of earning a living is as follows: He lies hidden under the loose sand at the bottom of the pit, and presently an ant, approaching too near the treacherous edge, falls over, and in her efforts to get out dislodges some loose grains which slide to the bottom and give the lion in wait evidence of an intruder. Immediately the ant-lion throws up loose sand, which increases the difficulty of the victim's escape, and she finally tumbles to the apex of the cone, where two powerful jaws emerge and the poor ant disappears under ground. In wet weather, or after heavy dew, the pit does not work so well; the sides are firmer, and an ant has a pretty good chance of climbing out. At such times the lion is said to take deliberate aim and overpower the ant by a stream of well directed sand grains. For two years the ant-lion lives under ground, then he becomes a chrysalis and emerges as a four-winged flying insect.

Two years spent in shoveling dust under ground and then a bright ethereal existence as a gauzy-winged fly in the sunshine! Nature abounds in these strange contrasts. It certainly suggests that man is not forever doomed to live immersed in the life of physical sensations, but may eventually un-

THE TUMULT OF THE TOWN

I HAVE forgot the tumult of the town,
Its pitiless oppression, its sad ills,
Amid the girth of everlasting hills---
Forgot the lure of riches and renown
In emerald meadow cloak and woodland crown;
And in the gossip of the birds and rills
The exultant freedom that my spirit thrills
Quickens the smile and banishes the frown.

Oh, come and share my pathway! Low and sweet
The airs will blow, in most beguiling wise;
Cool aisles will ope to lead the wanderer's feet
Toward heights that step on ferny step arise;
Care---the grim Vandal---vanquished, will retreat,
And life will wear Youth's radiant rainbow guise.

—Selected

970 pounds and has enormous strength. It was borrowed from the Seychelles islanders, off the coast of Madagascar. They value their veteran, and it is to be returned to them after the Fair.

E.

Intelligence in Animals

THERE is in the papers an interesting case of a thought-reading dog, and it is mentioned as surprising that, in addition to the tricks he can do at his master's bidding, he is also able to execute things which are merely thought of. Thus he will bark a given number of times according to a number thought of by a member of the audience. But it seems reasonable to suppose that animals do nearly all their feats by thought-reading, whether words are used or not. It is well known that they obey the tone rather than the words of the speaker. They catch his meaning in various ways, by signs, facial expression, and probably very largely by pure mind-reading.

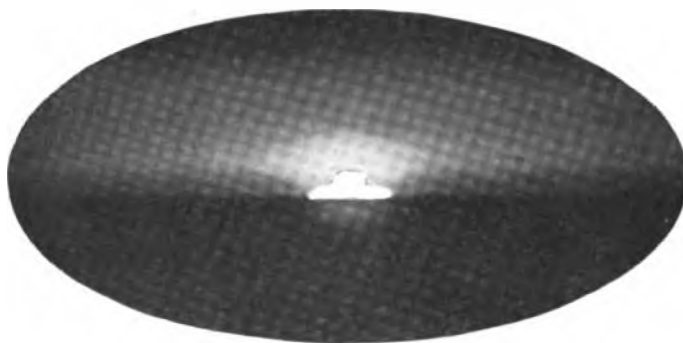
An animal has no personal ideas and prejudices to crowd his mind, his attention is absolutely concentrated, and his perceptive powers intensely keen.

One professor says that "in the few cases of seeming intelligence the brute does not reason, but is guided by the faculty from which reason sprang." What is this faculty, if not direct perception of the truth, intuition, the power that sees instead of groping?

A trick-horse trainer scoffs at the idea that horses can reason (in our way.) He makes signs with his fingers, feet or head; and the spectators, being absorbed with the animal, do not notice them. One time the investigating committee dismissed the trainer, and the horse would have failed had not the groom, who was lounging near, made the signs.

In an inquiry like this, however, we shall have endless disputes if we try to define the word reason too rigidly and to mark it off from instinct. Every creature, whether he walks on two legs, or four, or six, or whether he has no legs at all, but only perhaps a stalk, has intelligence adequate to his needs. And he may have language too; for any vocal means of conveying ideas is language. A man who is a wonderful imitator of animal cries can even converse with the birds and understand to some extent the meanings of their different notes. The language of an animal may seem invariable and simple only because we have not studied it. If a watchmaker can hear countless different sounds in the tick of a watch, might not similar special training reveal to us undreamt of complexities in nature?

H. T. E.



A POINT LOMA SUNSET



LOTUS, PLUMBAGOS, CANNA LILY

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California



ON THE SEAWARD SIDE OF POINT LOMA—LOOKING NORTH TOWARD MISSION BAY

An Ancient Telephone

THE PATH of July, 1894, contains an interesting little article, over the name of William Quan Judge, which is well worth republishing. It is entitled, "An Ancient Telephone," and contains in itself a quotation from the *New York Evening Sun* of May 31, 1904:

It has been the custom of many people to belittle the ancients by assuming that they knew but little of mechanics, certainly not so much as we do. The builders of the pyramids have been described by modern guessers as making their calculations and carrying on the most wonderful engineering operations with the aid of pools of water for obtaining levels and star angles; they could not, it was assumed, have instruments except the most crude. So also the old Chinese were mere rude workmen, although it is well known that they discovered the precession of the equinoxes over 2000 years ago. Of late, evidence has been slowly coming out that tends to show the ancients as perhaps having as much, if not more, than we have. So the following from the *New York Evening Sun*, an influential daily paper, will be of interest. It says, on May 31, 1894:

"An English officer by the name of Harrington has discovered in India a working telephone between two native temples which stand over a mile apart. The testimony of the Hindus, which, it is said, is backed up by documentary proof, shows that the system has been in operation for over 2000 years. Scientists engaged in excavating the ruins of ancient Egyptian temples have repeatedly found unmistakable evidence of wire communication between some of the temples of the earlier Egyptian dynasties."

It will probably be found, in the course of time, that the oft-repeated statements of H. P. Blavatsky that the ancients had all of our arts and mechanical devices, were true. She asserted that they had flying-machines. In Buddhistic books is a story of Buddha which refers to a flying-machine, or mechanical bird, used in a former life of the Lord; and Indian tradition speaks also of air-walking machines. Reading this item in the newspaper reminds me, too, of a conversation I had with H. P. Blavatsky in New York before the phonograph came out, in which she said that some Indian friends of hers had a machine by which they spoke with each other over distances of miles with great ease.

It will be remembered what an astonishing thing the telephone was considered when first brought out into general use among us. Since then the progress of our knowledge in the way of discoveries has advanced in such gigantic strides and in so marvelous a manner, that one's sense of proportion is all out of gear as to the real wonderland our thinkers in this realm are leading us into. We scarcely appreciate the magnitude of the (re) discoveries of late years; or what fairy-land of strange fact they may yet lead us to.

However, the allusion to the use of the telephone in ancient Egypt, in the newspaper clipping above referred to, is the more worthy of remark, in that it calls attention to the fact that it was during the time of the earlier dynasties that the telephone appears to have been in sacerdotal use. It is another corroboration of the well-known saying of Egyptologists, that the farther back one goes in Egypt's history the finer the art is, the more scientific the building as well as the more grand, and the more is the impression forced upon us that ancient Egypt was greater

There Is No RELIGION Higher Than T R U T H

and more imposing than under the later dynasties. The complicated and wonderful system of ideographic writing was at its perfection in the remotest ages of Egypt's history known to us.

Egypt was old and settled in wisdom when the stream of Aryan immigration poured into the plains of Hindustan.

STUDENT

F R I E N D S I N C O U N S E L

DEAR COMRADES: The other evening, just as the sunset tints were fading from the western sky and the first faint stars began to pierce the gathering gloom, our good friend, United States Commissioner of Immigration Sargent, and a party of friends, drove up to the Homestead. Even the welcome of decorations, songs and speeches cannot be adequately described; much less the welcome of grateful remembrance that went out from our hearts to one who, in a dark and critical moment, gave us a powerful weapon of defense in his honest judicial report upon the children two years ago. Standing on a little eminence, one could trace the progress of the visitors as they passed from one department to another, for songs and illuminations sprang up, as it were, wherever they went. One of the young orators of the Lotus Home spoke a few words of welcome, explaining that they did not value Mr. Sargent's services simply because he took their side in a contest, but because he acted on the pure impersonal lines of justice and fair play; and that their gladness at the victory was mainly because it would help to spread the Raja Yoga system of education all over the world, and give to the rising generation everywhere the advantages they enjoyed.

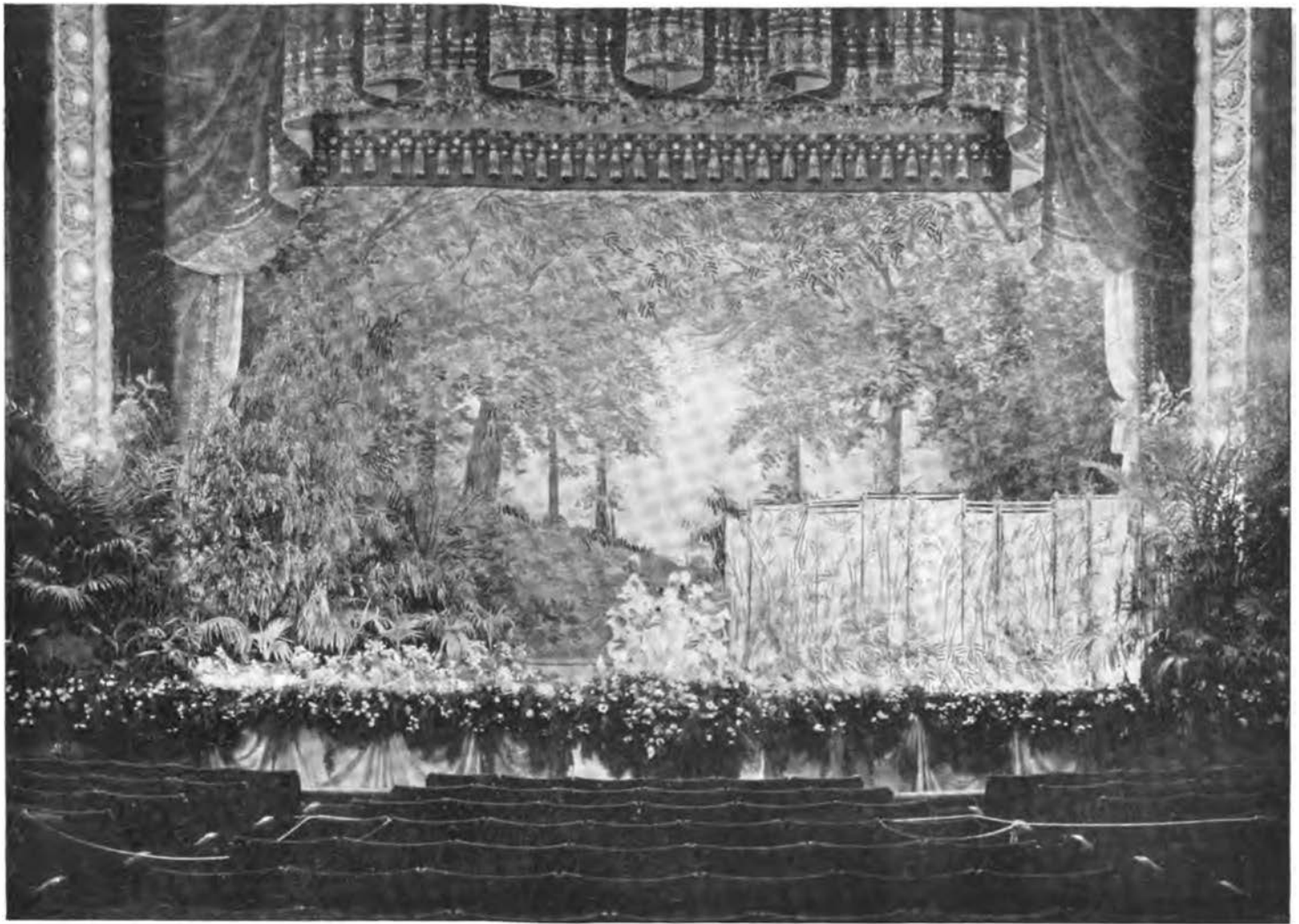
A very interesting procession may now be seen any morning leaving the Homestead grounds. A small party of children, with their teacher, go down to the newly established school at Roseville, and a very interesting little party it is to study. Shakespeare speaks of the schoolboy "with shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school;" he begins his description well, but the latter half is the very opposite of the deportment shown by our children. Under Katherine Tingley's system there appears to be no compulsion needed; her scholars do not take their education as a dose of medicine, but as a draught of cooling water to one who is athirst. The effect that a few of our Raja Yoga scholars will have as they mix with the children at the new school, can scarcely be more than barely suggested by words. They will influence by their manners, looks and gestures; and the very attitudes they unconsciously assume, will preach brotherhood and living in harmony with the Great Law, far more eloquently than by any spoken word.

But the chief charm about the little company as they leave the gate is that they suggest to the onlooker that they are the first pioneers of a long line of successors who shall leave this hill and go down into the dark valleys of earth's ignorance, until the light they carry shall burn in every human heart. This is a sweet promise.

STUDENT



Isis
Theatre
*
San
Diego
California



LOMALAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

A LARGE and appreciative audience filled Isis Theatre Sunday night, at the regular meeting of the Universal Brotherhood, held under the auspices of the Aryan Theosophical Society of Point Loma.

The musical program was exquisitely rendered by students of the Point Loma Conservatory of Music.

The first speaker of the evening was Miss Ethel Wood. Her subject was, "Woman's Work and the Danger of Extremes." She said in part: "We have the greatest respect for Puritan simplicity and purity. Such extremes as those of our forefathers were certainly less demoralizing than the effects of the extremes to which the flippant creatures of fashion and society go today. What is the middle line and how may the path that does not lead to danger be found? Plainly, the doctrine of middle lines may otherwise be called the doctrine of the heart life, and the path is the living of that life.

"Never has the world so needed help as it does today, never have women been so near the point of being awakened. We shall live to see women who have found the middle path—nay, we even see such as these today."

Master Thorley Von Holst read a paper on "Boys: Their Possibilities." From it we quote: "Youth is the springtime of life, and while we are boys we are sowing the seeds which will blossom out in manhood. There is nothing courageous or honorable in being passively good. When we are young we must form habits of honesty, purity and kindness, so that when we grow up we will always be able to live up to our highest ideals.

"An industrious, unselfish boyhood leads to a noble and useful manhood that shall be worthy of its great responsibilities.

"We boys of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma are striving to make practical in our daily lives our highest and best ideals. We realize that some day the greatness of our nation will depend upon the present generation, and we are determined to do our utmost to raise our country to a height hitherto unattained."

The closing paper of the evening was read by Dr. Herbert Coryn, and was entitled, "The Right Man in the Right Place."

After describing the Higher Patriotism, the speaker said:

"Why do we apply a lower standard to national morality and character than we do to individual morality? How many nations are there who look after other interests than their own; who never even wish for the lands of other nations? Historians generally count it as in some way a law of human progress that the life of nations should be limited, that after a greater or less length of time they must necessarily go down and disappear. But is there any necessity about it? May not nations go down because of causes which they could have avoided? Before we admit that it is part of the essential scheme of things that nations should, having had their day, cease to be, let us wait till we have found records of a nation which from first to last lived the life that in individuals we call noble; that stole (we say "annexed") nothing; that helped the weak wherever oppressed; that kept its politics pure; that never became boastful, and that comported itself in all respects like gentlemen. I do not believe that such a nation could be injured by the age-long dash and wear of time, or that where it was necessary for it to fight, it could be ultimately conquered.

"The divine law in the world would delight in sustaining it as an example for younger nations, and a protection for whatever was good in the world.

"In our hearts we are better than we seem, better than we talk or do. We have an ideal of the kind of national life we should like our people to achieve. We, in our better moments, conceive of our nation becoming a light to the world, a help to the weak who need help, an ever active menace to the cruel ambition of brute power, and within our own borders living the highest national life that history records of any people; an individual life that amasses money only that with its aid all that is best of human consciousness and ability may be fostered—art, literature, and every form of true and noble culture and education—and so radiate upon all other nations the light that we have achieved in our own life. In a word, we have the ideal of an international brotherhood as wide as earth; and we have the opened path to work for it with every vote we honestly cast, every public word we honestly say. For the law waits upon us to second every good thing we do or think." OBSERVER

Glimpses of the Island of Trinidad

THE island of Trinidad in the British West Indies has an extremely cosmopolitan population, there being representatives besides the British Isles, of France, Spain, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, America, Canada, China, Venezuela and India—the last named country having contributed many thousands during the last fifty years. Every year sailing vessels bring a large number of emigrants under the auspices of the government to work as agricultural laborers on the sugar estates, and they are commonly called “coolies,” which means “laborers.” They are indentured to the different estates for five years, and during that time they are extremely well looked after and provided for under rules laid down by the government. Houses, hospitals with nurse and dispenser attached, which a doctor visits twice a week, and food, are provided during the first year whether they work for its value or not. There are only three places where an indentured emigrant can be—in the fields working, in hospital or in prison for refusing to work, or running away.

On the expiration of the five years they become free, but are required to put in five years of industrial residence in the colony; after that time, they receive either a free passage back to India, or a grant of crown lands.

The two pictures give an idea of their lives when free and living where they please. In the one we see a number of them living together in what might be called a compound and occupied in the duties of daily life. The woman on the right is cleaning the brass vessels out of which all the Indians eat and drink; they are always kept scrupulously clean and bright. The man standing beside her looks as if he were cleaning his teeth. About this they are very particular, cannot be induced to go out to work in the mornings until this is done, using each time a fresh piece of stick which they split and chew to make soft and like a brush.

The next woman has rice spread out on a goatskin and is sifting it through her fingers to allow the wind to blow away the chaff; whilst the one in front of the man who is sitting on a bed called caban is putting rice or corn into a mortar and is going to pound it.

The houses are made by themselves out of interlaced bamboos or dried clay with caxat palm roofs, and are cool and often kept beautifully clean, although some are very dirty.

These East Indians live their own lives, or their own lives as near as possible to the life in India, and only a very few of the younger generation, comparatively speaking, assumed the ways of Europeans. Coming from all over India, when first they arrive they cannot understand each other; but quickly pick up a kind of hindi patois which is common to all. On the whole they are quiet and law-abiding, very fond of their children and animals. Thrifty, they turn the greater part of their savings into jewelry which plays an important part in getting and retaining the affections of a wife; although at the same time a father has to give as large a dowry as his circumstances will admit, in order to marry his daughter.

Girl children, although in reality loved and prized, are ceremonially despised, and if asked how many children he had, a man would reply two or three boys, as the case may be, and not mention the girls, unless specially asked if he had any.



COUNTRY ROAD IN INTERIOR



THE EVERY-DAY LIFE OF THE LANDHOLDER

With large black eyes, very bright as a rule; wavy or curly black hair, dark skins and regular features, the children are exceeding beautiful. Whilst the men are handsome, the women become old and haggard whilst still young.

I cannot make any authoritative statement regarding their religious beliefs. Nominally Hindoos or Mahommedans, I know they have Temples all over the island, in which they gather, and those able to do so will read out of the Koran. On all important occasions, such as marriages, deaths, etc., they make a feast, offer flowers, which they always want to be red, and sing chants. At one time when there was a good deal of sickness amongst the people who lived near here, they one day

gathered together, went to a grassy space, made a raised circle of clay in which they put a bamboo with a bunch of flowers at the top; they then sang and prayed around it and brought fresh flowers every day for several weeks. The sickness passed, and the shrine was neglected, but the bamboo grew and is today a living memento of their faith, and will some day be no doubt a large clump of feathery beauty.

With little respect for their native priests who will do no work, and obtain as much money as they can from them, they still think their services necessary to perform marriages; then the priests can obtain all the rupees they have, for reading from a book which none of them understand, he stops at frequent intervals to demand “more money,” and as they do not know if the important words have yet been said, they produce “more money”—beginning with a five-dollar bill, they go on down until a few cents are at the last reluctantly brought out.

The condition of these people in the West Indian Islands is vastly superior to their condition in India; they are well protected and looked after by a large and capable staff of government officials. There are, of

course, exceptions in this as in every other case, but I can say that I have lived amongst them for thirteen years, and met nothing but smiles and cheery and respectful “Salaam Bebee,” whilst my children could count their little friends by the dozens. I have been made the arbitrator in many domestic quarrels, and entrusted with small fortunes in silver jewelry which the husbands had taken away from disobedient or indifferent wives.

As a people they are extremely fond of horse-racing and cards.

During the two days of the annual races in the capital, the race-course presents a most varied and beautiful appearance, covered with these people dressed in their best, bright-hued, but harmonious native costumes. They come from all over the island and camp out on the savannah, often in the cart in which they have come, with a piece of canvas over it.

The courts are always filled with interested Indian spectators, and they frequently bring fictitious cases before the magistrates, supported by witnesses, with a lawyer on each side, by which they will afterwards decide the real case amongst themselves. A strange people, living a life in which one feels one has only the smallest part and very little knowledge of. Themselves, perhaps, only conscious of more or less painfully earning their daily bread; yet they are adding to the wealth and prosperity of their adopted country, and slowly but surely working out their own salvation, for “The destiny of organized Nature is amelioration, and who can tell its limits?”

B. G.

THE only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest us, and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves.—C. Kingsley

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Professor de Vries' Back Garden and Its Lessons.

PROFESSOR DE VRIES' name is tolerably familiar in this country, even among the laity, as an "opponent of Darwinism."

This description he disclaims. But there is, notwithstanding, enough truth in it to preserve its life.

The current view of the origin of species teaches that they come about by the accumulation, generation after generation, of slight variations from the characteristics of the parent stock. After a while, in any given locality, the original form has altogether disappeared in favor of the new form or species.

De Vries denies that new species arise in any such way. Slight variations *do* occur, but they are inconstant, and disappear in the progeny of those that show them. Moreover, they are not variations of kind, they present nothing radically new. They are only shades, degrees, of some already existing quality. Consequently they are not capable of accounting for those sharp differences of quality that mark one species from another.

These sharp differences arise, according to de Vries, because they as it were choose to do so. And when they have arisen, they stay. Nor does the original type disappear from that locality. Henceforth both species, the old and the new, live on together. Lastly, the new species are not necessarily better adapted to that environment than the old.

De Vries got a number of his facts from his own garden. He has a plant there—the "Lamarck's Evening Primrose"—

Which has been taken in the very act of producing new forms. I have brought it into my garden, and here, under my very eyes, the production of new species has been going on, rather increasing in rate than diminishing. . . . There is neither a gradual modification nor a common change of all the individuals. On the contrary, the main group remains wholly unaffected by the production of new species.

Whence these new forms, and why? There is no answer. Are they the reappearance of long lost types?

One wonders whether there is a human parallel to this process. Not that we know of. The appearance of genius in a commonplace family does for a moment suggest it; but the species called genius is unfortunately not permanent. Like the Darwinian variations, it lapses in the progeny.

For the moment, the chief interest of the new facts lies in the weakening of the mechanical conception of the origin of species. We were taught that variations occur all round the circle; useful ones remained and perpetuated themselves; the others died. Finally they became so marked as to constitute a new species. By this simple process man gradually arose from the *amœba*.

And man believed it! Some of him, at any rate.

STUDENT

Bees, Barometers and Blowing Wells.

THE mercurial barometer is a familiar instrument for the measurement of atmospheric pressure and for the foretelling of storms, and with its help man is able to do what bees and other animals unquestionably do without instruments—that is, instruments that we have recognized as such. He also probably possesses an organic barometer somewhere in his make-up, but he is not used to noting his obscurer sensations, and cannot read it.

"Blowing wells" are common phenomena in many parts of the world. Some of them have connection with great underground caverns or fissures, and it results that any change in the weight of the atmosphere would be shown by a sucking-in or a blowing-out of air through the constricted opening. Others connect with caves bordering the oceans, and the rising and falling tides produce the same movements of the air column. If a man had one of these in his back yard he would be able to forecast weather or predict tides, and his neighbors would credit him with the intelligence of bees or ants. As a matter of fact, the bee has the best of opportunities, and is not slow to take advantage of them. Every capped cell is an aneroid chamber which shows the pressure of the atmosphere as compared with the air in the cell, and the fluids of every flower, forced by continual root-pressure, flow best during low barometer. The steam which issues from the craters of many sleeping volcanoes appears in greater quantities during low barometer, and the "cloud-cap" which forms around such summits is recognized as a prediction of storms. It all goes to show that "it is easy when you know how." STUDENT

The Lessons of a Well

THE President of the Section of Engineering at the British Association regards the digging of a deep hole as more important than getting to the North or South Pole. Nothing less than twelve miles will content him. This, he thinks, would occupy eighty-five years in digging; its cost would be twenty-five millions of dollars; and the final temperature reached would be 270 F. Mechanical difficulties, such as pressure of air at that depth, and its heat, could, he thinks, be overcome.

And the results? First, a supply of hot air, above the heat of boiling water, continuously delivered to the surface. Secondly, a knowledge of the constitution of the deeper rocks. Thirdly, possible access to rich sources of metals.

Take a book of seven hundred pages and tear off the covers. Then stick a pin into the pile to the depth of *one* page. The pile will represent the diameter of the earth; the pin-prick, the hole of twelve miles depth. Nothing to boast about!

But there might be some curious results. *Would* the temperature be 272 F.? We have before us a list, compiled under the auspices of the Geological Survey of the United States Department of the Interior, of all the wells dug in this country to a greater depth than 300 feet, up to December, 1901, of which the temperature was taken. The average, at 400 feet, is 60 F.; at 1400 feet it is 70 F.; at 2100 feet it is still 70 F.; at 3000 feet it has returned to 60 F. Six wells are not included in estimating this curve. They are of exceptional temperatures, out of relation with the other group, which contains about 200. But the same curve obtains here. The shallowest is 100 feet deep, and its temperature 130 F.; the deepest is 3800 feet, and its temperature 105 F.

This is, however, no argument against the digging of the hole, but in favor of it.

STUDENT

The Essential Stuff

AN eminent toxicologist has been speculating on the amount of "essentially vital matter" which the body contains. A grain of pure hydrocyanic acid will kill; less than that of strychnia; much less of aconitine.

Translating his suggestion out of its technical language, it is this: That of the whole mass of protoplasm of which the active tissues of the body consist, only a minute fraction is primarily and positively "live" stuff, or directly in relation with vital force; all the rest is dependent on that particle—say one ten-millionth of the whole—for its life, is in fact not alive of itself, but only because it surrounds the living nucleus. It is this nucleus which is the self-alive center, and it is this which is killed by such poisons as prussic acid.

The residence of this all-essential stuff is doubtful. It may be the ultimate germ-plasm; some of it may be in the nucleus of every cell; it may be in the medulla, or the floor of the fourth ventricle.

The author further suggests that it may be even semi-gaseous, existing in solution in nuclear protoplasm. We are apt to forget that our bodies can be almost correctly regarded as *liquid*. Protoplasm is really a liquid, held together in the meshes of a network. So far, we are only familiar with structure among the molecules of solids. It may, however, in the body, exist among some of the molecules of liquids, and even of gases. Many of the problems of medicine and physiology will become easier if we may conceive of the essentially living matter of nuclei as gaseous, gases with a structure among the molecules or a proportion of them.

STUDENT

X-Rays and Cancer

A CASE of death from cancer, regarded as due to prolonged exposure to X-rays, is reported from Orange New Jersey. The victim was a worker at the laboratory of a famous electrical experimenter. Physicians will doubtless note, and draw some tentative conclusions respecting the *treatment* of cancer by the same means.

So far as we know, there has been no other published case. But the rays are young, and not at all in general use.

On the
Shores

Where the Pacific Stills Its Tireless Waves

of
Lomaland

Our Young Folk



A Story of Neglect

IT was at Montauk Point that Katherine Tingley established a great relief work immediately after the Spanish-American war, and it was in this place that she and her helpers gave to thousands food, clothing, medicines and loving care at a time when all these things were sorely needed and when without them many, many lives would have been lost. A friend of boys and girls, who was for a time working in one of the hospitals at Montauk in which the patients were cared for by a few who worked for pay and not for compassion's sake, sends the following true story:

A wise physician was at one time in charge of dozens of sick men in a Cuban hospital, and to the fever patients medicine had to be given every half hour. One day he had to leave to look after other patients elsewhere, and to the nurse in charge he said, "Do not forget this patient in particular. He is very, very ill, yet I feel sure that with proper care he will pull through. But you must mind the medicines and give the dose every half-hour without fail."

This patient was a young man and he was very ill with Cuban fever; but the nurse thought more about his own comfort than about his charge, and he said to himself, "Who will know the difference if I let one half-hour slip? The boy doesn't seem to be any sicker than the rest, and anyway, if he is to live he will get well, of course. I have been here three weeks and I hate the work and I can't bear the food. I think I will take time to hunt up something to eat."

So he went away, and by the time he had come back from his search the half-hour had long passed and his patient was beyond help. In a flash he saw that he had made a fearful mistake. At four o'clock the next morning he telegraphed the physician, "Will Sands is dead. Died at twelve midnight." The return telegram read, "Tell me if you gave him the medicine every half-hour. Great need here. Cannot come for two days." The nurse's heart sank and his head whirled. Where was his comfort? Where could he turn? What could he do but confess the truth, that he had known his duty, but had neglected to do it?

A LOTUS GROUP WORKER

THE wonderful victory of Liao-Yang reminds us that some of the world's greatest victories have been won during the month of September, as, for instance, Sedan, Flodden Field, and Delhi. Lucknow was relieved in September, 1857. It is a fact, too, that nearly every one of the really decisive battles of the world have been won by small armies against armies of much greater size. Victory has often seemed fonder of the small and apparently weak than of the mighty and apparently strong. But then, the minority is more often in the right than the majority, as the world goes, and that is what makes the difference.

Raja Yoga Courtesy

A LITTLE incident which occurred in the Raja Yoga Day School of San Diego, the other day, gives one a glimpse of the high ideas of honor and courtesy held by the Raja Yoga boys. Near the school and adjacent to Unity Hall is one of the playgrounds which, during recreation hours, swarms with happy boys. Recently they have been playing football, but on one day, as it happened, an important meeting of the Order of Foresters was being held in the Hall just at the precious playtime hour.

Now Raja Yoga boys enjoy their games as much as any boys in the world, and of course football isn't ever played exactly in silence. So it was only natural that one of the officers of this Order should ask the boys if they would be willing to forego that day's pleasure, as the game was somewhat disturbing to the meeting. With a prompt,—

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure," the Raja Yogas quietly formed in line and returned to the school.

What was their surprise, the next day, to receive from the members of this Order a resolution of thanks and a present of the finest football the finest boy anywhere could desire.

The Supreme Chief Ranger, Dr. Oronhyatekha, of Toronto, Canada, shortly afterwards visited Lomaland and the Raja Yoga School, doubtless eager to learn something of a system of education which ingrains such high ideals of unselfishness and of true courtesy.

STUDENT

Facts Worth Knowing

THE deepest gold mine in the world is in Australia.

LAST year nearly forty thousand persons visited Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford on Avon.

IN Dartmoor, England, stands an old oak which was green and flourishing in the days of King John, over eight hundred years ago.

OVER the River Kistna, in India, sweeps the longest single span of telegraph wire in the world. It is over six thousand feet long and is suspended over a deep valley.

LYDDITE, which is merely a form of picric acid, was discovered quite unexpectedly. For more than a century the acid was peaceable and useful as a dye for silk, but when a warehouse, in which it was stored, caught fire, there was a terrible explosion of the picric acid stored there. The result was the discovery of lyddite.

Few countries have so many newspapers, comparatively, as Japan. There are, in that tiny little isle, nearly nine hundred, and scarcely a town is without one. Is there not significance in this fact?

A SONG OF PROPHECY

WRITTEN by A STUDENT

THEY tell us, the Sages,
That here in our Land
An Order of Ages
Shall come and shall stand,
Shall come to each Nation,
Give Freedom to all,
Truth, Light, Liberation
At Brotherhood's call.

CHORUS

Ring out, ye boys and ye girls, now the chorus,
Sing, men and women, our song clear and good.
While flags of our Country, all nations wave o'er us,
Our Lomaland banner proclaims Brotherhood.

Foretold by the Sages,
Behold! Now, The Grail!
New Order of Ages,
We hail Thee! All hail!
Blest age of kind action
Made perfect as art,
Wise age of the children
And childlike in heart.

CHORUS

Age, radiant and Golden,
Enshrined in the heart,
Thy Glory beholden
Shall never depart.
Preserver! Creator!
Destroyer of Self!
Thou World's Liberator!
Humanity's SELF!

CHORUS

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Raja Yoga Question Box

CUBA, the youngest of the nations, was born old in courage and patriotism. A soil is here for the heroes of the future.

1 Who was Cespedes?

ANSWER—Carlos Manuel de Cespedes was a lawyer and a wealthy planter of Bayamo, Cuba. In 1868 he issued a declaration of Cuban independence. With 200 men and few firearms he began the Ten Years War for Cuba's freedom. In a few weeks he had an army of 15,000. In 1869 a Cuban Congress drew up the constitution of a Cuban republic. Cespedes was elected President. Cespedes was shot by Spaniards who were trying to capture him.

2 Who was General Garcia?

ANSWER—Calixto Garcia y Iniguez was born in 1836. Garcia and Cespedes planned the rebellion of 1868. After Gomez retired Garcia was made commander-

in-chief of the Cuban forces. He was twice taken prisoner and sent to Spain. He escaped to New York. He landed in Cuba with a large force. He won several victories over the Spaniards and joined the Americans in the taking of Santiago de Cuba in July 1898. Garcia died in Washington at the end of that year.

3 Who is Emilio Bacardi?

ANSWER—Señor Emilio Bacardi is a distinguished patriot. He has brought many gifts to the service of Cuba. In speech and writing he has taught the Cubans the love of their country and of freedom. He has twice suffered exile and imprisonment at the hands of the Spaniards. He was a determined worker for Cuban liberty. Señor Bacardi has been Mayor of Santiago ever since Cuba gained her freedom. Señor Bacardi had the wisdom to see how Raja Yoga could help his beloved Cuba. He is assisting Katherine Tingley to establish Raja Yoga Schools in Cuba. He is in the highest sense of the word a philanthropist.

La Piedra

PIEDRA basked like a fat animal in the sunlight. At night it lay like a calmly sleeping creature under the moon and stars.

Paquito loved it. He often sat on its warm back, patting and talking to it. In the morning he ran to it saying, "Buenos dias, Piedra mia;" sometimes he left off playing in the *patio* to stand beside it, thoughtful, wondering; at night he could see it from his tiny bed and seldom slept without saying "Buenas noches" to his ancient, silent, patient friend, Piedra. For Piedra, as any little Cubano might have told you, was a stone.

Once, when he seemed to have caught something of the rock's own silence, Paquito stood beside it, patting its rough, sun-heated surface.

"You are older than I, Piedra?"

"By thousands and many thousands of years."

The answer seemed not to have come from the rock but from some deep thought within Paquito himself.

"There have been thousands of boys and girls growing into manhood and womanhood. The mountains have been beneath the seas. The valleys have been mountains. The forests have come and gone and come and gone, while I have waited thus."

Paquito felt very weak and little. Then came the thought of contrast. "I can do much Piedra has not learned. I run and sing and laugh and cry and —"

"When Paquito has learned silence and patience there will be other lessons."

"Patience—I don't know that lesson very well," admitted Paquito. "Silence—well, I'm silent when I sleep. I sleep and wake. Piedra seems only to sleep and sleep."

"Piedra is alive and at work always."

"Alive!" This was too funny. Paquito laughed, but ceased shortly because his attention was fixed by the very strange appearance of the rock. No, Piedra was not an ordinary rock, after all. It was a mass of thousands, millions, of tiny shells and pebbles.

"Shells are the houses of living things," Paquito said, convinced of so much, at least.

He had never seen the ocean. The thought that Piedra must have been, sometime, some-



Dramatic representation in an Historical Drama given by young Raja Yoga Students at Isis Theatre, San Diego, and in the Aryan Temple and Greek Theatre, Lomaland

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD

by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

THEY say that God lives very high!
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines
You never see him in the gold
Though from him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, he wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across his face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that his embrace
Slides down by thrills through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids, her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night; and said
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

where, within or near the sea was almost too wonderful. How had it happened? Was the sea once here where stood his old, old home? Had Piedra traveled hither? Had it perhaps once been a soft mass carried by some great force this way, gathering as it came all these little pebbles and pretty shells?

Paquito climbed on La Piedra's back to think out these astonishing questions. His mother called him at last. He was very quiet as he sat on the doorstep with her through the evening hours. When she kissed him good-night, she asked,

"Why so thoughtful, little son?"

"It is Piedra, mother. I never knew it was so old—and *alive*! It is living mother, isn't it?"

"All things live, dear. What did Piedra teach you, today?"

"How to wait," said Paquito shyly, and then he went to bed. W. D.

The Lotus

Essay by a young Lotus Group member

Deep in the earth of the world's desire,
Far from the warmth and the sunlight's power,
Learning its lesson of mud and mire,
Stretches the root of the Lotus flower.

OUR lives are like the lotus. We come up from the mud and the mire, learning the lessons that will help us to blossom into purity. If we try and try again to live the right life, never giving up when temptation comes along, we will grow strong. When we are strong and loving and kind to every thing and every person, we will shine pure like the lotus flower.

The pure and divine could be seen in each and every one of us if we would only wipe off the dust and let it shine out. When we feel disgusted with the selfishness and weakness of our lives, we must make a powerful appeal to the divine within us. It will respond and will shed light on our minds and give courage to our hearts. We must look within for the power to subdue our passions. Self-mastery is the only door to the Kingdom of Heaven or peace.

The best thing to do to help us live an upright life is to be very careful of our thoughts.

Do you know that one little flower is found growing 17,000 feet above sea-level? It is not a very pretty little plant, but think how brave it must be, growing, as it does, upon the very upper slopes of the Himalayan mountains, near the line of perpetual snow.



The Path of Progress

THE very idea of progression takes us in thought to the picture of an ideal to be achieved. And what an ideal of hope, of peace, and of beauty; does Theosophy hold out to us; what a glorious consummation of all humanity's struggles towards the light, in a practical realization of Universal Brotherhood! Just think of it! A time when people will realize "the oneness of the spirit dwelling in their hearts," and *therefore* will act towards one another in a truly human, brotherly manner. That will indeed be the Golden Age! But the sun must rise before it reaches the zenith, and to sit down waiting for the reign of Brotherhood to begin will not bring it; for as truly said, said by our Teacher, "On *human* shoulders rests the responsibility of human progress."

We find that those who do, and *did*, the best work for humanity in the world always do it through holding firmly to some high ideal and striving towards its attainment. The Theosophical Ideal is Universal Brotherhood, based on the inner unity of soul with soul, and all souls with the Over Soul, a Spiritual Brotherhood with our Higher Natures. And Theosophy teaches it is surely written in the Perfect Plan, the *Perfection of the Human Race*, that that ideal should find expression upon all planes of nature. The prayer taught by a great Teacher and Helper of past ages expresses this truth, "Thy kingdom come on *earth*, as it is in heaven." Where did he place heaven? "The kingdom of heaven is *within* you," he said; and being united by virtue of his all-embracing love for humanity with his Father in Heaven, the Supreme Spirit, he partook consciously of this Inner Unity, and therefore taught *practically* of the Inner Life.

It is the same way with all truly Spiritual Teachers, "By their fruits ye shall know them;" their noble and heroic lives are a living example of what we may all become when we walk the path of progress, the path of brotherly, unselfish love that leads towards Conscious Divinity. One infallible sign is always present, they point men *always* to their own great possibilities. "*Know ye not that ye are the Temples of the Living God,*" said one; and the root of that saying, H. P. Blavatsky has pointed out, is to be found in an Egyptian papyrus, thousands of years old, in a Hymn to Amon-Ra. . . . "Thou producer of beings, we adore the Souls which emanate from thee. Thou begettest us, O thou Unknown, and we greet thee in worshipping each God-Soul which descendeth from thee and liveth in us."

H. P. Blavatsky's successor, William Q. Judge, also insisted upon individual responsibility, and laid down his life in defence of the principle of Brotherhood; in fact, if you study the lives and writings of any of the great ones among earth's children, you will never fail to find the golden thread of Universal Brotherhood, of man's responsibility to man, a prominent feature, most strongly insisted upon.

Would those, think you, who are *wise* in the Mysteries of Life so insist upon teaching by precept and example the necessity of Brotherhood, if it were not the foundation stone of the true structure of a perfect life? And being so, are *we* wise to disregard its practice in every-day life in "humdrum" home life? I think there are few of us who would deny the beauties of brotherhood in *theory*, and many of us who are delighted to see *other* people brotherly, and quick to detect when they are not, forgetful of the beam in our own eye. But after all, the practical road to attainment lies in carrying out to the best of our ability the beautiful ideals of brotherhood we so admire in others in our own lives; it was so the Teachers of men reached their high point of Spiritual Progress.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

That seems to me the secret—steady, constant effort towards the goal

of Perfectibility, a great faith in our *power* as Souls to live dignified, noble, unselfish lives, and fearless to act as if we were divine.

Do we not know that what we ponder on in secret will one day confront us openly, be it good or evil, because we are weaving it as an ideal, a plan, into our thought-life, and one day it will bear fruit in action. Think, then, high thoughts, ye who would walk in the path of Progress, weld high ideals into the innermost fibre of your thought-life, try to feel in your hearts the Mighty Ocean of Life, the expansive force of Universal Brotherhood that binds you to the whole, helping you to realize the meaning of these memorable words, "He who would keep in the Light must make of duty one of his highest ideals," and "hold in his heart an heroic determination for the continuity of right action"—then, indeed, will our feet be set upon the path of progress, and in the words of a well loved poet:

"Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before
A path to higher destinies."

E. I. W.

Service

SERVICE is an essential element in the world's evolution. Throughout all the kingdoms of nature the law of service is demonstrated.

The grass and the trees, the birds and the flowers, the winds and the rain, are continually doing service, not only to man, but to each other and to the whole existing world.

Man alone deludes himself into believing that service is a thing to be avoided, if possible. He forgets that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Find the man who can go through the world without rendering service to his fellow men, and you will find a man whom the world could very well do without.

For whom does the architect build his houses? For whom does the farmer till his fields? For whom does the dressmaker design her gowns? For whom does the man with the shovel clear the snow from off our thoroughfares?

The fact that he must exchange his service for a piece of metal or a bit of paper, stamped with a sign that men consider valuable, and the fact that the product of his labor may be gathered together into one corner of the earth, does not make it less true that some one other than himself has been benefited by the service—that he has performed the service, not for himself, but for others of his kind.

Through ignorance man has come to look upon the compensation as the real substance, sacrificing his birthright for a mess of pottage, and making of the earth a place of misery in his mad chase for a paltry bit of gold. In the darkness of his desire he has "builded his house on the sands." Whatever the motive, however selfish the desire, so long as men dwell together, so long must we render service to our fellows.

So long as we live among men we must serve—willingly or unwillingly—consciously, or unconsciously. Why not recognize the fact? Because the task seems not to be of our choosing, or to our liking, shall we rebel? How much does our rebellion lighten the load of humanity, and how much easier does it make the task which we have in hand? This does not indicate a passive indifference to the false systems set up by the rulers of the earth.

How shall we accept, and with what motive shall we perform the duties which come to us? Before we can help humanity to answer the question we must answer it ourselves. Shall we go on like "dumb driven cattle?" Shall we exchange our service for the compensation that the world has to offer, merely that we may "eat, drink and be merry?"

What then shall be our motive for doing service in the world?—for it is the motive with which the service of the world is rendered that will either lift the race into a new humanity, or darken the way of its progress towards the light.

In the teachings of Theosophy this question is fully answered. If you doubt the truth of the answers you find, try, at least, to demonstrate them. No one need take the teaching blindly—test it, and in your own life discover the truth.

For all who earnestly ask how best to serve humanity there is an answer, and for those who hear the answer and follow it there is a world waiting for such service as they can render.

"To live to benefit mankind is the first step."

M. H. R.

SELECTIONS

WHAT we have we prize not to the worth
 Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost.
 Why, then we rack the value, then we find
 The virtue that possession would not show us
 Whiles it was ours.

—Shakespeare

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;
 Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is hidden;
 Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling.
 Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

—Richard Realf

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question What guarantee is there that Theosophy contains the truth more than numerous other beliefs, held by people who are equally certain?

Answer Truth is its own guarantee, and the decision as to what is or what is not truth must be rendered by each one individually before the tribunal of his own conscience. It is something which can never be recognized by the unaided human reason. Only the awakened intuition is capable of a clear vision.

What guarantee could there possibly be given which would satisfy every one in a world made up of people at every different stage of development, and possessing infinitely differing grades of perception? And suppose we should agree to defer to the opinion of those recognized as the best thinkers living, how shall we know that the world's verdict is correct in placing them upon this pedestal? For it is certain these thinkers would not agree. And as there can be no differences about the truth, the fact that such difference existed would show some defect in the eyes of the observers.

None better than Theosophists recognize the fallibility of the human mind, and so, though believing that Theosophy is an expression of truth, they ask no one else to believe it, knowing well that that is a matter for each to decide for himself. The Universal Brotherhood, which is an organization trying to work out and live the truths of Theosophy, has no creeds. One of the articles of its constitution exacts that each shall accord to all others the same liberty of thought and opinion that he asks for himself. For no real Theosophist is stupid enough to say that *he* manifests the truth. He says Theosophy contains it, and he is trying to so live as to find it.

Each one only knows so much of the truth as he *lives*. And when one has discovered a truth in this way and then compares it with the recorded discovery of another who has made it in advance of him, he perceives that no record could be made which would impart it to another; that statements of truth only reveal it to those who are able to know it already. They help to show others how to make the discovery for themselves; and serve as sign-posts for those who come after, showing that the road has been trodden before; but reveal in a real sense, they cannot.

A recognition of this makes one less and less sure that he understands the beginning and end of anything. A sincere Theosophist is not dogmatic. He is more likely to say, "Thus it seems to me today, tomorrow I may see further."

But notwithstanding all this, in another way Theosophists are the most settled and sure people living, and it is probably through an observation of this fact, that some one has been led to put the above question.

What is it they are so sure about? They are unshakeable in their conviction that the Universal Brotherhood Organization is going to be the means of purifying the whole earth; of straightening out and liberating the almost hopelessly tangled thread of destiny; of leading the vast army of the human race forward and upward and of reestablishing on this suffering, restless earth, true peace and harmony.

This is a tremendous claim, and yet a Theosophist is as firmly fixed in this as if his feet were planted upon a rock, as indeed they are. They are planted upon the foundation-stone of existence—the *fact* of Brotherhood. They look upon the world, not theoretically, but practically as an organic whole. They are not fanatics, but ordinary common-sense people—only lifted by an enormous faith in themselves and in their brothers—banded together by a determination to serve the race.

To those who are on the outside for a little while and looking on, this

may sound praiseworthy, but the question will naturally be added—Have they the power to accomplish that which they have willed? How are they better equipped than others who have longed to serve the race?

Here again is something each one must answer for himself. But this can be said—Whatever may be true of faulty individuals, as a body, as an organization, they have undertaken to face themselves and have entered with all seriousness into a holy war against the evil within their own natures. They have studied, more or less, the illuminating philosophy re-given to the world in this century under the name of Theosophy, and have therefore gained a large conception of brotherhood, which has put them upon a track which is, in this age, at least, new. And they are drawn up in battle against every form of evil under a General, who understands the situation, the needs of the hour, and who knows how to lead.

To those who, in this transition time, are confused by the many colored torches which are raised to guide the stumbling wanderers through the maze of ignorance and corruption, it can only be said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

G. V. P.

Answer 2 To the merely curious questioners or superficial observers there may seem to be no such guarantee. To them Theosophy is one more *ism* added to the list of theories and beliefs which they have never fairly tested.

But to the earnest inquirer who is concerned with the deeper issues of life, and whose mind is hospitable to highest Truth the study of Theosophy soon brings profound conviction that the philosophy which so practically and pertinently relates all the acts and facts of life to great truths and principles that strike deep into the nature and satisfy the heart, must be more a comprehensive statement of truth than any known heretofore.

The test of the Theosophical principles is in the application of them to daily life. All through the ages the wise have said, "Man, know thyself;" and the inquirer who conscientiously endeavors to model his life on the principles of Theosophy finds growing up within him a knowledge of his own nature and of his close relation to all else that lives and a sense of greater responsibility. The basic truth of Brotherhood once grasped, the intuition gradually awakens, and to the one who perseveres thus far comes an assurance and certainty that cannot be shaken. Theosophy has for him stood its test of the touchstone that exists in every nature, will man only look deep enough within. The awakened intuition recognizes in the Theosophical teachings the fountain of wisdom undefiled, from which other philosophies and religions may have drunk in order to live at all.

In addition to this individual test, that proves the metal of Theosophy there exists now in the world an outward and visible proof that Theosophy contains much that has at least been obscured in other religions and beliefs, for its principles have been able to inspire a large number of people to lead a life that is based on the pure principles of Brotherhood.

The Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood Organization at Point Loma, Cal., is a revelation to the intelligent observer, who, the more thoroughly he investigates the more wonderfully he finds the united life and work of these believers in Theosophy to fulfil ideal conditions and to suggest that here is expressed some greater and deeper knowledge of the possibilities of human life and endeavor than have ever been formulated.

M. M. T.

Theosophy

THEOSOPHY is that ocean of knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of the evolution of sentient beings; unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope, yet, shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child.

It is not a belief or dogma formulated or invented by man, but it is a knowledge of the laws which govern the evolution of the physical, moral and intellectual [all the outer and inner] constituents of nature and man. The religion of the day is but a series of dogmas, man-made, and with no scientific foundation for promulgated ethics; while our science as yet ignores the unseen, and failing to admit the existence of a complete set of inner faculties of perception in man, it is cut off from the immense and real field of experience which lies within the visible and tangible worlds. But Theosophy knows that the whole is constituted of the visible and the invisible, and perceiving things and objects to be but transitory, it grasps the facts of nature, both without and within. It is therefore complete in itself and sees no unsolvable mystery anywhere; it throws the word coincidence out of its vocabulary and hails the reign of law in everything and every circumstance.—W. Q. JUDGE

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OCT	BAROMETER	THERMOMETERS				RAIN FALL	WIND	
		MAX	MIN	DRY	WET		DIR	VEL
17	29.732	69	56	65	57	.00	E	6
18	29.908	83	64	72	52	.00	SW	1
19	29.840	77	60	70	55	.00	W	1
20	29.866	79	66	79	60	.00	W	6
21	29.794	89	66	73	63	.00	W	8
22	29.816	85	67	77	62	.00	N	5
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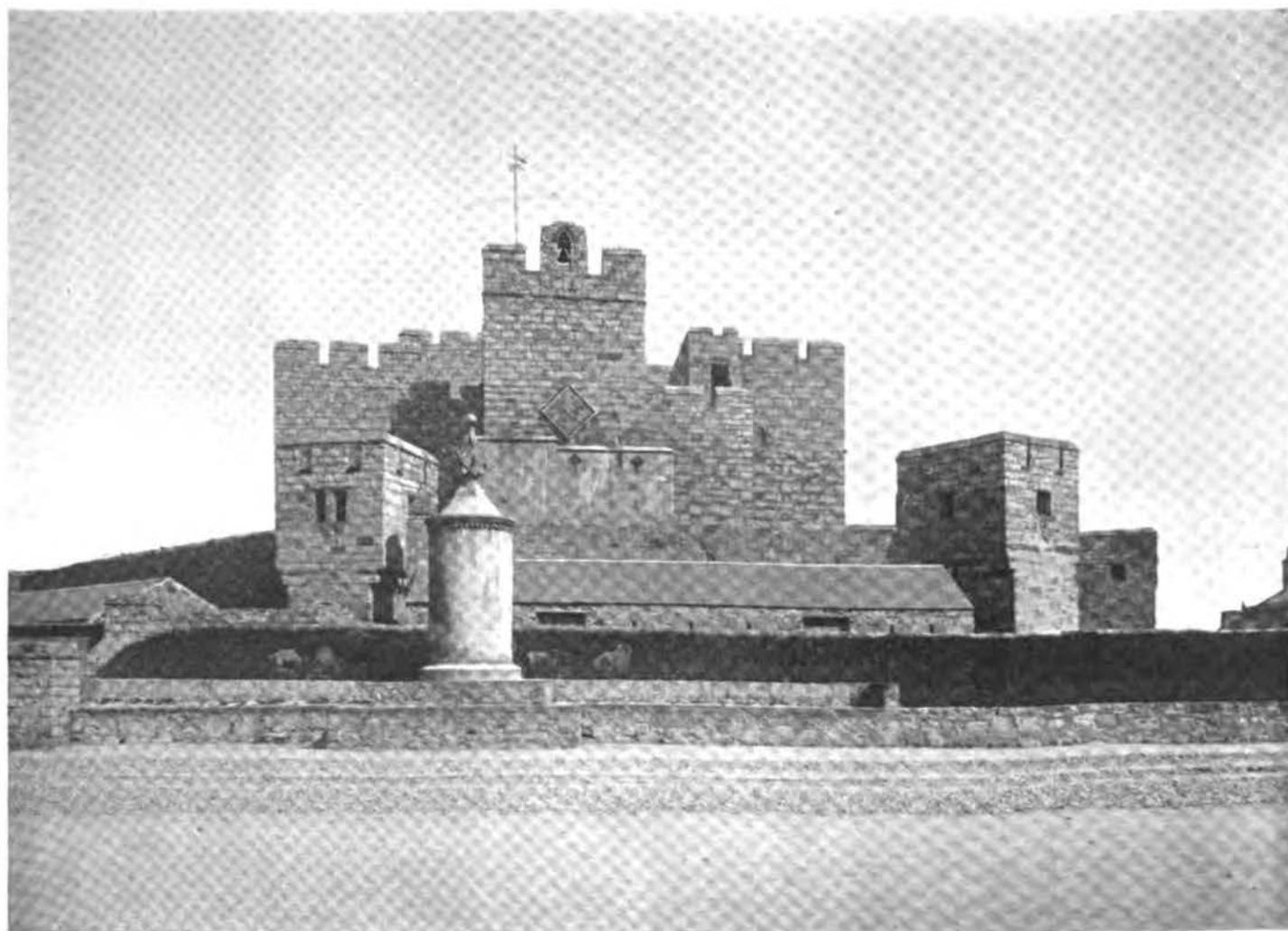
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by KATHERINE TINGLEY

WEEKLY

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CONTENTS

Pages 2 & 3—EDITORIAL

Archeology & the Bible
Earthquakes at Manila
Missionaries in China
Russian "Beauty Farm"
Holy Synod's Prayer
Growing of Rice in Trinidad
Raja Yoga Messenger

Page 4—XXTH CENTURY PROBLEMS

A Heretic's Book
Dogmas Self-Contradictory
Baby Pugilists
Light from the East
Prison Regime

Page 5—ARCHEOLOGY, ETC.

The Thunder-Bird
Excavations in Crete
Hindu Measures
A Prehistoric Fortress
Stone Remains in Ceylon
Fox Temple, Japan (illustration)

Page 6—XXTH CENTURY SCIENCE

Ether, Matter, Force
Variations of Glaciers
Variations in Solar Radiation
Theory and Fact
Wandering Poles
Is There an Intra-Mercurial Planet?
Garlic in Tuberculosis

Page 7—NATURE

Shark's Eggs—illustrated
Strange Child of the Woods
The Busy Ant
California Forests
Pomegranate's Leaves

Pages 8 & 9—WOMAN'S WORK

Defenders of Principle
Glimpse of Lomaland (illustration)
In a Lomaland Canyon—illustrated
The Let-Go-Duty
Day Dreams (verse)

Page 10—OUR YOUNG FOLK

Lomaland Art Studio (illustration)
A New Art Message
Facts Worth Knowing

Page 11—CHILDREN'S HOUR

Raja Yoga Question Box
About Seeds
Some of the Children of the Raja Yoga School at Their Morning Class in Callisthenics (illustration)

Page 12—ISIS THEATRE

Students at Isis Theatre

Page 13—ART, MUSIC & LITERATURE

The Harmony of Life Comes from Heart
Wisdom Translated into Act & Deed
Inspiration of the Architecture of Point Loma
Point Loma Clay Modeling (illustration)
Song of the Future (verse)

Page 14—U. B. ORGANIZATION

Friends in Counsel

Pages 15 & 16—STUDENTS' PATH

Outlook (verse)
The Sustaining Power of Right Action
Proportions
Revelation Is Not Sealed (verse)
Theosophical Forum

Page 17—GENERAL

Some Coins of Antiquity—illustrated
Alaskan Canoe-Building
Number 13
Japanese Wisdom

Pages 18, 19 & 20—ADVERTISEMENTS

Meteorological

Archeology and the Bible

If it were asked, What is a Theosophist's view of the Bible? the answer would be that, considering the very wide range of Theosophy and the immense field of study open to Theosophists, that view will be much broader than any one of the various narrow opinions currently held about the Bible. Theosophy would not support the old orthodox ideas of verbal inspiration and literal interpretation. Nor would it agree with the equally narrow and equally extreme views of what is known as Higher Criticism. We cannot interpret a great ancient Scripture in the light either of a narrow theology or a scientific fad. It is necessary to go much deeper, to weigh together many more facts, and to throw a variety of different sidelights on the question.

We find Professor Sayce strongly supporting archeological evidence as

against the narrow school of philological faddists who are responsible for the higher criticism extremes. He shows that these critics, not satisfied with illuminating the text of the Bible from a literary and linguistic point of view, have gone too far, overstepped their legitimate bounds, and attempted to interpret *history* by philological principles. The result has been that, instead of clarifying our ideas of the Bible by merely removing old delusions, they have created a new set of delusions. It is true

A Record of Ancient Wisdom-Religion

we can no longer claim for Hebrew Scripture and religious tradition that exclusive and preeminent character which the upholders of sectarian religion would fain claim for it; but there is no reason why we should rush to the opposite extreme and call the Bible a collection of myths and fables. In so far as higher criticism can help in showing the Hebrew Scriptures to be a record of some of the teachings of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, it will have exalted the value of those Scriptures; and broad-minded people will be thankful to have ground for believing that the Truths revealed to one race and time do not contradict those revealed to other races and times, but form one consistent whole. To quote from Professor Sayce (*Monument Facts and Higher Critical Fancies*):

For purposes of history, philology can be only accidentally of service in so far as it throws light on the meaning of a literary record, or assists in the decipherment of an ancient inscription. It is the linguistic sense of the record, and not the history it embodies or the historical facts to be drawn from it, with which alone philology is properly concerned.

The subjective impressions of a modern European in regard to ancient Oriental history are not likely to be of value. It is quite certain that an ancient Oriental author would not have written as we should write, or as we should have expected him to write; and consequently the very fact that an ancient Oriental document does not conform to our modern canons of criticism is an argument in favor of its genuineness.

Archeological Not Philological Evidence

It is the archeological evidence of Egyptology and Assyriology, and not the philological evidence which alone can be applied to the settlement of historical disputes.

He shows that the delusion that there was no written literature before the time of the Hebrew kings, and that consequently the Mosaic record is only a record of traditions and superstitions, is contradicted by archeological discoveries of much older written literature. Moses could have written, and probably did write down, a digest of old-established and fully formulated religious and historical data. The code of Khammurabi and papyri and inscriptions from the Nile and Euphrates support this.

Again, "evolution" misapplied to the study of human mental development, has led to absurd theories. A hard-and-fast system regulating the order of succession in which various ideas are supposed to dawn upon humanity has led critics to alter the dates to suit it. But the ancient Oriental mind did not, necessarily—in fact could not possibly—follow the same laws as the modern Occidental, and we cannot assign the date of a writing by the ideas it contains. The Professor concludes:

The Master-Key to These Problems

We have learned that the Old-Testament Scriptures are as truly a literature as the classical productions of Greece or Rome; that they were written by men, not by machines, and that they reflect the individual qualities of those who wrote them, and the coloring of the various ages at which they were composed. Nevertheless, between the recognition of the human element in the old Testament and the "critical" contention that the Hebrew Scriptures are filled with myths and historical blunders, pious frauds and antedated documents, the distance is great.

And let us conclude with the remark that, while philologists and antiquarians and theologians and scientists are each worrying his own little thread of truth, the writings of H. P. Blavatsky show that she saw the whole fabric and how all these threads were interwoven. The Wisdom-Religion of Theosophy is the Master-Key to all these problems.

H. T. EDGE

Earthquakes at Manila

IN the recently completed census of the Philippine Islands is a well written report on the seismology of the archipelago, and from it may be seen that during the past eighteen years Manila has averaged one earthquake per month. It must not be concluded that this city leads the world in this matter, for there are few mountainous regions that would not show the same or greater average if reliable records were

available. The catalogues of earthquakes are very voluminous publications, and the one published for the Pacific Coast of the United States is quite an imposing book, and yet we are not inclined to believe the coastal region a dangerous place to live. Probably the world does not average more or less of these disturbances than at former times, but we have been paying more attention to the subject: we have finer instruments for recording the shocks, and our architecture is of a kind which invites disaster. The fact is that our earth is in constant motion, and it is not the tottering of old age either, but a simple adjusting of forces which have ever existed.

STUDENT

Missionaries in China

TURNING over an old number of a paper called *The Signs of the Times*, we notice an article on "China, the Missionary Field of the World," and are surprised to find what an intelligent appreciation of facts is combined with what unreasonable inferences therefrom.

China, we are told, is *the* missionary field of the world; (1) because of its teeming millions, (2) because of its people's strength of character and general worth, (3) because of her undeveloped resources. "Their muscular power and endurance of toil and hardship are most remarkable, and they possess almost a stoical indifference to physical suffering. They are bright, skillful and active, and have wonderful mental ability: a nation civilized, though heathen, where scholarship is made the test of political preferment—where the scholar is the aristocrat, although he may not have a 'cash' in his pocket or know where his next dish of rice is to come from; men whose convictions of duty and right are and have been so strong for centuries as to have become almost petrifications; a people whose ability to rule is second only to their love of ordering other people about.

"Their perceptions are rapid; they are quick to learn trades, and can easily become adepts in anything, from the digging in the mud after lotus roots to ably discharging the duties of the chief official position in the Celestial Empire itself.

"China is well supplied with material in the rough, like the immense amount of mineral in her hills—enough coal above, it is said, to supply the world for twenty centuries."

An admirable tribute to the excellent qualities of the people and the resources of the country. But what inference is drawn? The little band of Christian workers "must be backed by thousands of others before its course is eventually turned in the right direction—away from their idols and superstition toward Christ."

In fact the idea is that such a good people could, by adopting an alien religion, become even better. Their own religions, ideals and customs are considered as weighing in the scale against their virtues. But there is at least as much argument in favor of the Chinese sending missionaries to us, and perhaps even more.

T.

A Russian "Beauty Farm"

ACCORDING to an account, a wealthy Russian named Reshetnikoff, runs a "beauty farm," which is an estate on which he has gathered together fine specimens of the human race of both sexes, and mated them, with the object of breeding a superior type of humanity. It is said that since the establishment of the farm forty marriages have taken place under his supervision, and that the children are of superior kind, both mentally and physically.

It is, however, very justly remarked that Mr. Reshetnikoff is doomed to failure on account of his inability to control human inclination and choice in the selection of partners. How will he persuade his young stage-hero to marry the heroine, or prevent the heroine from falling in love with the villain?

To this it might be added that, even if men and women can be so persuaded, there is "Nature" to reckon with. Frederic William of Prussia could not breed an army of giants; sterility, or a reversion of type in the offspring, checkmated him.

The fact simply is that "Nature" or "Providence"—that is, the Intelligences which determine the destinies of the human race—has larger plans than Mr. Reshetnikoff; it may or may not happen to have a use for the type of organism he seeks to develop; but it is more than probable that his ideas of perfection are not those of the Great Architect of the Universe. We recommend Mr. Reshetnikoff to turn his attention to other pursuits. His ideas are excellent but are they commendable? E.

The Holy Synod's Prayer

THE Russian Holy Synod advises that more ardent prayers than ever should be offered up for the victory of "the worshippers of Christ over a cruel enemy full of guile."

Here are a few sentences from the Synod's official prayer. As emanating from the Holy Synod, it could hardly fail, one would have thought, to attract special consideration in the Right Quarter.

" . . . Give the Christ-loving army victory, and enable it to subdue the enemy. . . . O Defender of the Orthodox Faith (it would appear that God is a member of the Greek Church) send down thine arrows and confound the enemy. Strike them as the lightning and deliver them into the hands of thy faithful troops."

The Almighty, with a bow and arrows, helping Kuropatkin with his three hundred guns, makes a remarkable picture. But he is not only requested to "shoot arrows," to "send his lightning," to "send his angel" of victory, and to "make his invisible finger defend his servants," but also to stretch forth his whole hand "and touch the hearts of the enemy (not—this time—to kill them, but) so that they shall make supplication unto thee, the God of Peace," presumably supplication for their own slaughter and defeat. The prayer would have been inartistic and incomplete without that last touch. As it stands, it is flawless. But something has gone wrong somewhere, for since then the field of Mukden has been fought. The arrows, finger, hand, lightning, and Angel, did not appear.

What can be "heathen" Asia's view of Christianity? Is it not time that Christians issued a protest?

STUDENT

Growing of Rice in Trinidad

AT this time of the year in Trinidad all the East Indians who can possibly do so, flock to the rice fields, which are owned by Government or individuals and rented out.

At one part of the island, by going to the top of a hill, one can look down upon an interesting and unique sight.

The lagoons, covering about one hundred acres, surrounded by dense forest, are divided into small, square plots of one-half or one-quarter acre each; these are separated from each other by banks of grass and weeds taken from the plots. The more advanced plots are already a delicate green color, the shoots of the young rice plants appearing above the water; whilst the others are occupied by people knee deep in water setting out the young plants which had been grown in nurseries on higher land elsewhere. In four to five months the crop is reaped and harvested, and a man has sufficient rice to keep himself and his family for the rest of the year; and possibly have some to sell as well.

Getting out the crop now presents a difficult problem. It is usually "headed" to the nearest road, and then slung in bags pannier-wise across the backs of donkeys, or carried in carts to the town.

B. G.

THIS week's cover-page of the NEW CENTURY PATH contains a fine view of the Castle of Rushen, Castletown, Isle of Man.

This massive and venerable pile is associated in the history of the Isle of Man as the stronghold and palace of its kings, the seat of the legislature and the general prison. A former castle stood here in the Tenth century, but a part of the present building probably dates from earlier than 1313.

The castle walls vary in thickness from 7 to 12 feet; the embattled wall is 25 feet high and 9 feet thick. The flagstaff tower is 80 feet high, the others 70 feet. The south tower contains a clock given by Queen Elizabeth in 1597; its bell was presented by James Earl of Derby in 1729. In the chapel is the famous "Wishing Stone," and current local opinion is quite positive that those who stand upon it and wish, will see their desires fulfilled.

The Raja Yoga Messenger

VERY interesting publication, unsectarian, will be issued on Christmas Day, 1904, by some of the children of the Raja Yoga School at Point Loma. This publication is the *Raja Yoga Messenger*, an illustrated monthly for young folk. This effort of the Raja Yoga children at Point Loma promises to be a real benediction to the home and to little folk. The oldest of the editorial staff of the *Raja Yoga Messenger* is only twelve years of age. We wish this new publication a full share of the great success enjoyed by the NEW CENTURY PATH.

Some Views on XXth Century Problems

A Heretic's Book

THE Abbé Loisy's book—which earned him last year the condemnation of the Vatican, has now been translated into English, and those who wish to do so can ascertain for themselves, without sending to Paris, why that condemnation was visited upon the author.

It elaborates two "heretical" conclusions. The first is that the essentials of Christian dogma were imported from Greek "paganism." These essentials are (according to the Abbé) the Trinity and the Incarnation. If Christianity had not imported these tenets from Greek philosophy, it would have remained simply Judaism, the story of a purely Jewish Messiah, and have thus been entirely unacceptable to the western world. So Paul, Origen, the Gnostic and others took it in hand, says the Abbé. They made the Jewish Messiah, a merely racial redeemer, into an incarnation of the Greek Logos or Word, Verbum. This necessitated the ascription to Jesus of the dual nature, the essentially divine, and the assumed or adventitious human.

This again made the pagan Trinity necessary. For there had to be the Father; the emitted Word or Son; and the Holy Ghost, the Power passing between, the link between the two. But this Trinity, which in its pagan form was a mere philosophical triangle, thus became a living religious tenet.

Other of the dogmas of the Church came later yet, according to the Abbé. They are all, evolutions of *germs* contained in the Gospels, evolutions coming about in the course of Church history. "The reality" (he explained to a representative of *Le Temps*) "and the notion of a hierarchy, of infallibility, of dogma itself, and even of the sacraments, are an accretion of the Christian community of which the Gospel gives only the germ. The historian would commit himself to the stupidest of anachronisms were he to discourse of the infallibility of St. Peter, who certainly never had a thought of enunciating any dogma whatever, and who did not regard his ministry as a pontificate superior to that of Caiaphas."

This is the Abbé's final summing up:

The Gospels are less a detailed history than an expression of the Christian conscience in such terms as seemed to the evangelists most clearly in harmony with the facts. They are devotional literature. Their authors were not afraid to treat the material that had come down to them with a freedom that makes all the artifices of a certain sort of interpretation quite futile in their efforts to conceal it. The last of the four even dared to produce a new framework for the Gospel narrative, and a new form for the Gospel. The critical historian, in his interpretation of texts and data, must rely upon the texts themselves, and not upon the Christian dogma which has evolved from them.

Dogmas Necessarily Self-Contradictory

And the other sin of the Abbé's was in asserting that it is of the very essence of dogma to state and maintain at once two opposite and contradictory truths. The Trinity is a unit and a triad. Christ was divine and human; perfect yet temptable; limited and unlimited. Man's salvation is entirely with God, and also entirely with himself; God predestines yet man is free. Man is only responsible to God; yet also to the Church.

And so on. These contradictions the Abbé regards as quite necessary and proper. They have their solution and their reconciliation in the infinity of God. They are as near to truth, when taken in their pairs, as mere mind can get. Heresy only arises when men insist upon one extreme only and forget the other: as when they assert as the *whole* truth either that there are Three Persons or only One.

To the common man it will appear that to state to the mind two contradictory propositions as both true, and to assure it that by its very nature it can never hope to understand them, yet must accept them—is to insult and paralyze it. Is it any wonder that those who refuse the paralysis turn to materialism or—Theosophy? Darkness or Light?

It is interesting to note that other Christian thinkers and students of history are moving towards the position taken up by Abbé Loisy. For example, Professor Mahaffy, Governor of the University of Dublin, in delivering the August convocation sermon to the University of Chicago graduating class, said:

Christianity is not a new thing, but it is the gathering of all the great truths,

and the weaving of them into the glorious texture of Christian faith.

Then, particularizing, he said:

The doctrines of the trinity and the incarnation were imported from primitive peoples. The trinity comes from the documents of the Egyptians and Indians (let us also add from the Chaldeans, Assyrians, and others) "and the incarnation from Buddhism," (and Hindooism, Magism, and elsewhere.) Moses, said the Professor, "used old documents of the Egyptians and Mesopotamians, and did not write from direct observation." STUDENT

Baby Pugilist

OUR leading pugilists will doubtless be flattered to learn that they have their imitators and students even among the infants of our cities. A little Los Angeles boy of eight has just been charged before a coroner with causing the death of another of the same age by a blow over the heart. The little murderer had been much excited by what he had * * * read in the newspapers of the deadly effectiveness of the great "solar-plexus blow." He had carefully acquired it, and used it in boyish fights. The dexterity he thus gained usually made him victor, and on this occasion he employed it to "plant one" over his comrade's heart. (We must apologize if the technique of our description be a little faulty. We own to reading but carelessly the columns of prize-fight descriptions that disgrace the daily papers.)

Somebody was writing recently on the evolution of games, chess, baseball, etc. He regarded the game-playing instinct as an echo of the fighting instinct, the instinct to get victory through the death of an opponent, to chase him, hurl missiles at him, and skilfully elude him. This instinct we now gratify harmlessly by games.

We gratify it in another way, more exciting than games, but even safer—for ourselves. We pay other men to shed real blood for us, while we look on comfortably and do the shouting. And if we cannot do that for respectability's sake, we read all about it, round by round. But we never bargained that our infant children should read all about it, too, and then *practice* the cruel business.

They tried their first bull-fight in Hungary the other day, at Buda Pesth. But the bulls were more civilized than the spectators or our prize-fighters, for they could not be made to engage! OBSERVER

Light from the East

THE editor of the Tokyo *Shimbum*, referring to the wounded Russian sailors now under treatment in the Tokyo hospital, says:

They are true sailors who have done their duty faithfully. Why should we not honor them and treat them kindly? Revenge is a sin. It is barbarous. *We are living under a new law of universal brotherhood.*

And the Tokyo *Journal*, while commending the government for its kindness to the prisoners, adds:

But this rare opportunity of doing good should not be left entirely in the hands of the authorities. It is also our duty to be sympathetic friends of the captives, and make them feel at home in a strange land.

We have ventured to italicize a sentence in the above.

Prison Regime

WE have still a great deal to learn about the treatment of criminals. But all the experiments of many years past tend to show that the degradation of prisoners is a mistake, and so is the arousing of their resentment. In a word, they should *respect* the treatment dealt out to them. The ideal treatment is not yet understood; it requires more wisdom and more humanity than civilization yet possesses. But we can try; and we can remember that in nearly every case, deep in his nature the worst criminal has some sense of what is justly due to him. If we could find and uncover that, we should often realize that to go beyond it, to outrage it, may do only harm.

Mr. Collins, New York State Superintendent of Prisons, some time ago abolished the lock-step and cropped head. The prison stripes on the first-term prisoners were also removed and a dark-grey semi-military suit substituted. Since then punishments for prison offenses have decreased by more than 4 per cent. STUDENT

Brief Glimpses of the Prehistoric World

Archeology
Paleontology
Ethnology

The Thunder-Bird

THE thunder-bird figures largely in the Indian legends and totems of the Northwest. It is futile to give the Indian name, because the English language has no means of adequately representing many of the Indian "clicks" and sounds with which the dialects are largely interspersed.

The Nimkish legend of the wonderful bird, which even now is believed by some to be the maker of the thunder, is interesting. In a previous issue was given an illustration of the method employed by the Indians in the construction of their dwellings. The thunder-bird is intimately connected with this scheme of architecture, since it made such a framework possible in the beginning. The roof-beam is made of a single giant tree, such as are to be found throughout British Columbia. This enormous spar is hoisted to rest on two uprights without any fastenings, a slight concavity in the ends of the uprights being considered sufficient to hold it in place, owing to its enormous weight.

In the huge wooden house erected upon the solid framework so built are many small dwellings, with a central, common space, used for every kind of purpose. The whole resembles somewhat the 'tween-decks of a huge ship with cabins at each side, furnished with bunks where used as sleeping-rooms.

The story relating to this form of architecture runs that, in the days before the white man came, a brave determined to found a tribe and build a dwelling. He cut down the trees he needed—the finest timber he could find—and that is as far as he went. For when all was ready he realized that he could not alone lift the great roof-beam to its place. And while he was sorrowing the thunder-bird came and spoke to him, afterwards lifting the beam into position. Then, taking the form of a man, the thunder-bird was persuaded to remain in the human state, as a guide and helper of the tribe. Such, roughly, is the story of the thunder-bird and its prominence as a totem. At the present day thunder-birds are scarce for building purposes, and a capstan is used for hoisting the centre-beam into place. This should give sun-mythologists an opportunity to see in the thunder-bird's visit the advent of a ship, with the noise of its guns and the use of the capstan.

TENAS TYEE.

Excavations in Crete

AT the recent meeting of the British Association, Dr. Arthur T. Evans, director of the excavations at Knossos, furnished some details of the results. On a hill a mile north of the palace a cemetery was discovered and 100 tombs were opened. The relics found are of later date than the palace but reveal the same artistic tradition. They include bronze implements and vessels, swords, jewelry and gems, and vases with magnificent decorative designs. Skeletons were found, and some of the skulls sent to England. About two miles further north they discovered a sepulchral monument, most of whose contents had been rifled; but a gold hairpin, parts of two silver vases and a large bronze mirror remained to attest the former wealth of the buried treasures.

E.

Hindu Measures Used by Mound-Builders

IN Lord Avebury's great work on *Prehistoric Times* is the following passage from his account of North American antiquities. Speaking of the mounds, the writer says:

They vary much in size; five or six of them, however, are exact squares, each side measuring one thousand and eighty feet—a coincidence which could not possibly be accidental, and which must possess some significance. The circles, also, in spite of their great size, are so nearly round that the American archeologists consider themselves justified in concluding that the mound-builders must have had some standard of measurement and some means of determining angles.

Now with regard to the 1080 feet: This sum, multiplied by 4 gives 4320. Readers of Theosophical literature will detect still another co-

incidence here, those figures, with additional ciphers, being associated with Manvantaric cycles. But it is agreed that the English foot, as a standard of measurement, is derived from Egypt. Egypt, we have been told by Katherine Tingley, received its civilization from America.

The testimony of those "five or six mounds" links together ancient Egypt, ancient America and ancient India. For the number 4320 with ciphers has hitherto, so far as we know, been associated only with the time computations of the last-named country.

For those who realize how much the knowledge of events, both past and future, depends upon knowledge of cyclic periods, these coincidences will be full of meaning. The ancient Americans kept their records in mounds which have remained to this day as witnesses to the unity of humanity.

W. JAMESON

A Prehistoric Welsh Fortress

THE best preserved ancient stone fortress in Great Britain is probably the one called Tre'r Ceiri, which is situated on one of the peaks of the Carnarvonshire mountains in Wales. It occupies an area of about a fifth of a mile by a hundred yards. In the northeast corner is the cairn, or look-out post, from which the commander could reconnoiter. The wall of the stronghold is of uncemented stone, fifteen or sixteen feet high and in many places of equal thickness. On one side is a *banquette* running along the wall, on which sentries could pace and look over; and in this place there are second and third walls outside, to check onsets. There are three entrances, protected, on scientific principles of fortification, against attack. The ruins of many houses are within, some with walls four feet high still remaining. The antiquity of these ruins goes back to prehistoric time, and nothing has been found which gives a clue to their origin.

The Stone Remains of Buddhism in Ceylon

FEW religious memorials have been built on so stupendous a scale as those of Ceylon, but it is only comparatively recently that the modern world has made acquaintance with them.

Half a century ago, the British government began to unearth the ancient capital of the island, the vast city of Anuradhapura. For nearly a thousand years it had slept buried in the dense jungle. But throughout an equal period it had been the scene of a vivid social and religious life. An archeological commission has now been at work for many years clearing the remains of this ancient city, marking its boundaries, and deciphering the Buddhist inscriptions of the mighty dagobas which the city contains. So immense are some of them that it has been estimated that with the aid of five hundred men, and all modern engineering appliances, the larger of these structures would require at least seven years for its construction. One of them originally stood 400 feet high, and was erected on a platform covering no less than eight acres. This one was completed about twenty centuries ago. Others are from one to two centuries older yet. They are bell-shaped, brick-built, faced with plaster, and surmounted by a pedestal and spire.

Sons of emperors do not usually become missionaries, but one of the sons of the Buddhist Emperor Asoka did so. He went to Ceylon as his field of propaganda, and preached on a hill a few miles from Anuradhapura. His converts made the ascent of that hill as easy as they could. They put 1800 steps of granite, running to the top, and their noble stairway was fifteen feet wide. This, too, has now been brought to view.

Other Buddhist remains are the rock temples. These, as their name implies, are chambers cut out of solid rock, and containing colossal figures of the teacher in whose honor they were constructed. They usually attested their faith by specimens of their architecture made to last almost forever, and whose duplication would often tax modern resources to their utmost limit. How they did it generally remains their own secret. No instance comes to mind in which an inscription records the method by which the titanic structure on which it was cut was effected.

STUDENT



FAMOUS FOX TEMPLE NEAR KYOTO, JAPAN

The Trend of Twentieth Century Science

Ether, Matter, Force—A Scientific Trinity

WE have already referred to the invincible tendency of modern science—and indeed of ancient—to postulate little round bodies as the basis of the universe. The tendency has now invaded the ether; it too is thus constituted. According to the last view, propounded by Dr. Larmor and Professor Reynolds, the ether consists of closely packed atoms, each the *seven hundred thousand millionth* of a wave-length of violet light in diameter. These inconceivable little beings *nearly* touch each other—but not quite. There is a little space between, equal to a *four hundred thousand millionth* of their diameters. That is their position when quiet, as they like to be. But from entirely unknown reasons—shall we suggest the *Verbum* of the Greeks, or the *Sound* of the Hindus?—minute whirlpools or vortices occur through the mass, so that the members of the little groups are strained round to the “right” or “left,” crammed corkscrew-wise. When a number of such points of twisted discomfort occur together, they affect our senses, and we call it *matter*.

When one group suddenly succeeds in springing back to its original state of ease and peace, which it can only do by passing on the strain to the next group, and when the strain is thus handed on swiftly from group to group, like a passing whirlwind—that is a current of electricity or a ray of light. So matter is thus fixed electricity or fixed light.

But if a group whose strain is to the “right” meets one whose strain is to the “left,” they neutralize each others’ strains. Matter, or electricity (as the case may be) *goes out of being*.

Thus science is now facing the possibility that its hitherto axioms of the Conservation of Energy and the Eternity of Matter, *may not be accurate!* Might a Theosophist be permitted to suggest that *will*, cosmic will, may be the cause of the primary strains; and that the will of man, feeble as it is, even now both causes and releases them? STUDENT

The Variations of Glaciers

FOR the past nine years Prof. Harry Fielding Reid has been collecting data relating to the advance or retreat of Alpine glaciers. His last annual report, published by the University of Chicago, states that although nine years is “a time too short for very general results, still we can say that the thirty-five years’ period which Brückner found in the variations of the Alpine glaciers, applies also to glaciers in other parts of the world. It is also probable that there are longer climatic periods than this whose course is very complicated; moreover, the individual character of the variations of special glaciers is, without doubt, dependent upon the topography of their basins. . . . But we can say, in general, that the dominating tendency of glaciers at this time is to retreat.”

The observations of twenty-three glaciers showed that nineteen of them were decreasing in length, and it would seem that this preponderance would be sufficient to establish the general fact, namely, that there is a cycle of climatic changes which is partially recognized from these data. The rapidly accumulating evidence of the existence of cyclic law will soon put the opponents of this truth out of date. F. P.

Variations in Solar Radiation

A CURRENT astronomical journal has an article by Professor Langley, in which he gives good reason for holding that there was a fall in solar radiation at the end of March of last year. A series of observations on this point were made at the Smithsonian Observatory from October, 1902, to March, 1904. After allowing for atmospheric variations, it appeared that solar radiation fell off 10 per cent, beginning late in March, 1903. The most obvious result was a fall of temperature, which, noted at eighty-nine stations in the North Temperate Zone, was on the average two degrees C. But there must have been many other effects which we have not yet begun to suspect.

The radiation is regarded as consisting of negatively charged units, taking forty-six hours to reach the earth. Coming at all times, they come in greatest quantity during the passage of sun spots across the solar meridian; and then cause terrestrial magnetic storms. We are very dependent on the inexplicable moods of his solar majesty. STUDENT

Theory and Fact

A VERY interesting compilation could be made of stories showing how difficult it has ever been for truth to establish itself against human theories. One might cite the firm conviction that a steamer could never cross the ocean because she could not carry enough coal, or that a locomotive could not move because the pressure on the cylinder-head would exactly equal that on the wheels. Not long ago it was decided by an academy of science that a cat cannot turn over in the air and land on its feet, and that a baseball pitcher cannot throw a curve.

But the steamers do cross the ocean; the locomotives do run; the cat does turn over, and the curves continue to worry the batters, and the academies of science are the authorities as to how it happens. Really, the skirmish between theory and fact sometimes becomes ridiculous, as for example the fact that the axis of the earth is not fixed in its position but has a regular cyclic motion. This was denied by astronomers “owing to the difficulty of accounting for it theoretically.” Mr. Chandler, who argued for the positive side of the question, “deliberately put aside all teachings of *theory*” because, as he said, “it seemed high time that the *facts* should be examined by a purely inductive process.” Prof. Newcomb, who had the negative side of the argument, “soon found the defect in the *theory*, and is now as cordially in favor of the *results given by observation* as he was originally against it.” We hope this bleak statement does not do full justice to Prof. Newcomb, whose reputation for honesty is not questioned. For the illustration of the point, the italics are ours, but the quotations are from no less an authority than the Smithsonian Report for 1892, pages 716-17. F. G.

The Wandering Poles

PROFESSOR MILNE some time ago made the suggestion that the constant small changes in the earth’s axis, for which there had hitherto been no explanation, may be due to changes in the earth’s crust. It is probable that great earthquakes and earth-tremors are due to crust movements, continents and ocean-beds sinking and rising. The earth’s mass is thus changing its center of gravity and consequently its axis.

Measurements have since corroborated this theory of the relation between axial changes and earthquakes.

As several ancient legends and traditions assert the rapid submersion of vast portions of the great continents of the past, Lemuria and Atlantis—and also great alterations in the inclinations of the earth’s axis, is it impossible that both assertions may turn out to be true? In the light of recent investigation, does not the *fit* of the two stories suggest the truth of both? STUDENT

Is There An Intra-Mercurial Planet?

ASTRONOMERS hope that next year’s eclipse of the sun will answer a long doubtful question: Is there a planet whose orbit is within that of Mercury? It is Mercury himself who has raised the suspicion. The perihelion of his orbit—that part of it which is nearest to the sun—moves forward forty minutes in a century more than theory requires. Is a planet nearer to the sun than Mercury the cause of this?

The eclipse is booked for August 30th, of next year. The shadow-path begins at sunrise south of Hudson’s Bay, enters the Atlantic, crosses north-eastern Spain and Algiers, North Tunis, Assouan, and ends in Arabia at sunset. The longest duration of it is at Assouan and is then only three and three-fourths minutes. But upon those minutes the camera can confer immortality. STUDENT

Garlic in Tuberculosis

SOME time ago an English physician, Dr. Minchin, called attention to the curative power of garlic in tuberculosis and lupus, asserting his own great success. In the course of a laudatory comment on this simple remedy Dr. Berdoe said:

I look upon it as a perfectly safe treatment and also an efficient one in all cases of incipient pulmonary tuberculosis, in nearly all cases of moderately advanced, and in many very advanced cases. . . . I have had so much success with it that I have come to look upon few cases of consumption as hopeless.

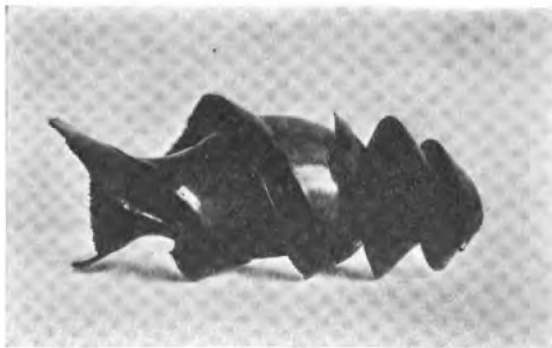
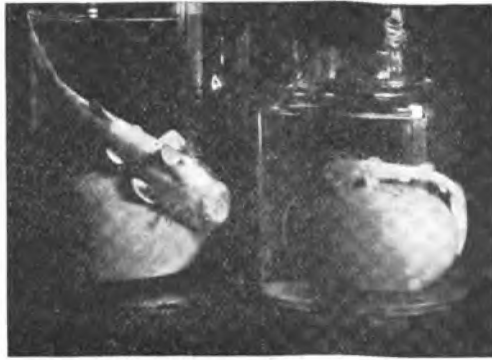
Garlic was a remedy to which the ancients ascribed many virtues. Has its day for general use in medicine come round again? PHYSICIAN

Nature

Studies

Shark's Eggs

THE illustrations, which are from photographs of specimens taken specially for the Nature Notes, represent the case of a shark's egg, and the yolk with young attached. The cases are sufficiently familiar objects on the shores of California. They are about five inches long, horny, semitransparent, and of the color and appearance of dark-brown sea-weed. Spiral ridges run around the outside of the chamber containing the egg. Strangers to this coast are surprised, on cutting open what appears to be a part of a kelp plant, to see the usual contents of an egg run out.

**A Strange Child of the Woods**

THE "Indian moccasin," or "moccasin-flower," is probably better known by hearsay than by sight to the majority, even of those who live in its native region, which is the swamps of the great glacial moraine of Wisconsin and Minnesota; because it is a somewhat rare companion of "jack-in-the-pulpits," ferns, flags, "cattails," and such water-loving folk of the wilderness. It is not a showy flower, its greenish color blending it with the foliage until nearly full grown, when it takes the characteristic bluish-purple, or pink-yellow color. Its huge cavity, sometimes three inches in diameter, is a reception-room for insects, who seem to be fond of it, though to our mind its chief attraction is its novelty. The whole plant is seldom more than three feet high and bears one or two blossoms, which are so eagerly sought for that were it not a bulb-rooted plant it would soon be entirely extinct in the vicinity of towns. The State of Minnesota has taken it as the State floral emblem, though none were found in the gardens of the capital grounds, or in any of the parks. One private residence in the capital city has a fine bed of them, though few who see them know what they are. Probably there is no other flower so closely interwoven with the popular idea of Indian life as this, and for that reason it is a fit emblem of a State where Indians have been so important a part of recent history, and where their blanket-wrapped persons are yet familiar sights even in some of the larger cities.

STUDENT

The Busy Ant

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA seems to be a paradise for ants. At any rate many species abound here. They are large and small and of medium size, red, black, brown and dust-colored; and are to be found almost anywhere in large colonies, where they seem to be most actively engaged in the manifold duties and labors of ant-life.

Indeed, for these little creatures life appears to be very strenuous, an affair of incessant toil and travel. A student once, during a ramble in the country, came across a large mound of earth thrown up by ants. Underneath were the excavations which furnished homes to the countless myriads of inhabitants. The ground all about was covered with a thick growth of tough, high grass, through which a well-beaten path led away from the mound. This roadway was from one to two inches wide, and as clearly marked as a wagon road through a forest.

Curious to know whither it led, and for what purpose it had been made (for it must have cost an enormous amount of labor), the student followed it several hundred yards and found that it ended in a small field of grain. All along the way the ants were met returning with their heavy load, while others were hurrying from the mound to the field. It was extremely interesting to observe how carefully each party kept to its own side of the road. Of course those who were loaded traveled more

slowly, and thus, each keeping to one side, all crowding and inconvenience was avoided.

Frequently the burden one had assumed would prove beyond his strength. In such cases one or more good brothers always hurried to his assistance. The greatest trouble was at the rather small openings which led under the mound, and which rendered the work of storing the grain a somewhat difficult task. It was curious to notice how very human were the actions of these tiny workers. Several of them would walk around the huge load, apparently consulting and measuring possibilities before going to work in the most orderly and systematic way. At the last they always succeeded, though often only after repeated efforts.

Though ants are so plentiful, they do not often prove very troublesome. A lady once had a rather strange experience. She occupied a wooden house, under one side of which was a colony of small red ants. They had been disturbed and had evidently decided to find a new habitation. For several days she had observed a few ants traversing the wall in her room near and above the bed; but being a fear-

less lover of all nature, she thought little about it. In the night she was awakened by feeling something moving over her face. She arose, and upon lighting a lamp, discovered that the bed, pillows and walls were literally alive with ants. The effect was beautiful as well as strange, for the light shone upon heaps and balls and masses of fluffy, bright red, moving, living creatures.

These were the very tiny red ants. The large red ant is less harmless, and its bite is as much to be dreaded as the sting of a bee. The black ant has a very disagreeable odor.

Like almost every other living creature, the ants are quiet and harmless if let alone; and they are certainly shining examples of industry, perseverance, good temper and harmony.

STUDENT

California Forests to be Preserved

LOVERS of nature and haters of wanton destruction will rejoice to hear that at last the government experts have presented to the head of the Bureau of Forestry in Washington a bill for the California legislature.

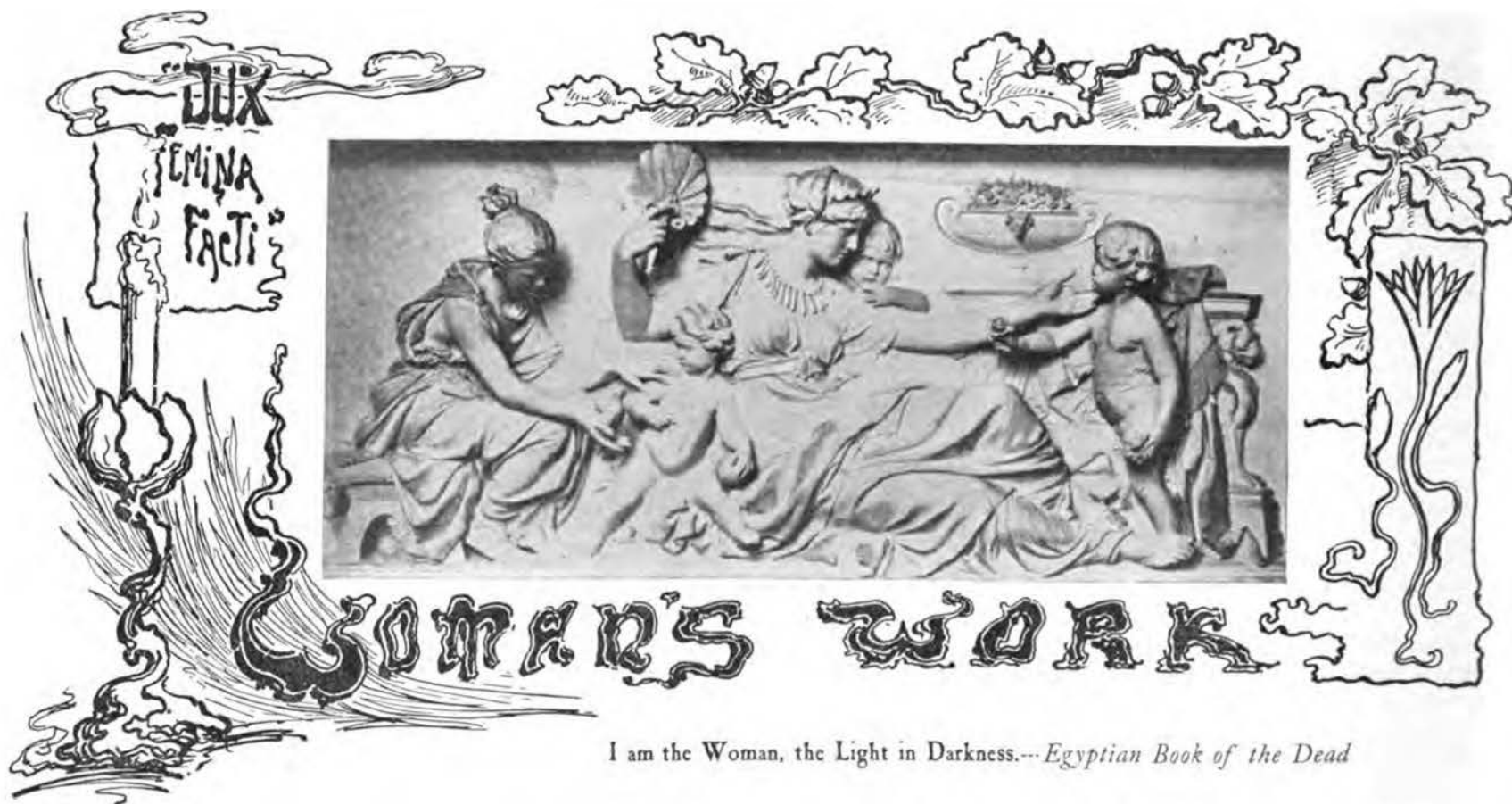
This bill guards especially against fires, and the idea is to appoint a state forester with assistants, and also county wardens, whose duty it will be to prevent and fight fires. Heavy penalties will be imposed upon campers and all who can be shown guilty of carelessness, and rewards offered for information against offenders.

The Pomegranate and Its Self-Sacrificing Leaves

THE pomegranate flourishes at Point Loma. It is a very ornamental bush, with its showy, scarlet flowers and bright red fruit, in contrast with its green foliage. There are buds and flowers and fruit in all stages on the bush at the same time, but the branches bearing ripening fruit are destitute of leaves. In this we have an example of one of the many sacrifices that leaves make in their unselfish service towards carrying out the purposes of the plant.

The production of ripened fruit is the crowning work of the plant, and is a very exhausting process, not only using up food already elaborated by the leaves, but often taxing them for the production of more to such an extent that they sacrifice themselves completely to the task, as in the case of the pomegranate.

The leaf in general is a selfless servant and will accommodate itself to whatever uses best serve the plant as a whole and its purposes. STUDENT



WHILE there is inspiration in the thought of the great teachers, the great defenders of principle, there is perhaps greater inspiration in the thought of those who have stood for principle unknown and unnoticed, with no drums beating, no bugles sounding, no urge of tramping feet behind them, no colors flying. Susannah Wesley was one of these, and when one thinks of the nobility of her life and of the lives of many others equally humble, the thought comes like an inspiration, "Why may not I do as much? Why may not I be the same?"

Well, try it. You can be more than you dream. Take a stand, not outwardly, but in your own heart, in defense of principle. You know what principle is, you could not feel the urge if you had not the Warrior-light within your own heart. Perhaps you have seen and felt the emptiness of the world's life. It may be that you are too honest to shirk your plain duty, for when the truth is revealed to one, even in part, it is one's plain duty to defend it.

Every woman has the chance to choose sometime between the light and the darkness, to shut the light out of her life, or to open the heart utterly to what is true, and the moment of that choice is the moment of her first step upon the path. It is needless to ask advice, your own heart will teach you all that you need to know; nor is it necessary that you should see what the end will be. It is not even necessary that you should see the second step. The first is plain, and when you have taken it, still plainer will be the first after that. Nor will you have gone very far before you will begin to understand the lives, and particularly the persecutions of the great Teachers of the world.

If you love the right better than you do the wrong you will soon find that, in allying yourself with all that is best in your nature, you have challenged all that is worst. Every weakness of which you are aware, and several never discovered before, suddenly loom up on the horizon ready for battle; and so the battle begins. It is just this battle that those who are beginners at this task of defending principle talk so much about. Some-

Defenders of Principle

times they overdo the matter just a little, and often they forget the bright side of the picture, so determined are

they to discover and analyze all the darkness on the dark side.

And yet it is a battle, for the selfish part of one's nature is no myth and often it is a monster, but to *only* look at that side is absurd. To ignore the soul is to shut away all light and all help, to crucify the very principles we declare ourselves ready to defend.

Take refuge in the soul, then, for the soul is more than a warrior; it is an alchemist, capable of transmitting every selfish desire into the pure gold of spiritual aspiration—if you will give it a chance. Look at things from the standpoint of the soul and the battle-field will become the crucible.

Then shall we see the glorious side of this picture, and the side which some even among the great defenders of principle have never seen, because they would stay right down on the level of their trials and persecutions.

And what will be the end of it all? The darkness, despair and discouragement that we see all about us and feel at times within our very souls, is but the darkness presaging the dawn of a new day. For the dawn is nearer at hand than we realize and those who keep the light burning in their hearts will find that it will not grow dim and disappear, save to become a part of the Great Light that is to be, the Light that will bring back to

mankind a new Golden Age. Then persecution will be unknown; then will all walk in the sunshine of soul life; then will come to all women the peace that now cometh only unto the few.

STUDENT

ACCORDING to a recent dispatch from Vienna, a beautiful young woman was hanged recently in a Russian fortress. This young girl, with other ladies of the Russian aristocracy, in the Winter Palace and under the direction of the Dowager Czarina, assisted in preparing bandages, etc., for the wounded soldiers. She also assisted in forwarding literature to the far East, and it was charged that she enclosed in one of the packages copies of anti-military pamphlets. As stated, she was hanged and her father, because of her crime, was sent to Siberia.

E. H.



A GLIMPSE OF LOMALAND—RAJA YOGA ACADEMY IN THE DISTANCE

In a Lomaland Canyon

NO grey cliffs these, rising from a bed of green and crowned with towering trees, but warm gold, brown, and red violet, as if the sunny Californian sky had wooed the earth to show some of her heart's color. A walk over the hills at Point Loma leads through the fragrant brush down into the bed of a canyon, sheltered, warm and still. Along the path we go, around sharp turns and between the towering upright cliffs, standing like rows of golden sentinels, until the canyon opens at last to a broad view of the Pacific ocean. Then what a delight to climb and rest upon the bright-hued cliffs and look out over the peaceful blue.

Far back of us seems the hum of the world's busiest civilization. Before our eyes the glimmering line of kelp in the ocean shines like the promise of a new land, to rise from the deep and bridge the distance to the Orient—the Orient that is awakening to new life. For centuries the waves of the Pacific have murmured to the shores of the East and of the West of a great mystery that lies hidden beneath their crests. Who knows that the call has not been heard and that the mystic knowledge of the peoples sunk beneath the Pacific waves may not have awakened once more in the hearts of men and spurred them on to once more link the East and West in one united effort for humanity's progress.

On Loma hillside, earth, air, sky and sea all speak of fulfilment. In truth, secrets of the joy of life, long hidden, shall here be unfolded. The voices of happy children blend with the murmur of the waves and bring a golden peace to the heart.

STUDENT



IN A LOMALAND CANYON

DAY DREAMS

HIGH on my perch in my rocky seat,
The world and its worries beneath my feet;
Away to the west the ocean lies
Under the arch of the sapphire skies.
Along the coast is a silvery line
Where the foam-tipped billows break and shine.
And a wreath of mist so faint and dim
On the far horizon's distant rim
Marks where the stately vessels ride
Over the world to the other side—
Over the edge of the world and away
Along the track of the golden day.

Adown the canyon the clear stream flows,
Cold and sweet from the mountain snows.
Hastening, hurrying onward to be
Lost and absorbed in the turbulent sea;
Cold and clear and sweet no more
When beaten and tossed on the briar shore.

So oft to my rocky perch I come
Away from the city's bustle and hum,
And sit and dream till the day is past
And darkness broods o'er the landscape vast.
Till the sun goes down in the gorgeous west,
And the moon shines over the mountain's crest,
And a million stars in the sky appear,
And earth recedes and Heaven is near.

—M. A. P. in *The Charlotte Leader*

THE following extracts are taken from a code of morals for the women of Japan, which was published some years ago:

"It is better for women to have a good mind than a beautiful appearance.

"Parents must be on guard lest their daughters see or hear any evil thing.

"A woman must not chatter nor slander any one nor tell a lie. When she hears any slander she must not repeat it, for this causes disputes among families.

"A wife must not waste her money in expensive clothing, but must dress according to her income. Her ornaments and clothing must not be splendid, but neat and clean, so that she will not cause people to remark. She should dress according to her rank.

"Though a woman may have many servants, it is a rule that she should manage the house herself."

MISS ANNIE S. PECK, the American woman who has gained international fame as a mountain climber, has ascended Huascan Mountain, the highest peak in the Andes, to a height of 21,000 feet. She was prevented from reaching the summit because of immense crevasses, but she stopped only a thousand feet from the very top and has beaten the record of Sir Martin Conway by over a hundred feet. Miss Peck, a graduate of the University of Michigan, and for some years a student of archeology in Greece, was the first woman to reach the summit of the dreaded Matterhorn. That was nine years ago. Since then she has climbed Popocatepetl and Orizaba in Mexico, as well as other mountains difficult of ascent.

Miss Peck's experience goes to show what experts have long declared, that mountain climbing accidents are nearly always avoidable and are usually due to carelessness or lack of preparation.

The Let-Go-Duty

HOW easy it seems to let a thing go for a moment under pressure of many things to be done at once! But the let-go-duty is presently joined by another let-go-duty, and before we know it there is again heaped upon us such a pile we hardly know which way to turn or what to do next.

Each duty has its own place in the economy of the universe, but the let-go-duty is a fugitive, a tramp, a renegade, and becomes an enemy of the household. It forms a clique with its companions to create dissensions and discord, making great gaps, which keep one forever trying to fill in and even up to a just balance. Any one who needs experience to prove this has but to attempt the keeping of accounts where a number of people are involved.

The gaps in human life, with their consequent strain on the nerves and their torture of suffering, prove to one that lax methods are an injustice to the soul. For one learns that method is the instrument of the soul. It is the machinery used by the Law to bring harmony into the world of men and women.

Before we recognize that we are souls we think of ourselves as something distinct from all others, with separate aims in life. Each of us pursues his own method to fit the absorbing interest of the moment. As our interests shift with each new fad of the day, we add with each a new method. Our brains become so burdened at last that we lose our way in the labyrinth which our own acts have made. In our perplexity as to which method is best, we lose faith in the Law.

Method without the Law guiding it becomes mechanical and dead; our interest in it cannot be sustained, and the method grows lax.

Once we know ourselves as souls we become united in a common purpose, consciously to work with the law. We thus get a transforming or a self-adjusting method that holds itself within necessary limits, yet gives flexibility of movement that adapts itself to every need. This produces a rhythmic continuity of action that makes for balance between cause and effect, and through this law of harmony we are led to find the ways of the soul.

STUDENT

MRS. FANNIE B. WORKMAN, of Massachusetts, daughter of Ex-Governor Bullock of that State, holds the world's record as a mountain climber. Last year she reached the summit of three mountains in the Himalayas never before explored or named. She ascended to a height of 23,390 feet, a record that it would be impossible to equal in the Andes, for none of the peaks in that range are so high.

The summit of Mt. McKinley in Alaska, the highest peak in North America, still awaits its first human visitor. Several attempts to climb it have been made by scientists, but they have failed on account of perpendicular walls of snow and ice several hundred feet below the summit.

WOMEN in Norway are not behind their Swedish neighbors. Fru Anna Noss states that in 1902, one woman was placed on each of the inspection committees for the public and private asylums throughout the country. In 1903, the municipal council appointed a woman as member of the inspection committee of all municipal hospitals in the city of Christiania. And we read of a lady taking part, as solicitor's proxy, in an examination before a magistrate, who acknowledged that this was a new departure, but that he "knew no reason for preventing it."

Our Young Folk



A LEISURE HOUR IN THE ART STUDIO AT LOMALAND

A New Art Message

Extract from an Essay by a Raja Yoga Youth Who is a Student in the Art Department of the Raja Yoga Academy

WE feel that we are beginning a new Crusade. In our hearts we know that we are going to carry a great art message around the world. Art and music are the real expression of the soul; and the characteristics of all races may be studied through their art and through their music. Where today is it easier to bring back again the true in art than here in Lomaland? Here we are all trying to lead pure lives and teach others; for art, as our Teacher has said, is not merely an accomplishment, but a part of life itself. Our school of art is and must be different from the art schools in the world, where students think so much of becoming famous for their work or getting money for their efforts.

Our motives are very different, for we do not think of money or fame, but of how much good we can do the world. We want to make people love what is higher and more beautiful and we want to show them how beautiful it is to strive after pure and high things. We are studying all branches of art, just as they do in the art schools of the world, but we are studying very much more.

We know that to really understand nations and history we must know something about the art of the world, and so we are studying in this school, of all the different schools of art, from ancient Egypt and Greece, down through all the centuries, to modern France and Japan. We are studying the different schools of architecture, of which there are at present nine, and also that of Point Loma, which represents a new style and is the tenth.

We study all branches, so that we can model and draw and paint intelligently. We know that the world needs a new art spirit and we know also that other children everywhere are looking to us for something that other art schools cannot give. We can give it because we are learning Raja Yoga. That is why we feel a great responsibility. We are deter-

mined to build something better in an art life than has ever been built before, and we can do it if we let our hearts rule. We are determined to do our share to make Point Loma the great art center of the world.

Facts Worth Knowing

HAVE you seen our Raja Yoga Prospectus? You should send for one.

ONE hundred years ago English was spoken by perhaps twenty millions of people throughout the world. Today it is spoken by one hundred and thirty millions.

IF WE study the history of nations, it is easy to see that the greatness of a nation depends more upon the virtue of its people than upon its size, wealth, population or material resources.

ONE of the most effective educational exhibits at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is the school conducted by Miss Pilar Zamora, a highly educated Filipino woman, in a little bamboo cottage with only the facilities that would be found in a regular Filipino school. She teaches fifty little Filipinos to fashion English letters on blackboards mounted on bamboo poles.

TWO million acres of magnificent redwood forest in California, which have been sold by the government at the average price of two dollars an acre, is now being destroyed. This marvelous forest, beyond comparison with any other of its kind in the world, and which cost Nature thousands of years to build, is being cut down for lumber. Why is it not preserved by us as one of our most precious natural treasures?

THE first people to teach English to the Filipinos were officers and soldiers of the United States troops. As a result of the beginning thus made, more English is spoken today in the Philippine Islands than was the case with Spanish after four hundred years of Spanish rule. The Spaniards did not encourage the natives to learn their language, believing that a common language would make the latter too dangerous, and that a perfect Babel of dialects was better. Were they right?

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Raja Yoga Question Box

EXCEPT for the gentle and unselfish helpers, how much that is beautiful and true might be kept away from us.

1 Who was Fanny Mendelssohn?

ANSWER—Fanny Mendelssohn was the elder sister of the great composer, Felix Mendelssohn. She was his first music-teacher. In later years she composed music and also helped her brother to compose some of his beautiful melodies. She was noble and gifted, caring more for her brother's fame than for her own.

2 Who was Caroline Herschel?

ANSWER—Caroline Herschel was the elder sister of Sir William Herschel, the

great astronomer. She was a fine musician but gave up her music to assist her brother in his work. She then became an astronomer and made important discoveries. She was very unselfish, helping her brother every day as long as he lived.

3 Who was Jenny Lind?

ANSWER—Jenny Lind was Sweden's greatest singer. Many believe that she was in her time the greatest in the world. She had a hard, lonely childhood but sorrows always made her more gentle and kind. Everybody loved her. She gave many fortunes to help the unhappy and the poor. She loved little children.

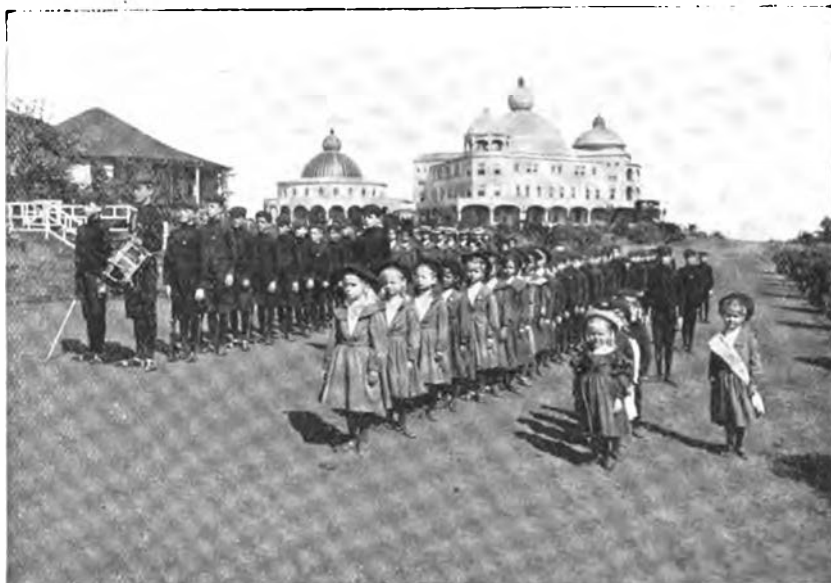
About Seeds

WHEN we think of seeds we always look into the future and it seems to us very wonderful that all the possibilities of a future beautiful plant or great tree is contained in a little seed. But the past of that seed tells just as wonderful a story as the future does, and we will not go very far in the study of it before we find out that plants really know a great deal about mother-love and mother-care, and heart-light too—much more than some human mothers. If you do not think that plants love their little seed babies, then how do you account for the care they give them? All that is delicious and beautiful in our fruits, as, for example, in the peach, the apple or the fig, is fashioned by the mother plant to show how much it loved the tiny seed within. Now when we think of plants in this way, as having a real intelligence of their own kind, of a real love of their own kind, we come very much nearer the truth; but we find that plant mothers differ from human mothers in one important particular. There aren't any selfish ones. They work not alone for themselves but for the future and for the baby seed, and they work unselfishly. Their first care is to see that the little seed is well nourished, their next to provide it with some sustenance after it leaves its little nest in the heart of the plant, and their last care is to provide it with some means by which it may find the right home in the soil.

The seed exists first as a tiny something called an ovule. But after the ovule has grown into a seed, then the plant knows—at least I am sure that it must know, for how otherwise would it take such pains?—that there is coming a time when the seed must leave its little nest and must live its own life and find its own food. The mother plant knows it cannot do this very well at first, for, like the little baby, it would not be strong enough, so she stores away a supply of food close to the tiny growing embryo, and inside the dry coating of the seed. You see this in corn and beans and many other seeds. The little living germ that grows into the plant is very, very small, and nearly the whole of most seeds is composed simply of food for it to use, although there are some seeds, like those of the sugar maple, which contain almost none; but that we can take up later. How many stop to think of this when they eat delicious fruit?

But that is not all. The mother plant has still another care, which is to see that the little seeds find their way safely to homes of their own in the soil, and so she devises many ways. The maple tree, you know, fashions little wings, and on these the seed flies much further from the

mother tree than it could otherwise. And the dandelion seed has wings of another kind which enable it to fly through the air, and still other seeds are so fashioned that they will cling closely to objects that brush by them, as, for instance, cotton seeds, or the burrs which we get upon our clothes. Still others are given by the mother plant very, very attractive dresses, so that birds and human beings may be tempted to eat them, or rather, the attractive covering they wear, and carry them some distance. In still other plants the little seed vessel bursts suddenly with something almost like an explosion and the seeds are scattered to a great distance, and so on. There are many, many ways, and when we have studied seed life in this way, it isn't hard to believe, is it, that mother plants are not only tender and unselfish and loving, but are wise. AUNT ESTHER



SOME OF THE CHILDREN OF THE RAJA YOGA SCHOOL AT THEIR MORNING CLASS IN CALLISTHENICS

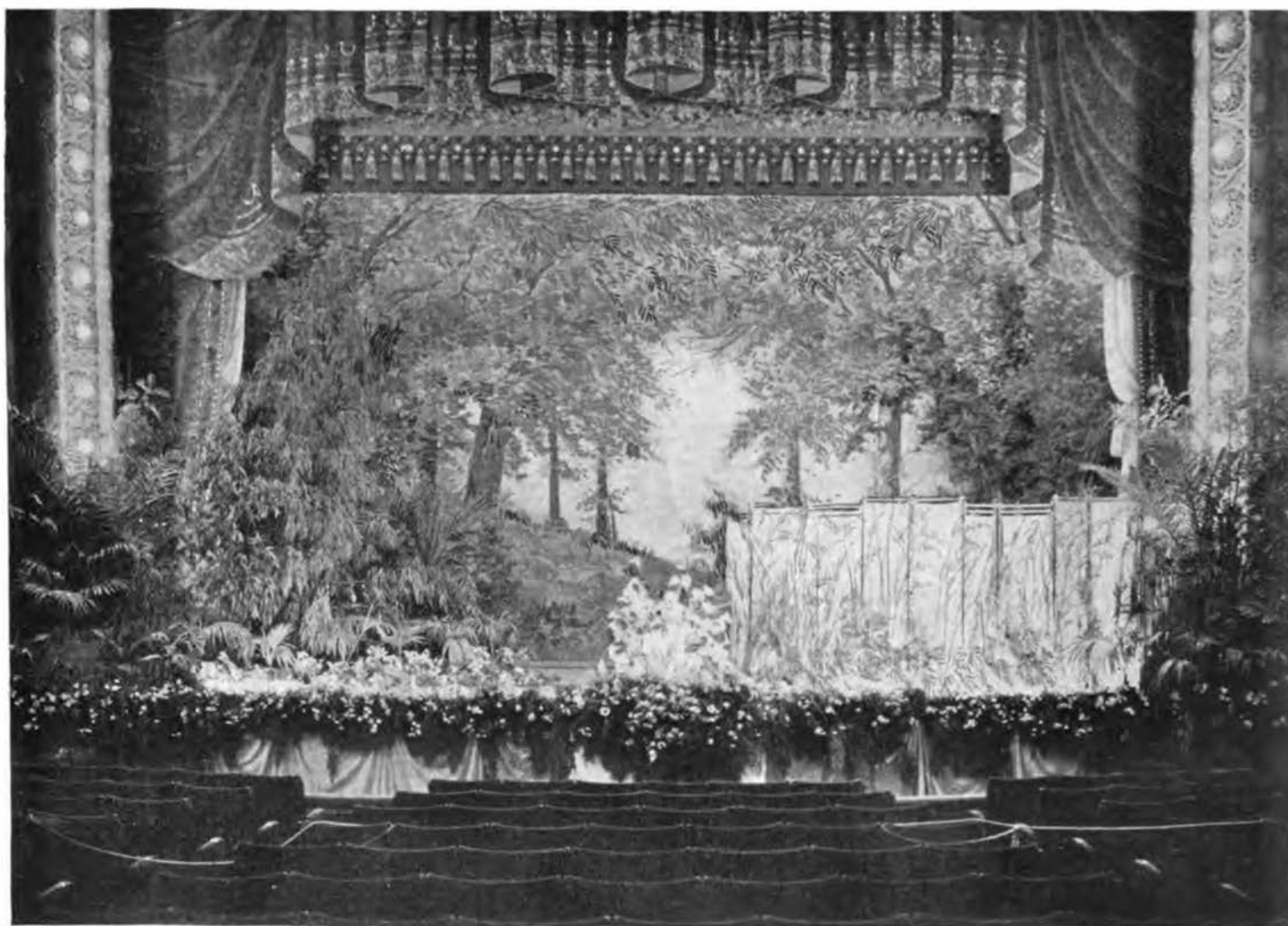
IF any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
I hope I'll speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely heart,
To set the echoes ringing.

— Selected

ants, but Hilda was particularly valuable because, when any of her captive relatives got into trouble, she always came forward and made peace and soothed them. You see she could talk to them in their own language, and even the head animal man couldn't do that. He used to declare that Hilda was the most attractive and peaceable creature that ever came into his charge. She was only two years old when she was taken from her forest home, just a little tender creature then, as lions go, and her trainer told me that from the time that she began to mingle with the other lions the influence of her kindly disposition was very marked. Hilda was given the fullest liberty in going and coming in the big exercising room of the winter quarters, and, strangest of all, she enjoyed a real comradeship with all the animals. She would talk with the bears and gossip with the elephants, and say "good morning" to the tigers, and even speak with the leopards sometimes. And when her two little babies came she was the happiest and proudest mother that could be imagined, though the two little furry bundles looked more like kittens than like lions. Hilda was so happy with them. But one day she caught cold and she never recovered. How beautiful and kindly some wild animals prove to be. E. W.



Isis
Theatre
San
Diego
California



LOMALAND STUDENTS AT ISIS THEATRE

HELPFUL addresses, delightful music and a bit of nature in the stage settings combined to give an indescribable charm to the public meeting of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society at Isis Theatre Sunday evening. The music was an especially pleasing feature. One of the numbers, the "Scherzo," from Schumann's piano quintet in E flat, was its first performance before a San Diego audience, by the students of the Isis Conservatory of Music.

The first paper of the evening, by Mrs. E. T. Bundsmann, was entitled: "The Message of Theosophy." In part the speaker said:

"To the women who are wives Theosophy gives this message: 'Ye are priestesses at the altar of home, and to you is given the safe-guarding of the nations. Their honor, peace and purity are in your keeping. Beware lest you treat it lightly or let corruption enter at the heart.'

"Through your power over life, called into being by unselfishness, you can span the chasm from life to life with the radiant bridge of love. So that, upon it, your loved ones can pass over and beyond, either to the larger, fuller life of awakened consciousness here, or into the life beyond the valley of the shadow, with your love to sustain them at the parting of the ways.

"And because you have loved them with unselfish devotion—because you have called their souls into the field of action, there can be no death.

"Unselfish love is an indissoluble link between soul and soul; Love, and not Death, is victor. And the love which is strong enough to conquer death can call back the departed soul, and it will come again over the shining silver span back to our life and love.

"This hope, this blessing, Theosophy would take into all dark corners of the earth. To homes darkened by poverty, disease and death; to homes shadowed by materialism, scepticism and fear; to homes made unlovely and dreary by creed, dogmatism and cant. This is its hope and its message."

Rev. S. J. Neill read a paper entitled "Education Through Illusion to Truth," pointing out how we progress, step by step, toward truth. He said, in part: "We try illusion after illusion till at last we realize

the truth of the words of a great Teacher, that nothing out of the eternal can help or satisfy the inner nature of man; yet are we being led on and educated continually by illusion, to the end that sooner or later we may reach truth or reality.

"If we can comprehend this idea that we are being led on through one illusion after another, it will place us above and beyond this changeable existence—'the roaring loom of life,' as Goethe calls it, and it will enable us to behold life from the standpoint of the Spirit. It will help us to read the history of nations, and of the world, in a new light. It will enable us to view with a bright vision, and a more comprehensive judgment, the errors, and crimes and follies of mankind.

"Turn where we will, we meet illusion. There is the illusion of the physical existence. So strong and constant is it that many people regard the illusion-body of flesh as the real man, even though they know for certain that it soon perishes and disappears.

"Death, also, is an illusion. The real man dies not. Just as the sun seems to rise and set, so the soul, the spark of the Divine Sun in man, as it puts off or puts on a physical covering, seems to set or rise, to die or be born; but all this is illusion. In the course of time, as we are educated by this setting and rising, we come at last to realize and to fix our soul's gaze upon the only Reality, which is another name for Truth itself. We pass from the temporal, the transient, to the everlasting, the Eternal.

"The Divine Law is ever the same. 'For brass I will bring gold; and for iron, silver.' The shadow vanishes, the illusion passes away, but the Reality, Truth itself, is ours more and more. We strive for some lesser good, and we get an infinitely greater good; for brass we get gold.

"Heir of all the ages; let us see to it that we prove worthy of the heritage, that we are foremost in the files of Time. And as we view the history of the world, or as we contemplate our own individual lives, let this thought, like a bright, heavenly arch, span our years—that we are under the care of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness, which ever gives us greater good for lesser, and makes the illusions of our present existence serve to lead us from a world of Maya to our true home."

Art Music Literature and the Drama

The Harmony of Life Comes from Heart Wisdom Translated into Act and Deed

IT has come at last. The faddist is now waving a tuning-fork, with the advice to mothers to carry one always in their pockets—to assist their children to talk in the proper key, presumably, also, to cry and quarrel at the proper pitch! It would seem that nonsense could no farther go, and yet these things are valuable in indicating to what extremes one may go who has the best of motives, but who has no knowledge of the laws of life or of human nature.

What might be called one of our racial idiosyncracies is our almost universal tendency to run after specifics for this or that. The tuning-fork theory is a case in point. Yet the motive of the one who advanced it was probably unselfish.

It is not an idle dream to picture a world, or a community, or a household, as wrapped in harmony. The ideal of homes or cities in which one might hear musical sounds instead of the opposite, is not Utopian. We might live in such a world and we should be living in one today. That we are not is our own fault. Look at nature. See the harmony of sea and cloud, of landscape and sky, of color and form. Go into the woods; listen to the language of the forest birds, the call of the wood dove, perhaps the lowing of cattle in the far distance, and, beneath our feet, the tiny orchestra of the insect world. Compare this, in its sweet and naïve harmony, to the average human community with its rasping and jarring discords, and then ask yourself, "why these things?"

Yet no tuning-fork nor a million of them, will ever straighten out or alter such conditions. As easily might one cleanse a sewer with perfume and sweet words. Something must be substituted for the discords, the hatreds, the selfishness; something quite opposite, such as love, unselfishness and good-will. The heart feelings, flowing outwards, could not produce discords. There would be melody, there would be harmony, there would be the ideal realized.

In the Life is the key to it all, the Life whose deeds are one flowing sweet expression of the heart's pure song. In such environment would Great Souls plead for incarnation, as certain of harmony and peace as the brown bee is confident that the nectary of sweet pink clover contains no poison drop. Is there not inspiration in this thought? Nor need we be discouraged that with all our effort the harmony still cometh but now and then. Not all can reach Parnassus with a single stride, but all can turn their faces that way.

STUDENT

NOT a few of the best artists—meaning by that those in whom the spirit of true art is really awakened—are now giving their attention to the home. The result is that many of the objects distinctive to home life are becoming not only more beautiful, but more simple in line and more exquisite in color. The care and feeling which was formerly lavished on what were called the fine arts, is now being devoted to the home life. It is one sign that art is not dead, and that there is neither rhyme nor reason in the despairs of those who would not know a Renaissance of true art if they should see one. It is the home environment that makes or mars the budding and beautiful life. The years spent close within the boundaries of the home are invariably the child's earliest years. The soul blossoms free and true under the sunlight of beauty, in the atmosphere of noble music and pure art. Where, then, is art's province if it be not the home? M.

The Inspiration of the Architecture of Point Loma

Extract from an essay by one of the Cuban lads of the Raja Yoga School, who is a student in the Art Department of the Raja Yoga Academy at Point Loma, California.

THE architecture of Point Loma is so beautiful and graceful and free that I would not like to live anywhere else. I imagine that a city many times larger than New York and holding twice as many people as London, if built according to the same style of architecture as we have at Point Loma, would make the most delightful place in the world. It would seem like a garden, where people came as though into Paradise. If the people looked out for their cities and tried to build them

simply and in a beautiful style of architecture, most of the suffering and unrest that we find in our large cities would be unknown and the word "slum" would disappear from the pages of the dictionary. Then a city would be what it truly ought to be, a gathering of the people of the world for the enjoyment of life, living again in one bond of Universal Brotherhood. The people have tasted of the joy of life on this Hill. They have seen the results of this work and will yet see more. The people have already felt a new light burning in their hearts and will feel it more and more as time goes on. Then the prophecies of Madame Blavatsky will be revealed in their full meaning. Then the wise teaching of the ancients shall be better understood. Then men shall know that they are divine and unto them shall be revealed their power. They shall know that they are the temples of the living Christ, the living truth, and they shall walk hand in hand toward the light, and Universal Brotherhood will be a living fact. The nations shall clasp hands and peace shall come.



WORK (ELEMENTARY) DONE BY YOUNG STUDENTS IN THE CLAY MODELING CLASS, ART DEPARTMENT, RAJA YOGA ACADEMY, POINT LOMA

A SONG OF THE FUTURE

by SIDNEY LANIER

SAIL fast, sail fast,
Ark of my hopes, Ark of my dreams;
Sweep lordly o'er the drowned Past,
Fly glittering through the sun's strange beams;
Sail fast, sail fast.

Breaths of new buds from off some drying lea
With news about the Future scent the sea;
My brain is beating like the heart of Haste;
I'll loose me a bird upon this Present waste;

Go, trembling song,
And stay not long; oh, stay not long:
Thou'rt only a gray and sober dove,
But thine eye is faith and thy wing is love.

Something more was put into these violins than just wood and glue and varnish. George Eliot gives the secret in her lines on Stradivari:

That plain, white-aproned man who stood at work,
Patient and accurate, full four-score years,
Cherished his sight and touch by temperance,
And since keen sense is love of perfectness,
Made perfect violins the needed paths
For inspiration and high mastery.

STUDENT

UNDER the title of the "Théâtre des Inconnus," a playhouse has been founded in Paris, the purpose of which is to afford opportunity for the presentation of the works of unknown dramatists. A new departure.

ACCORDING to *Grove's Dictionary of Music*, the actual cost of an ordinary warehouse violin is as follows:

	s.	n.
Wood for back	0	2
Wood for belly	0	2
Wood for neck	0	1
Workmanship in neck	0	2
Blackened fingerboard	0	2
Workmanship in back and belly	0	3
Cutting out by saw	0	1 1/2
Shaping back and belly by machinery	1	0
Varnish	0	10
Fitting up strings, bridge, and tail-piece	0	9 1/2
Total	3	7

A few years ago \$20,000 was paid by a Berlin banker for a Stradivari violincello, and a really fine specimen from the master's hand is not attainable for less than several thousand times the actual cost of material. Evolution seems to have come to a standstill in violin making, or so it appears.

Though every other instrument in the orchestra has been improved out of recognition, the violin of Stradivari remains not only unimproved, but unapproached.

Universal Brotherhood Organization

Central Office Point Loma California



ON THE SEAWARD SIDE OF POINT LOMA—LOOKING NORTH TOWARD MISSION BAY

ON account of the increasing circulation of the *NEW CENTURY PATH*, letters of inquiry from new readers are from time to time received, asking for more information about William Quan Judge.

This has suggested the idea of placing on the cover-page of the next issue of the *NEW CENTURY PATH* an engraving of William Quan Judge, which will remain for a considerable number of issues of this weekly.

This is done, not only as a tribute to one of the World's great workers, but to give to those who are interested in Theosophy an opportunity to study the features of an honest man.

William Quan Judge became acquainted with Helena Petrovna Blavatsky in 1874, in New York City. This was an event which prophesied phenomenal success for the Theosophical Movement in America.

At that time Theosophy was not known to any extent in the Western World. It was William Quan Judge, who alone established a Theosophical Center in New York City. Those who knew him best, and most respected his unselfish labor for humanity, recall with pride those days when he sat alone in a small hall in New York City, holding his regular weekly meeting to empty seats.

Great must have been his insight into the future, and still greater his confidence in the Divine guidance of the Theosophical Movement, for he persevered. He not only built up a great Theosophical Center in New York City, but with the assistance of Madame Blavatsky, established Centers in all parts of the world.

There are many comrades at Point Loma and throughout the world who worked with him in the early days of struggle for the advancement of Theosophy. Today they are privileged to see the phenomenal results which have grown up through the simple trust and devotion of one man.

This heroic soul has made a record in his devotion to humanity, which will ever stand as an example to others.

In order that readers of the *NEW CENTURY PATH* may become better acquainted with the writings of William Q. Judge, these pages will contain from time to time different articles written by him. They are to be republished partly on that account, and also as a just tribute to the efforts of one who laid down his life in unselfish devotion to a cause he rightly felt with all his soul to be a holy one.

Mr. Judge was a very able writer. His practice at the bar, before his identification with Theosophy, gave him a training which was invaluable for the clear and lucid exposition of ideas; besides, he was by nature intuitively fitted to be a teacher. As Editor of the *PATH*, he did a large work in the literary field, and gave hope and help to thousands of people who, otherwise, would have been overlooked.

It was at the Parliament of Religions, at Chicago, that William Q. Judge did enormous work for the Theosophical Movement by his able addresses on Theosophy; thus aiding to bring Theosophy throughout the world to the stage it now, in 1904, occupies in the public mind.

To know the heart of all things was his duty,
All things did sing to him to make him wise.—“ODE,” *Lowell*

There Is No RELIGION Higher Than T R U T H

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

DEAR COMRADES: As we persevere in the study of self, that difficult but fruitful field of labor, we cannot help being struck by the appalling waste of thought force of which we are guilty every day. As we look at the great needs of human-

ity and realize our responsibilities, we feel that we are in duty bound to devote all our time, thought and work to their relief, but how does the matter stand?

On strict enquiry we find that for a large part of every day our minds are occupied with creating mental pictures of things we should like to eat, clothes we should like to wear, scenes we should like to visit, people we should like to meet. And while the mind is thus luxuriating in its dissipation, the great cause to which we profess to be devoted is deprived of the stream of will and imagination which is the sustaining power which keeps it alive.

We know some little of the Leader's plans and we can help more than we know by letting our imagination dwell upon them and giving them the nourishment of our interest and determined will.

Why not sometimes make a picture of the whole city of Esotero and try to imagine the life of the inhabitants? The little houses nestling against the hillside, shaded by palms and covered by creeping vines. The people, drawn hither from every race and country, yet all harmoniously blending in the common city life. The little group houses of Japanese, Hindoo, Maori and Hebrew children playing in the sunshine, and the never-ending sounds of song and music which envelope the city as an atmosphere. All these are in Katherine Tingley's plan.

We can project our minds into the future when at this great seat of learning on the Hill, there shall be throngs of the youth of all nations, where there are now only a few hundred, passing to and from their classrooms, lecture-halls and groves. Note their free and easy carriage, the product of life under natural conditions; their radiant faces and their graceful forms, like the statues of Greek gods come to life.

This is the right use of the mind. Set it free from the orbit of revolution round our petty personality, and let it range into the future and do true craftsman's work in building the New Order of Ages for the coming generations.

In letting the mind be circumscribed by the personal interests, and perpetually evolving schemes dictated by our likes and dislikes, we are acting like children who build sand castles by the sea. The tide comes in and strews the level beach with their ruins. But when we act together and labor in a vast plan laid down by one who works with knowledge of the law and “the prophetic scheme,” we are building for eternity, and in the work we lose ourselves and gain the freedom of impersonal life.

STUDENT

Most deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another—between the weak and the powerful, great and insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once formed, and then death or victory.—*Buxton*

Students'



Path

OUTLOOK

NOT to be conquered by these headlong days,
 But to stand free: to keep the mind at brood
 On life's deep meaning, nature's altitude
 Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways;
 At every thought and deed to clear the haze
 Out of our eyes, considering only this,
 What man, what life, what love, what beauty is,
 This is to live, and win the final praise.

Though strife, ill fortune and harsh human need
 Beat down the soul, at moments blind and dumb
 With agony; yet, patience---there shall come
 Many great voices from life's outer sea,
 Hours of strange triumph, and, when few men heed,
 Murmurs and glimpses of eternity.—*Selected*

The Sustaining Power of Right Action

ALL who have earnestly endeavored to act aright and have to some extent succeeded, know that there is a sustaining power in right action that gives strength, courage and new life; and they also know there is lack of it in wrong action which brings weakness, inharmoniousness and disease, and this they learn from the experience of failures. But where the motive is pure and unselfish, the sustaining power is present whatever the seeming success of the action; for motive is the principal thing, and this being allied to the Universal Self, draws strength from this great fountain head and has its unfailing support. But that which is anchored in the personal self is like the house built upon the sand; it has no sure foundation.

It is difficult to keep oneself always on the higher levels of motive, thought and action, for the other side of our dual nature ever waits its opportunity to assert itself, and we are prone to swing like the pendulum between the two; yet a knowledge of what is involved in our action will help us in maintaining the right attitude and right performance. I am told that William Q. Judge once said that other souls were depending on us and our right action, and that we could make the upward path an easier one for them to climb; but if we suffered ourselves to fall back, they too would fall, and although we might rise again, they, being weaker, might not be able to do so. Think what a responsibility this places upon us! Could we ever be careless with such a thought in mind? It seems to me that this thought is enough if we carried it always with us to make us ever choose the highest and the best, to sacrifice our personal wants and likings to the better service of all.

No matter how small any act may seem to be, it weighs on one or the other side of the balance; it is a power to uplift or to pull down; and we may make every act a fit offering to the Supreme Spirit by its service to humanity through right motive.

The dividing line between right and wrong action is less than the thread of a spider's web, and that is the reason it is so easy to get on the wrong side and so difficult to keep always on the right side. A matter seems so small in itself, and would be small if no question of *ought* came up, but with that question it becomes great. Yet the thought that it is really of little consequence is there together with the *ought* and the *ought not*, and fitting in with our inclination, often prevails; and when it does we at once feel the lack of that sustaining power which always accompanies right action. Now when a case like this arises, if instead of allowing ourselves to think this matter is of little consequence, we should think, "If I yield to inclination in this seemingly little thing instead of doing what I know to be right, I shall take from others a sustaining power, and some struggling soul who is depending on my action may slip and fall, if I let go my firm hold on the right; while if I set aside desire and follow the right, that soul will feel the uplifting power and be able to resist the greater temptation." So instead of thinking, "This makes little differ-

ence," let us think, "I will do what I know to be right that others may have help to do the same. I will withstand temptation even in this little thing, and so, may be, help another to withstand a greater temptation. I will add so much to the moral force of the world instead of detracting from it." If we do this and act accordingly, we shall at once feel the uplifting force of the Great Sustaining Power to which we have attuned ourselves.

As the ignorant perform the duties of life from the hope of reward, so the wise man, from the wish to bring the world to duty and benefit mankind, should perform his actions without motives of interest.—*Bhagavad Gita* B. W.

Proportions

THE world is built on a geometrical plan, and one of the fundamental laws of geometry is the law of proportions. It teaches us that as it is above, so it is below, and that even the tiniest form is but the counterpart of the universe itself, of Divinity, in fact. We learn to see the Divine in everything, but we also learn to see that nature and men, and ourselves included, are still very far from having attained to Divine perfection. For, while potentially all are alike, yet there are degrees, as we all know, and equality in development exists nowhere in nature.

It is the Divine spark in everyone which recognizes the good in others, and we all know the impression made on us when we find ourselves among congenial, earnest and trusted friends. We become conscious of a superb peace, and all nature seems to have put on holiday vesture. So day after day comes and goes and, if we are honest, the good we see around us causes us to begin to look our own nature in the face more critically than ever before. We begin to see flaws that we never suspected before, flaws that were hidden and had remained unnoticed. Our friends also begin to look different to us from what they did at first. We begin to see that they, too, have their faults, that they are not as perfect as they at first appeared. Their faults may not be serious, but to our vision, strengthened as it has become through this honest introspection, they become magnified and assume very large proportions. We are apt to lose our balance and discrimination, if we do not look out, until the faults appear so great as to entirely overshadow the good. In reality they may do nothing of the kind, but we are losing our sense of proportions. We have, without realizing it, been drifting away from our old standards of measurement and have not yet learned to handle the new.

But let us get away from our friends for awhile, into the great world beyond our peaceful circle. Then we are brought back to our old surroundings, to our old standards, and we find, to our astonishment, that they are not what we used to think they were. Yet they are not changed, only we have become accustomed to other things, and when we now look back to the friends we had criticised we begin to see how comparatively insignificant, after all, their faults were, and we see again more clearly their merits. Our sense of proportions has come back to us. We need the shadows to see all the fine chiselings on the marble, and so it is also only by an occasional ray of the outside light that we get a correct idea of the light and shade in our comrades and friends. To know ourselves is difficult; to see ourselves as others see us—even our near friends—is likewise difficult; and it is often necessary to get an outside point of vantage to see them as they really are, and then we shall wonder to see the radiant beauty of their real nature. STUDENT

ONE of this great Brotherhood has said, all the troubles of the world would disappear in a moment if men would only do one quarter of what they could and what they ought. It is not God who is to damn you to death, to misery. It is yourself. And the Theosophical Society desires above all things, not that you should understand and do strange and wonderful things, but understand the constitution of matter and of life as they are, which we never can understand but by practicing right action.

Live with one another as brothers; for the misery and the trouble of the world are of more importance than all the scientific progress that can be imagined. I conclude by calling upon you by all that humanity holds dear to remember what I say, and whether Christians, Atheists, Jews, Pagans, Heathen, or Theosophists, try to practise Universal Brotherhood, which is the universal duty of all men.—*William Q. Judge at World's Parliament of Religions, Chicago, 1893*

REVELATION IS NOT SEALED

REVELATION is not sealed.
 Answering unto man's endeavor
 Truth and right are still revealed.
 That which came to ancient sages,
 Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew;
 Written in the heart's deep pages
 Shines today, forever new.—Selected

THEOSOPHICAL FORUM

Conducted by J. H. Fussell

Question

What do you think of the Millennium spoken of in the prophecies of sacred scriptures?

Answer

The Millennium, or one thousand years of heaven on earth, is based on such passages of Scripture as this: "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power; but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him one thousand years."

The immediate origin of the idea of a Millennium may be traced to the Book of Revelations; to one or two sayings of Christ; and especially to the Apocalyptic literature which appeared between the close of the Old Testament and the time of Christ: such as the Book of Enoch, the Apocalypse of Baruch, Ezra, and others.

During the captivity of the Jewish people the Prophets gave voice to the national hope for deliverance. They pictured a Golden Age coming—a Millennium—during which a great Deliverer should rule, not only Palestine, but the whole world, in peace and righteousness. While in some cases the language of the Prophet is limited by local ideas, at other times it becomes more universal and spiritual, and speaks of an "everlasting kingdom."

But, in Daniel, and in the Apocalyptic literature, the coming one, the Messiah, was generally thought of as reigning for one thousand years, because the Scripture said: "One day with the Lord is as one thousand years;" and the six days of Creation were understood to mean the six thousand years from the time of the Creation, after which would be the seventh day of rest, or Sabbath, also of one thousand years; this would be the Millennium.

In the early Christian Church, and afterwards, the second advent of Christ was supposed to introduce the Millennium, when the power of evil, or Antichrist, would be vanquished, and the reign of righteousness and peace would result.

This idea which the early Christians had was an illusion, but *not a delusion*; it was the shadow of a great truth, and it led them on toward the truth. Jesus taught that the kingdom of heaven was within, and on one occasion said: "There be some standing here who shall not taste of death till they see the kingdom of God." St. Paul, also, speaks of "Christ in you the hope of glory." When we realize the power of the Christ within, and make that the ruling principle of our lives, Christ will, indeed, have a *second advent*, with great power and glory. *We* must help to bring about this Millennium, and we as Theosophists believe it has *really begun now*.

STUDENT

Question

What proof have you of the existence of a Golden Age in the past, and upon what do you base the statement that there will be one in the future? I think Theosophists are too optimistic, and that their optimism is not warranted by facts.

Answer

The first part of the question was answered in the Forum of last issue, but space did not permit of the consideration of the querist's view of Theosophists, that they are "too optimistic." It would be interesting to know the grounds for such a view. Is it because of the statement in regard to a Golden Age in the future? That we discussed in last week's issue, but we may add that if we grant the essential divinity of man to be a fact, we have not only warranty for this statement, but are fully justified in our optimism.

To any one who does not recognize the divine power in man, it might indeed seem that facts do not warrant an attitude of optimism. The misery, wretchedness, crime, the horrors of war, and, what is far worse, the daily sacrifice of children to the demon of greed and selfishness, would, indeed, lacking the faith in man's divine power and destiny, be

enough to make a pessimist of a saint. But Theosophy, the Wisdom Religion, not only gives an explanation for this terrible condition, but shows where lies the remedy, and gives the hope and inspiration which alone can lift the race and restore it to its rightful heritage of joy and happiness.

Further than a general statement, it would be impossible to give proof that the Theosophist's optimism is not only warranted, but absolutely unavoidable. If one really wishes for the proof, and is in earnest about the matter, he can obtain it through experience, and, indeed, in no other way; *i. e.*, he must become a Theosophist himself; and this does not mean the mere acceptance of a set of beliefs; it means "living the life." For Christ's saying is universally true, that whoso doeth the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine. We can get no real proof of the truths of life but by living them, by putting into actual practice our highest ideals. If we have but the courage and the will to do this, the whole aspect of life will change, and instead of standing helpless in presence of the world's needs, we shall find we have the power to help lift a little of the heavy burden.

And what are facts, indeed? Make your own facts, help to change the world and make it brighter, and create thereby a reason for your optimism if you still lack one.

STUDENT

Question

What is the best way to overcome one's faults? Does Theosophy give any help to do this? I have known of people who have fought and fought against their faults, and instead of conquering them, have found them grow worse.

Answer

Does Theosophy help? I know of nothing else that will give such great help as does Theosophy, and, if the help is taken, it gives more; it gives victory. The great difficulty which confronts us when we first begin the task of self-conquest, arises from ignorance of our own nature, but Theosophy removes this ignorance and in place thereof gives knowledge.

First of all, it teaches that man is a divine being in his real nature, and consequently that he has the power to overcome, if he will but rely on the divinity within him and follow its guidance. Coupled with this teaching is that of the duality of man's nature, and the power that man has to link himself either with the higher or the lower. One of the chief reasons why we find it so difficult to conquer and control the lower nature is the lack of confidence in, and reliance on, the Higher Self within—true self-reliance.

Then again, Theosophy in its teachings of Karma and Reincarnation gives help in the knowledge of the certainty that all things are under the guidance of beneficent law, that, as is said in *The Book of Golden Precepts*, "e'en wasted smoke remains not traceless"; that no act, not the smallest, but bears its harvest of results. Thus all our efforts at self-conquest have an added power, which comes from the knowledge of the certainty of their full effects. And with this teaching of the law is that other of Reincarnation, giving the hope and certainty of the opportunity of making for ourselves a new record in the lives to come, and that we can, according to our efforts now, shape the future as we will.

One other teaching, contained also in one of the parables of Christ and throughout nature. This is contained in the well-known statement that two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time, and that nature abhors a vacuum. If we simply aim to get rid of our faults and have that as our main object, we shall never succeed. We must do more, we must have a higher object than that. And in practical application of the teachings referred to above, the surest way to overcome a fault is to cultivate a virtue in its place and so to fill our lives with good that no evil can any more find place.

Finally, to accomplish this requires faith, persistence and courage. When we face our faults, they may for a time appear to grow worse, but let us remember that that is because we are threatening their very existence, and that they are, as it were, fighting for their lives; and it is then that, recognizing them for what they really are, we have the opportunity to overcome them.

In this fight, H. P. Blavatsky has said, "each failure is success and each sincere attempt wins its reward in time" and furthermore, "twenty failures are not irremediable if followed by as many undaunted struggles upward." If you wish to conquer your own faults, then help somebody else and you will find that with each effort for the sake of another, you yourself have gained new strength for the struggle.

STUDENT

Some Coins of Antiquity

THE coins of antiquity, so far as they have been discovered, do not carry us a *very* long way even into historic time, to say nothing of prehistoric. The earliest known coins are Greek, and do not date farther back than the Seventh pre-Christian century.

On the whole it may be said that coins do not teach us any history, though they confirm, and in a small degree correct, what history we know otherwise.

But they tell us other things. They tell us, for one thing, a great deal of mythology. Greek coins, for example, till the death of Alexander, bore *only* mythological (or religious) subjects. No small part of our mythological knowledge is solely derived from this source in the cases of Greece and Rome. Coins also often depict the natural produce of their countries, telling us details of commerce we could not otherwise get. From them also we learn the state of art of the period. In many cases they reproduce in metal the now-lost statuary of contemporary sculptors, besides—especially is this true of the later Greek coinages—being often themselves examples of the very finest art.

But more than all, they give us *portraits* of the rulers under whom they were produced. "There is no more delightful companion," says Mr. Poole, the coin curator of the British Museum, "in historical reading than a cabinet of coins and medals. The strength and energy of Alexander, the ferocity of Mithridates, the philosophic calmness of Antoninus, the obstinate ferocity of Nero, and the brutality of Caracalla, are as plain on the coins as in the pages of history."

For this reason we have selected for reproduction, from a number of ancient coins, those which bear portraits. It may be that in some cases the artist has flattered his subject, but notwithstanding, we can in every case be sure of the type; and the likeness is doubtless generally very close.

I This is an example of the coinage of Cyzicus, a once celebrated town in Asia Minor, the province of Mysia. Its many temples and great public buildings still exhibit their ruins amid the overgrowing foliage of orchards and vineyards. The coin is from the Fourth century and bears the head of some Greek ruler of the period.

II Bears the portrait of Philip of Macedon, father of the great Alexander.

V This is generally regarded on good grounds as the head of Alexander himself. One would like to have a portrait of him further on in his life, although he died at thirty-three. But in the thirteen years of his reign, he certainly succeeded in compressing as much history as would satisfy several ordinary men. Many of his characteristics are ascribed to the influence and heritage of his mother, Olympias, daughter of the Molossian chief Neoptolemus, a woman of savage energy and boundless superstition.

IV Alexander Ægeus, son of the great Alexander. In these three coins we have, therefore, three generations of celebrity.

III Philista, wife of Hiero, King of Syracuse. Syracuse was one of the chief Greek cities of Sicily. The coin is from the Third century, B. C.

VI This bears the head of Arsinoë, daughter of Ptolemy I of Egypt, of the Fourth century.

VII The great Cleopatra.

VIII Antiochus Epiphanes. Several of the Greek kings of Syria bore the name of Antiochus. Epiphanes was the fourth and greatest, B. C. 175.

IX and X are obviously orientals, Arsaces the 13th and 6th of Parthia, the little state which offered the Grecian arms so great a resistance.

XI Menander, a Greek king of Bactria. Bactria and Parthia figure largely in Greek and Persian history. Judging by his face, this was a formidable person.

STUDENT



Alaskan Canoe-Building

ALMOST every boat used by the Indians along the British Columbian and Alaskan coasts is a canoe of the "dugout" type, as far as its construction is concerned. They are, however, entirely unlike the ordinary dugout made by savage tribes in different parts of the world. Such vessels are generally very clumsy affairs, quite unsuitable for any serious navigation.

The Alaskan "canim" is a marvel of workmanship, not only on account of its beautiful shape and finish, but also because the builder has to model the form quite a little different from the final shape he wishes to give the canoe. This is due to a peculiar and ingenious process of expansion, employed to obtain a boat wider than the log from which it is cut. These canoes are often thirty, and even forty feet long, and six feet wide, and they are cut from logs only about four to four and a half feet wide. The Indian craftsman begins by fashioning the outside, after which he hollows out the inside, estimating the thickness to a nicety by simply using his hands as callipers, one on the outside, the other on the inside. The average thickness is about one inch, and long practice enables them to make it surprisingly uniform.

The canoe is then so far ready, but must still be expanded to the desired width, and this is done by filling it with water and then keeping the water boiling, by means of red-hot stones dropped in, until the wood is softened. The thwarts are then inserted and serve to hold out the sides during the drying period, after which the wood maintains its form.

The shape of these canoes reminds one not a little of the old Norse Viking ships, and while these Indian canoes are much smaller, they are remarkably seaworthy and fast for both rowing and sailing. They certainly reflect great credit on their builders and help in their way to bridge the gulf supposed to exist between the Indian and his white brother. STUDENT

Number 13

THOSE who are fond of coincidences, and also those who fear the number 13, might study the following:

On Friday, May 13, on page 13 of the *Baltimore Sun* (it is this paper which tells the story) appeared an advertisement from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, notifying the public of

a particular set of trains. A newspaper man noted that there were to be 13 trains daily, on 13 tracks; that "hourly service," and "Camden Station" both had 13 letters, as also "hour on the road." The aforesaid observer immediately telephoned William E. Lowes, the passenger advertising agent of the Baltimore and Ohio, to tell him of the awful fact. After a few minutes figuring Mr. Lowes replied:

Never mind, old boy; you have 13 letters in your name, and I have 13 in mine, and I was born on April 13, on Friday; besides, the president of the railroad is the thirteenth, and his room is No. 13, Camden Station.

Japanese Wisdom

TRULY the West can learn much from the East. The following bit of wisdom, which was uttered by Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, in a recent conversation with an American, throws quite a little light upon the working of the Oriental mind:

Foreigners say we are secretive. Perhaps. It is this—nothing so very complex. We have an energy, simply that, and we direct it even at sleep time to where it shall hit.

Because it moves in dark as well as day, it is called—how is that word? Subtle. I do not deny if we are that.

Is there no English or American who is so? I fancy there are some that can move in dark without stumbling. We have not need always of lanterns, that is all. Simply, we are not like fish on the sand.

EVERY being is its own center, around which it moves.

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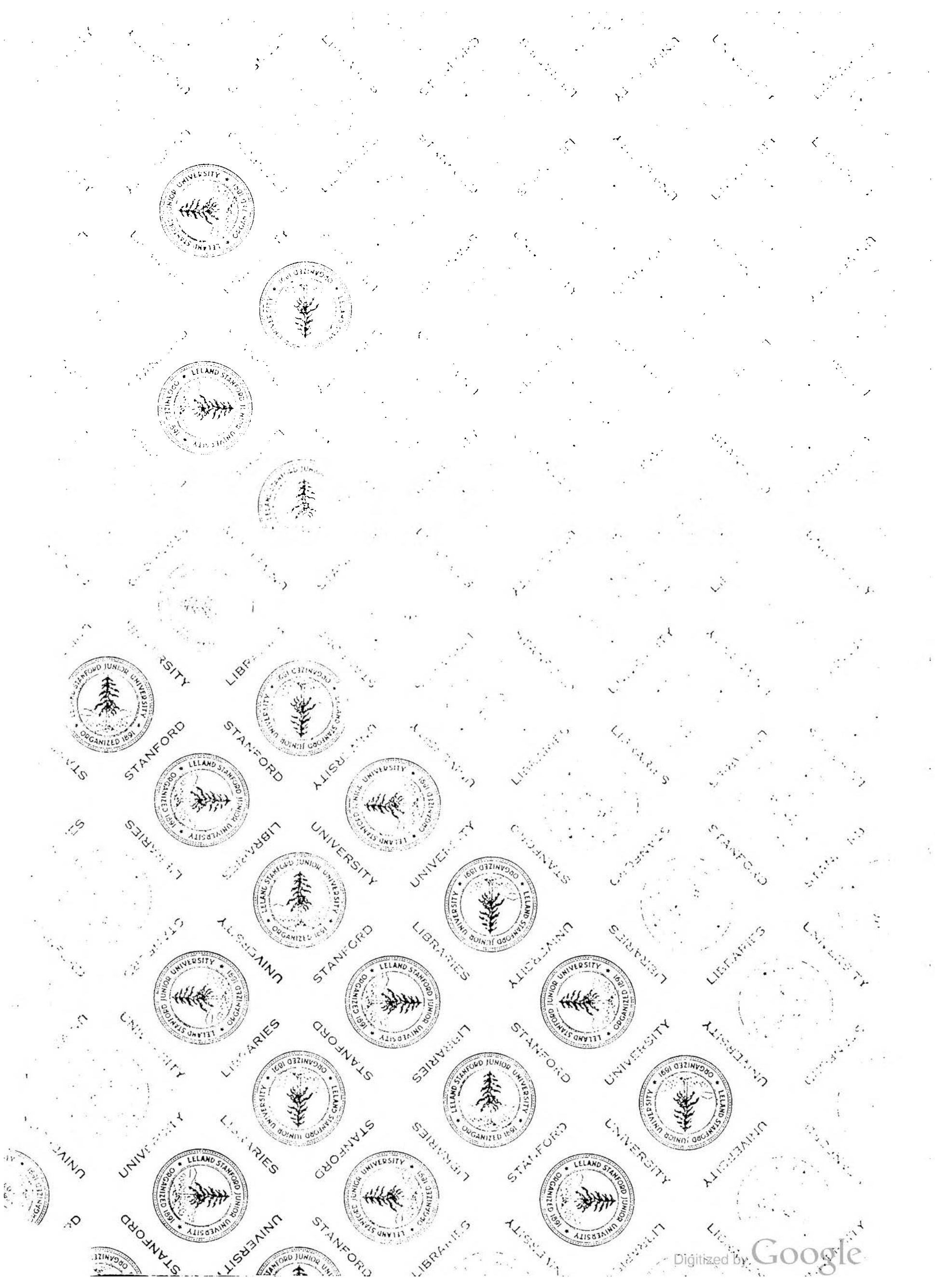
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